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OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

v. 1

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS, MOSTLY BY SOMERSET AND HUNTERDON COUNTY WRITERS, AND ON SUBJECTS LARGELY PERTAINING TO THESE COUNTIES.

WITH CLASSIFIED

LOCAL ITEMS AND TABLES OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN SOMERSET AND HUNTERDON COUNTIES, FROM JAN. 1st, 1872, TO NOV. 1st, 1873.

EDITED BY

A. V. D. HONEYMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

1
1873

VOLUME I.—FOR THE YEAR 1873.

SOMERVILLE, N. J.,
CORNELL & HONEYMAN,
1873.

563

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—The first three issues of this Magazine were edited by Messrs. CORNELL & HONEYMAN; the succeeding issues by the latter alone, whose name is upon the title page.

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ERRATA.

[The following important errata in this volume should be noted in their proper places. In counting lines, titles of articles and signatures are to be included. We only give the column when there is danger of mistake.—Ed.]

Page.	Line.	Errata.
3	23	Strike out "Rev."
3	27	"East" should be *West.*
4	8, 21	"Soumans" should be *Sonmans*
4	41	"Whites" should be *Indians.*
6	5	"1778" should be 1779.
6	9	"Negro named Abram" should be *negro servant of Jacob.*
29	35	"The Flowers" should be *The Flower.*
30	13	"mental" should be *neutral.*
54	45, 46	Transpose "elder" and "deacon."
85	—	Strike out the foot-note.
92	23	(first column) "and" should be *as.*
94	41	"Auten" should be *Thompson.*
99	11	"Abram" should be *Jacob.*
99	20, 21	Strike out "and just previous to his death."
127	22	"Daniel" should be *David.*
142	6	"river" should be *canal.*
142	33, 37	"31st" should be *30th.*
146	29	The second "at" should be *and running to.*
149	19	"8th" should be *30th.*
151	15, 18	Strike out "at the election the defeat of Seward in the Convention," and insert after "nominee" the words *at the election.*
151	37	"quarter" should be *quartette.*
153	17	"Conter" should be *Carter.*
154	3	"wide" should be *inner.*
187	8	"intristic" should be *intrinsic.*
194	12	"Cornelius" should be *John.*
194	40	Strike out "present."
195	2	" " "
206	16	"Philosopher" should be *Philosophy.*
270	24	"sit" should be *rit.*
211	14, 15	(Transpose these lines.)
220	31	"Derveer" should be *Deursen.*
233	47	"Margaret" should be *Adelaide.*
242	18	"'62" should be '52.
243	14	"1650" should be 1660.
287	8	"Reformed" should be *Presbyterian.*
290	39	"brother to" should be *son of.*
290	20	"1827" should be 1857.
294	6	"bride's" should be *groom's.*
358	19	"these farms were" should be *the Sheriff's farm was.*
339	17	"father" should be *grand-father.*
340	14	Strike out "Sophia."
342	35	"Phœbe" should be *Aletta.*
346	4	"love" should be *lore.*
360	44	"Admiral" should be *admirable.*
361	7	"there" should be *then.*
401	40	"Gavanus" should be *Gowanus.*
402	34	"Veronimus" should be *Jeronimus.*
402	30	"Gavanus" should be *Gowanus.*
403	3	"Linistia" should be *Lucretia.*
407	11	"Berian" should be *Bercaw.*
409	27	"Ann" should be *Maria.*
437	15, 17	"John" should be *Thomas.*
454	21	"them" should be *then.*
463	23	"1599" should be 1660.
469	21	"Buenson" should be *Brunson.*
470	8	"who" should be *Lucas.*
488	15	Strike out "the."
490	11	"secrets" should be *search.*
494	—	(in foot-note) "Voorhees" should be *Beekman.*

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OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1873. No. 1

INTRODUCTORY.

ART, Agriculture, Labor, Literature and Ethics, have now a significance which grows with each decade of national progress. This is true not only of the world at large, but also of this little spot in the "Garden State" which we are pleased to call *our home*. The counties of Somerset and Hunterdon, like their sisters, are keeping time in their humble way to the march and music of the Century. Here the mechanic arts are flourishing in unwonted vigor. Agriculture was never better conducted than at present, though it may heretofore have been more profitable in a pecuniary point of view. Labor, with hand or brain, has never been more effective for grand results. Literature, as embracing a thirst for books, a taste for writing, and resulting culture, has obtained a good foothold. Sound Ethics were never better understood, and, we are persuaded, never better practiced.

We advance. So must that fair representative power of all this development—THE PRESS.

We have newspapers in abundance, but their mission is for a day. Once read, they are cast aside. Their shape, not to say their great use of second-hand matter, makes them ephemeral. But a *magazine*, filled with *original matter*, much of which is of strictly local interest, is—or, we think, is likely to be—more carefully read, better digested, and may be better preserved. That our weekly papers have their great mission we do not dispute; but we claim that a magazine, properly conducted, has a nobler end, and subserves more the intellectual interests of reading communities.

As has been intimated, we believe there is abundant room for a monthly publication like *Our Home* in Somerset and Hunterdon counties, to aid in developing our mechanical, manufacturing, agricultural and general laboring interests; to foster tastes for a pure, refined and instructive *home literature;* to collect and preserve for reference a record of present events and progress, and also to gather up fragments, nearly lost perhaps, of the early history of these two important counties, as embraced in old documents, traditions and memories of "oldest inhabitants," to be woven into

historical and biographical articles by competent writers; to make a place, indeed, for the thoughts of every well-educated, *thinking* mind, even though it possess moderate abilities of composition, as well as for the ripest reflections, best knowledge and deepest convictions of our professional men. This we shall aim to accomplish in *Our Home*.

The enterprise is, it is true, rather a novel one. Our magazine literature, unless such as emanate from certain educational institutions of learning, or special causes, (such as Temperance, Mechanical Industry, etc.,) is usually general in its range, and aspires to give only the best thoughts of the best thinking (or writing) men in the country. There are none, so far as our personal knowledge extends, claiming local range of patronage as this does, but published for the benefit of *the whole people* of its community If, then, it may happen that *Our Home* shall be the pioneer of this new kind of local journalism, which, as we believe and hope, will one day be extended to every intelligent and prosperous section in all the States of our great America, supplying that higher educational want which the local weekly newspapers do not satisfy—we shall feel we have our reward.

But we cannot do what we promise without the support and co-operation of all the friends of education. We must have writers to write, and readers to read. We have now a fair promise of both, but the enterprise needs still warmer encouragement. Particularly do we ask the educated men and women of both counties to send in to us their best contributions, appertaining to the branches of learning or industry named, or kindred topics, ever having regard, when possible, to local institutions and interests; then we shall feel assured of immediate success as to the patronage of subscribers, and the ultimate accomplishment of our plans. Of course we will also accept lighter and more pleasing articles, for the reason that popular taste demands variety; and the magazine is for you, reading public—*your homes*. Then may we not hope you will receive and welcome it, and aid its misssion all you can?

EDITORS.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY SETTLERS.

[FIRST PAPER.]

THE transmisssion of events, past and present, to future generations, has been enjoined by Divine authority. The Creator and Disposer of all things, through one of his servants, the prophet Joel spake thus: "Hear this, ye old men, and give ear all ye inhabitants of the land: Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? Tell your children of it, and let your children tell it to their children, and their children to another generation."

Some of the nations of the old world are seeking in vain for dates and circumstances connected with their birth; but we have reliable historical records of the discovery of the new world, including the manners and customs of the Indian tribes, and the respective settlements on the continent by the Spaniards, the Eng-

lish, the French and the Dutch. It is a source of regret, however, that while histories of the *most important* events, relative to State and Church, have been written and are preserved, those of a more local character—of towns and neighborhoods—have been almost entirely neglected. (For this reason the names of the founders, and the date of the first settlement of New Brunswick is not, nor will it in all probability ever be known.)

Fortunately to a greater extent than is the case elsewhere, the history of the Raritan and its early settlers, has received considerable attention at the hands of the present generation. As instances, I note:

That Rev. Dr. Abraham Messler, pastor of the First Church of Raritan, (Somerville,) in various printed discourses from 1837 to 1872 has given the history of that congregation.

Rev. Dr. C. C. Hoagland, of the Dutch Church of Harlingen, did the same as to that congregation in 1845.

Rev. Dr. E. T. Corwin, of the Church of Hillsborough, East Millstone, in a "Centennial Discourse" in 1866, gave a full history of his congregation, civil as well as ecclesiastical.

Rev. Dr. R. H. Steele, in 1867, gave a "Historical Discourse" in the First Reformed Church of New Brunswick, of which he was pastor. It included the history of that city, and of the surrounding country, as well as of his congregation. This, like the others named, was published, and extensively circulated.

There has also been formed recently, in New Brunswick, an Historical Club, which is now actively engaged in searching for and collecting materials to complete, as far as may be, the history of that city.

Rev. Dr. Messler before mentioned—who may well be called the *pioneer* of local history in this section of the State,—is at present engaged (so I understand) in preparing a full history of Somerset County; and his ability to perform the task thoroughly will not be disputed.

In some humble way I also wish to be an instrument, to the extent of my information, as derived from traditions, old papers, searches, etc., of aiding to make up the full history of the Raritan and its early settlers.

Raritan is an Indian name, accented on the first and last sylables, thus: Rar-i-tan. It was pronounced by the Dutch Ror-i-ton. Here, on the banks of the river, the "red man pursued the panting deer, and wooed his dusky mate," revenged himself on his enemies, lavished kindness on his friends, lived in fact through unknown centuries, died here, and was buried.

There are but two Indian burial grounds which can at this late day be identified. One is at the mouth of the Mile-Run Brook, above the Raritan Landing. In the survey of the ancient line between Iman and Bainbridge, it is described as commencing at the bank of the Raritan in an *Indian burying-ground*. The other is on the south side of the Raritan, a short distance below Somerville, and the covered bridge, opposite the house of Hagamen Garretson. Thus have kings and subjects, among these of our early settlers, passed away, to such a literal extent even that the places which knew them two centuries ago now "know them no more forever."

One of the early histories speaks of a Falls in the Raritan, twenty feet high. Another goes so far as to locate it opposite the line of Imans and Gibbons, between New Brunswick and the Landing, and adds that boats well loaded may go up to the Falls and above it, for several miles. No such Falls ever really existed as now appears; or, if it did, it must have been four miles above New

Brunswick, opposite the former residence of Rev. Dr. Abraham Beach, where there are now a number of rifts in the river. This in early days abounded in building stone, which was quarried from the bed of the river, and used for putting up walls. The cellar walls of my father's house were built of these in 1793, and there are houses still in existence constructed of them. In this way it *might be* that the Falls were reduced so as to leave only the rifts now to be seen; but I doubt it.

The Raritan, on its early settlement, was navigable up to the point where the North and South Branch of the river connect. Then, and long afterward, much of the heavy produce was conveyed to market by water. In seasons of freshets the farmers up the river conveyed their grain to New Brunswick in flat-bottomed boats, floating them down stream one day, and rowing or pulling them back the next. The owners of the cargos accompanied them along the banks of the river with their teams, carrying thus separate wagon-loads in addition, and attending to the unloading.

Many years previous to the settlement of the Raritan by the whites, the Indians had a path running through the State, extending from the Falls of the Delaware at Trenton to the first fording place across the Raritan, near the head of tide-water—now New Brunswick. From thence it ran to Elizabethtown, in the vicinity of New York. It is described in many of the old deeds as the Indian Path. Its course was along the highest grounds, and it crossed the various streams in the dryest and most favorable places, thereby avoiding the broadest and wettest meadows. It struck ravines as nearly opposite to each other as possible, by which it was made to avoid steep hills. They thus easily carried to market their furs and other saleable articles. And this accounts for the many crooks and bends in the road afterward laid out upon it, and which was made, subsequently, the dividing line between Somerset and Middlesex Counties.

The largest land-holders on the Raritan, when the land began to be subdivided, were Peter Soumans, who possessed 23,700 acres, (or 37 square miles,) on the west side of the Millstone river, in the present townships of Hillsborough and Montgomery, and John Harrison, who owned 17,500 acres, (or 27½ square miles,) on the east side in the present township of Franklin, extending from the Milestone to the most southerly portion of the Indian Path, and running over into Middlesex. The next largest tract (adjoining that of Harrison,) was in Middlesex County and was also owned by Peter Soumans. It contained 15,600 acres.*

"Both sides of the Raritan," says a writer of 1670, "are adorned with spacious meadows, enough to feed thousands of cattle. The wood land is good for corn, and are stored with wild beasts, as deer, and elks,"—and another writer in 1685 adds, "wolves, bears, beavers, and some other beasts which have fine furs." Says the first named writer, "No place in North America has better convenience for maintaining all sorts of cattle by summer and winter food."

The Indians along the Raritan maintained the most friendly intercourse with the whites. They supplied the latter with furs, game, fish and other articles, for which in return they received articles fit and necessary for their use. Tradition reports that the whites had an early settlement along Six-Mile-Run Brook, with which the following story is connected.

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*For further subdivisions, see Corwin's map, accompanying his *Historical Discourse* of 1866.

A drunken Indian insulted the wife of Simon Wychoff, one of these residents. She retaliated by putting a wooden scrub-broom over his head, giving him a most severe drubbing. Instead of disturbing the peace, for revenge, his comrades commended her for the deed, and laughed heartily on account of it, saying she *did right!*

To avoid heavy expenses, the first flouring mills were erected on the smaller streams. One of the first mills in the vicinity of New Brunswick was on the property owned by Minna Van Voorhees, on Lawrence's Brook, a short distance below the city. About a century ago it was in the possession of the Neilson family. The water which supplied it now fills the reservoir of the city. Another was on Rappelye Brook, two miles above New Brunswick, where Richard C. Rappelye formerly lived. Another was on Peter's Brook, which passes through the eastern part of Somerville, and was named after its first owner, Peter Van Neste. Another was on Roycefield Brook, which empties into the Millstone at Weston. Another was on Peace Brook, which passes through Millstone. Two were on Six-Mile-Run Brook; one owned by Lucas Voorhees, and located at the Middlebush road, and the other by Simon Wychoff a mile further up the stream. The remains of the dams and old timbers of these two mills are yet to be seen. The first mills on the Millstone were owned by John Harrison, the great land-holder of Rocky Hill, and were built previous to 1716.

In 1729 Francis Harrison, the brother or son of John Harrison, a supporter of the church at Three-Mile-Run, circulated a subscription paper from Rocky Hill to New Brunswick, and from thence to Bound Brook, to raise money to pay the expenses of a minister to come to them from Holland. Francis was an excellent writer, and nearly all the subscribers names were in his hand-writing. The old subscription paper I have in my possession at the present day.

John Harrison was succeeded as land-owner by John Berrien, who doubtless erected the house at Rocky Hill in which General Washington wrote his farewell address.

Many of the large land-owners were men of distinction and influence. Roice was one of the Governor's Council, in 1702. Souman and Harrison were among the first officers in the Middlesex County Courts. Samuel Dennis was the first Judge of the Middlesex Court, which was held for the first time in 1683 at Piscataway. It then alternated between this last place, and Woodbridge and Amboy. John Harrison was a Justice of the Court in 1712. John Tunison was the first Justice from Somerset County, after its Court was connected with that of Middlesex. As Somerset did not have a sufficient number of inhabitants up to that period to have a separate Court, cases arising here were tried in Middlesex. In February, 1711, Thomas Farmer of Somerset was the Judge, and Michael Van Veghten one of the assistants. It may be a curious fact to note that in 1717 the Grand Jury of Somerset came into Court, reported "*nothing offered*," and were discharged. Court then opened at 8 A. M. In 1720, at one of the sessions of the Court, but one indictment was found, viz.: against Hannah Taylor, and only one constable was present—Jacob Calabas (Probasco.) Sometime between 1714 and 1724, after the Somerset Court was established, a court house and jail were erected at Six-Mile-Run, about 300 yards east of where the church is at present located, and opposite the present residence of

Peter Stothoff. None of the first officers of the County, one excepted, are now known, the records having been destroyed with the court house at Millstone in the British raid of 1778. Sheriff Abraham Van Doren was the exception. At what time the location of the court house was changed is unknown. It was at Millstone in 1752, that a negro named Abram Van Neste, was convicted there and then, under English laws, of murdering his master, and condemned to be burned. Sheriff Van Doren enforced the penalty. It is said that many of the negroes of the surrounding country were present, forming the inner, while the whites formed the outer circle, around the fire. During the burning, the sheriff mounted his horse with a drawn sword in hand, and rode between the spectators and the fire, to keep the former at a proper distance. Sheriff Van Doren is said to have been a man of so great popularity as to have held his office for twenty years.

RALPH VOORHEES.

DIES IRÆ.

[THE production of the following metrical version of this celebrated hymn has amused a leisure hour of one who greatly admires the terse and vigorous original. If, among the many translations which have been made, or *attempted*, of this devotional poem, the following should possess no other merit, it at least has that of a close adherence to the original Latin. In many places it is strictly a literal translation. As such, a certain stiffness and boldness of style may be overlooked, which would not be so readily forgiven in an original production.—TRANSLATOR.]

DAY of wrath, that dreadful day,
When earth in ashes melts away,
As David and the Sibyl say!

How all creatures then will quake,
When the Judge His seat shall take,
On all a righteous doom to make.

The trumpet's tones of wonder spread
Amid the regions of the dead,
And all before the throne are sped.

Death and nature stand aghast,
As every creature at the blast
Shall rise to answer for the past.

The book of doom shall then unfold
All human deeds therein enrolled,—
Each secret crime and thought untold.

When Jesus shall His seat attain,
Things dark and hidden shall be plain,
And nothing unavenged remain.

Oh! what shall I then, hapless, say?
To what prevailing patron pray,
When scarce the just securely stay?

King of tremendous majesty!
Who freely savest those who flee
To Pity's fountain,—save Thou me!

Remember that for me were borne
God's burning wrath and human scorn,
Lest from Thy side I then be torn.

Wearily Thy spirit sought—
On the cross my pardon bought,—
Shall such sufferings be for naught?

Oh! Thou Judge, who dost repay,
The gift of pardon grant, I pray,
Before I meet that dreadful day.

Groaning, guilty, trembling, weak,
The blush of shame upon my cheek,
A suppliant, God! Thy grace I seek.

Thou who Mary didst forgive,
And the dying thief receive,
Hope to me didst also give.

Though my prayers may nought avail,
Still, Thy favor cannot fail
To save me from hell's hopeless wail.

Amid the blest, Oh! may I stand,
Sequestered from th' accursed band,
And ever sing at Thy right hand!

When Thy sentence shall confound
The lost, whom piercing flames surround,
May I, with th' redeemed be found!

Suppliant in the dust I lay,
And with contrite spirit pray,
Bear my burden on that day.

I. N. DILTS.

MINNESOTA AS A PLACE FOR INVALIDS.

OFTEN and anxiously I asked the question, "Where shall I take this ailing body to secure health?" and a voice was heard replying, "Here in Minnesota, you will have perfect vigor, for here dwells almost perpetual sunshine; here the air is ever dry and bracing; here the winds are hushed; here the very rain is scarcely *wet;* and all things combine to invigorate and build up." In fact, if the statements made were at all reliable, Minnesota was more to be desired than Canaan by the Jews, for, while their land simply *flowed* with milk and honey, in this land it lay several feet deep, and of such an excellent quality as to put to shame all the ancient bovines and bees.

Of course I came, but alas! my milk was loppered, and my honey mingled with gall, and many wry faces testified that other palates had also discovered bitterness. During now eighteen months residence, many inquiries have been made by me, many statistics collected, a great number of clergymen, physicians, invalids, and "oldest inhabitants" interviewed, a record of the state of the weather kept, etc., etc., so that what follows will be fact, and not fancy, or theory, and the facts will be given in as brief space as possible.

If you are an invalid, gentle reader, you will go almost anywhere to receive relief; but you will have many questions to ask, and now may wish to know why I have arrived at the above conclusions. For you have heard different statements, and you rightly feel that you cannot afford to risk your life on an uncertainty. Listen, then, while I answer questions that you would naturally ask.

(1.) *How cold is it in Minnesota?* If you take your map, you will see that St. Paul, our headquarters, is over 300 miles further north than Somerville, over 170 than Albany, and less than 40 lower than Montreal, and you will conclude that we have cold weather here, which is very correct. The thermometer *has* reached 40 degrees below zero, and would doubtless have gone lower, if it could; but as it freezes thereabouts, it has condescended not to descend any lower. For 36 days last Winter it was below zero, and on several others very near it, so that it is safe to say that for four months and over, it was near or below zero one day out of every three. But more to be dreaded than the intensity of the cold is its duration. Our first heavy frost last year occurred Sept. 13th, and from that time until the middle of

June there were but very few days in which fire was not requisite. If now you infer that the Summers are not warm you will make a great mistake, for the mercury was at 104° this year, and near 100° a number of times. In fact, vegetation here demands great heat to bring it forward, and hence our Summers are very hot, though very short.

(2.) *What proportion of the days are pleasant?* The official report, as furnished to the Smithsonian Institute, shows that the clear days, counting halves and quarters, from 1868 to 1871 inclusive, were 681, leaving 779 cloudy or stormy ones, or only five and one-half months of clear days each year to six and one-half months of unpleasant days, which hardly passes for "perpetual sunshine." There have been months in which there were but seven pleasant days out of the thirty, and these seven were obtained by piecing.

(3.) *How much moisture is there?* Statistics must again answer, and the record is that the annual rain-fall from 1865 to 1871 inclusive was 32 inches, or but 11 inches less than reported for New York and Long Island; while the number of days in which rain or snow fell averaged 112½ or but 14½ less than at New York. During the months of May and June of the present year, rain fell every day but 19, and in September every day but 9.

(4.) *Have you much wind?* Such an abundance that at times one almost thinks his house is a vessel in mid-ocean. At such periods mothers have no need to rock their cradles, for they rock themselves, and if wind could blow the hair off of the head, we should all be bald, or *bawling*, (or both.)

(5.) *Is it at all changeable?* More so than at any place I ever saw, and "Old Probabilities" would surely give up predicting, did he live here for a time. One day an overcoat, and the next the mercury at 98°; to-day near the fire, to-morrow coat and vest cast aside; now shivering and now sweltering. In fact I have known the mercury to fall 25° in a single hour, (and well it may be styled the poor man's paradise, for he is always sure of *change.*)

(6.) *What diseases prevail?* Chills-and-fever has prevailed extensively, and nearly half of the inhabitants have been shaking as if a small earthquake had paid them a visit, and found their company very agreeable. Intermittent fever, bilious fever, &c., have a multitude of victims, while the medical "Journal" published at St. Paul, says, that catarrh, neuralgia and rheumatism, are more frequent here than at the East, and that typhoid fever is "alarmingly prevalent." Persons troubled with bilious affections should not come to Minnesota expecting to be cured.

(7.) *Does Consumption ever originate in Minnesota?* It assuredly does, as instances have occurred in our own town, where persons "born and raised here" have died of this disease, while the "Journal," above referred to, gives reports from a number of physicians who have had under their care indigenous cases. One physician reports twenty-one such cases in his practice, of whom thirteen had resided in the State more than eight years before the disease was developed, three, ten years, and one fourteen years.

I would like to, but cannot now speak of our numerous fogs, heavy dews, and many other things, of like nature; nor can I portray the brighter side of this picture, such as beautiful scenery, fertile soil, &c., but if you design coming here on the strength of newspaper accounts, by all means learn the banking business first, and study *discounting* well,

for you will have constant need to apply it; else you will eventually reach the unhappy state of mind of some traveller, whose name unfortunately is unknown to Fame. Coming in to a hotel to dinner the landlord said to him,

"Will you have some teal?"

"What is teal?"

"A kind of duck."

"Had it wings?"

"Certainly."

"Could it fly?"

"Of course it could."

"Well, if anything had wings and could fly, and did'nt *get out of this accursed country*, I don't want anything to do with it."

W. E. HONEYMAN.

A DIFFERENCE.

"GOOD-BYE, Aunt Richland. Mabel, may I claim from you a farewell walk?"

The first lady addressed arose, as she took her nephew's proffered hand, and remained standing until the other, who, as if her answer to the request made had been predetermined, had left the room the moment it was expressed to obtain her wrappings, and now returned equipped for the walk. Another good-bye, and a kiss, received gracefully and coolly as it was given, were exchanged between the two who parted. Then Mabel Richland and Norman Blair passed from the presence of their stately Aunt.

"Shall it be to the hill?" he asked, when they reached the outer porch.

"It shall be as you please, and I will be content."

"You seem to have no pleasure in the matter," and the man's handsome face clouded as he spoke. "Is it so, Mabel?"

"Even our pleasures are sometimes almost painful," she answered, evasively, "and this, *last* walk must be to us, I think, necessarily, one of these painful pleasures."

Through the grounds, where the slant sunbeams defined shadows—"like memories that, as evening approaches, always stretch far back downward"—and cast their prisms of beautiful light on the glowing Autumn flowers—hues of golden and crimson and white—onward they passed to the wooded elevation that lay just before them. They walked in silence, each busied with thoughts which, while unspoken, must have been mutual. The trunk of a fallen tree furnished a seat of which Mabel availed herself, when the hill was reached. Her companion remained standing, and rustled the fallen leaves with his feet; and it was not his voice which said, at last, in a broken, sorrowful tone, that had in its cadence a sound of tears, "It must be so, Norman."

"I had feared as much," he answered, still without turning toward her, "yet could not but hope that my fears might be vain; how earnestly you will never know, until you, too, may come, sometime, to hang all your chances for happiness upon the fulfillment of a hope; until you, too, by some power you cannot control, are forced to place your fate in the hands of others, to let them do with it as they list."

"You speak bitterly, Norman, and perhaps I am not innocent of blame. Yet God knows that I have tried to do that which was for the best, and you must know that I have decided against my own heart."

"Then I say that the decision cannot

be right, and must not stand." In his earnestness offended pride was forgotten, and going to her side he now entreated, "Do not make it final, Mabel; think of yourself, think of me; for I love you, I love you, my darling, oh! my darling!"

The hot tears were falling through her clasped fingers, but, forcing away her hands, he kissed her passionately, kissed eyes and cheeks and lips, while he held her closely to him, testing the strength of her purpose to the utmost, by his open defiance of it. One moment, for the last time, her head rested on his breast, but in that moment she gained calmness and strength to be resolute. Releasing herself, then, from his arms, she laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, "Yet it cannot, cannot be. I will never marry you Norman."

He recognised in the words a power of determination never to be shaken; knew in that moment that further remonstrance would not avail; and the knowledge almost maddened him.

"May I ask why?" impatiently throwing off the light pressure of her hand.

"My answer would only be a repetition of what I said yesterday, with this difference, that, what I then spoke doubtingly, and knowing myself the full force of the reasons urged, to-day I could repeat firmly, confidently."

"Though you call those visionary doubts and jealous fears *reasons*, I cannot believe that you think them such. There must be something else, some hidden obstacle or hope perhaps which you have not revealed to me; and if so, surely I have a right to know what it is."

"There is nothing of the kind, Norman. My reasons I have already given you, and you call them visionary: to me, nevertheless, they are real, insurmountable."

A silence fell between them, and through it, for a time, came only sounds of dropping leaves, and faint wind-murmurs. When at last he spoke again, his voice was cold, calm and free from anger. "So it must be, Mabel, since you will it so. May you never regret the act which decrees that from henceforth we must live divided lives. Shall we return home?"

She assented by rising, and walking at his side back again over the path they had so often trodden together, but never before with such heavy hearts. Under the wide-spreading boughs of a beech tree, at the foot of the hill, where surrounding bushes still screened them from chance observation, he took her hand between both his own, and holding it thus did not speak coldly when he said:

"Farewell. I cannot but think you unjust and unreasonable, but cease to love you I never will. I could not if I would."

Once more he kissed her lips and felt their answering pressure; then, passing on to the gate that opened into the Richland grounds, he lifted his hat, said another "good-bye," and they parted.

Left alone, Mabel walked slowly toward the house, but turned aside, before her approach could have been seen from its windows, into a by-path, which led to a rustic arbor, where, for a while longer, she might be alone with her thoughts. The cool air out-doors was infinitely more pleasant than the warmth of the in-doors would have been; and not less preferable was the silent companionship of trees and vines, rustled now and then by the steps of flitting birds, to the cold eyes of her Aunt, trying to read tokens in her face, or even the noisy mirth of her cousins. Seating herself in the chair which always stood ready for her in this favorite retreat, the sigh that fluttered over her lips, while it spoke something of relief, had in its struggling, in-drawn

breath, something of regret and pain as well. For a time the tightly clasped hands, the nervous twitchings of her face, and the sorrowful brightness of her eyes, betokened a suppressed excitement, which in some natures could only have found relief in tears; but all these signs passed gradually away, until by self-communion she seemed to have gained that peace which by its recompenses almost blesses strifes.

Early in the summer, Mabel Richland had first met Norman Blair. In the spring she had come to the home her Uncle had offered her, and a month later Norman came there also for a week's sport, hunting and fishing, for which this neighborhood afforded fine opportunties. He was a most welcome guest at his Aunt's house, and, as he found it so, he made it a permanent abiding place for the summer. Indeed, Mrs. Richland requested him to please her by making it his home through the season, and of course he could not resist her cordial entreaties. Mabel Richland's presence there was then by no means a special attraction, such as would influence his decision upon his Aunt's invitation. Had he been questioned concerning her he would have said, "The girl is too quiet, and not at all sociable," and, perhaps, would have added—"Indeed, I know very little of her, but am inclined to think that even if she were less reticent she would in all probability fail to be entertaining." Nevertheless, as the weeks moved on, and he saw more and more of this "quiet girl," he gradually discovered that her presence and company had a strange fascination for him, which was as sweet as dangerous. Inmates of the same house, their social relations were naturally intimate, and made more so by his ever increasing desire to forward the intimacy. And Mrs. Richland had witnessed its progress with complacency. This Norman Blair was her favorite nephew to be sure, and she might have been much more ambitious for him. Beside she took no superlative interest in Mabel Richland's welfare. And her husband's neice was poor, and must remain so for all they (her husband and herself) could do for her; they had their own children to support out of their abundance. But it was not absolutely necessary that Norman should marry for money, because when a certain bachelor Uncle, whose namesake he was, should leave him an inheritence, he would be prosperous; in the mean time he had talents and energy, and was one of those men who seem destined to succeed in the world. Therefore, if he chose to sustain the credit of the family at his own expense, why very well; she had no objections.

And to the heart of this young girl had there come nothing of grace from the intercourse? For, love is grace, and to love is blessed. Had there come no good out of the long mornings spent with him, as they oftentimes were, in the arbor, where she was now sitting, reading, and talking playful nothings that pleased and amused only because he uttered them—from walks when their words were few and rarely jesting—or from moonlit sails when their voices (which every one had said harmonized wonderfully), floated on the air, intermingling in the melody of love-songs, gay and plaintive, opera airs, and, what was much more beautiful and grand, old familiar hymns, whose words have been freighted with the aspirations of thousands of human's hearts?

She had scarcely known herself as these days had flown by. All find it pleasant to be appreciated and loved, and she had seen too little of life's bright side not to be dazzled at first by the

glimpse thus afforded of one of its fairest phases. So she was content to be pleased with this glitter of gold, without carefully discerning whether it was pure metal, or mixed with dross. Indeed it would hardly have been human if, because she at times feared that she would not be able to yield him all he might require in return for his devotion, she had denied herself the pleasure this state of existence undoubtedly gave. Not thus denying herself, she dreamed on, unthinkingly enjoying the present until an awakening came. Norman Blair had asked her to be his wife. Perhaps this interrogatory was not wholly unpleasant to her when it came—half inclined was she to prolong, possibly intensify, by a whispered "*yes*," the pleasures of the days gone by; to give herself to him despite forebodings that sometime she might come to regret the act. But the temptation was overcome, and she had asked the question solemnly, deliberately, of her own soul, before she gave him the answer it dictated. She knew that he held a large place in her heart; that the memories of him connected with the past summer would always be most dear to her. But she had realized as well that there were in her love-soul heights which he could never, never scale—depths of whose very existence he would never be aware, and from which therefore, he could never, by any power of his own, draw living water of life and happiness. Had it been otherwise, and had there been a more perfect community of thought, sentiment and *feeling*, the union would have been consecrated. He loved her as well, better it may have been, than he ever could have loved another. Her nature seemed to hold a talismanic key by which she could unlock, or interpret his moods, and thus satisfy to the utmost his demands upon her sympathy. She had seen his character, therefore, in its most favorable aspects—her desire to please calling into exercise a thousand fascinations of word and act, in fact of thought and feeling: and they had not come for nought. She knew now that, robbed of the peach-like bloom their influence had cast over them, the days would seem dull and unblest; yet still hesitated to brush away with her own hand this film of beauty which was as unsubstantial as fair. To tell the whole truth, she had seen in their daily intercourse, despite the favorable circumstances surrounding it, the selfishness which predominated in Norman Blair's character; a selfishness that was not gross and material, but of a subtler and more insidious cast—which wished to absorb, purely for its own gratification, all the powers of mind and heart which those connected with him in friendly relationship placed under his command; and which he held not by the tenure of like submission on his part, but by the slight cord of interest or pleasure which he seemed to take in it. Wooing her, there had been no lack of purposed tenderness and delicate attentions, but he would not think these longer necessary if he once obtained final possession of her by the inalienable deed of marriage. Love her he did as *she* believed, and while she remained the same love her he always must; but would a bare knowledge of the present fact satisfy her years afterward, when he might come to forget to give her all the sweet remainder of it, so dear to a woman's heart? Exacting by nature, as she properly should have been, she felt she could never brook indifference in any form. Liberal in giving, but demanding in return all her dues, she foresaw only too plainly, and shuddered as she thought of the misunderstandings and alienation, that would surely result in time between herself and Norman Blair.

Hardly, however, had the conclusion

been reached ere temptation, always hydra-headed, took another form, and again she listened to its plausable arguments. Worldly advancement, worldly ease, are never contemptible considerations—and she was so much alone, so almost friendless, was it not rash folly for her to turn aside from them when they were offered? All said Norman Blair "would make his way in the world." He possessed tact and an engaging affability of manner, that had always made him a favorite with all classes; also shrewdness enough to turn to his own advantage any prepossession held in his favor. It required, therefore, no extraordinary discrimination to predict that these qualities might, in time, win for him an enviable place in society. But if for all benefits conferred she failed to give the *one* adequate return of a perfect love, would she be better than a dependent, or a taker of alms? Certainly not; and with an honesty of purpose which her Aunt would have denominated youthful and foolish, but which was truly honorable nevertheless, she made a final decision.

It was not shaken when, in attempting to impart it to him, with the reasons therefor, he refused to receive the one, and laughed at the other; rather she received by it the first confirmation of her belief that they were unfitted for each other. He had failed entirely to appreciate her real motives, evidently attributing her refusal to coquetry, and perhaps a fear of appearing to be too lightly won. Said he: "No, dear, I will not hear you repeat such ungracious words—*will not* I say. Wait until to-morrow and you may be willing to say better things then; and, pardon me love, for you are my love, whether you will or not, more sensible ones I hope."

But on the morrow manner and purpose were unaltered, and that which he had thought coyness, he was forced to believe to be earnestness.

She did not regret the decision, now that Norman Blair had received it, and would abide by it.

These "might have beens" are after all but silly things in this real world; determinedly Mabel Richland turned away from their contemplation, to the probabilties which she could dimly discern in the *future*.

Strength came with the effort to wait, and hope; faith also, to believe that she would be sustained by a higher strength, when the time came to act and work.

Rising at length from her seat, and these half-sad meditations, for the twilight was deepening into dusk, she tarried yet a moment at the entrance of the arbor, as if loath to leave its solitude. The pungent fragrance of chrysanthemums attracted her notice, and, stooping, she picked one of the sunny flowers from a bush that blossomed at her feet. Passing her fingers caressingly over its petals, she pressed them lightly to her lips and cheeks, breathing again and again their invigorating ordor. No summer dews and soft south winds had called this flower into bloom; its life had to be lived amid bleaker influences, but its fruition through frost and cold would be none the less certain. So, God, never less mindful of his human children, than of the flowers and the sparrows, will, if they are rightly used, crown their lives with perfection. To her these chrysanthemums were emblems of purity and endurance; and placing the one she held on her breast, she pulled another for her hair, and then hesitated no longer to go within doors.

"Has Norman just left you?" her Aunt asked, when she appeared at the tea table.

"Oh, no! I have been alone for more

than an hour, enjoying the sunset;" and her face told no more than did her words, why he had not enjoyed the sunset with her, or what he had taken away with him, whether promises and pledges to be fulfilled, or hopes upon which had been set the seal of despair.

Afterwards, Mrs. Richland confided to a friend the fact that once she had hoped that Norman might marry Mabel. Of course the expectation was an unreasonable one; no one else but herself, who, out of pure kindness of heart, had really desired to have the girl do well, would have entertained it for a moment; for it was not to be supposed that he, who could command a much more brilliant alliance in any worldly point of view, would think of marrying her.

Not many weeks elapsed before Mabel Richland found means of maintaining herself in independence. The ways by which a woman may do this in a perfectly respectable, genteel, and generally approved manner, are not yet so many nor so varied but that those having such a desire, will immediately divine that her chosen occupation was that of a teacher, and of the less advanced classes in a college for women. Always endeavoring to do well that which she attempted to do at all, and having at the same time the ability necessary to make her endeavors successful, she soon proved herself to be no ordinary routine teacher. The textbooks used by classes in branches of study pursued under her direction, were found inadequate for their requirements, and, modeling a new one upon what she thought a better system, it met with the commendation of others to whom she committed it for inspection, and became the stepping stone to a more enviable career than the one which she had expected would be her portion.

Hard study undertaken in connection with other duties enabled her to assist in the compilation of scientific treatises, when her aid came to be sought in such directions. Obtained through what seemed at times almost exhaustive and impossible effort, her advancement was rapid, and therefore she deemed her labor well rewarded.

Years passed, and from the position of a subordinate teacher, she had risen to that of vice-principal of the College Men shook their heads, and averred that her success was something wonderful, while among those omnipresent persons who favor "woman's rights," she came to be often cited as an example that women had a fair share of intellect, and were capable of moderate achievements. Only however by local innovators was her name thus mentioned, for she was a quick as well as an unflagging worker.

At the end of those years the office of principal became vacant, and among the candidates for its occupancy, Mabel Richland, young, still at twenty-six, was the fortunate one.

Several of the Professors of the institution had been among their number of candidates, and their surprise was more open-eyed than ever; one, the Professor of natural history, testified his appreciation of her success by offering her his hand and heart. He thought, it may be, some such alliance was necessary to keep her woman's wits balanced in her new station, or (to speak less charitably), hoping, perhaps, that so much added good fortune might overthrow them entirely, himself gaining some advantages thereby. Be that as it may, he was refused. "Her heart was in her work," she said, "as well as her best hopes; she should never marry." And with gentle, womanly compassion she refrained from saying that even had her heart been in a most particularly lonely, and unsettled condition,

she would no sooner have contemplated mating it with his, than with one of his carefully preserved brown beetles. Her labors were not lightened by this change of circumstances, but new and more decided advantages were reaped. Time, filled thus with cares and duties, moved on apace. Other years were numbered with the past, and with much joy, and not a little triumph, Mabel was, at length, able to say that one of the ends, the attainment of which had often stimulated her to exertion, had been reached

Ever since the time, when, in her girlhood, change had left her homeless, she had hungered after that of which it had deprived her; had never ceased to taste the bitterness of her waifship. Once, during the summer spent with Mrs. Richland, she had in one of her rambles chanced upon a stone cottage, whose attractive surroundings claimed for it more than a passing notice. Stopping a moment at the gate, which stood partly opened, she saw an invitation, or rather leave to enter it, upon the white placard attached to the door, which bore the words "To Let." Gladly availing herself of the privilege it gave, she followed the path that led past the house down to the edge of the little brook that flowed through the grounds by its side. Amid the silences of a summer's afternoon she had lingered there undisturbed, and yielding her thoughts to fancy's sway had dreamed the day-dreams born of the time and circumstances. Naturally, many of the pictured homes seen in the Arcadia of imagination resembled in outward appearances the little cottage present to her then, in all its quaint prettiness; and more pleasing than others had been the dream that it was her home—a place of refuge, where, living in an atmosphere of peace, she could pass the days unmindful of the great world's tumult and unrest. But the way had been passed over, the wished-for goal reached, and, reviewing them, no efforts put forth to gain the end were regretted. Rather were they deemed more than recompensed by their fruits, which she held in her hands. With the pecuniary means at her command, her thoughts reverted to the desire for a home, which so long a time had held a place in her heart. Inquiries were instituted concerning this house therefore; and when it was ascertained that its owner wished to dispose of it, Mabel Richland became its purchaser.

For many months before she had became its inmate, it came to be the home of her thoughts; there they were sure to dwell in every moment of freedom. She devised plans for its improvement, dwelling with a pleasure upon every detail in the contemplated plans for furnishing and admiring it, that must have been incomprehensible to persons who gladly, under similar circumstances, would have shifted all responsibility upon the architect and upholsterer.

It was because of this interest, perhaps, that the new added porch and bay-window were not unsightly excrescences, but natural parts of the house itself. Then the rose, which had shaded the doorway, having been tenderly cared for, though deprived of its old support, now in slightly pruned luxuriance trained over and beautified a new one; and the shining masses of ivy leaves had been shielded from the mortar-dust, and carefully kept from injury. The grounds surrounding the cottage, were trim, but never prim, and although unextensive, still held several pretty retreats, where convenient seats stood ready to add to the temptation which might be felt to enjoy their shade and seclusion.

But, though quiet as beautifully formed

and delicately tinted, it is not in the rose's outer petals, but in its heart-clusters that the warmest tints and deepest fragrance dwell; and, attractive as were the outer courts of Mabel Richand's home, it was not until you had crossed its threshold that the same refined taste seen within manifested itself more strikingly and influenced you more sensibly by its subtle charm.

The last traces of the work and disorder attendant upon repairs having disappeared, and everything being in readiness for her reception, the first day of her summer vacation, was that of Mable's home-coming. No friends were there to welcome her; none accompanied her thither. The presence of the truest and dearest would scarcely have been welcome then, for to those who from necessity live their lives in a numerous company, occasional solitude comes to be greatly prized. So she could wander over her new domain again and again with the pleasurable emotion of a child examining and re-examining a new toy; could linger a moment here, and linger there, occupied or unoccupied, as whim dictated, with no one to smile and wonder at the vagaries of the dignified Miss Richland. Now walk in the daintily furnished sleeping apartments and see the appointments of each perfected by consulting the taste of some anticipated guest, whose coming might be more frequent and more prized han that of the casual visitor; and, passiug down the stairs, the dining room looking even more inviting. When the summer breeze, entering at the open windows, gathers added sweetness from the flourishing plants, blooming in the conservatory at its farther end. Passing out again you must needs stop a moment in the hall, to imagine what beautiful light will be cast over the moss-like carpet, tinted walls, and pretty sculptured boy, who, with listening ear and outstretched hand of welcome, stands in a niche at the turning of the stairs, when the glow-worm lamp is lighted. The lamp nestles in the heart of a great golden lily, suspended by glass chains from the ceiling. Opening the door of the parlor, you confidently expect to find the mistress within; but no, she is restless to-day, it seems. The book kept open by a delicate fixture placed between its leaves, the chair pushed out of place with an ottoman resting before it, testify of her recent presence, and of her probable speedy return. Waiting for her coming you forget to be impatient in your admiration of the surroundings which speak of her in a thousand ways. Pleased with other parts of the house you cannot but be charmed with these rooms, last seen; the size and arrangement of their furniture harmonize so perfectly with their size and character. In the front, more particularly the reception room, statuettes of Æonone and Ariadne occupy appropriate corners; while somewhat larger, and holding a more prominent central position, "The Woman's Ideal of Beauty" stands, between the two, with clearly-cut features, and lithe, fair form, as passionless as theirs are passion-*full*. But it is in the more retired, back parlor that Mabel will best love to stay; two cases are there filled with books, no one of which but is in some degree a friend to her. Busts of Sappho, Goethe and Milton are above, and on either side of one, while in a shadowed, quiet spot "English Keats," and "The Real Adonis" rest on a pedestal, draped with the sad green leaves of the ivy.

To the painter's art she is indebted for a beautifully executed portrait of Mrs. Browning. The veil that even here, you believe, scarely shades her vision, death has brushed away, and she too had joined that company of poets, whose praise her sweet voice sang.

Light steps are heard on the piazza, the curtains part, and Mabel Richland is before you. Seating herself she bends forward to take up her book. A little gesture of hesitation; then she leaves it undisturbed and smiles, as she leans back at her ease with folded hands. You look for traces of the years that have passed since last you saw her, but cannot at first distinguish them. They are in existence nevertheless. Time, let it pass never so lightly, leaves marks on body and mind which can not be effaced. You miss, first, in her toilet, the soft crimps, knotted ribbons, and abundant laces, that had once denoted a womanly pleasure in being attractive; she has thought too much of others to waste even moments upon herself; has attended so faithfully to higher cares, that lighter ones must needs have been often pushed aside.

Afterward you know that the tender eyes, which were wont to droop their lids so shyly lest some chance emotion might be read too plainly there, are steady now, let the light that burns in them arise from what cause soever.

The bright flashes of color, that once came and went with changing thoughts, now seldom dye her cheeks; her heart beats too evenly. And the mouth that the gayety of youth kept quivering with smiles, is oftener quiet now. But you think you find more than compensation for these lost graces in the repose, and dignity of manner, that come from greater self-knowledge and self-command.

The ringing of a bell summons her to a solitary tea, and upon returning to the parlor she moves her chair out upon the piazza, again giving herself up to the reading of her thoughts.

At length an unusually beautiful cluster of rose buds, which her eye singles out from the mass of bloom above and around her, tempts her by their vivid color, and, rising, she gathers them; then passes on further for some of the lilies that will contrast so prettily with their brilliant pink tints. Roses and lilies, she groups them in two tasteful clusters, and, when her eyes are satisfied with seeing them, she places one in her hair, and another at her throat, that she may inhale their fragrance still.

In her youth she had worn chrysanthemums, and had breathed a prayer for strength, to which an answer had been given; she could wear roses now, and no longer fear that their subtle influence might give birth to some voluptuous love-dream in which life would partake of their color and beauty, almost of their perfection. Yes! for her that time was past, when the need was felt of an added life to make her own complete; when her heart seemed alone and lonely, because no other heart answered its desires. Love must bring with it an unrest for which she would be unwilling to exchange the peace and content that nestled in her breast.

But with their power they had lost their fitness too!—and when the thought came, her fingers again sought the roses and pulled them from their resting places. Those younger and less worldly wise than she had a better claim to them; yet surely she might keep the lilies: and so the lilies were left, making quite an addition to her toilet, and causing talkative little Mrs. C——, who, to use her own words, "ran in for a moment only, just to say a word or two by way of making a communication which she was sure it would interest Mabel to hear," to remark, afterwards, "A woman yet for all her wisdom, and, as some persons say, superiority."

Many apologies came first from Mrs. C—— for so soon intruding upon the retirement which she doubted not Miss Richland found delightful. After polite disclaimers to them all had been uttered

and Mrs. C—— had been assured that whatever she had to tell would be gladly received, she proceeded to say that she had that morning heard that Norman Blair and his wife were at home again after an absence of several weeks, and had resolved to let Mabel know of their return, thinking she might desire their presence on the following evening at her reception, "since they were old friends of hers."

"You had thought rightly," Mabel replied. "I would be very glad to meet them again, and will notify them of my desire to do so at the earliest opportunity."

"Your reunion could scarcely be a success without them, for I assure you their presence is deemed indispensable at anything of the kind which takes place hereabouts. Mr. Blair is so popular and fascinating, and his wife so gay and fashionable. A well matched couple I think them, although people do say their regard for one another is nothing extraordinary."

"A well matched couple!" Could Mabel Richland think them such when afterwards her visitor's words recurred to her? Perhaps so; well matched, if not well mated.

Guests were not wanting to make the house gay upon the evening when Miss Richland received her friends at her own home.

Merry faces and grave, the old with the young, learned men and gallant beaux, were gathered together; nor was the homage of word and deed, which all rendered to their hostess, unappreciated by the graceful woman, whose sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks testified to the pleasure their society yielded. It was a gala-night for her, and she had chosen to appear in the gayest dress her wardrobe held,—a delicate lilac tissue, whose soft, full folds by their length and lightness seemed to give added height and dignity to her slender form. Again she wore lilies, and Norman Blair, who had stepped aside where he might, unobserved, look upon that face which, for many long years, he had only had passing glances, found it still most fair in his sight.

On very good terms with himself and the world, Norman retained the easy grace and careless gayety that had distinguished him of old; and to Mabel's eye there was noticeable something more than the old self complacency. She saw him courted and flattered by all, and knew that he received their praises as his sovereign right. Every attractive woman in the room shared his open homage; all smiled upon his advances. And his wife was well provided with attendants, although she seldom counted her husband among their number. "She never would be one of your orthodox married women," she freely told Mabel, in a short conversation they held during the evening: "Could anything be more foolish than because one happened to have a husband to think that one must devote herself entirely to him? considering at the same time what small thanks one would be liable to get for such devotion. She felt as gay, and enjoyed herself quite as much as when she was unmarried. To-be-sure, she had three babies at home, and they sometimes did interfere with her plans, but not often; they were good little things, and generally got along quite as well without her as with her."

Marriage had given her a recognized place in society, and had added "Mrs." to her name—a title supposed to be more desirable than that of "Miss"—and what cared she that it brought to her nothing more? Alas! they were well matched, though *not* well mated.

Once, Norman Blair tarried for a moment at Mabel's side; but their conversation had not passed beyond commonplaces, when it was interrupted. At

parting he said he would see her soon again if she was willing, and her request for him to do so was cordially made.

She was alone when, not many days after, he came, and they, who had parted with kisses, met as friends meet, speaking only kind words; on her part with an unaffected ease that arose from an effort and resolve made long ago; on his with a restraint which told that in her presence, at least, the old love lingered yet.

The hours of the evening passed by most pleasantly nevertheless; and, leaving graver themes untouched, other subjects of conversation, which both found interesting, were not wanting. Recalling some of the time which they had spent together, each then gladly heard the other tell of what had befallen them since they parted.

Accompanying him to the door upon his departure, the moon-lighted summer air tempted Mabel still further, and she walked out to the portico's edge to receive his good-night.

A passing remark and its answer deterred his going another moment, and in it Mabel Richland, standing there in the mellow moon's rays, with their light glistening upon her hair, and bringing out in strong relief her fair, beautiful face, became a very siren, calling back all the old fond feelings, to live for the moment at least, in more than their pristine strength. And if in his, why, then in her heart too he believed they must still exist. True her manner bespoke her, just then, rather unconscious of his presence than lacking any of her wonted composure because of it; but he could not think it interpreted rightly her true-self. Therefore, when bending towards her, he asked, in low, significant tones: "Ah! Mabel the world may have gone well with you, but are you content?" He hardly expected to see the clear, untroubled light which shone in her eyes, lifted to his, as she answered: "More than content, Norman, I am *satisfied.*" But the frank truthfulness of look and tone convinced him that the contentment was real; something not to be disturbed by wishes or regrets.

They had talked of their works in life, and very freely, so far as they were already known, had spoken of their respective results. Naturally therefore, in their relations to each other, these results were presented to Mabel's mind in a contrast unthought of before: a contrast from which she could not withdraw her attention.

Twelve years ago Norman Blair had commenced his career, hopefully, expectantly. While she, though bravely willing to struggle with fortune, had, at the same time, entered upon the contest scarcely daring to hope that she would gain from it even the means to live, expecting no greater good as its result. Yet in intellectual capacity she surely was not this man's inferior; and in the virtues that go to make up an estimable character, to all worldly intents and purposes, she was at least his equal.

Over the years, too many of which had seemed to her long and dreary, she reviewed the steps that had led her to present good, and realized anew how toilsome once the way had been, how monotonous the days, each made like to each by a similar routine of duty. And, then, Norman Blair's words, as expressive of his experience, were heard again: "No hermit's life you see Mabel, business cares notwithstanding."

She had gained a home, and an assured hope of future independance, which must, however, still be labored for, since the time had not yet come when she might retire from the world's band of workers.

He, a prosperous man, had already abundant riches at his command, of which all her possessions were not a tithe.

Another had shared his gains and been raised by his advancement, and around him children were growing up to bear his name and be benefited by his successes.

Yet, strange to say, what people were pleased to term her success in life was deemed remarkable; his seemed to be considered merely a matter of course. And this was so, not because her capabilities for work were less than his, (none thought them such,) but simply that she, being a *woman*, had wrestled from unfavoring circumstances that which *was not her birthright.*

True, they had chosen different walks in life, but he had taken one of the many that would have been equally liable to have led him to a similar goal, while she perhaps, had chosen the only one open to her, that would have brought so full a measure of reward

No regret assailed her because of any act of her own that had influenced her lot in life; but instead of the scorn with which she had been wont to regard those who marry for position and ease, there came into her heart a feeling that was akin to pity.

Alice Warner's beauty would have faded unappreciated, and her sensibility and good humored wit might have degenerated into fretfulness and sarcasm, had she been obliged to spend her days doing work for which she was so unfitted. Foreseeing this, and, already it may have been, rebelling at the circumstances that prevented her taking the pleasure she was longing to find in life, it was not wonderful that she married a "Solomon Gunnybags," and attained by the step plenty and prosperity.

Mabel Richland could now gratify to the full her refined tastes; could live surrounded by beauty, lurking in form and coloring, which her eye never failed to appreciate: and the power to do so was a compensation, surely, for the loss of integrity she sustained when she once gave her hand to the boyish husband, whose only personal claim to her regard must have been this unselfish devotion to herself.

At all events, never would she condemn her position, not now realizing the greatness of the temptation whose power could easily be too much for the strength of the tempted.

And who are ye that judge?

S. M.

MY COMING SHIP.

I AM ever watching, day by day,
A ship on the far off purple seas,
As it lies idly rocking to and fro
In the arms of the summer breeze.

The wind, as she kisses the snow-white seas,
Makes a wierd, wild music, soft and low,
Like the sound that haunted my child-hood's dream
In the dim, sweet days of the long ago.

Oh! long I've waited and watched that bark,
Through hours of sunshine and days of gloom,
And dream'd of the joys, which shall burst into life
And gladden my heart—when my ship comes home.

Oft' in the light of the closing day
It lies becalmed 'neath a violet sky,
As I sit and muse on the hopes that bloom'd
In the light of the days so long gone by.

But again when blows the warm South wind,
In the bright, glad days of summer weather,
It comes gliding onward, and onward still,
For moments—yes, for hours together.

And I sit and watch with a far-off gaze,
As the sails wide-spread in the sun-beams gleam,
And tremble with fear lest they fade away
Like visions, now dead, of a morning dream.

Anon it is near, and I seem to see
The golden stores which gleam from within,
And my heart leaps forward to greet the dawn
Of the happy day—when my ship comes in.

But as skies now darken and cold winds blow,
And darkness stretches from shore to shore,
I fear lest, when sun-light next kisses the earth,
My ship shall ride those proud waves no more.

Then out in the blackness of night I stray,
Where darkness is *felt*, and nought else heard
But the wail of the winds and the moan of the waves
Or the startling cry of the lone sea-bird.

Chill'd by the rain and blind by the spray,
Borne on in the arms of the shrieking gale,
I watch till I catch by morning's gray light
The first faint gleam of that storm-beat sail.

The morning breaks brightly over the sea,
And I hail the new dawn with a thrill of delight;
For the gold of the sun and the glow of the sea
Are as jewels to crown that storm-tossed night!

And sweeping so proudly over the waves
Like a thing of life o'er the peaceful sea,
I discover—and high beats my passionate heart—
That my ship comes speeding on to me.

Oh! skies may brighten, or storms may lower,
And the winds and waves their rage combine,—
In the dawn of the Future's all-radiant day,
That coming ship shall *surely be mine.*

M. A.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

I.—His Life.

To enter the portals of a man's genius and discern the very beams and rafters of which it is constructed, is a privilege granted to but few. No man who has yet written about him has done this for Miller, and, it may be safe to add, never will, except by Miller's direct aid. In other words, Miller must tell the world more about his life, must reveal more of the progress of his mind from a boy, and the processes by which its constructive faculties built up *himself*, before his literary abilities can be properly weighed, and his productions critically appreciated. There is a kind of appreciation of an author which is current with most readers. It is one founded upon first impressions, the general construction of his sentences, harmony of their parts, interest of the subject matter, or the applause of other readers,—some resting their judgment on one, and some on all of these. As will be shown in a subsequent article, these are as likely to constitute a false as a true basis. I hold that an intimate, though not necessarily personal acquaintance with an author's, and particularly a poet's life, is essential to any true criticism of his writings.

As intimated, no full life of Joaquin Miller has been written, because no one but himself knows much about it. In fact, the only sketch of his history at all truthful, is one which appeared in the *Overland Monthly* of a year since. From that, and from what I have heard him relate of it, I give the following brief account of his past life, to which will be added some remarks about his character, and, in another paper, some resulting as well as independent, but of course imperfect criticism upon his poems. The fact that he spent some time with us last summer, and that his writings have friends and enemies in Somerset and Hunterdon Counties, is, I trust, a sufficient apology for taking him as a subject for Our Home.

Cincinnatus Hiner Miller was born November 10th, 1841; consequently is now thirty-one years of age. His birth-place, like that of many rich in nature's gifts, was a poor, old farm-house, somewhere in what is known as the "Wabash District," Indiana. His father, Heulings Miller, was a fair type of the courageous frontier-men of that day, and had settled on this outpost of civilization some three years before. There were here, of course, no schools, churches, or other similar institutions for the mental and moral training of the young—at least not to any important extent. Accordingly, when their parents afteward determined to go still farther west, it is no wonder that the Miller children, Cincinnatus among them, had made little progress in the line of education. It is said, nevertheless, that the subject of this article, at the age of ten (the second emigration being in 1851,) exhibited unusual talents for asking questions, which troubled his parents to answer. This aptitude, unfortunately, had no opportunities to give it encouragement.

Heulings decided to remove his family to Oregon, believing that to be a still better field for earning a livelihood. Accordingly, in the Spring of '51, the house-

hold goods and farming utensils were put in covered wagons; and now a long march of nearly 2000 miles began. Think how daring was that undertaking, of a single family, entirely unprotected by military force! The father was armed, but what could he have done defending an attack of a thousand Indians, or of twenty? Every day, however, the party moved on, and at night they "struck a tent," built up a huge fire to keep off the wolves, and other ferocious beasts, and without fear of red men, slept soundly.

A writer has said that "it is probable this journey, bringing under young Miller's observation in panoramic succession, such infinite variety, beauty and magnificence of natural scenery, contributed much to produce that familiarity with nature, which forms so remarkable a feature in his poems." There may be some truth in this, but he must have been too youthful to take much *permanent* note of the variety and beauty of the landscape. Rather may we believe that the journey had much to do with laying the groundwork of the impetuous part of the poet's character,—his daring, restless, conquering energy. Five months were consumed in travelling over the great Plains, crossing the broad rivers, and climbing the lofty mountains of the Rocky range. Then the family entered the beautiful Willamette (pronounced Wil-*lam*-mette) Valley, and settled there, near what is now called Willamette Forks. It is a post-office town at present. A large tract of land was purchased for a trifle, and farmer Miller went again into the science, or muscle of agriculture, with a will. Cincinnatus helped him some three years, doing yeoman service. He did not like the avocation however—that was plainly to be seen. He was too much of a dreamer.

Who have not been dreamers at some time in their lives? But Miller had schemes in his brain at fifteen which most men have many years later. He was thus early in life ambitious, brave, lofty. He wanted to pass at once into higher spheres of activity than the farm afforded. He wanted wealth at once, that his parents could live easier, and himself have more time to devote to himself; a noble wish not often in the order of Providence gratified. Gold he wanted, not for gold's sake, but for what it would buy. Many were the plans formed in his mind, and expeditions thought over, while tending his father's flocks, and toiling in the harvest fields.

It was a place for dreaming and pleasure-anticipations, that lovely Willamette Valley—called from the river, which flowed peacefully through it in a "thousand graceful curves, and strokes, and strange meanderings." Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood,

"Lifting the purple curtains of the gods
With flashing helmets, that defy the clouds,
And make fierce fellowship with undimm'd stars,"

were always in sight in pleasant weather, and mountains frequently lead the soul up to heights of aspiration proportionate to their actual grandeur. Snow-capped, they were, to an observer like him, symbolic of the highest faith set in the purest atmosphere. And Miller's mind, making due allowance for his tender years, contained that faith of heart, and atmosphere of passion, which, whether or not it thus early derived strength from Nature, laid the base of the nobility in the man, and in his verse. But it also betrayed him into too great trustfulness in himself, and into too much warmth of ardor,—simply because of his *youth*. Miller at twenty-five, emigrating to and residing in this golden region of the Pacific, under circumstances similar except as to age, would, so far from acting as the Miller of sixteen did, have afforded, *perhaps*, one of

the rarest specimens of an attainment to the perfection of a contented manhood. But we might not then have had his poems

In three years time he left his father's farm, and journeyed down into California to mine gold. He went against his parent's consent, but not against duty, as he viewed it. His father had worked him hard, and—what seemed worse—misunderstood him, and hence continually curbed him. He grew tired of that, his nature rebelled, and so the miners of McAdams Creek, California, came to know a certain "hale fellow, well met," named Miller, who had come among them to get rich in a day. Hundreds did get rich in a short while, and thousands remained poor, or got poorer, in their search for glittering wealth. Miller was destined to be of the latter class.

While toiling thus manfully, but without success, with the white miners, and dwelling with them, and with red hunters and trappers, the poet read, as a shadowy revelation, his future vocation. He, at first gently, afterward, as he had courted gold, fiercely, wooed the Muses. Without education from books, knowing nothing of the rules of grammar, orthography, or versification, he yet wrote poetry which had decided, even remarkable merit in it; another example of the fact that "the poet is *born*, not made?" He doubtless, read occasionally aloud to his comrades the productions of his pen; for we hear of their scoffing at him, ridiculing him, and joking him, until he was compelled to defend himself by the pistol. An eye-witness describes him as being at this time "the greenest looking specimen around the diggings," though no reason is ascribed for it except that he wore "long, tow-colored hair!" That he was not so green as represented, appears from a story of him, which has been told before, but which I have lately heard from his own lips. The occurrence took place about the time of which I have just written, but when he was working for Hurst & Co. on Cherry Creek, though remaining still in his cabin on McAdams Creek. The firm above named owed him a considerable amount of money, and there was a slim prospect of getting them to "pay up." In fact, they evidently proposed to cheat him out of his wages. Miller, to get his money, mounted one day a fine horse belonging to the firm, rode him off, sold him, and credited Hurst & Co. with him "on account." They at once obtained a warrant for his arrest, and sent a sheriff to find him. Sheriff Bradley did find him, but not so as to lay his hand upon his shoulder. For Miller was fleet-footed, and took leg-bail. The sheriff fired a shot or two at him without effect, when Miller suddenly halted, returned the fire with his pistol, and ordered Bradley to stop. As the sheriff failed to obey, his would-*not*-be prisoner again fired, this time in earnest, and with the precision for which he had long been noted. The sheriff's thigh was now the worse for the shot, and he accordingly stopped instanter. That ended the pursuit, and Hurst & Co's action at law.

It is said that Miller at this time also originated "The Lost Cabin" gold excitement, remembered yet in California with sadness, but there seems to be little foundation for the story. At all events, it was soon after this that he went over into Nevada and Idaho, but he remained there only a short time. He is next heard of as being in the Walker Nicaraguan Expedition. He drifted into this accidentally and took less part in it than has been supposed. That he was, however, a particular favorite of Walker's and that he also admired Walker, believing him ideally not only, but really noble, his remarkable poem written years after, entitled "With Walker in Nicaragua,"

clearly demonstrates. He first met Walker, as I think, in Lower California, and had then no idea of attending his expedition, at least not as a member of it. But the two men were so much alike, not merely in general appearance and bearing but in chivalrous bravery, in a high, keen sense of personal honor, in a true warmth of soul, and, besides, in a kind of "eccentricity of genius," common to both by nature, that they at once "melted" into a sort of unity. Why Miller went with such a filibustering expedition at all, even though he loved Walker, will hardly be asked by those who can comprehend his impetuous, freedom-loving, boy-nature; and he best answers it himself:

> "And I, a waif of stormy seas,
> A child among such men as these,
> Was blown along this savage surf,
> And rested with them on the turf,
> And took delight below the trees.
> I did not question, did not care
> To know the right or wrong. I saw
> That savage freedom had a spell,
> And loved it more than I can tell,
> And snapped my fingers at the law.
> I bear my burden of the shame,—
> I shun it not, and naught forget,
> However much I may regret."

In one of the fights of this brave band of outlaws, Miller was shot in the thigh, which has ever since somewhat effected his gait. On the breaking up of the expedition, he set sail in a small vessel for the Amazon river, determined to see that part of the tropical world. He merely entered its mouth however, circumstances compelling a return North at once. He now gradually worked his way up toward Oregon, mingling freely with savages for a year or two on his slow journey. He mixed in some Indian battles, in which he was grazed by arrows and shot in the arm; and was cast once into a sort of prison, whence an Indian girl, who loved him devoutly, succeeded in rescuing him. "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde," one of his most powerful poems, will throw much light on this part of his career. This story gives a recital of but one of his youthful loves with the "peerless, dark-eyed Indian girls," yet it is a sample of perhaps many more, which were even more romantic than those depicted by Walter Scott in his stories of the Age of Chivalry. Riding mustangs, lasooing cattle, courting Indian girls, writing poetry, practising astrology, hunting, listening to Indian tales of valor, and discussing with them about the Great Spirit, acting as medicine-doctor, teaching the use of the pistol—these were but part of his employment for the two or three years preceding his return to his parents' house in far off Oregon. The latter place he reached in 1860, after an absence of six years. Of course he was now the seventh wonder of that region for a time; yet, to show the singular rebound of his mind from savage to civilized life, as of a nature athirst for change, he deliberately set himself down to the preparation needful for a practice of law. In a new country, lawyers find quickness of perception and common sense better powder with which to shoot at jurors than Blackstone and Kent, and Miller seemed to possess these, the first in a special degree. He made up by his insight into human nature what he lacked in education—though his omnivorous reading just at this time rapidly led him from ignorance to self-culture—and a very short while sufficed to see him admitted to practice at the bar of Lane County, when he was yet in his minority.

He remained in Eugene City, where he had now established himself, a few months only. There were newly-discovered gold mines in Idaho in the Spring of '61, and thither he again hurried, not to dig for wealth, but to obtain it by running a "Pony Express." This was the carrying of packages, letters, gold-dust, etc., from mining-camps, to the great lines of commercial travel, by means of Indian

horses. Robbers, as well as murderers, were of course plentiful, and many were the difficulties of roading it. Miller went through all these, however, with astonishing success, and did actually make money!

At the close of the excitement he went back to Eugene City. His growing years, though he was yet barely of age, had increased his love for literature in general and poetry in particular. He read much, and thought much. He at this time concluded to leave the law, which to him was dry, and edit a paper for the improvement of the people. So he took editorial charge of the *Democratic Register*, in Eugene City, and remained at that post a year. Then he left it because his sympathies, which always were "with the weaker side," having been given to the Southerners in their struggle with the North to a greater extent than some loyal Oregonians wished, his paper was suppressed "by military authority."

It was during his editorial career that he was married. Miss Minnie Theresa Dyer was a contributor of verses to the *Register* under the *nom de plume* of "Minnie Myrtle;" and her productions were praise-worthy enough to find their way into many local exchanges all over the country. Miller recognized their merit by sending a note to her about them. From it a correspondence ensued, which eventuated in his making an appointment to meet Miss Minnie at her home in Port Orford, on the coast, several hundred miles away. He reached there on a Thursday, and was married, at her solicitation as to time, on the Sunday following: a proceeding only to be explained by the fact that the distance between their homes, and the inconvenience of travel to and fro, made it—*love bridging the chasm of custom*—desirable. On the suppression of the paper, the two went to San Francisco, and Miller again engaged himself in the Pony Express business, his wife helping him all she could. He transported gold over the Rocky Mountains, as well as to nearer localities. In this business he, this time, failed; perhaps because be paid too little attention to it, and too much to the Muses.

The two then set sail up the Pacific. Mrs. Miller stopped at Port Orford; he went on higher up the coast, penetrated the interior of Northern Oregon, and took part in a contest of the whites with the Snake Indians in Grant County. It was partly an accident that he was there, but he made the most of his position, and exhibited his natural bravery and daring by himself leading a company of seventy-five miners against some seven hundred Indians. The battle of Stein mountain was fought by him and a victory won, admission to the bar of Grant County had, and a large practice gained, and finally his election to the bench as Judge of the County occurred—all in the space of nine months. At the end of this period he brought his wife to Cannon City, Grant Co., and settled down to law and literature. With little actual knowledge of the former, his desire that he might bring honor to the judiciary, and deal out to all equal and exact justice, became with him a passion less strong only than his still upper-handed passion for rhyme. "I worked very hard," I have heard him say, "to make decisions, and write opinions that the Supreme Court would not reverse and set aside." From June 1866 till in 1870, he held this position of Judge. During this time he wrote much of what he has since published in book form. Fugitive pieces, "as short as sweet," appeared in the newspapers, and were improvements on his boyhood attempts (which with good sense he never had printed), though very far inferior to what he wrote afterwards. It was in 1868 that he had published, at his own expense,

a little paper-covered book, called *Specimens*, which contained "Loua Ellah: A Tale of the Red River War," and "Shadows," two poems of some length. The first is now embodied in "The Last Taschastas," one of the *Songs of the Sierras*, but with important alterations. This was printed "only for a few friends" as he said, and distributed to them for their criticism. Copies were sent however to the Pacific press, and they, with scarcely an exception spoke high of their author. A part of the preface to this book, addressed to his friends, is worth quoting:

"I anticipate your disapproval, not so much of the matter—your love for me would conceal that—but that I write at all, for you always insisted that poetry was out of place here, and that rhyming was a mild type of insanity. When I came to manhood, being thus urged, because of love and respect for you, I put it aside—put it aside as you would put aside your blue-eyed children from your hearth-stone; and on the rough edge of the frontier, walled from the world by the savage grandeur of the Blue Mountains, I pursued the rugged route of my profession. Then I fell ill, and down in the shadows the heart hungered after the beautiful, and the soul went out after the sweet ideal, a dove on the waters, and brought these things. This is why I have written."

Afterward *Joaquin, et al*, was published, the principal poem in which was "Joaquin," now called "Californian." It met with success West of the Rocky Mountains, but the East never saw it.

A good place this may be to state how Miller adopted the title of "Joaquin." It was in this way There lived in California, a few years preceding that of which we have just written, a great robber chieftain named "Joaquin Murietta," known as "the renegade of the red St. Cloud." He kept the miners long in terror, but once suddenly disappeared. At some time subsequently, Miller, when in California, was mistaken for this same chieftain. His long hair, great reserve, and great daring, roused some suspicions in the breasts of his companions, who knew nothing positively of his previous life; and it came near going hard with him. He afterwards adopted the chieftain's title, partly in humor, partly because it struck his fancy.

In 1870 Joaquin Miller (he was generally known then by that name), aspired to the Supreme Bench of the State of Oregon, and would most probably have won the nomination at the State Convention in Portland, but for his wife's singular conduct—or *mis*-conduct. She wanted a divorce from him, assigning as the reason that he had "deserted her," though in fact he had merely been absent a couple of months in the northern part of Oregon, on business connected with his aspirations for the Bench; and she was fully conversant with the causes for his prolonged stay. The true reasons seem to have been first, that they had not lived altogether happily, and second, that she wished to be free to marry some one else. She knew his nature well enough to know that he would deem it dishonorable—as what man would not?—to resist the suit she thus instituted. But, as if to add insult to injury, the papers in the case she, or her attorney, had served upon him on the day of the Convention. As the fact immediately was noised abroad, and he became unnerved, it killed his prospects, and he retired from the judicial contest, nearly a broken-hearted man. In due time, no defense being put in to the suit for divorce, his wife obtained it, according to the laws of Oregon. Thereupon, in this hour of mental agony—which, let no man who has not suffered it make light of—he made hasty preparations, and sailed for

Europe. Before starting, he penned "Myrrh" and the most of "Even So," every line of which was written in heart's ink, and more sad lyrics than which Moore, Byron, or Mrs. Browning never composed.

Of Miller's career in the Old World it is scarcely needful to speak, since the facts are too fresh in the minds of the readers of the papers and reviews of a year since to require rehersal. It may be briefly stated as follows: He took immediate quarters in the poorest part of London, and commenced working hard, reading and writing. As his knowledge of English authors was very imperfect, he set to work to obtain an acquaintance with them, at least such as would make it useful for him during his stay. In a little time he concluded to extend his travels, and then return to London. Accordingly he went to Scotland, the land of Burns, where he wrote his noted poem called "Burns;" to France, where it is said (but I think there is a mistake about it), that he was made a prisoner by the French army; to Italy, the land of sunny slopes and dreamy skies; to Greece—once cultured, now most *un*-æsthetic Greece. Then returning to London, he set to the task of bringing out the *Songs of the Sierras*. There was difficulty in it—he could find no publisher. Locker, Hood and the Rosettis, with whom by this time he was acquainted, discovering the merit of the book, they persuaded Longmann & Co., the most aristocratic of London publishing houses, to issue it. Then, "in a day," he became famous. England took him to her heart—which explains why he has taken England to heart, and loves her to-day better than America.

He now re-crossed the Atlantic, and spent some time in the Eastern States. In the Fall ensuing (1871) he went back to Oregon, saw and provided for his children, and then travelled down into Mexico, as he says "to see it with European eyes." He went into the Caribbean Sea, I believe; but soon returned to the North, and entered California, and in the summer just past has been East again.

So much, historically, is about all we can know, at present. No, there is one thing more. Put it down to his everlasting credit, men of honor! His wife has appealed to the world, first in a written letter, then by a lecture publicly delivered and to be repeated for public "enterment" during the winter, to write him down as a wife-deserter, a clown, and a fool. She, regardless of the rules of civilized life, her position as a woman, or his feelings as a gentleman, for mere money, and to win applause by a taking subject, has presented to the world the anomaly of lecturing on the vices and foibles of her husband! And he—has he answered them? Has he noticed them? Quite the contrary. His mouth and his pen have been silent on that subject, and—so at least he said to the writer—it always will be. Rather than answer calumny by truth, he prefers to let history do it for him! Rather than yield to the temptation of replying, which many would call honorable, he keeps the brave silence which is sometimes the highest form of exhibiting manly courage. For this, were there nothing else in his favor, he is clearly entitled to the honor only equalled by the scorn his wife deserves at the judgment bar of the jury of the world.

At present, he wants no friend to interfere for him. When he removes that ban, many will be happy to put some things in a different light—his whole wedded life in fact. And those facts will aid materially in comprehending the apparently curious turns, at times, of his mind and genius.

Of Joaquin Miller's character and habits

there is little space for me to write. A plain statement of his life-history will reveal them, for the most part. There is, of course, in his nature, that "ground-swell" of nervous restlessness, that feverish aspiration, or longing for an ideal something, which has carried him in quick transition from one place to another. This was, doubtless, largely under control when he had a *home;* and if he had had the one his heart wished and yearned for, and had it been continued for many years, I see no reason to doubt that he would have been now in Oregon—unknown to fame. With this nature, his birth, education, and circumstances of early life, had much to do. Put the four conditions together and of course you have the man; it is so with all men.

He is said to be eccentric. So he is, if to be unlike others in a hundred things is eccentric. Those who would mould all mankind in one pre-determined form will find thousands eccentric when they are simply independent, and free to act as their tastes dictate. He *is* different from most men, but—*cui malo?* He dresses plainly, admiring most that jewelry which Nature gives him when he plucks from her hand a flower to put in his button-hole. He has a wealth of hair hanging profusely and—were it not counter to custom—gracefully over his shoulders. His conversational powers are not great. When warmed up by the subject into fervor of language he is yet not fluent, but mostly makes up by force of expression, vividness of simile, and earnestness, what he lacks in flow of language. Socially inclined with everybody he is not; but his few intimate friends he warmly loves, and will do much to gratify them. His sense of honor is keen. He never resents an injury. He cares nothing for money—almost absolutely nothing; thus believing with Shakespeare:

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

He has a medium sense of humor. What he believes to be strictly true is what he speaks. Simple as a child in all his tastes, he loves justice for its own sake, and has a charity as noble as world-wide. He has no personal vanity discoverable to his friends—only to his enemies. It is Nature which he most solemnly reveres, but only as the fairest material expression—outside of Man—of the Creator. His religious convictions may not be altogether what are termed orthodox, yet they are not the contrary. Though with some peculiar notions on Christianity, springing from his too broad catholicity of doctrine, he believes firmly in Christ and Heaven as facts by which to regulate his life.

And now we are ready to take a close survey of him as a writer.

A. V. D. HONEYMAN.

THE FLOWERS.

HERE is a flower, fair maid, look at it well:
I have just plucked it from a mossy dell,
'Tis lovely dyed, 'tis rosy red, and white;
'Tis like your cheeks that bloom before my sight.
Its perfume, too, how sweet, how fresh, how rare!

'Tis very like the spirit that you bear.
Your innocence, your heart just growing ripe,
This budding flower is an imperfect type:
Look at it—pray, where find you such another?
I really think I'll give it to your mother!

H. H. H.

THE COMMON-PLACE.

I THINK there is a period in the existence of most of us when it requires a greater amount of heroism to contemplate the possibility of living an uneventful, monotonous, common-place life, stretching out as one mental tint toward the far "echoless shore," than to face the prospect of black tempests of sorrow lashing life into a restless sea of change. This condition is, doubtless, in great measure, to be ascribed to the blind impetuosity of youth, which is prone to accept effects without inquiring into causes, and loth to believe that things *can be* other than *they seem*. But refer it to what cause soever of the many, the fact remains the same. There is that in the bold and adventurous spirit of youth, characterize it as you will, which eagerly accepts the positivism of action, while instinctively shrinking from the negation of a passive existence. Like the sound of martial music, the adjectives Great, Renowned, Famous, thrill along every nerve and fibre of one's being, arousing the "dull unknown of unawaked energies," and appealing to faculties and powers before lying inert. But before the words Obscure, Unknown, Unhonored, heart and flesh alike quail and shrink.

And well is it for human enterprise and advancement, and for the carrying out of Heaven's high designs, that an aspiration toward that which is lofty and difficult of attainment, is inherent in every noble nature. There may be individuals who never experience a longing for what is beyond the routine of their daily life. Favored of the gods must such indeed be, or, less haply, ignoble and sordid must be their natures, if their bosoms have never swelled with desires to enrich their lives with something of worth and beauty, however chimerical, or even worthless, time may show the object of pursuit to be But, whether we refer the condition of such to so-called liberal Fortune, or to their mental constituents, they are not subjects for envy, and it is not of them that I would speak. I rather write of those thousands of courageous beings who are "ready to be up and doing with a heart for any fate," but the one which probably awaits them—that of a plain, common-place existence. It is saddening to reflect how many aspiring, romantic, ambitious creatures are self-doomed to a perpetual war with Fate, from the hopeless struggle with which the only result achieved will be an *eternal discontent*—not that fair and radiant earthly Paradise which enchants and beckons so bewilderingly *to-day*. Yet even this dark and cheerless possibility cannot detract from either the beauty, or the utility of lofty purpose and high endeavor; nor can it establish a comparison between the dignity of bold and positive action and the tame security and inglorious ease of aimless, purposeless lives.

But not every restless, discontented ambition, seeking only how it may escape the dreaded common-place, is worthy to be dignified by the appellation of true aspiration. Owing to erroneous conceptions as to the vital difference between the truly common-place and its antithesis, fatal errors have occurred. Many an ardent young man or woman, straining eager eyes into the blackening future, has been blinded by false lights and deafened by alluring voices, while madly rushing where expected glory waits him, till, with a heart still fresh, and glowing with the fire of high resolve and pure motives, he awakes to find his course tending far away from his original object of pursuit. Another, thinking only how to escape the mediocrity which he believes is a necessary concomitant of a life of honest toil, rushes into vice and folly, to find that he has *indeed* achieved renown—the shameful and ignoble renown of infamy. Thus ignorance, or blind prejudice works out its own disastrous results. And yet, how wide the difference between the true ambition and the counterfeit! The one may be characterized as a love and longing for the worthy and admirable for the sake of of their own intrinsic beauty; the other as a seeking after knowledge and power merely as a means to selfish ends. The one is in its very nature ennobling and elevating; the other, of necessity degrading and narrowing—a veritable paralysis to pure motive. Alas! that it should be possible that the shining robes of a noble aspiration may serve to transform the hideous shapes of selfishness and dishonesty into passable forms.

But it is quite easy to *theorize* comfortably upon this subject. Yet there are really certain situations in which conflicting duties make the matter practically a very complex one. Take, as an example, the case of a boy, growing upon a farm, surrounded only by those whose whole life seems absorbed in the business of buying and selling, and making money; the horizon of whose hopes is bounded by the coveted tract of land adjoining, and who, if not dead to any higher and nobler interests, seem ashamed at least to embody them in their lives and practices. No wonder that the boy's sensitive though courageous heart is chilled and daunted by these untoward surroundings. Judging by appearances, with the "glamour of youth and inexperience over his eyes," he associates the idea of the sordid and ignoble with an occupation whose followers exhibit only these repulsive traits. With this view of his employment it naturally becomes intolerable to him. Under the influence of these mistaken ideas, for which not he, but they whose sordid habits have so distorted his views are to blame, he comes to look upon toil as synonymous with degradation. What shall he do? Sink down hopeless and sullen to the level of a life that he has scorned and despised? or disobediently set at defiance all control and restraint. The latter, if he be conscientious, he feels he dare not do, unless indeed his relatives be tyrants instead of only the narrow-minded, inconsiderate, well-meaning people they most probably are. Yet from the alternative his soul revolts as from a mental and moral suicide.

Consider yet another case, that of an ardent, romantic girl, unpractical by nature, and still more so by education. The common-place has been the *bête-noir* of her existence, and the wish to escape it has not been without its use as an incentive to exertion. If "educated," according to the common acceptation of the term, the chances are ten against one that her advantages have been such as to augment her weaknesses, without furnishing either correctives or safe-guards. She is, of course, romantic and sentimental, even to a fault, but at the same time is

possessed of an amount of natural energy and good sense which, properly expounded, would more than over-balance any dangerous transcendental tendencies. So, also, her strong proclivities toward extremes, her delight in ideals, hobbies, and "views," and her violent tendencies martyr-ward in their defense, are only so many indications of a nature needing only a certain amount of discipline combined with a wholesome "letting alone" to develop a character vigorous and symmetrical. After having wandered for years in a realm half-ideal, half realistic, and wholly permeated with the romance of the circulating library; thoroughly imbued withal, with ideas—somewhat vague and obscure—of a "sphere," to be accorded her by right and grace, instead of a possession by her of any obvious fitness therefor, Annabella is told some fine morning that "it is quite time she was set to work; she will never make a good housekeeper at this rate," etc. A process of initiation into arts domestic is forthwith prescribed, and this contradictory creature of fine instincts, and untaught aspiration, fancy and imagination, ever on "tiptoe for for a flight," is brought down from her radiant heights, and thoroughly indoctrinated in the mysteries of sweeping, dusting, darning and cooking, and is warned by precept and example that henceforth the utmost limit allowable to her ambition will be "to compass in an apple-tart her height of aspiration." The questions, what shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? have so long been recognized by those who surround her as the only ones of *vital interest*, that the idea of her demanding or desiring more appears to them preposterous. Besides, even if persuaded that her views and estimates of life and its ends are at all well-founded, the admission is too suggestive of various, uneasy questionings and misgivings as to their own theories and practices. Annabella, while at school, totally ignorant and innocent of house-work, doubtless wrote more than one high-flown essay on the "Beauty and Dignity of Labor," but alas! she finds now in reality that no amount of practice in scrubbing and scouring avails in arousing said "Beauty and Dignity" from their latent state!

Nor is she altogether to blame for judging of a system by its effects on those about her. Nor is it to be expected that she will do otherwise than shrink from an avocation which so avowedly ministers to the body alone, leaving heart and soul to starve, or subsist as best they may. So, after a futile attempt to "reconcile the inward aspiration with the outward surroundings," of course Annabella's æsthetic soul revolts. You have only to open the pages of almost any magazine to find the result embodied in a pathetic appeal, which seems to presuppose that the recipient thereof combines the wisdom of a Solon with the philanthropy of a Howard. Annabella eventually marries the peripatetic photographer; or, remaining in a state of single-blessedness, embellishes the corners of the county newspapers with her sentimental effusions.

To rightly understand and appreciate the sting and bitterness of the situations above described, it is necessary to view the matter from the boy's and girl's own standpoint, and so gain a real knowledge of the ills (whether real and manifest, or imaginary and intangible, is not now to the purpose) which appear to them inseparable from their condition. The boy sees his idea of the common-place embodied and realized in his own actual life, stretching its dull round from seed-time to harvest, unvaried except by the change of seasons, and the merely mechanical differences in his employment which those changes necessitate. To him this common-placeness implies a life without

stimulus or incentive to exertion, apart from the mere question of loss and gain. And more than this: it may mean that he is to feel the tantalizing promptings of a genius he is powerless to develop; to be inspired with all the fire and courage of a hero, and yet be doomed to a life devoid of romance or enthusiasm; to be debarred from the development of those faculties, whose exercise he fondly imagines would suffice to redeem and translate the dullest and most prosaic of lives.

And the girl in the still more monotonous round of petty cares and trifling interests finds the subject still farther amplified. To her this life implies, simply so many meals to be prepared and eaten, so much sweeping, dusting and sewing to be done to-day, repeated to-morrow, multiplied by all the days in the year, and finally by all the years in a life-time; an existence diversified and refreshed by intercourse with a circle of acquaintances who are wont to vary the usual idioms of current small talk by a series of original agricultural remarks, relative to the moon, and who speak of an unusually sunshiny day in the same terms they would employ in expatiating on an improved, patent clothes-dryer. Of these colorless materials she must form as best she may the whole warp and woof of life. And this existence, without glow, enthusiasm, *uplift*, or promise of a compensating future, must stand in the stead of that life, from which she has expected and hoped so much; which must contain such wonderful and glorious possibilities! Instead of the "enchanted fairy-land" of her imagination, life is to consist of a dull round of care and toil, to be endured under a stinging sense of the injustice and cruelty of those demands which necessitate the sacrifice.

MARY L. L——,

(*concluded in next number.*)

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

IN REFERRING to the history of the Keystone State, we find the population of the colony from the first Dutch settlement in 1623 to the opening of the War of the Revolution, was mainly composed of the following nationalities:—the Dutch along the Delaware River; the Swedes in the south-eastern part of the colony; the Quakers in the counties now known as Philadelphia and Chester; and the French Huguenots, Irish and Scotch settlers in Bucks and Lancaster counties. Within a century and a half from the first settlement on the Delaware, no less than a dozen different nationalities and about fifteen different dialects, were found in the colony. The German, Dutch and English settlers being in the ascendancy, words and idioms were rapidly interchanged, and a new method of speech inaugurated.

It is a notable fact, also, that every class of immigrants vied with each other in preparing suitable educational facilities for their children. The first school of which there is any record was kept by one Evert Pieterson, who, by election, held the position of "schoolmaster, comforter of the sick and setter of Psalms." From 1683 to 1720, the Quakers established English schools wherever they were located. The Moravians, Lutherans, Dunkers, Mennonists, German Reformed, &c., established German schools in their several localities; and inasmuch as in nearly all these schools the poor were in-

structed, free of charge, a gradual interchange of manners, customs, ideas, words, and idioms was insensibly brought about between the German and English descendants. Wherever settlements were made in Penn's Province, the school house rose side by side with the church, and the natural result of several generations of different nationalities intermingling, while speaking one language at home and being instructed in another at school, has been a mongrel dialect popularly known as the Pennsylvania Dutch, and allied to both high German and English, though similar to neither.

The Pennsylvania Dutch, inhabiting mostly Bucks, Lehigh, Northampton and Berks Counties, are hard-working, penurious people, very affable to strangers, very affectionate among themselves, and very much inclined to boasting of their agricultural achievements. Most of them being farmers, long before day they are hard at work, and seldom quit until old Sol retires to rest. Such is their desire to hasten and enlarge their day's work, that often before Monday's sun has arisen the week's washing is on the line, the breakfast eaten, the stock attended to, and the men are off to the fields.

'Tis said that, not very long ago, one of these farmers, not far from Allentown, hired a cute Yankee to assist him in his work. The new man having duly arrived one evening, received his supper, and retired to rest. About two o'clock he was called up, and to his surprise found the table ready prepared, and the family about sitting down to the meal. Being blest with a good appetite, he did full justice to the viands, and then, thanking the folks for the lunch, retired again to bed, before the astonished farmer could open his lips to explain. When he arose about daybreak he was politely informed by the good old housewife that he would not do for their work. Asking why, he was told, "Ven ye has breakfass done, ve goes to work, not to schleep agin."

"Thunder," said the Yankee, as he walked away, "I thought I was called to a late supper, and was thinking what good feed I would get in this place."

Their houses are mostly large, with a good sized entry, and a large company-room down stairs, but small, ill ventilated, and poorly finished bed-rooms above. Each bed-room has a row of hooks or pegs, upon which may at all times be seen a motly collection of old and soiled clothing. Their beds, however, are simply *stupendous*. With a large, stuffed feather bed underneath, and an equally large and well-filled mountain on top, there is little danger of being cool even in the coldest weather. Besides this, for covering, you will generally find that a couple of comfortables and a quilt are added.

A farm house would be incomplete without the inevitable out-kitchen about a rod from the main building, and the spring-house or milk-cellar somewhere near. These milk-cellars are generally about twenty feet deep, and are entered by a flight of steps descending from a small, tight-closed, wooden, six-by-eight house.

The stock on the farm are well cared for in every way, often receiving greater attention than the members of the family.

Their farms are well kept, well-worked, and each field well enclosed with substantial post and rail fences. Broadcast sowing and scythe mowing have generally been in better repute than machine work, though within the last few years many have supplied themselves with the improved reapers, mowers, threshers, &c.

In their domestic relations, the *help*, or *maid*, is considered the equal of the family, and is treated in all respects as a member of the family. She has her place at the table, her seat in the church, carriage or wagon, and occupies the com-

pany-room of the house when her *feller* makes a visit.

With the love affairs of the young folks, the parents seldom interfere, leaving matters to take their own course. The young man generally has his own horse and buggy, and with everything neat, clean and bright, imagines he is a grand mogul. When courting, they seldom visit but once a week, remaining in that visit, however, from Saturday's sunset until Monday's daybreak.

'Tis currently reported, that in a certain place, about midnight, one Sunday, the old folks up stairs were startled from their slumber by a resounding smack, followed by a noise, that was not considered *en regle*. The old gent becoming anxious, and fearing trouble, called out:

"Sallie, Sallie, vat vas de matter dowa dere?"

"Nossing, Pap," rejoined Sallie, "only me and Schon's a making love."

"Oh! is dat all?" answered the easily satisfied old man, "den go ahead mit your fun; I sought you vas a *fitin*."

Many a social evening party do I remember, which gathered unexpectedly at twilight some winter's eve, and went some five or ten miles in the old sled to a "surprise party." Then in the largest room of the good-sized farmhouse, old and young, big and little, short and tall, united in the old-fashioned but genial games of "Copenhagen," "Who's got the button?" "Forfeits," &c., &c., until the wee sma' hours compelled them, unwillingly, to adjourn.

As a class, the Pennsylvania Dutch are decidedly averse to improvement or alteration in old methods. To illustrate, I may mention that in one family it was always customary to balance on a horse the whole weight of wheat in a bag by a stone tied in the mouth of a bag. One day Hans, in throwing the grist over the horse preparatory to affixing the stone, found with surprise that the wheat balanced without the stone. Delighted, he called to the old man,—

"Fater, Fater, cum here, quick, Fater, I don't need no more de stchone in de bag."

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The old gent came slowly up, looked at the bag, and with a disapproving shake of the head answered,—

"Schon, your great grand-fater went to mill mit a stchone in de bag; your grand-fater went to mill mit a stchone in de bag; your fater always went to mill mit a stchone in de bag; and now you sets yourself up to be wiser as dey! Put dat stchone right in de bag, and never be so impudent again."—So the story runs, at least.

In sectarian matters, the Pennsylvania Dutch are either Lutherans, German Reformed, or Dunkers. They consider it a duty to attend church once each Sabbath, and equally a duty in rural churches to sleep during the greater part of the services.

In educational matters they are far behind their brethren of the towns and cities, having usually but four to six months school each year, and paying the lowest possible salary to the teacher. The result of this course is that in many of the country schools, the teacher is the plough boy of the summer, often knowing less than many of his pupils, but who thinks it a good investment to fill in the winter by *keeping* school. Teachers change nearly every year, so that no solid improvement can be made. Pennsylvania Dutch is the lingo for conversation, and the teacher, not able to speak English correctly himself, instructs his pupils out of English text books.

In political matters they never change. The prominent political paper of the county is usually subscribed for, but being printed in English is seldom read, and hardly ever understood. At the

polls, they always ask for a "Schackson Ticket," and are evidently unaware that that firm and good President has passed away, or been superseded by another. This report I give as I hear it. For a circus, horse-show, or fair, they always take a holiday, and the amount of peanuts and ginger cakes slaughtered at these places by them, is simply terrific.

Retiring with the sun, up long before it, working hard each day, attending only church, military parades, horse shows, or circuses, reading very little, and associating only with their near neighbors, they lead a simple, rude life, are happy in their domestic relations, and are, upon the whole, much better contented than many people of the more fashionable world.

UNCLE SOL.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

A WORD to our magazine writers: Please observe the following rules, and thus confer a favor upon us not only, but, perhaps, upon yourselves; since a neglect of some of them may prevent the insertion of your articles. 1.—Select a subject of as much interest as possible, and, if you readily can, one which will specially relate to the two counties of Somerset and Hunterdon, or either of them. 2.—Don't write upon local, or general politics, unless you are sure you can eschew party feeling and prejudice. 3.—Write *on one side of the sheet only.* Articles otherwise written can seldom be used. 4.—Write a bold, plain hand, and with *good black ink.* 5.—Use foolscap paper. 6.—Always send your name and address with your manuscript. We can only return rejected articles to their writers when very important.

IF the members of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of Somerset County earnestly desire to remedy the evils of the present Clerk's Office, they will not remain satisfied with the alterations now being made in the building. A convenient, well-lighted room in which to store the records of the county is very necessary; but people who have titles to be searched, and the Clerk or Attorneys who search them, are equally interested in a *complete index* to deeds, mortgages, judgments, and liens of every kind. It now takes three hours for such a search as may be made in one, in Flemington, or other county towns throughout the State, and then it is not so satisfactory. In behalf of security of titles, and the time (which is *money*), of an already over-tasked class of the community, we ask for a thorough new index, to be made under the supervision of Clerk Ross, or Deputy-Clerk Van Derveer, the expenses of which shall be paid by the county.

ONCE more the trying ordeal of a Presidential canvass is passed, and both parties may, at their leisure, sit down and patiently count up their gains and losses. In no canvass with which we are conversant has there been so much bitter personality, such foul abuse, and such wilful perversion of the facts of history as in this. There is one other element of the contest, however, which we think might be greatly lessened hereafter by mutual consent, with benefit to all concerned. We refer to the lavish expenditure of money in procuring uniforms, chartering cars, hiring bands, procuring speakers, printing flaming hand-bills, etc. We have more faith in the good sense of the people than to believe that this clap-trap influences the popular will to any great extent, and the money thus spent might rather be turned into other and more important channels. It at most but serves to enkindle a momentary glow of enthusiasm, which dies with the occasion which called it forth. The intelligent people of this country are the grand element of government, and they do not need these excitants to help them do their duty. Then these late processions at night, and late suppers, fearfully demoralize the young, and almost irresistably bring them

to the excessive use of stimulating drinks, which is the way of drunkenness and of course death and ruin.

No public measure of such vast importance has been decided by the Supreme Court of New Jersey in years, as the late decision on the constitutionality of the Local Option law. Previous to 1870, it had been tried and highly approved in Vineland, Cumberland County. But in the winter of that year the Legislature passed a conditional Total Abstinence (or Local Option) law for Chatham township, Morris county. Though the license men ridiculed it, the election in the fall resulted in "no license." This was resisted by a certain rum-seller, who was arrested, tried, and judgment entered against him. From this judgment he appealed to the Supreme Court, and, notwithstanding the published opinion of Attorney-General Gilchrist to the contrary, it has unanimously decided that Local Option is constitutional. The proper course of temperance men is now plain, and with this vantage ground we expect to see them press on with re-doubled energy in the good work of redeeming this noble State from the curse of rum.

In these days of corruption in office, and the equal want of principle in obtaining it, it is both refreshing and interesting to unearth such a letter as the following, which has been handed to us, with permission to publish, by the one to whom it was addressed. We wish every young man in the land could read and ponder it. Were it inserted in our school-readers, along with the noble utterances of Franklin and Washington, Webster and Everett, it is not too much to say that it would be worthy of the place. The communication to which it is an answer was written by a person whose election to the Legislature of this State, was materially aided by Mr. Nevius. Partly from gratitude, and partly because he believed Mr. N. possessed the requisite qualifications for the Bench, the party elected wrote a private letter to the former, thanking him for his aid, and stating that, as a Joint Meeting of the Legislature would soon ballot for a Judge of the Supreme Court, the writer would try to secure Mr. N's election, if it *would be accepted.* To that letter the following confidential reply was sent (italics ours):

"My Dear Sir: * * * I thank you for the friendly feelings expressed toward me, and voluntary offers made to promote my wishes or interest. I hope, however, that you will not suffer any such feelings to influence your judgment in the performance of your public duties. I am not aware that anything I have done has laid you under any special obligation to me. If my course has been such as to be satisfactory to yourself, or in any way had a tendency to promote your interest, I am glad of it; *but had my judgment not approved it I should not have adopted it.* I now therefore fully discharge yon from any imaginary claim which you may think I have upon your official character, and shall be satisfied if my own personal and private friendship for you is reciprocated.

"I am no applicant for any office in the gift of the joint meeting, and especially the one you refer to. That is an office which *I think is not to be asked for*, but to be conferred by the unbiassed judgment of a majority of our representatives; and if they make a judicious choice I shall be content, *let it fall where it may.* My own wish has been that Mr. Frelinghuysen would be induced to accept it, and, if not, that Col. Scott should receive the appointment. If this cannot be effected, I have then nothing further to say, except that, if the House should appoint me, I would deem it rather the result of their kind personal feelings than my own claims or pretensions to the office; and in that case will treat the offer with the respect due the source from which it comes.

"I should in that event, however, feel greatly embarrassed, as my professional duties for some years past have prevented that attention to books which I deem important to qualify me for such a station. * * I have no ambition to fill that, or any other public office. * * I have passed the period of life when my feelings would be soothed by an opportunity to withdraw from the rough and tumble of my profession, and to enter upon more serious and sober pursuits, and more serious and sober associations. * * I leave this matter with you, relying upon your discretion. You know that I would scorn myself were I to make a personal appeal to any member of the House for support. You know, too, that I would be greatly mortified to be considered as an anxious candidate, and be then defeated. You know, too, that if the appointment of Mr. F. or Mr. S. should be made, I will be highly gratified, and if any one else should be appointed I will not complain. * * I leave the matter, therefore, with you, with this injunction only, that I shall not be announced as a candidate

for the office by my own request, or even at my own suggestion. * * With sentiments of respect, I am

Your Friend,
JAMES S. NEVIUS.

October 29, 1838.

It is needless to add that Judge Nevius, being appointed, proved an upright jurist—that is remembered by the older residents of Somerset.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW history of New Jersey is about to be issued, embracing events from the earliest settlement of the State until the present time. We badly need something to supplant the out-of-date *Historical Collections*. John O. Raum, of Trenton, is the author.

WE have heard Froude,—whom, by the way must not be called *Frowd*, for

> "All mention of Frowde
> Is henceforth disallowed,
> Nor shall any one now de-
> Scribe him as Frowde;
> For he swears by the rood
> That his name it is Froude."

Sometimes, but not always, it is satisfactory and charming to meet *vis-a-vis* those great authors whose writings have warmed up our imaginations, and touched our soul-natures; whose books we love as our very hearth-stones, and almost as we do our friends in the flesh. Froude is not an exception to the rule. The first impression of him, however, is bad. His general appearance is more that of an English clergyman of medium pulpit powers, than of a literary gentleman, who holds a pen which is a lever to move the world. He is tall, with a face barely intellectual, wears short, gray side-whiskers and a white cravat. The engraving of him in the *Eclectic* for November looks as much like him as would a picture of Andrew Jackson, and no more. He is closely confined to manuscript, and for a full quarter of his lecture you will, unless you sit very close to him, miss much of what he says. The fault is of elocution. After that period, he warms up, speaks more distinctly, and then for the first you begin to realize the strength of the man, through his historical knowledge, general culture of language, and his genuine English wit. His matter is plain, but pointed, practical, occasionally *sharp*, and is without dryness or circumlocution. His gestures are awkward, (they are just three in number: 1st, hands on hips; 2d, hands above hips; 3d, hands folded,) but are forgotten as he progresses; you overlook, too, his rising inflection at the close of sentences; and ere the evening is over you love the man, and love the cause for which he has come to America to plead. Be our sympathies with Ireland however great, we oppose its independence when we hear Froude. These lectures, amplified into a history of Ireland, will be published soon in book form, and will add to Froude's fame as an historian and writer, unless, indeed, the present great Catholic effort made to overcome his facts, prove successful.

GEORGE MACDONALD is another one of the many authors who have come to visit us, from across the water. Readers of OUR HOME must be more or less familiar with his late writings; perhaps with *Wilfred Cumbermede*, which has lately run as a serial in *Scribner's Monthly*. We anticipated less pleasure in hearing MacDonald than we had in going to hear Froude, but received as much, if not more enjoyment. Steinway Hall, New York, is not the best arranged place in the city for lectures, and we heard Mac Donald under a disadvantage of position; yet were ample repaid. He has a fine Scotch head, with dreamy eyes (just like his mind,) set in beneath an intellectual forehead. His beard is of good length, and his dress becoming. His gestures are better than Froude's, though not oratorical, in the ordinary sense of the term. He leans forward over the desk much as you would imagine him in his pulpit in Edinburgh, familiarly conversing with his Scotch flock. He converses rather than addresses; putting himself at once on even and social terms with you, he *talks* his lecture just as he would talk to you in your parlor. What he says of "Thomas Hood" (the lecture we heard) is not particularly new, yet it is strikingly put, and you are made to love Hood for his pathetic writings, in place of merely admiring him for his satires and witticisms.

WE present elsewhere a review of the life of Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras." We have noticed, within a day or two of that on which we write, a second lecture in San Francisco by (the late) Mrs. Joaquin Miller, the sub-

ject of which, like that of the first, might be thus titled: "A Satire on the Character, and a Humorous Prevarication of the History of my Former Husband, from whom I obtained a Divorce." As was said by a leading New York daily some little time since, we may hereafter expect lectures by many of the Mrs. Smith's on such topics as "How Jones ran away with my Wife," etc. Seriously, a more contemptible piece of literary impudence we can scarcely imagine than this, of a woman prostituting her high genius to so low an end as to trade on the reputation of her former husband, and get into notoriety by it. If Miller were not famous, little would his ex-wife think of lecturing about him. As he has a name, however, and she, unluckily perhaps, (but luckily for him,) happened to separate from Joaquin before he was known to the world, and placed herself in a position by which none of the honor given him reflected upon herself, why, forsooth, she must needs now—perhaps from jealousy, who knows? —tell the public from the stage a great mass of nonsense about him, which nobody believes, and which only recoils upon herself. A gossip-loving California public *may* like the nauseous decoction of humorous satire and falsehood, but the literary world at large can do without it; and the cause of literature, which her husband has espoused, is the better forwarded if her criticisms be not seriously noticed.

THREE great lights of the world have very recently gone out, and the loss of two of them we are called upon to mourn with the rest of mankind. They are—Fanny Fern, Merle D'Aubigne, and Theophile Gautier; an American writer of short essays, a Swiss historian, and a French journalist. Of the latter we knew scarcely anything until we heard of his death. He wrote for France, and not for England or America. Yet Gautier was as brilliant a critic as exquisite a writer of short poems, and as original in culture, taste and style—which latter grew to maturity where it died, in the field of journalism—as lives across the water. His pen-paintings are marvellous structures of art—or nature, which?—so marvellous indeed that now, after he is dead, all France re-examines them, and falls into ecstacies of delight. D'Aubigne was a solid rather than a brilliant writer, yet he wielded no insipid pen. His "*History of the Reformation*" is in almost every household in Europe and America—we dare even say that Somerset and Hunterdon counties contain at least 300 copies of it. No one who comes after him will over-match it. And the Christian, as well as the literary world, will lament his loss, for he was a most zealous defender of the religion, born of Christ, and released from Papal power by Luther. Of Fanny Fern, what can we say but *requiescat in pace*—rest in peace? She did a noble work, and it is well if Providence now calls her to rest from it. Her "Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends," and "Fern Leaves," have done more good than thousands of books such as some women, and more men, write every year. Who has not, as a child, or mother, read the first named book over and over again, laughing at its quiet humor, thinking with its subtle thought, crying over its tender sadness? A representative woman of a class who deem it not dishonorable to take up an avocation fitted to their tastes, and bring to bear upon it whatever of assiduity, faithfulness, perseverance and integrity God and their own souls can give them; a writer who never intentionally wrote a sentiment to be regretted; a guide to thousands of inspiring but blind human hearts, and a kind, true mother withal, Fanny Fern goes to her grave with a name which we shall not soon willingly let die.

REV. DR. ABRAHAM MESSLER, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Raritan, at Somerville, N. J., preached an Anniversary Discourse in October, which included many reminisences of, and reflections upon his forty years' ministry in that church. We are glad to know that the exercises, and the discourse complete, will be published in pamphlet form very soon. The Dr's. style is always crisp and scholarly, and this pamphlet will be an addition to Somerset County literature and history.

A NEW English Grammar is before us. (*Swinton's Progressive English Grammer*, by Prof. Wm. Swinton. New York: Harper & Bros.) We remember Prof. Swinton as a most acute critic on the military operations of the "Army of the Potomac," and a pains-taking and interesting war correspondent. He has taken advantage of his more quiet life in a California University, to prepare, what most every teacher in the land thinks he can do better than anybody else, a *grammar*. This he ought to write with signal ability. If we were wont to moralize we might say that, after all, fewer grammars and better grammarians would be preferable to many grammars and poor grammarians. Is

that paradoxical? Well, then, we say this, that the majority of children in our public schools, and a greater than a majority of parents, have a knowledge of the proper use of the English tongue entirely disproportionate to either the number or the quality of grammers in use. If we only lived up to the standard of *Brown* and *Wells* we would be better talkers than we are, and better scholars than those who will, in the old slip-shod fashion, study *Swinton*.

But Prof. Swinton would hardly like this kind of comment, and it is scarcely fair to his assiduity in this direction. We will, therefore, say a word or two of his book as a *book*. Its author claims for it, or intimates that it embodies "a clearer, simpler, and more objective method of teaching English than that in common use," and is "more in harmony with modern English philology." After a careful examination, we are constrained to say it fails, in our humble judgment, to bear out this promise. It is a hard book for beginners, and that is precisely what Prof. Swinton states as an objection against other grammars. This is termed "*progressive*," and the trouble is that it is too much so. The reason why children have hated grammars of the *Lindley Murray* kind is, that these text-books did not lead them on in easy stages to a final happy acquisition of grammatical knowledge. They will hate Swinton as badly, we predict, for the same reason.

Then Swinton takes out of his book Orthography and Prosody, which we do not wholly like. We think the usual arrangement of a grammar should be changed, but not that these parts should be stricken out entirely. Etymology should come first, then Syntax, Orthography and Prosody. The two latter departments usually take up too much room, and should be dwarfed, while the two former should be amplified.

Swinton's definitions are bad—at least difficult, and hence not good. He also divides and subdivides in a manner which would be puzzling to heads much older than the younger scholars who first take up the science of language for a study. As an instance of the latter, we note the divisions of *conjunctions* as follows:

I. Co-ordinate; sub-divided into 1, copulative; 2, disjunctive; 3, comparative.

II. Sub-ordinate.—etc., etc.

His method of Analysis we do not like altogether, although it has some good points. Say what he and others may, after all what better method of analyzing sentences will ever be brought into use, or what more simple and natural, than that developed by *Clark?* It embodies all the principles of Etymology and Syntax in a manner, the harmony of which the eye sees at a glance. It gives the young mind an *understanding* of the construction and use of language, and the relations of its various parts. Clark's text-book seems to have gone out of use, but his system remains, and in proportion as other authors lean towards his method will they effect the great *desideratum*, viz:—the teaching of children to have a correct knowledge of the structure of the English language.

So we believe that Swinton has failed to give to the schools of the country what he, and many others, feel to be a need.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

[We propose to accept for this department all short communications from the people which will interest, instruct, or amuse. We will admit nothing personal in the obnoxious sense of the term; nothing to offend private feelings, or which is written in bad temper or taste. Otherwise it is entirely open to the public, with a standing injunction to writers of brevity.—Eds.]

LETTER FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

Editors of Our Home:—The Christian Intelligencer of Oct. 31st. contains an article referring to the action of the "Hertzog Hall Committee" in regard to Mr. James Suydam of New York City, recently deceased. To the liberality of this Christian Philanthropist the institutions of the Reformed Church are much indebted. Not only has he given *immensely*, but others, also, have aided the church in respect to the Professors, and the buildings. Among the number of benefactors we mention Gardner A. Sage, Esq., of New York City.

It is my intention in this short letter to give to your readers, many of whom, no doubt, are good Dutch people, and love the old Dutch Church, a brief sketch of ourselves here, and what we are doing. We cannot say that "we are seven" but three times seven, all preparing for the ministry of Jesus Christ, and loyal to the Heidelberg Catechism. Surrounded by everything of a comfortable nature, hardly anything excepted, save heat; cared for by one who looks after our temporal interests with a fatherly eye, at whose well-spread board we take our accustomed place daily, and receive what is necessary to sustain the inner-man, we look forward to anticipations of blessed experiences. All the Professors are hard at work, each in his respective department, dealing out that which develops and cultivates the intellect, and stirs the heart, handling error in every style imaginable, and preparing us by way of earnest instruction to become faithful exponents and defenders of that truth which we first received from a mother's lips, when she taught us to pray "in Jesus' name." Dr. Van Zandt, a pupil of Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, has entered upon his duties, and the church need not regret the action of that Synod which elected him to fill the Theological chair of its seminary. Although his disposition is to favor his old instructor, yet he hesitates not to differ from him when this seems an actual necessity. It has always been hard work you know to drive *our* theology from any mind that has once accepted it. Drs. DeWitt, Woodbridge and Demarest, anxious that we shall be the means of doing good, spare no pains in their efforts to give their best in the best way.

Suydam Hall, another stately structure, the corner stone of which was laid in June 1871, is rapidly approaching completion. We hope to enter the building upon our return after New Year's Day. Here there will be four recitation rooms, chapel, gymnasium and museum. Mr Sage, by a gift of $40,000 or more, has secured to us a beautiful library building, to be located on the right of Hertzog Hall.

The library now in Hertzog Hall, numbering in all about 18,000 volumes, will be removed to the G. A. Sage Library, whenever that may be completed. We expect still more than this. The beneficence of Mr. Suydam has secured more. He has given money to build another Professor's house—the Professor occupying the chair which he but a short time ago endowed. He has given funds to keep the grounds and building in repair; and with all this we hope to do better than has ever been done before. The Church has reason to be proud of its benefactors, of its Institutions, and of its Ministry. The Seminary needs what any institution must have to ensure success—sympathy. Every church member must believe that he or she is personally interested, and determined to push on the work, until the Theological Seminary here, and the one in Holland, Mich., shall be second to none in this country. There is nothing in the way, and the world is large enough for all. In the same way that you would not justify a man for remaining in limited spheres of life if he can help it, so we know that you would not rejoice in seeing our Institutions standing still. Push ahead, give us earnest prayers, sympathy, and liberal support, and never forget that with a long pull a strong pull and a pull altogether, the Church itself shall extend her stakes and lengthen her cords, until the truths of Jesus Christ shall become as household words, guiding immortal souls to a glorious destiny.

Yours truly,

INCOG.

Hertzog Hall, New Brunswick,
Nov. 1st. 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

[With much labor and care we have compiled the following synopsis of events since the first of the year in Somerset and Hunterdon counties. We trust it will be valuable as a table of reference, especially in connection with similar tables to appear in each number of OUR HOME, extending over the month preceding the time when we put the magazine to press. As the ground to be gone over in subsequent numbers will be about the one-eleventh of what we now present, separate important matters will receive more extended notice. We shall also keep up the table of marriages and deaths, as something of continued and permanent interest.—EDS.]

SOMERSET COUNTY.

1872.

JANUARY.

1st.—South Branch: Presentation of gold headed cane to Abraham Amerman, Esq., by choir of church.

3rd.—Somerville: Court met; John Lindsley foreman of Grand Jury. Six-Mile Run: Mrs. Wm. Williamson suddenly died in carriage returning from donation visit.

4th.—Raritan: Dr. Jere. Whiteneck, a respected citizen, kicked in head by horse; died 7th.

5th.—Millstone: Great purchase of property by A. D. Melick, Jr., & Bro.; 1,632 acres for $241,550.

10th.—Somerville: Grand Jury made presentment against old Board of Freeholders.

12th.—Somerville: Attempt to break jail by Hinsley and other prisoners, frustrated by Sheriff. Court of Appeals held.

22nd.—Somerville: Meeting of Farmer's Mutual Fire Ins. Co. at Fritt's Hotel. P. E. Voorhees re-elected President.

23rd.—Millstone: Donation visit of Rev. E. T. Corwin.

24th.—Somerville: Donation visit of Rev. Dr. Mesick. Liberty Corner: Ditto of Rev. J. T. English.

29th.—Bound Brook: Fire: losses by John Van Eps and Mrs. Bogart.

FEBRUARY.

8th.—Somerville: Entertainment in Somerset Hall by Dramatic Club, for benefit of People's Reading Room and Library Association, netting $100.

14th.—Somerville: Div. S. of T. sociable in Somerset Hall.

15th.—Somerville: Lecture to colored men by Dr. Geo. P. Rex on "The importance of the Acquisition of Knowledge."

21st.—Raritan: Donation visit of Rev. J. Le Fevre.

22nd.—Somerville: Washington's birthday. Concert by Raritan Cornet Band in evening.

27th.—Somerville: Gov. Parker appoints J. V. Voorhees, Esq., prosecutor of the pleas.

29th.—Somerville: Board of Freeholders order members of previous Board to make statements of money had and received.

MARCH.

6th.—Raritan: Fire at Reese, Staats & Mehek's machine shops.

7th.—Somerville: Donation visit of Rev. H. D. Doolittle.

11th.—Somerville: Harugari parade. Lamington: Post Office established; John Skillman postmaster.

14th.—Martinville: School exhibition.

18th.—Somerville; Run away of horses attached to Campbell, Lane & Co's. wagons. Ditto of horses of Thos. Adams.

19th.—Somerville: Run away of horses of George Runk.

21st.—Readington: Joseph Thompson made Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

APRIL.

1st.—Neshanic: Peter Q. Brokaw made postmaster *vice* Blackwell, resigned. Flaggtown: E. B. Allen made postmaster *vice* McDonald; resigned.

2nd.—Somerville: Trial of Rev. N. E. Smith before Classis of Raritan in 2nd Church. Found guilty of charges, and deposed from the ministry.

8th.—Town elections everywhere. Board of Freeholders stand 5 Republicans to 4 Democrats.

11th.—Bound Brook: Lecture by Robert Voorhees, Esq., on "Beauties of Nature."

16th.—Somerville: Spring term of Court opens. J. V. D. Hoagland foreman of Grand Jury.

MAY.

3rd.—Somerville: Father Gavazzi of Italy lectured in 2nd Church on "Free Italy." Bernardsville: C. D. Smith made postmaster.

6th.—Somerville: Election for town commissioners.

22nd.—Middlebush: Silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius W. Wychoff.

29th.—Bound Brook: Sale of valuable property and stock of Fitzgerald's.

31st.—Somerville: Silver wedding of William Ross, Jr. and wife.

JUNE.

2nd.—Neshanic: Suicide of John I Moore.

6th.—Somerville: Publication of county finances showing expenditures for the past year to be $184,301.10; indebtedness $93,819.15.

11th.—Somerville: Suicide of Mrs. John Miller.

13th.—Millstone: Concert under direction of Wm. E. Corliss.

17th.—Chimney Rock: Picnic of Schiller Lodge of Somerville.

20th.—Somerville: Second entertainment of Dramatic Club in Somerset Hall.

22nd.—Somerville: Barn of P. Van Deventer

burned. Bedminster: Sabbath School Concert in Reformed Church.

25th.—Six-Mile-Run: Name changed to Franklin Park.

27th.—Readington: Suicide of Lewis Keiple.

JULY.

1st.—Somerville: New mail route established to Millstone, Harlingen, etc.

6th.—Somerville: Meeting of Court of Common Pleas to hear License question; adjourned it to September.

7th.—South Branch: Re-opening of church.

10th.—Somerville: Fearful thunder-shower, striking in many places.

19th.—Somerville: Closing exercises of Public School; H. D. Davison retires as principal

25th.—Somerville: Formation of Liberal Democratic Club in evening; I. N. Dilts, Esq. made president.

26th.—Somerville: Base Ball match between Pickwick and Good-will Clubs.

28th.—Somerville: Re-opening of 2nd Church after repairs.

AUGUST.

6th.—Raritan: Grant and Wilson Club formed; F. J. Frelinghuysen, president.

13th.—Somerville: Address of S. W. Davenport in Somerset Hall. Baskingbridge: Bible Society met. Receipts during year, $1,701.35.

15th.—Harlingen: Harvest Home of Ref. Church.

20th.—Lamington: Concert of Vescelius Sisters.

30th.—Somerville: Address of Wm. P. Mesick, Esq., in Somerset Hall.

SEPTEMBER.

3rd.—Somerville: County Temperance Ass'n met in 2nd Church.

5th.—Somerville: First parade of Greeley and Brown Clubs.

10th.—Millstone: Annual Meeting of County Sabbath School Ass'n.; Ralph Voorhees, president.

12th.—North Branch: Parade of Grant and Wilson Clubs of Somerville and Raritan. Somerville: Corner-stone of Baptist Church laid.

13th.—Somerville: Concert by Vescelius Sisters.

17th.—Bound Brook: Speeches by Throckmorton and others.

23rd.—Somerville: Stage line to Raritan established.

27th.—Somerville: Decision of Court on question of beer license adverse to applicants, with some exceptions.

28th.—Somerville: Blind Tom at Somerset Hall.

OCTOBER.

1st.—Somerville: Annual meeting of People's R. R. and L. Ass'n. Receipts during year $894.61. Bal. in treasury $6.16. Greeley stopped at depot, and was met by the curious. Somerset Co. Fair opened.

4th.—Somerville: Address by John Y. Foster.

9th.—Somerville: Address by Senator Frelinghuysen.

15th.—Somerville: Democratic Co. Convention nominated Skillman for Senator and Potter for Surrogate. Pluckamin: 60th anniversary wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Van Arsdale.

16th.—Somerville: Republican Co. Convention nominated Wood for Senator and Frelinghuysen for Surrogate.

20th.—Adamsville: Sunday School anniversary.

21st.—Peapack: Fire consuming dwelling and out-buildings of Joseph Barry.

26th.—Somerville: Horse epidemic appeared.

29th.—Somerville: Rev. Dr. Messier preached his 40th Anniversary Discourse.

NOVEMBER.

1st.—Somerville: Address by Secretary Robeson.

3rd.—Woodville: Sunday School anniversary.

5th.—Election day. In Somerset maj. for Wood, 683; for Frelinghuysen, 685; for Potts, 428—all Republicans; for Smalley (Dem.) 1,508 (no opposition); for Schenck, (Rep.) 528; for Pres. Grant, 485.

7th.—Raritan: Chapel of 3rd. Ref. Church re-dedicated.

19th.—Bound Brook: David Munday killed by 2½ o'clock train from New York, while walking on railroad track.

HUNTERDON COUNTY, 1872.

JANUARY.

1st.—White House: Presentation of gold watch to John P. Brothers. Mechanicsville: Sunday School Exhibition.

11th.—Frenchtown: Run away of team of Samuel Rockafellow, doing serious injury.

12th.—White House: Organization of brass band. Flemington: Lecture by John B. Gough.

17th.—Mountainville: Donation visit of Rev. Amos H. Bellis.

18th.—Solebury: Rev. G. H. Larison ordained pastor of Baptist church.

24th.—Glen Gardner: Temperance meeting. White House: Donation visit of Rev, Wm. Bailey.

26th.—Pottersville: Musical convention.

31st.—Cokesburg: Temperance meeting.

FEBRUARY.

1st.—Annandale: Donation visit of Rev. J. A. Van Doren.

4th.—Mechanicsville: Run-away of horses of L. Van Horn.

15th.—Reaville: Robert R. Smith appointed postmaster. Ringoes: Donation visit of Rev. Israel Poulson.

21st.—Ringoes: Donation visit of Rev. A. B. Larison.

22nd.—Donation visit of Rev. J. Smock.

MARCH.

9th.—New Germantown: Resignation of Rev J. C. Duy after 19 years pastorage over Lutheran Church. White House: Spring meeting of Classis of Raritan (Reformed.)

13th.—Mt. Airy: Robbery of store of E. B. Holcombe & Co.

16th.—Fairmount: Accident to German pedlar by which he just escaped death.

18th.—Flemington: Gov. Parker appoints O. P. Chamberlain, Esq., county prosecutor of the pleas.

APRIL.

9th.—Flemington: Spring term of Court opens.

14th.—White House: Barn owned by R. Swackhammer, Esq., consumed.

28th.—Lebanon: Rev. W. Van Benschoten preached his farewell sermon.

MAY.

2nd. White House: Cushetunk Mt. on fire for several days.

17th.—Junction: Serious injury to John Merlett by run away of horses.

31st.—Flemington: Suicide of Wm. Gray. Frenchtown: Rev. W. H. Shewer accepts call of Baptist Church as pastor.

JUNE.

14th.—Immense damage done throughout the County by a heavy gale of wind.

JULY.

13th.—White House: Sale of hotel property to David Sanderson.

23rd.—Clinton: Suicide of Morris Rodenbough.

24th.—Frenchtown: Sale of Foundry and Machine shops to Andrew Robertson.

AUGUST.

1st.—Frenchtown: Meeting of Hunterdon County Teacher's Ass'n.

9th.—New Germantown: Burglarious entry of store of Fisher & Specht, and robbery of about $800, by blowing safe.

10th.—Junction: M. E. Church corner stone laid.

13th.—White House: First annual meeting of Building and Loan Ass'n.; P. E. Voorhees re-elected president.

17th.—Junction: John V. Stockton postmaster *vice* Wells resigned. Flemington: Meeting of "Jersey Blue Amateur Editors' Ass'n.;" L. Mott, president.

30th.—Clinton: Run away accident to Benj. Homans.

SEPTEMBER.

3rd.—Flemington; Fall term of Court opens.

8th.—New Germantown: Farewell sermon of Rev. J. Harris of M. E. Church.

9th.—Flemington: Court heard applications for beer licenses; granted 8, refused 17.

11th.—Scranton: Anniversary of Sunday School of Ref. Church.

18th.—Lebanon: Union Sunday School picnic of seven schools.

22nd.—Pattenburg: Fearful Sunday riot of Irishmen and negros; four killed, and many wounded.

24th.—Flemington: County fair opens. Fairmount; Run away accident to Aaron Sutton.

26th.—Flemington: Dwelling of Isaac Suydam consumed by fire.

OCTOBER.

9th.—Flemington: Serious injury by run away horse to Rev. Geo. S. Mott.

15th.—Flemington: Meeting of District Medical Society at house of Geo. F. Crater.

16th.—Lebanon: Dedication of M. E. Church; sermon by Dr. Eddy of New York.

17th.—Flemington: Hon. J. C. Rafferty appointed Judge of Common Pleas by Governor Parker *vice* Judge P. E. Voorhees, deceased. Bloomsbury: Dr. Slack gets 250,000 salmon eggs from California with which to stock the Delaware river.

27th.—Clinton: Serious accident by run away horse to Enos Terrabury.

30th.—High Bridge: Meeting of County Sunday School Ass'n.

NOVEMBER.

5th.—Election. In County maj. for Greeley (Lib.) 674; maj. for Hamilton (Dem.) 470; maj. for Hoppock (Rep.) 121; maj. for Carpenter (Dem.) 282.

13th.—White House: Hugh Gilroy killed on railroad. New Germantown: Installation of Rev. J. F. Deiner as pastor of Lutheran Church.

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.*

FROM JAN. 1st, 1872, TO NOV 15th, 1872

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Allen, E. B.	Sarah E. Post	Jan. 2	Harlingen	———
Adair, Wm. N	Sarah C. Ford	Mar. 17	Raritan	Doolittle
Alvord, H. G	Nettie Thompson	Oct. 16	Somerville	Scarlett
Brinkerhoff, G. T	Mary A. Robinson	Jan. 31	Harlingen	Gardner
Bellis, D. A. S	Laura E. Skillman	Aug. 27	Harlingen	Doolittle
Brown, Wm. F	Susan Collins	Sept. 5	Harlingen	Gardner
Beekman, R. M	Kate Van Doren	Oct. 2	Pleasant Plains	Sears
Baird, A. V. S	Aletta Tunison	Oct. 16	Milltown	Doolittle
Bergen, D. O	Jennie Van Pelt	Oct. 23	North Branch	Doolittle
Bergen, John V	Cath. A. Amerman	Nov. 7	South Branch	Pitcher
Burmiston, B. L	Sarah Wyckoff	Oct. 31	South Branch	Pitcher
Bodine, Thos. C	—— Beekman	Oct. 31	New Centre	Pitcher
Dorland, W. W	Annie E. Ludlow	Jan. 10	Newark	Morris
Dow, John	Ella M. Thompson	Jan. 14	Somerville	Thompson
Dow, James	Lizzie Crater	Mar. 7	Peapack	Haggerty
Ditmars, J. G	Lois Cotanch	April 4	Raritan	LeFevre
DeHart, David V	Melvina Covert	May 15	Millstone	McWilliams
Doig, Rev R	Adeline L. Garretton	Oct. 22	Pleasant Plains	Mahon
Emery, A. A	Virginia Wyckoff	May —	Somerville	Mesick
Fisher, James H	Mary F. Harkness	Mar. 12	Bound Brook	Rodgers
Fisher, Cornelius B	Susan A. Chamberlain	Mar. 27	Bound Brook	Rodgers
Frech, T. W	Emma Atwater	June 19	New Haven	Johnson
Garretson, John C	Maria Van Liew	Feb. 7	Middlebrook	Sears
Garretson, Stephen E	Addie N. Irwin	Mar. 6	Millstone	———
Hopper, Amos	Kate Thompson	Jan. 3	Peapack	Thompson
Hutchinson, Chas. S	Rosanna Hudson	Jan. 17	Raritan	Davis
Hutchinson, H. W	Ida Birdsall	Nov. 13	Somerville	Mesick
Hunter, Frank	Sarah J. Harwood	June 20	Raritan	LeFevre
Honeyman, Chas. B	Vinie Gildersleeve	July 23	Somerville	Messler
Jewell, Alex	Jane Voorhees	Mar. 27	New Centre	Pitcher
Kline, Peter L	Jane E. Little	Oct. 9	North Branch	Doolittle
Low, John M	Mary E. Burroughs	Feb. 14	Harlingen	Gardner
Lane, John S	Mary Van Pelt	June 1	North Branch	Pool
Low, Wm. H	Amelia Fisher	Nov. 9	Somerville	Scarlett
Melick, Tunis D	Sarah M. Studdiford	Feb. 25	South Branch	Pitcher
Messler, Wm. V	Rue H. Bellis	Apr. 17	Raritan	Davis
McCulloch, Alex	Annie Hart	Aug. 21	Somerville	Mesick
Noll, David	Sophia Dushank	Aug. 18	Somerville	Mesick
Oakey, Marcellus	Ella Eltinge	July 10	New Paltz, N. Y.	Oakey
Polhemus, Wm. F	Harriet Van Nuys	Jan. 10	Roycefield	Mesick
Price, George H	Louisa Voorhees	Jan. 16	Somerville	Mesick
Polhemus, Peter S	Annie M. Voorhees	Nov. 7	Bedansville	Voorhees
Rockafellar, Geo. W	Cornelia Molleson	Apr. 25	Bound Brook	Rodgers
Sutphen, John	Aletta R. Quick	Jan. 24	Millstone	Quick
Shull, James S	Mary C. Van Haughn	Apr. 17	Raritan	Davis
Skillman, John H	Nettie Benbrook	June 1	Flemington	Winans
Stubz, Elbert	Phœbe A. Drake	Oct. 1	Franklin Park	Sears
Tunison, Henry V	Magdalene S. Dalley	Mar. 14	South Branch	Pitcher
Van Pelt, Mathew	Lydia V. Smith	Mar. 2	North Branch	Doolittle
Van Pelt, Geo. B	Ladie L. Garretson	May 8	Millstone	Corwin
Vanderveer, P. S	Ellen Brokaw	June 5	Millstone	McWilliams
Van Cleef, Theodore	Alvaretta Gordon	Aug. 18	Millstone	McWilliams
Van Deursen, D. C	Elizabeth Tewksbury	Sept. 26	Weston	Strong
Voorhees, Ed. L	Sadie R. Davenport	Oct. 3	Raritan	Imbrie
Van Nest, John C	Mary Taylor	Oct. 16	South Branch	Pitcher
Wood, Melancthon P	Lizzie W. Davis	May 22	Flaggtown	Ludlow

* This table is not complete, though meant to be accurate as far as it goes. The same is the case with the table of deaths.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMEN.
Alpaugh, Peter C.	Emeline D. Swayze	Feb. 17	Hampden	Apgar
Apgar, Mancius H.	Elizabeth A. Apgar	Mar. 20	Mountainville	Bellis
Apgar, Andrew S.	Ella Schuyler	June 8	———	———
Bell, Edward J.	Lizzie Hand	Mar. 9	Stanton	Apgar
Bullock, John A.	Lydia A. Van Vliet	Jan. 9	Flemington	Brown
Brothers, John P.	Ella Pickle	Jan. 31	White House	Van Benschoten
Burns, Peter	Mary H. Schaffer	Apr. 2	Gardnersville	Kline
Budd, Geo. B.	Sarah H. Johnson	May 25	Gardnersville	Kline
Bodine Thomas C.	Helena T. Beekman	Oct. 31	New Centre	Pitcher
Barnet William	Tamsen J. Castner	Jan. 29	Spruce Run	Pitcher
Boves, Chas. W.	Hannah L. Moore	Aug. 17	White House	Bailey
Caskey, Wm. K.	Rachel Fritts	Oct. 1	Spruce Run	Kline
Craig, Wm.	Mary W. Dawes	Feb. 13	Stanton	Van Benschoten
Craig, Richard	Alice Welch	Feb. —	German Valley	Hiller
Dalley, J. W.	Mary E. Anderson	Jan. 31	Sidney	Williamson
Dilley, Theodore	Annie Bergen	Feb. 1	White House	———
Ditmars, Samuel A.	Ella J. Stryker	Nov. 7	White House	Bailey
Emmons, Mahlon	Clara Brink	May 9	Frenchtown	Francis
Enge, Charles	Margaret Apgar	Sept. 14	California	Bellis
Felmly, A. M.	Addie E. Park	Feb. 6	White House	Blauvelt
Fritts, Ransom	Melissa Fritts	Feb. 15	Spruce Run	Kline
Fritts, John F.	Addie Crevland	Feb. 19	Spruce Run	Kline
Hoagland	Minnie K. Folk	Sept. 25	North Branch	Doolittle
Hockenbery, Jacob.	Sarah E. Oats	June 2	Potterstown	———
Henry, Firman	Elizabeth Gulick	Oct. 17	New Germant'wn.	Diener
Haver, Peter W.	Emma Werts	Nov. 13	Flemington	Doolittle
Jones Ross	Matilda Lowe	Jan. 10	Stanton	Doolittle
Johnson, Simon A.	Eva A. Apgar	Apr. 20	Mountainville	Bellis
Kline, Martin J.	Elmira Hawn	Oct. 26	Readington	Bailey
Lake, Jacob S.	Charlotte A. Felmley	Nov. 5	Round Valley	Cornell
Lunger, Abraham P.	Jennie K. Lunger	Jan. 22	Easton	Belfour
Layes, Geo. P.	Jennie F. Hall	June 19	White House	Doolittle
Melick, James L.	Jessie Van Natta	Jan. 1	Glen Gardner	Chamberlain
Naylor, Wm. C.	Jane Carkuff	May 4	White House	Lacey
Reed, A. E.	M. A. Gamble	Aug. 7	Readington	Smock
Slater, Alvord	Mary C. Ribbons	Jan. 13	Spruce Run	Kline
Stephens, Richard H.	Carrie Smith	Feb. 17	Peapack	Thompson
Slater, Wm. H.	Maria Robertson	May 16	Kingwood	Taylor
Sloan, Cornelius	Anna Miller	May 16	New Germant'wn.	Duy
Shay, Theodore	Hannah Barden	May 15	———	Apgar
Schoupp, Winfield	Sarah Lane	June 2	Cokesburg	Bellis
Stryker, W. H. H.	Emeline Cole	Nov. 2	Pleasant Run	Van Deusen
Teats, Jeremiah	Mary J. Lance	Nov. 2	Fairmount	Willox
Van Fleet, Abram	Kate Van Doren	Jan. 17	Readington	Smock
Vilkill, Peter H.	Maggie Lane	Sept. 26	White House	Bailey
Williamson, R. A.	Sarah Rounsavell	Feb. 2	Spruce Run	Kline
Woodruff, Wm. H.	Sarah J. Hoagland	Aug. 26	New Brunswick	Steele

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM JANUARY 1st, 1872, TO NOVEMBER 15th, 1872.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Ames, Erasmus D.	Somerville	August 15	57
Bishop, Leander	Middlebrook	March 31	75
Brohaw, Mary	South Branch	April 10	68
Berg, Cassie B.	North Branch	August 9	Infant
Clayton, Maria	Somerville	January 13	65
Chamberlain, John P.	Bloomington	January 12	67
Cain, James	Somerville	January 8	61
Crusen, Phebe M.	Harlingen	May 30	26
Cobb, Annie	Somerville	August 17	24
Coublin, Isaac	Bashing Ridge	September 1	81
Conover, Annie S.	Somerville	September 1	7
Cox, John	Centreville	October 18	82

Dunham, David	Somerville	February 23	76
Dunham, Chas	Somerville	August 29	Infant
Durling, A. H. K	Somerville	August 29	1
Elbertson, Catharine J	Griggstown	August 10	25
Eyring, William C	South Branch	September 9	64
Fitzgerald, James H	Bound Brook	May 13	38
Goltra, James P	Liberty Corner	January 24	80
Garretson, Daniel P	Somerville	February 16	67
Hoagland, Phœbe S	Milltown	January 11	76
Hoagland, Elsie	Hillsborough	January 20	78
Hefferman, John	Weston	March 10	85
Hoagland, John	North Branch	April 10	61
Hartwell, S. S	Somerville	April 15	50
Harned, Minnie	Middlebush	July 1	1
Hall, Eveleyn M	———	July 14	2
Holcomb, Martha J	Millstone	August 24	27
Hartwick, William	Kingston	August 22	—
Honeyman, William	Lamington	September 14	77
Hoffman, D. K	Pluckemin	September 26	45
Johnson, S. E	Somerville	April 8	Infant
Kline, Peter P	Readington	March 31	78
Kiple, Lewis	Readington	June 27	60
Kershaw, John V. L	Somerville	August 24	1
Lincoln Robert	Plainfield	March 20	23
Luse, Sarah J	Eddytown, N. Y	June 16	—
Low, Henry W	Somerville	August 21	80
McKissack, Peter D	Millstone	March 18	58
Mershon, Mrs	Middlebush	March 14	—
Moore, John I	Neshanic	June 2	—
Miller, Mrs. John	Somerville	June 11	60
Maxwell, Jane	Somerville	July 6	20
McNabb, Lizzie J	Washington Valley	October 14	—
Mason, Pethuel	Somerville	February 3	—
Opie, Rachel	Raritan	February 24	—
Polhemus, Peter P	Royceefield	April 23	60
Parsell, Sarah	Jerseyville, Ill	October 19	82
Philhower, Philip, J	Peapack	March 20	44
Reger, Aletta, M	South Branch	April 21	—
Richards, John J	Somerville	June 4	39
Staats, John	Millstone	January 8	1
Stevens, Lillie	Pluckemin	February 10	1¼
Sanborn, Elizabeth	Somerville	February 10	82
Smith, Eleanor	———	April 12	85
Sutphen, John G	North Branch	May 2	80
Skillman, A. V. A	Harlingen	May 30	60
Stryker, Maria	Harlingen	May 29	22
Stryker, Charles	North Branch	June 3	48
Sutphen, Mary	Somerville	January 31	Infant
Sparrow, John	Somerville	July 6	—
Smith, Thomas	Bound Brook	July 30	77
Stryker, Jeremiah	Griggstown	January 21	22
Shepperd, Addie G	Neshanic	August 24	1
Stryker, Jeremiah	Readington	August 23	76
Staats, Henry N	Griggston	August 31	75
Stryker, Nicholas V.	Harlingin	August 28	74
Schomp, Cornelius	Bedminster	September 15	56
Stryker, Sallie A	Harlingen	October 24	—
Smith, William	Millstown	October 24	77
Thompson, Susannah	Readington	July 15	80
Vanderveer, Joseph	Somerville	October 17	80
Vanderveer, Mary	Rocky Hill	January 12	56
Van Nostrand, Mrs	Blawenburg	February 29	99
Van Camp, Jeannette	South Branch	February 28	88
Voorhees, Theodore	Somerville	March 7	35
Voorhees, Isaac N	Bloomington	March 21	3
Van Middlesworth, Tunis	Harlingen	March 24	66
Voorhees, Cornelius	Larger Cross Roads	April 6	82
Voorhees, Ezekiel B	Blawmburgh	April 17	53
Voorhees, George C	Rocky Hill	August 20	27
Van Doren, William	North Branch	August 3	80
Voorhees, Sarah	Neshanic	September 3	73
Van Fleet, Andrew	Spruce Run	August —	24
Whitenack, Elizabeth J	Mine Brook	April 4	Infant

Wallins, Frank M.	North Conway, N. H.	July 16	Infant
Wilson, Polly	Pluckemin	July 15	87
Wilson, G. V. S.	Millstone	October 16	—
Williamson, Henry C.	———	October 18	8 months

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Apgar, Anna M.	New Germantown	———	43
Apgar, Sarah	Whitehouse	May 10	6
Apgar, Luther	High Bridge	October —	25
Baughart, Annie	Clarksville	February 8	25
Boss, David B.	Stockton	May 30	—
Bird, Mary	Bloomsbury	July 20	—
Bill, Charles	Centreville	October 13	35
Bush, Andrew J.	Potterstown	April 19	4
Cole, Oliver H.	Clarksville	March 6	27
Cole, Ida A.	California	May 16	39
Cole, L. A.	Wood's Church	August 31	Infant
Cole, Ida M.	California	August 9	Infant
Dilts, Fred	Whitehouse	February 6	17
Dilley, Catharine A.	Whitehouse	July 25	67
Everett, Lydia	High Bridge	June 12	22
Foster, Lydia	Cokesburg	April 7	22
Gray, William	Flemington	June 31	35
Gulick, Gilbert	New Germantown	February —	—
Hoagland, Peter P.	Whitehouse	February 7	55
Hendershot, ——	Whitehouse	February 25	Infant
Hartpence, Samuel	Tumble	April 2	—
Hardenberg, Charles	Readington	October 12	Infant
Holcome, William H.	Flemington	October 26	81
Irving, William C.	South Branch	August 17	64
Johnson, Abraham	Stanton	January 31	—
Jobs, Mrs. Thomas	Stanton	August 11	—
Johnson, Hannah	Junction	September 12	Infant
Lane, Anna	New Germantown	October 12	—
Lowe, John	Barley Sheaf	February 9	—
Landon, Annie L.	Cokesburg	February —	Infant
Melick, N. E.	New Germantown	January 4	89
Melick, Anne	New Germantown	January —	—
Miller, Robert	Flemington	March 3	—
Miller, Samuel	Whitehouse	April 5	80
Nevius, Peter	Readington	October 29	86
Proctor, Sarah Ann	Lebanon	August 19	Infant
Pidcock, John G.	Whitehouse	August 9	Infant
Pidcock, Kate	Lebanon	August 4	28
Rockafellow, Mrs. G.	———	March 11	35
Rockafellow, Peter	Round Valley	March 11	61
Rockafellow, Mrs. William	Flemington	April 22	61
Rodenbaugh, Morris	Clinton	July 23	70
Runk, John	Lambertville	September 29	—
Swich, David	Fairmount	January 25	70
Smith, Jacob	Junction	January —	—
Snyder, Christopher	Everittstown	February 14	—
Shurts, John	California	February 25	96
Sharp, Mary	Barley Sheaf	February 29	29
Schuyler, Elizabeth H.	Mountainville	May 24	87
Skillman, H.	Whitehouse	October 1	28
Ten Eyck, L. C.	———	January 20	78
Thompson, Nancy	Readington	February 2	—
Todd, Annie E.	Three Bridges	April 4	24
Tomlinson, Margaret	Flemington	July 24	53
Thompson, John	Centreville	July 29	35
Updycke, William	Frenchtown	May 8	88
Van Doren, Margaret	Barley Sheaf	March 2	57
Van Doren, Benjamin	New Germantown	April 13	70
Vicory, Clara D.	Pottersville	August 28	Infant
Van Horn, Ella C.	Whitehouse	October 28	27
Voorhees, Peter E.	Whitehouse	October 16	61
Warford, Elisha	Croton	May 6	88
Wack, Elizabeth	Peapack	October —	—
Walton, T. C.	Clinton	October 11	—
Westervelt, Elizabeth	Mechanicsville	May 8	71
Young, Joseph, S.	Middle Valley	October 3	61

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1873. No. 2.

NOVEMBER MEMORIES.

I'M DREAMING—ever dreaming:
With my face against the pane,
I look out on th' cheerless night
And its drear November rain;
While the ghosts of joys departed,
And of hopes too bright to last,
Peer from the darksome silence,
With their mem'ries of the Past.
Oh! with what cruel brightness
Mid the dead and vanish'd years—
From what a cloud of memories,
Each phantom face now peers!
It seems again the morning
Of Life's fair opening day,
O'er which no coming sorrow
Doth cast a shadow gray.

A cottage on the hill-side
Looks out from 'midst the trees:
I fancy I hear birds sing,
And a humming of the bees:
I see again the mountains
Aglow with th' rising sun;
The meadows, where the wild flowers
Were gathered, when tasks were done
I enter the vine-clad door-way;
I sit in the old arm-chair;
I note the forms of lov'd ones
Whose words made music there:
They come and throng around me,
I almost hear them speak:—
A face bends o'er my shoulder;
Her light breath fans my cheek—

But I wake with start and shudder;
The vision 's faded and gone—
I'm sitting still in the shadow,
Weary and heart-sick and lone.
Oh! with what mocking sweetness
Does the harp of Memory play,
As o'er its strings, long silent,
Those ghostly fingers stray;
As dreaming—only dreaming—
With a heart all numb by pain,
I look out on this gloomy night,
And its sad November rain.

M. A.

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITIES.

I.

SAYS Joel Benton,—"Say what you will, there are two things in which women are our easy superiors. They can write letters with more infinite grace, and they can *talk* better, if only they would." Be this as it may, let me start out by noting down, at first with utmost brevity, several things, or truths, which will embody in a nutshell the whole matter of the relation of the sexes.

1. Of the two sexes man is not the supreme ruler in everything; nor is woman.

2. Man is not woman's complete *superior*; nor is woman man's.

3. As man may not set bounds to his higher impulses, aspirations, capabilities—in a word, *possibilities*, neither has he a right to do this to woman; nor must she to man.

4. Neither his nor her past, nor present condition in society and in the departments of labor, science and art, is the result of an inexorable law, Divine or human, which, because binding the conscience, makes that condition a matter of perpetual obligation through all future time.

5. The sexes stand equal before God, in His requirements and Fatherly care, and, to meet the former and deserve the latter, must be allowed equal, and the freest opportunities of advancement before the world.

So much for a basis. I hope to show these several truths in a clearer light as I progress with the subject.

Let me explain that I predicate no *absolute and perfect* equality of the sexes. It is at best but relative, and imperfect—John Stuart Mill to the contrary notwithstanding. In point of privilege, or opportunity of doing whatever woman can do, or thinks she can do, and in an equality of voice wherever she conscientiously demands it, lies a true concession, which man must be free to make, or be charged with forcing an inequality. In these matters there exist a relative equality, born of heaven and to be cradled on earth.

It is somewhat singular that the shackled opportunities of women, from the day that Adam endeavored to make Eve bear the responsibility of his sin, until to-day—and the enlightened among them freely own they have been shackled—have not spurred the more ambitious to force loose the irons. It may be said that such have attempted it; but if the extreme few who have lifted up their voice against constant repression are fair samples of the ambitious, I pity the inherent, mental debility of millions of the female sex. The fact is, rather, that millions have had both ambition and courage, but not perception. Nature endowed them with intellect, but not with knowledge; with powers for understanding, but not with understanding.

This seems a hard assertion,—that a whole half of the human race have been in the shadow of darkness for six thousand years, and even yet do not clearly perceive the sunshine. But is it not equally true that the other half of the race have, if not to the same extent, yet just as really, been under the clouds of cowardice, prejudice, slavery, unusefulness? Neither men nor women, from the first to the nineteenth century, have much to boast of in the way of progression—though they do boast every day.

It is a fact, however, that men have better perceived their disadvantages, and more strongly struggled for mastery over them, than have women. To discuss the reasons would be to enter on an interesting field of psychological and historical inquiry, but is apart from my present design. The case is less so to-day than at any period heretofore, but too much so yet. Thousands of women, now living, understand—*feel* might be a better word—that wrongs in the relative privileges of the sexes remain to be righted, and practical suggestions for advancement made,—but won't make them. The social circle, and of course the press and platform, are not made by them the medium for battling with oppression from without, or with weak resolutions from within. There is a dead calm to appearance, save from the few noble, and the too many ignoble "woman's-rights" women, who keep up an occasional stirring of the political and social waters.

The subject of woman's proper opportunities, and best condition in life, is one upon which too much light cannot be shed by history and study. Unfortunately, more must be obtained from study and ripe reflection than from history. To illustrate: Egypt once swayed the known world, but with power great only in material force. Superstitions and idolatries were black as her nights' darkness. Her women were in the highest social condition then possible. Afterward Greece ruled, with her splendor of æsthetic culture only excelled by her magnificence of worldly power; and her women were serfs from the first, with a few notable exceptions. In the Roman ascendency, the lowest as well as the highest conditions existed. But when the "barbarians" were rulers, (the united Scandinavians, Germans, Goths and Franks,) their women were more than the peers of the men. Thus it would seem as if, with the enhancement of woman's opportunities, there has been a like reign of ignorance and superstition! The facts are of course, that the one cause and the other effect were unrelated, and that the condition of the men did not necessarily sustain an affinity to that of the other sex. Again, in all the habits and modes of life of the ancients, whether absolute or relative, the distinction between them and us of to-day, is so vast that an argument from relative results may not be made.

Cutting adrift from the past then, the living question of to-day presents itself: How far up in the sphere of intellectual, commercial, professional, political and moral life should a woman be permitted, in this age of the world, to go? What in all the departments of industry and acquisition shall be her *opportunities?*

Philosophers among men, and the thoughtful among women disagree about this, somewhat. And when doctors disagree, what then? Why, we must think on, till a majority think alike, and act to the extent of an approving conscience. There is virtue in activity of every proper kind; therefore if all set their heads to thinking, a happy conclusion may be attained

To every young woman, who may read this, I say, *think*. Think on this question. And, to start with, remember that kind heaven has given you, in your head and heart, the rarest of deep-sea treasures; treasures which a Queen on the highest throne of state, if she be corrupt, may envy; treasures which you cannot compute, either in this life nor the life to come. It has given you grand possibilities which is *not* limited by its decree, nor chained by its will. You are a free agent, for good or for evil, to act as conscience dictates. It is a grand result achieved that in America there is perfect liberty in matters of religion, and in the

minor affairs of life. It will be as grand when there is perfect emancipation for you from unjust restraints in matters to be noticed hereafter. There is "emancipation" now and for you; but you don't know it, and, therefore to you it is as if it were not. Have *and use* ambition! Put these treasures upon interest, rather than hide them in a napkin till the Master comes. Don't crush out, nor let men crush out, your aspiration for, and labor in a free competitive field, whether in the matter of labor and wages, or in education, the sciences and arts, and in all the higher concerns of life. Be subjects if you must; be peers if you can!

Slavery is a hard word to apply to the condition of a whole sex. Mill does it, however, in a manner which demonstrates its correctness. He says: "In early times the great majority of the male sex were slaves, as well as the whole of the female. And many ages elapsed, some of them ages of high cultivation, before any thinker was bold enough to question the rightfulness, and the absolute social necessity either of the one slavery or of the other. By degrees such thinkers did arise: and * * * * the slavery of the male sex has * * * * been at length abolished, and that of the female sex has been gradually changed into a milder form of dependence. But this dependence is not an original institution, taking a fresh start from considerations of justice and social expediency—it is the primitive state of slavery lasting on, through successive mitigations and modifications, occasioned by the same causes which have softened the general manners, and brought all human relations more under the control of justice, and the influence of humanity." (*The Subjection of Women*, page 12.)

While this is true, it is equally true that the women of America, which, more than any other nation on the globe, gives "liberty to the captive and freedom to the oppressed," are in a better general position to-day, and are less shabbily treated than any in the world—England not accepted. But we are far from the acme of improvement. To illustrate the fact of our shortcoming, and hint at the remedies, are the objects of these papers. Let us then glance,—

First, at the *civil law of the land*, as effecting woman's status. Clearly it has, heretofore, worked severe injustice. For, until recently, a woman has been a nonentity, a nobody—a minor, in fact, who never attained majority. Merged in her husband, her position was that of a thousand dollar bonnet in a band-box—only to be seen by certain observers on special occasions. All her rights became his on marriage, and none of his hers. All her property went to him. Legally speaking, he ate her, anaconda-fashion. She could neither sue nor be sued in her own name. She could make no contract to bind, except that of marriage. By the common law, which the statute was very slow to abrogate, the husband had as much absolute control over the person of his wife, as over a child, or a servant. He could chastise with stripes at pleasure. The privilege thus existed for men to establish a whipping post in every home; and the law could scarcely have been worse had it taxed the State to give every man a rope with which to tie up his wife by her thumbs, and a cat-o'-nine-tails with which to castigate her! Considering that a republic like ours was *possible* only ninety years ago; that prior to that time the boasted freedom of individuals and nations was subjection and slavery; and that the Declaration of Independence was novel enough to startle the world, we may almost discern how, up to that period, women could remain quietly in their state of "forced subordination."

This may explain why woman's conventions were unknown. But it is more difficult to see how that their non-entity, or the non-recognition of their entity, in civil and business life, could continue until a few years since, without a public protest from them, as they thus "writhed in chains and sat in darkness." The blinding effect of *custom* must afford the solution.

Twenty years ago, however, men awoke to some sort of justice. A change took place. Illinois began the reformation by giving women the privilege of acquiring property, and disposing of it. Massachusetts—now the most liberal of all the States in her provisions for married women—followed. New York and New Jersey have slowly crept up toward the position of their sisters.

But here is where most of the States, New Jersey included, is still backward, still behind the spirit of the age: 1st, A wife cannot be bound by any contract to be performed *in futuro*, even by her husband's *express consent*; as to make a a simple promissory note, for instance. This is a most unjust restriction. 2nd, She cannot dispose of any personal property by *will*: it goes to her husband after death, as a matter of course. As he may will his money where he pleases—the one-third excepted, the mere use of which she can claim—it, too, is unjust. The laws regulating these matters are based on the old legal fiction that a woman and her husband are but one person: which, while gloriously true in one sense, is ignominiously so in another. The time has come for our statute laws to consider them as two persons, having certain rights in common, but certain other rights individual and personal. Restrictions upon separate action in matters of business should be such only as will guard their joint interests, and those of the public.

V.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.*

[SECOND PAPER.]

SHERIFF Van Doren was a great admirer of Whitfield, and was converted under his preaching. Whitfield asked a friend one day who that gentleman was who followed him from place to place, wherever he preached, riding on a large bay horse. The reply was, "It is the Sheriff of Somerset County." "Ah!" said Whitfield, "I am not used to seeing *Sheriffs* follow me thus!" Col. Jerome Rappelye was heard to say that, when he was a boy, in going for the cattle towards evening in his father's back field, adjoining the Sheriff's farm, he frequently overheard Sheriff Van Doren engaged in secret religious devotions in a thicket, a place to which he often resorted for meditation and prayer.

Among the worthy women of the early days of which I write, distinguished for their Christian and moral excellences, Mrs. Aleke Schenck, wife of Christian Van Doren, deserves par-

* A few errors in the first paper should be corrected. On page 3, first column, for "Rev. Dr. C. C. Hoagland." read "C. C. Hoagland, M. D." On page 4, second column, third line from bottom, for "whites" read "*Indians*." On page 6, first column, for "a negro named Abram Van Neste," read "a negro servant of Abram Van Neste's." On page 6, fifth line, for "1778" read "1779." On page 3, "East Millstone" should be "West Millstone."

ticular mention. She was the mother of seventeen children—twelve sons and five daughters—all of whom, save one, were married, raised families, and lived to a good old age. The exception was Roeloff Van Doren, who, from an accident, died a young man. His grave on the homestead was the first in what is now called Cedar Grove Cemetery. That all these children grew up to maturity, proves our great-grandmothers to have been good nurses in their day! At the time of her death, Mrs. Van Doren had, besides the seventeen children, 129 grandchildren, 200 great-grand-children, and six great-great-grand-children,—in all 352 descendants! She rendered good service at the spinning-wheel at the age of 92. In her 95th year, from the distance of nearly six miles, she gave constant attendance upon religious worship, in the First Reformed Church in New Brunswick. She was also an intimate friend of the sainted Yufrow Hardenburgh. This old lady was a striking portraiture of a virtuous woman, as described by Soloman. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. * * She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. * * She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. * * She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. * * Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the *elders* of the land. * * She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

She was early accustomed to horse-back riding. On account of the bad state of the roads, and the want of bridges, the family were often obliged to go to church on horse-back. Tradition states that on one Sabbath morning the parents started to church with ten of their children, all mounted, and each on a separate horse, the children leading, and the parents following in the rear. Could that scene be reproduced on canvas, how striking and beautiful a view would it present of the manner of church-going in the olden time!

The children were all remarkably distinguished for their industry, economy and piety. The sons were mostly farmers, and nearly every one of them large landholders. Two owned mills on the branches of the Raritan, one on the Neshanic, and another on the Millstone river at Griggstown. All were eminently successful in their occupations, and were also pillars in their respective churches.

The Raritan in its greatest length, including its windings, and also the South Branch and the Bay, may be estimated at about 80 miles. The precise date of its first settlement has never been ascertained. Governor Dongan of New York, in a report to the Board of Trade in England in 1687, made this statement: "I believe for these seven years last past there have not come over into this Province twenty English, Scotch or Irish families. But, on the contrary, on Long Island the people increase so fast that they complain for want of land; and many remove from thence to a neighboring province." He doubtless refers to New Jersey in the last paragraph. From this it may be inferred that the Dutch from Long Island had commenced settlements on the Raritan sometime previous to that date. The first written record on this subject appertains to the organization of the First Church of Raritan, in 1699. Of this Peter Van Neste was ordained elder, and John Tunison, deacon; these two composing the whole of the consistory. There appears also in

the church record, the names of Van Veghten, Middagh, Wortman and Vroom. A record of 1703, still preserved, and in my possession, gives the names of other settlers on both sides of the Raritan; Dumont, Powelson, Probasco, Brokaw, Covert, Rappelye, Van Duyn, Huff, Van Wicklen, Folkerson, Hagamen, Quick, Van Dyke, Van Houten, Bennet, Peterson, Anderson, Van Nostrand, and others, among whom were some worthy English and Scotch families, and French Huguenots. On the north side of the river, the more hilly parts were settled by the Scotch and English, while the Dutch preferred locations by the water courses, believing them to contain the most fertile lands.

In 1685 the land between New Brunswick and Bound Brook, on the south bank of the Raritan, and to a distance of two miles back from the river, was divided into lots, or tracts, each containing about 600 acres. These were owned by Englishmen, viz: Inian, Gibbons, Bainbridge, Bridgeman, Miller, Jones, Clements, Antill and Dockwra; but in 1717 they had passed over the most of these lands to the Dutch who settled upon them.

At the first sitting of the Assembly in 1703, Peter Van Nest and John Harrison were the members from Somerset County; in 1704, John Tunison and Peter Van Nest; in 1707, John Harrison and John Royce; in 1708–9, the same; in 1710, Cornelius Longfield and John Tunison; in 1716, Thomas Hall and Benjamin Clark; in 1721, Robert Hooper and Thomas Leonard; in 1727, Thomas Hall and Thomas Farmer; in 1730, Isaac Van Zandt and George Van Este; in 1738, George Van Este and Peter Dumont; in 1740, John Van Middleswart and Thomas Leonard; in 1743, John Van Middleswart and Derrick Van Este; in 1744, John Van Middleswart and Derrick Van Veghten; in 1745–51, John Van Middleswart and Hendrick Fisher; 1754–61, Hendrick Fisher and John Hoagland; 1769, Hendrick Fisher and John Berrian; 1770, Hendrick Fisher and John Roy. Thus Hendrick Fisher seems to have served the long term of 21 years.

The early settlers of the Raritan evinced great veneration and love for the Bible, and a high regard for the privileges of the church. When our Holland ancestors left their mother country, among the first articles put up to bring with them to America was the Bible. With it came the minister and school-master—the latter being placed by the side of the former to aid him in instructing the children from that blessed book. Their Bibles were very costly, and were manufactured with primary regard to durability and permanence. The covers of many were more than half an inch in thickness, and were secured by large metal clasps. I have wondered if a little pocket testament could save the lives of soldiers in our late war, from the effect of a minnie ball, whether these old fashioned Bibles would not neutralize the penetrating force of a *cannon ball!* In these Bibles the names of the children of the family were recorded; and, as they passed away, the succeeding generation registered their names beneath the first, and so the register was kept up from generation to generation. Some of these Bibles may yet be found along the Raritan and Millstone, from 150 to 200 years old, and in a good state of preservation. They are the best geneological records of our ancient families in existence.

Such great veneration had our ancestors for the patriarchs, prophets and apostles, that they invariably named their children after them. Nine out of the twelve Van Doren sons were named from the Scriptures; Abram, Isaac, Jacob, Aaron, Joseph and Benjamin, from the Old Testament, and John, Cornelius and Peter out

of the New. And they were always called in full, "Abram," "Isaac," "Jacob," etc., instead of, as at the present day, "Abe," "Ike," and "Jake." This veneration and respect for the Bible, church, and religious institutions, which characterized our forefathers in so eminent a degree, are greatly retained by their descendants, as witness the church privileges, and the distribution of the Bible among the destitute, to-day. In these regards, Somerset County may safely be ranked among the first sections of our highly favored State. Our County Bible Society has been remarkably well sustained; the usually large gatherings from every part of Somerset at its anniversary meetings, and the generous contributions to its funds, being clear evidence of great prosperity. But a short time since it had transmitted more money to the treasurer of the parent Society than had any County in the State. Perhaps, if the matter were investigated, it would be found to exceed that of any County in the United States, having no cities.

Among the early settlers who came directly from Holland, was Rev. Theodore Frelinghuysen. He arrived in New York in January, 1720, and soon took charge of all the churches of the Reformed Dutch denomination in the counties of Middlesex, Somerset and Hunterdon, viz: at New Brunswick, Three-Mile-Run, Six-Mile-Run, Raritan, North Branch and Harlingen. Here he labored for 28 years with great fidelity and success. His appeals to the consciences of his hearers were often attended with sudden and powerful effects. On one occasion, after delivering one of his most stirring and heart-searching discourses, his hearers gathered together in groups in the churchyard, inquiring of each other in great excitement: "Who should the Dominie mean? Who should the Dominie mean?" One soon answered: "He means us all. We are *all wrong*." Theodore was more peculiarly distinguished for his boldness in guarding the communion table. There were those in his day who advocated the custom somewhat prevalent, of having the unregenerated participate in the ordinance as a means of grace. This he always sternly resisted. At a certain communion season, when about to distribute the elements, he saw several persons coming forward whom he believed to be unworthy partakers. Pointing toward them he said: "See! see! the worldly and the intemperate are coming to the table to eat and drink damnation to themselves!" Those thus addressed immediately returned to their former seats.

Theodore resided at Three-Mile-Run, on a farm now owned and occupied by E. Vantine Bronzen. The house in which he lived was large, and commodious, and accorded with the style of that day. It was taken down about 25 years since, and the present house, erected upon the old foundation, was built by J. W. Bronzen, the father of the present owner. It was here that the "old soldier of the Cross"—as Frelinghuysen may be justly termed—died at the age of 57 years. He was buried in the old burying-ground of the first Six-Mile-Run church, now Elm Ridge Cemetery. Here his remains lie surrounded by his old neighbors and church friends—the Williamsons, Van Liews, Wyckoffs, DeHarts, Vliets, Suydams and Merserolls. Here are also families of a later date,—the Pumyeas, Hagamans, Van Cleefs, Skillmans, Addises. His body was laid on the west side of a tree, the decayed stump of which still remains, and is the only monument to his memory—excepting a useful life spent in establishing the Reformed Dutch Church over a territory of nearly three hundred square miles, now con-

taining 50 churches, and congregations of this and other denominations.

The old Six-Mile-Run church had a ground-floor, and was without permanent seats. The only seats were the chairs upon which the people sat in going to church in their vehicles. Here Frelinghuysen preached a sermon on the earthquake, which occurred in this part of the country in Dec., 1737.

I may here mention a singular incident connected with the widow of his son John. Her maiden name was Dinah Berg. In coming over the ocean from Holland the ship sprung a leak. It was soon discovered that the waters gained rapidly beyond what the pumps discharged. The Captain informed the crew they must prepare to meet a watery grave. Dinah now repaired to a closet, and there, in secret prayer, submitted the case to her Heavenly Father, as the only possible Deliverer. Believing her prayer would be answered, she awaited the result with Christian submission and composure. Lo! the rush of water into the hold of the vessel suddenly stopped, the pumps worked now efficiently, and in due time the ship arrived safely at New York. An examination of the cause of the stoppage of the leak being made, it was found that into the hole in the bottom of the vessel was a sword-fish, so wedged in that it could not get out, and forming a successful preventative to a farther influx of salt water. To this same Dinah Frelinghuysen, Rev. Dr. Ira Condit of New Brunswick, afterward her minister, frequently applied for consolation and advice, in seasons of great despondency. At one of these times he went to her, and said that "he could not, and *would not* preach." "Dominie," said she, "*go, and preach.* You don't know what you can do until you try." He had to obey. I remember how certain pious old ladies used to speak of Dinah's employment of the hour of intermission between morning and afternoon service. Instead of her going home, she would remain in the church to engage, with other pious females, in discussing the merits of the sermon just preached, and holding sweet intercourse upon subjects connected with experimental religion.

John Frelinghuysen, a son of Theodore, had a son named Frederick, who was born April 13th, 1753, and died April 13th, 1804, when precisely 51 years of age. He was a lawyer by profession, and an able practitioner at the bar. When but 22 years old he was elected a member of the Continental Congress. In the Revolutionary war he was commissioned a Colonel, and engaged in several battles. In 1793 he was elected to the Senate of the United States. He was afterward appointed Commander-in-Chief of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops to suppress what was known as the "Whiskey Insurrection." He had three sons, John, Theodore and Frederick.

John was bred a lawyer, but spent the latter part of his life in discharging the duties of various public offices, where he distinguished himself by his affable demeanor, and his impartial conduct. He was a member of the General Assembly; and for a long time was Surrogate of Somerset County. He was known as the friend of the widow and orphan, ever asserting when he came to settle an estate that his first duty was to see them protected from any imposition. He was frequently, even beyond precedent, appointed executor and administrator of estates, the trusts of which he always executed with fidelity, and to the satisfaction of the public, and also, as we may suppose, to his pecuniary advantage. It is related that two of his boys were once overheard discussing the subject as to what profession or business they would select for a livelihood. One answered:

"My mind is made up; I mean to be an *executor*. Father says it is the best kind of business in the world." It was doubtless true in his father's case, for few had secured the public confidence to the same extent that he had. Under the military system existing in his day, he was Brigadier-General of the militia of Somerset County. In the war of 1812 he commanded a regiment as Colonel, and was stationed with his troops at Sandy Hook. As a military officer he was respected, honored and beloved by all subject to his authority. As a Christian he let his light shine before men. He reminded his soldiers daily as he passed along the ranks of their deadliest enemy, Sin, who needed to be manfully resisted, and of the friendship of the Soldier of the Cross. The Sabbath in his regiment was a sacred day, when he would himself lead the public services in his endeavor to impart religious instruction, and secure conversion of heart.

Theodore Frelinghuysen, the second son of Frederick, was born March 28th, 1787, graduated at Princeton College in 1804, commenced the practice of law in 1808, and, like his legal instructor, the Hon. Richard Stockton, was distinguished for his eloquence at the bar. While declining many honorable positions which his fellow-citizens solicited him to accept, he nevertheless served as Attorney-General of the State, Senator of the United States, Chancellor of the University of New York city, and, lastly, as President of Rutger's College, in which position he died, April 12th, 1861. He was connected with nearly all the humane and religious institutions of his day, striving earnestly to advance their interests. He was a zealous worker in the causes of the Bible, of Temperance and of the Sabbath school. He was very successful in endeavoring to instill into the minds of the youth of his neighborhood a taste for literary acquirements. At Millstone, where he resided in 1804, he founded a debating society, the first institution of the kind formed in the County of Somerset, which, under his fostering care, was attended with remarkable success. Isaac N. Wyckoff, Garret Van Doren, Ferdinand S. Schenck, and others of the place and vicinity, engaged in its interesting and instructive exercises. Such was its influence that in a short time debating societies were established in almost every neighborhood throughout the County; and many youths in the humbler walks of life acquired a taste for mental culture, which finally resulted in qualifying them for useful positions in both the County and the State. Many became distinguished for their talents in the pulpit, at the bar, in the State Legislatures, and in Congress. Some took a conspicuous part in Congressional debates.

Amid the temptations incident to his various high official stations, the unbounded applause of his fellow citizens, and the public honors lavishly bestowed upon him at all times, he yet ever remained true to himself. These failed to foster or engender human pride, or in any way to swerve him from his true, firm Christian path of duty. He still remained the humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, as if he believed it to be no promotion to go from the Sabbath School to the Senate.

The foregoing sketch is but an outline of the history of some of the early Frelinghuysens in this County. For fuller particulars the reader is referred to the *Frelinghuysen Memorial*, written by Rev. T. W. Chambers, D.D., of New York—a book which should have a place in every dwelling.

RALPH VOORHEES.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

II.—His Poems.

THE author of the *Songs of the Sierras* has had the fortune, or misfortune of being extravagantly praised by the English reviews and newspapers. It was fortunate for his fame in England, but unfortunate for it in America. The circumstances under which Miller left our shores, prominent among which may be named his dislike of the literary atmosphere of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, were not such as to favor our reception of his poems from the press of an English house. And when with them came the adulatory remarks of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and its compeers, with the English half-sneer about the low American taste which could permit such genius to transplant itself to a foreign soil, without a previous recognition by us of its existence, our press naturally decryed the book, and refused to praise its author. Accordingly, its reception, even from the house of *Roberts Brothers*, was hardly what Miller had a right to expect, though not wholly discouraging.

I intimated at the close of the first article that, having become conversant with his life, the reader would now be ready to criticise his poems. To do that he must get Miller's book, and do it for himself. I do not propose to undertake this task for him. The comments to follow will, therefore, not deal in detail with the peculiar interpretation of any of his poems. In many instances that is too personal for any friendly and knowing critic to wish to spread before the world; too sacred in verse for anyone else to translate it into unhallowed prose. Let me merely note some of his beauties of style, and allude to his faults, and leave the reason why this or that verse was written as it is to the patient investigator of its relation to the particular circumstances attending its composition. This investigation, I repeat, must and will be attempted by all who will make true endeavor to discern the position to which Miller is entitled in the rank of modern poets. Not that it is essential to know whether he or his wife was in the right in their misunderstandings! nor whether he did this or the other thing attributed to him by the Bohemian press; but how in the main he has lived, and where, what advantages for culture he has enjoyed, etc, etc. Some people judged his book long before they ever saw it, from unfriendly criticisms on some particular acts of his. In fact, it might be said that the majority of those who positively dislike the *Songs of the Sierras* either never had the book in their hands, or else never read through a single one of its poems.

Generally speaking, what has Miller's life given to his poetry? Much. It has given to it its themes, its wonderful descriptiveness, its wildness, and—contradictory as it may seem—its sameness. On the other hand, or, rather, as the basis of these, Nature gave him originality, fluency, imagination, perception of beauty, the metaphorical, assonative and alliterative bent, passion, energy, impetuosity. And self-culture has added allusion, richness, and all the nice idiomatic phrases and curves of expression not uncommon in his poems.

His subjects are nearly all Western-born, and this gives to them their newness. A strange but commendable

fancy hit upon the Western titles, "Arizonian," "Californian," and "Oregonian." There is much in a name sometimes, and I think it is to be regretted that "Oregonian" did not stand, but has been altered to "Jna." It was what Joaquin conceived to be the ill-treatment of him by his native state that induced him to make this change. "Kit Carson's Ride," "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde," "With Walker in Nicaragua," "Isles of the Amazons" (the latter now appearing in the *Overland Monthly*)—none of these are Eastern topics. The subject matter of each are as the titles—Western. This constitutes a charm in itself. Not so much that it brings to our mind visions of wild splendor, and savage romance, as that Eastern, or common themes suggest at once tameness and insipidity. It is wondered at by many why Longfellow and Holmes and their class do not please as they used to do; why the Bret Harte, Swinburne, and Walt Whitman schools of poets are the most popular. I think the reason lies in this fact,—that the subjects they treat are those thread-bare ones, which most of the English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, have turned over and over until all novelty has been lost. Nature wars with sameness, the human not excepted. Taste wearies of one article of food. Whoever gets into a new mine of thought, and works faithfully with tools keen from the whet-stone of Genius, will meet with greatest temporary success. Harte and Hay have done it, but not so much as Miller, nor with half the natural, though with greater cultivated talents. There may be a question as to the permanency of this kind of verse; this I will notice incidentally hereafter.

For vivid description of natural scenery, human forms, battles, and all material things in fact, it may be doubted whether Miller has a superior. I do not say they are always true, but uniformly vivid. It is a fault of his that he frequently overdraws his pictures, but he makes them as works of art more beautiful if not greater. Here is a picture of an Indian chief:

"His breast was like a gate of brass,
His brow was like a gathered storm;
There is no chisell'd stone that has
So stately and complete a form,
In sinew, arm, and every part,
In all the galleries of art."

This painting of an Indian maiden's self-immolation is as exquisitely beautiful as touching:

"Again she lifts her brown arms bare,
Far flashing in their bands of gold
And precious stones, rare, rich and old.
Was ever mortal half so fair?
Was ever such a wealth of hair?
Was ever such a plaintive air?
Was ever such a sweet despair?

* * * *

She bows with awe and holy air
In lowly worship to the sun;
Then, rising, calls her lover's name,
And leaps into the leaping flame.
I do not hear the faintest moan,
Or sound, or syllable, or tone.
The red flames stoop a moment down,
As if to raise her from the ground;
They whirl, they swirl, they sweep around
With light'ning feet and fiery crown;
Then stand up tall, tip-toed *as one,*
Would hand a soul up to the sun."

And this of a storm one of the most truly poetical of all his descriptions, is too fine to leave out:

"I lay in my hammock: the air was heavy
And hot and threat'ning: the very heaven
Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr
As I peer'd down by the path for her.
She stood like a bronze bent over the river,
The proud eyes fix'd, the passion unspoken—
When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken.
Then, ere I fairly had time to give her
A shout of warning, a rushing of wind
And the rolling of clouds and a deafening din
And a darkness that had been black to the blind

Came down, as I shouted, 'Come in! come in!
Come under the roof, come up from the river,
As up from a grave—come now, or come never!'
The tassel'd tops of the pines were as weeds,
The red-woods rock'd like to lake-side reeds,
And the world seem'd darken'd and drown'd forever."

Here is a description of the effect of music, taken from the "Isles of the Amazons:"

"He blew on his reed, by the still, strong river,
Blew low at first, like a dove, then long,
Then loud, then loud as the keys that quiver,
And fret, and toss with their freights of song.

* * * *

"The quick leaves quivered as to dance with desire,
As the boy sang sweet, and the birds said 'Sweet;'
And the tiger crept close, and lay low at his feet,
And he sheathed his claws, and his eyes of fire.

* * * *

"But the sweet birds echoed no more 'O sweet,'
And the tiger arose and unsheathed his claws,
And the serpent extended his iron jaws,
When the reed, all shivered, fell down at his feet."

This wonderful power of description is the most striking feature of Miller's genius. Whatever his pen touches turns to beauty of color, Western or tropical; and you are forced to associate with objects their very hues, and shades, and shadows. Contrast what is given above with a description of Moore's in "Lalla Rookh:"

"The day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shattered canopy.
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, rolled in masses dark and swelling
As proud to be the thunders dwelling!" etc.

Or with this from Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

"No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

Or with the following from Longfellow, in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn:"

"And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echos of that Harp of Gold
Whose music had so wierd a sound.
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee.

The music ceased; the applause was loud,
The pleased musician smiled and bowed;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim."

Or with this from Bret Harte, the new Western competitor for Eastern honors in "John Burns at Gettysburgh:"

"And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the steady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass,—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left, where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept."

These comparisons may be inexact to a certain extent, but the specimens are fair ones. The reader may carry them on much further, and it will only result in his finding that Miller is the equal if not the superior of any modern poet, as a vivid descriptive verse-painter.

A close critic of the *Songs of the Sierras* has counted one hundred and seventy passages descriptive of color. These probably do not constitute all. But color alone does not make the per-

fect picture of words. Here is delicate simile, strong metaphor, and violent hyperbole; gradations of comparison, with the proper use of which he seems perfectly familiar, though occasionally he employs them improperly, or strainedly. As an example of the simile, I quote:

"Because the moon was bleached so white—
Because the stars were yellow light—
Because they blossomed in a tree,
And dropped their blosssoms in the grass," etc.

And again:

"Forsake the city. Follow me
To where the white caps of a sea
Of mountains break and break again,
As blown in foam against a star—
As breaks the fury of a main—
And there remains, as fixed, as far."

And of the metaphor:

"The warm sea laid his dimpled face,
With every white hair swathed in place,
As if asleep against the land."

Also:

"Behold the ocean on the beach
Kneel lowly down as if in prayer.
I hear a moan as of despair;
While far at sea do toss and reach
Some things so like white, pleading hands.
The ocean's thin and hoary hair
Is trailed along the silvered sands
At every sigh and sounding moan."

Again:

"To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame."

And of the hyperbole (put in the mouth of Don Carlos:)

"Oh, I would give the green leaves of my life
For something grand and real—undreamed deeds!
To wear a mantle, broad and richly jewelled
As purple heaven fringed with gold at sunset;
To wear a crown as dazzling as the sun,
And holding up a sceptre lightning charged,
Stride out among the stars as I have strode
A barefoot boy among the buttercups."

Likewise:

"I'd build a pyramid of the whitest skulls,
And step therefrom unto the spotted moon,
And thence to stars, thence to the central suns;
Then with one grand and mighty leap would land
Unhinder'd on the shores of the gods of old,
And, sword in hand, unbared and unabash'd,
Would stand forth in the presence of the God
Of gods; there, on the jewell'd inner-side
The walls of heaven, carve with a Damascus
Steel, highest up, a grand and titled name
That time nor tide could touch or tarnish ever."

Some one said of Handel, "He writes with few notes, but every note draws blood." In much the same sense it is true of Miller. The figures of speech he employs are not, as a rule, far-fetched and long-winded, but direct, incisive, clean-cut.

The almost constant employment of alliteration is one of Miller's peculiarities. Most critics view it as a clap-trap art, foreign to true poetry. But is it such? It was a chief characteristic of early Anglo-Saxon poetry, and in Old-English and Icelandic versification. In the Anglican verse, rhyme and metre were nothing; alliteration everything. "The Creed of Pier's Ploughman," written about 1350, was nearly the last pure Anglican specimen of it, but it was frequently employed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in English poetry. Spencer used it profusely; Shakespeare seldom except to ridicule it. The precise school of classic poets, with Milton at its head, avoided it, though Dryden attempted to make it fashionable. Longfellow has used it, with others of the present day, but Swinburne is more profuse in it than any writer save Miller. To my mind it is clear that with the latter, however it may be with others, it is inseparable from the poetic faculty. It is natural, not artificial. You find nothing uncouth or stilted about it when he employs it. Witness the following examples:

"Leaves fade, and the frosts are before us;

Leaves fall, and the winter winds are;
Loves fail! Let us cross and deplore us;
Loves die! Lift your hands as at war,
Lift your hands to the world and deny it;
Lift your voice, cry aloud and deny;
Cry aloud, "'Tis a lie!" and belie it
With lives made a beautiful lie."

"For the loves that hasten and the hates that linger,
The nights that darken and the days that glisten,
And men that lie and maidens that listen,
I care not even the snap of my finger."

"The trees that leaned in their loves unto trees
And locked in their loves, and so made strong—
Stronger than armies; aye, stronger than seas,
That rush from their caves a storm of song."

He is given to assonance in the same way:

"Now mind, I tell you all this did but *seem*,
Was *seen* as you *see* fearful *scenes* in a *dream*."

"It *seemed* so *sweetly* out of *place*
Again to meet my fellow man,
I *gazed* and *gazed* upon his *face*
As *something* I had never *seen*."

Marsh says that assonance is peculiar to the versification of Spain and Portugal, but has been employed by certain German poets—Schlegel, Alcaros and others. Swinburne has done more than any other modern writer to introduce it to English poetry. It, like alliteration, certainly adds to the external beauties of the rhythm, if properly used; then why condemn it? Rhyme and metre are for external beauty; plain prose would as well convey *the sense*. Yet rhyme and metre are not condemned. The fact is, there is poetry in sound as well as in sense; in words as well as in ideas. It is well said that no orator or writer is master of a subject until he can toy with it. To a certain extent this is true of a poet. He is not master until he can play with metre and rhyme, alliteration and assonance, at his will. We simply require him not to be artificial in it. Too much of it wearies us, and makes us *feel* it is artificial. On the whole, there is too profuse use of it by Miller; yet, doubtless, he cannot help it. He associates the sound of words with their meaning at one and the same time. You can see it in his book, and he says it is so. It is more of a mystery, accordingly, how he succeeds in interweaving with sound such beautiful turns of expression, and shades of thought. Sense is seldom sacrificed by it, but invariably enhanced.

Another peculiarity, or, rather, a characteristic of Miller, is his use of strong Saxon words; and in this others could afford to imitate him. Not only is he direct in simile, but in all his language. He has no French nor Latin phrases with which to "grace off" his verse; nor does he often employ derivatives from them. Count up in a hundred successive words those which are pure Saxon, and fully ninety-five per cent will be the result,—perhaps more. Eighty-one per cent will consist of pure monosylables! Compare it with the ponderous and foreign phrases of Johnson, and his imitators, or with the diction of Tennyson or Holmes, and if you are a loyal subject of our mother tongue you will praise Joaquin for his patriotism to Anglo Saxon. This may be in part because of a lack of modern "education," but also because of an exact self-culture in this particular field. He wants to be understood as an American talking to Americans.

Some have said of Miller that he is a plagiarist. They have not proved it, however. The nearest anyone has come to showing it is that of an admirer, who did it to ridicule the assertion. He refers to the passage:

"The thin, sullen moon, pale-faced and crooked
As a half-starved kine, a most vicious heifer,
Is sliding down in all haste from heaven,"

and says that it is undoubtedly taken from the Mother Goose rhyme, in which

"the cow jumped over the moon." Nor does he copy after the style of any one. Perhaps he leans as much toward Byron as toward any other poet, but the likeness to Alice Carey, or Alexander Smith, is nearly as great: which is to say that the similarity is slight indeed.

No, he is a singer by himself. Neither Poe, nor Browning, nor Marlowe, nor Scott, nor Swinburne, nor Byron taught him how and what to sing. God taught him. Circumstances of life aided. Culture added. And there you have it all. He sings "because he cannot choose but sing." And he who can read his *Songs of the Sierras*, or *Isles of the Amazons*, and not know himself "in the presence of a God-moulded poet-mind;" not discern that the ease and grace of the verse is as true and natural as the melody of bird-notes; not feel face to face with a beautiful inspiration, a noble aspiration, in short with a sublime triumph of unfettered poetic genius, must have taste perverted, or a dull perception of true verse-art. If he can read such stanzas as those of which the following is but a sample, without a quiver of delight, and an uplift of faith, he must be most melancholy in temperament, most earthy in soul:

"O heavens, the eloquent song of the silence!
As asleep lay the sun on the vines and the sod,
And asleep in the sun lay the green-girdled islands,
As rocked to their rest in the cradle of God.

"God's poet is silence! His song is unspoken,
And yet so profound, and so loud, and so far,
That it fills you and thrills you in measures unbroken,
And bright, and as light, and as far as a star.

"The shallow seas moan. As a child they have muttered
And mourned, and have fretted and wept at their will;
But the poem of God is too grand to be uttered:
The dreadful deep seas they are loudest when still."

I repeat, that with all this wonderful descriptive expression and choice of sentiment, his life has had much to do. Gilfillan, to shadow forth the characteristics of a galaxy of poets, says: "Byron's life was a tragic comedy; Sheridan's was a brilliant farce; Shelley's was a wild, mad, stormy tragedy, like one of Nat Lee's; Keats' life was a sad, brief, beautiful lyric; Moore's has been a love-song; Coleridge's was a "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Schiller's was a harsh, difficult, wailing, but ultimately victorious war ode, like one of Pindar's; Goethe's was a brilliant, somewhat melodramatic, but finished novel; Tasso's was an elegy." To which it may be added.—Miller's has been a wild, nature-devoted, aspiring, melo-dramatic, passionate existence. And these are features prominent in his verse. He sings of Indian maidens, for he has admired their virtues; of gold-seekers, filibusters, horse-riders, hunters, miners, war-trailers, Indian chiefs, because he has mingled with them, and their better histories are his; of his wife and little ones, because in them was wrapped up the tenderer sympathies of his later years; of the sun and moon, the air and clouds, gorgeous sun-sets and terrible tempests, delicate valley landscapes, and strong, bold mountain scenery, because the earth was the floor and the heavens the roof of his habitation "for years and years." These all made up the warp and woof of his life; why shouldn't he sing of them?

California as a land of gold—a Mecca to wealth-seekers—with its delightful climate, fertile soil, wonderful trees, mirrory lakes, snow-capped mountain ranges, and, withal, its strange traditions, curious tragedies, and past bloody dramas; Mexico, with its fabled and real stories of its fire-gods, and Montezumas; Nicaragua, the soil upon which filibusters have contended for imaginary plunder, and where, long centuries ago, towers and castles

and quaint cities, now in ruins, were founded—where flowers and grasses and trees and birds have ever lived a luxuriant existence; the borders of the Amazon, more of a dream-land still, known to the world only as a tropical solitude, where Nature, ever most lavish of her gifts where she can hide them from the eye of man,

"Has given it colors of gold,
And wrought for it garments of limitless green,
With beautiful bars of the scarlet between,
And of silver seams fretting it fold on fold,"—

all these are splendid earth-temples for human imagery and passion, in which a poet may well revel at will, and from which he may construct verses to live through all future time, as commemorative of countries more favored of the "gods" than those of which Homer and Virgil sang. To throw around these wilder regions of the New World a halo, an allurement, a glory of tradition woven into song, which will draw strangers to them, and familiarize the world more with their past existence; to do for them, in short, what Homer and Virgil did for Greece and Rome, is a task one might well shrink from attempting, however honored by the Muses. Joaquin Miller has made the effort, whether consciously or not he can best say, and it is for the future to determine how he has done it. If he shall have achieved in it success, his life will be a lasting honor to mankind, however much he may have erred in small things; or, if he shall but have prepared the way for a more finished and still more God-gifted singer, his life will then not have been in vain.

He has faults of versification, and, sometimes one of tone, which may detract from his lasting triumph, unless they are corrected. I have but space to state that they exist. Those of the former are obvious to any attentive reader; yet they are, for the most part, susceptible of easy correction. The latter fault is in a frequent over-sensuousness of description. He must modify, or expurgate passages of this character in a future edition of his poems. The great fault of the age, and of writers of the Byronic sort, is *tone*. The reading public have a right to demand that modern authors shadow forth better sentiment, and a more refined imagination than the classic writers of the past have given us. As works of art it may not matter; but as creators of an influence on the race, it is highly important that all literary productions, whether of prose or poetry, pay due regard to the higher moral laws of human beings; that they be pure, refined, wholesome, noble. Where Miller errs in this he has excuse for it, but not justification.

But, however faults may exist, we may not doubt but that in a no distant future a vast multitude of poem-readers will take Miller as I do, untutored of men, with a new song in his mouth, put there by some higher than human power, and will love him and his songs, all his present detractors, who mostly base their disparagement on petty personal grounds, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

A. V. D. H.

TO OWASCO LAKE.*

THOU sight of beauty, lovely lake,
All loving thoughts within me wake,—
My clouds of woe one moment break,
While thee I see!
Thou surely art a friend to me!

What though thou hast not classic name?
What though thou hast not world-wide fame?
From God's own hand thy beauty came,—
A thought of love,
Out-poured in blessing from above.

I've drunk the benison with joy.
'Tis pleasure that can never cloy;
'Tis solace pure without alloy,
In saddest hour,
When droops my soul 'neath sorrow's power.

How is it that my every mood
Seems by thee to be understood?
In search of beauty, or of good,
I meet in thee
A flowing of sweet sympathy.

Thy little mirthful wavelets dance,
Just broken from stern winter's trance,
Catching with love the sun's warm glance;
In kindliest glee
Congenial mingling, bright and free!

Thy guardian banks, with budding trees,
Embracing every gentle breeze
That skims thy breast with graceful ease—
Then flows along—
Uplifts my heart and breathes my song.

The twittering bird, the tiny flower,
Make known that goodness here hath power,
And with rich beauty charms each hour.
The heavens bend,
Encircling all, like heart of friend.

My step is light—a spirit's here!—
My bounding heart in joy draws near—
Soul-music swells from love sincere.
'Tis time for rest;
With Beauty my whole being's blest.

D.

* Written years ago by a lady, then living in New York State, but never before published.

TRUTH'S REWARD.

"I WISH I was rich!" said John Roscoe to himself, as he was plodding along the dusty road with his oxen, urging them on, but continually being obliged to turn back and wait for the great lazy creatures. "I wish I was rich; then Lucy might love me. But look at this miserable old jacket, and these old tattered pants, and this distressed old hat; why I'm nothing but a beggar, and she is rich; what right have I to aspire to the hand of Judge Bentley's daughter? I, John Roscoe, clod hopper, ox-driver; she, an heiress and a beauty. O, heaven! that I did not love her so. And yesterday, when I walked out with her to the pond, standing together, looking at the little fishes as they sported there in the Sabbath sunshine, she gave me a look which I will cherish all my life. Yes, it was, it *was* a look of love. What! Lucy Bentley love John Roscoe? Oh! my God, I thank thee if it can be so. Why, with the love of that girl I would

dare do anything. For her sake I would go through fire; to give her pleasure I would risk my very life! Oh! Lucy, Lucy!"

John Roscoe was the son of a poor farmer. From his early childhood, he had shown a disposition to acquire knowledge. In his rude home few books found a place, but these, such as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, a book on shipwrecks, and a few others, he was thoroughly conversant with. Sometimes in the winter school the pupils would lend him books, all of which he eagerly devoured. At the time our story opens he was 19 years of age, and one of the best informed young men in the place. He had become acquainted with Lucy Bentley at school, and often would she bring him books and papers from her father's studio. An early attachment sprang up between them. They were much together, and, in the beautiful innocence of childhood, thought not of the difference in rank.

There is no caste in childhood. You discover no aristocracy there. The child whose father is, either by office or wealth, an aristocrat, and he whose father is a laborer, are as equals in sunny childhood. There is no envy there.

O man! what lessons the little child teaches you. Then is it wonderful that, when the disciples asked of our Saviour who should be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, He took a little child and set it in their midst?

This attachment between John and Lucy grew with their years Finally, they left school, John to plod and dig—for his father knew no better than to chain his son's eagle spirit down to the plow tail and spade. He scoffed at the idea of education, and would not let John go out into the world, and work his way up to eminence. Lucy, on the other hand, was sent to one of the best schools in the land. Every advantage of wealth and culture was hers; and now, at sixteen, she was one of the lovliest, and most accomplished young ladies in the village.

Lucy's father had noticed this "childish attachment," as he styled it, between his daughter and "poor Simon Roscoe's son," but he had thought lightly of it, and supposed the separation of the two would forever end it. Now he began to fear he had let it go on a little too long.

Lucy was at home on vacation. She had inquired about John Roscoe in no indifferent voice. On Sunday they had met at church, and in the afternoon had taken a walk together. Lucy was now of an age when this kind of intimacy was no longer to be allowed; so Judge Bentley determined to put a stop to it. Calling Lucy into his study on the Sabbath evening after her long walk with John, he said:

"Lucy, you are now of an age when you can no longer act as a child. You must put away childish things. You must be a little woman, my daughter."

Lucy laughed aloud.

"What! me a woman, Pa? why I'm only sixteen. I don't feel a bit old. Must I put on a sober face, and wear spectacles and caps like aunt Ruth? Don't you like me as a little girl, Pa? Do you mean me to sit, and sew, and stop singing, and ——."

"Hush, you chatterbox," said her father, with a smile; "let me get a word in once in a while. Sit down quietly now, like a little woman, and listen to me. You know very little of life yet, Lucy. There are things of which I must warn you; mistakes which I want you to avoid. Sometime in the future you may be called to leave your old father, and make some other home happy. Now, my dear, I want to warn you against making hasty intimacies or imprudent ones. Many a life has been made wretched,—

yes, made to be worse than death, by unequal and imprudent marriages. Young people must always marry in their own sphere in life, and have no intimacies whatever outside their own circle."

"But Pa," interrupted Lucy, "suppose one really loves another, and their conditions are unequal; suppose in thought and feeling they are one, and only differ in that one has a few more paltry dollars than the other; are they to separate, and accept those in their own circle, however uncongenial?"

"My child," said the Judge, "there is much that is called love which is mere perversity. I hold that one can love where one wills to love; and that much of this talk about kindred hearts, etc., is sentimentalism and balderdash. But I have said enough, Lucy, to show you that it is my wish that you have no intimacies with those who are below you in social standing. Now I have noticed your childish regard for John Roscoe, and I called you into my study to-night to tell you not to notice him further, except as a poor young man who is by no means your equal."

"Pa," said the young girl, flushed and excited, "he *is* my equal! You don't know him; he will make his mark yet, and stand so far above me that I can scarcely climb up to his side. I tell you you don't know John Roscoe!"

"My child, you must have nothing more to do with him. What he *may be* is nothing to me; what he *is* is enough"

"But Pa, I love John with all my heart!"

"Good Heavens! child, are you crazy? Zounds! You love —. You are surely not sane! John —, how dare you speak to me of loving Simon Roscoe's son, poor Simon Roscoe's —s, go to bed child, and sleep off this nonsense! Lucy Bentley, daughter of Judge Bentley of Elmwood, love —, leave me at once, you ungrateful child!"

Lucy left without another word. Judge Bentley paced the floor long that night, filled with wrath and indignation. "Love John Roscoe indeed! She shall get that nonsense out of her head, or I will cut her off without a cent!"

Lucy wept bitter tears. Hitherto she had had no idea of the depth and strength of her love for her humble friend, but her father's words had fully awakened her. In the darkness she looked into her heart of hearts, and there she could see but one image, and that was John's; and she felt, nay knew, that image could never be torn away without taking her very life with it. 'Why was her father so cruel? Had he a right to be a judge in such matters? Had he a right to make her whole future life a blank?' Then came to her thoughts of a darling mother, now in the cold, cold grave. She had died when Lucy was ten years old, and Lucy remembered past harsh words from father, and silent endurance from her now at rest, and the thought arose: 'Was mother's a happy union? It was surely what the world would call a well-assorted one; both were of high birth and both wealthy, but were they happy?'

Finally she fell into a feverish sleep, from which she awaked at the first dawn. She was to return to school that day. Ah! how she wished she might see John first, and have a talk with him; but this seemed impossible.

At breakfast her father said but little, and she looked sad and dispirited enough. After breakfast he called her into the study, and repeated his command of the night before, that she should think no more of John Roscoe; and added: "If you persist in this folly you are no daughter of mine, and must seek another home.

Now be a sensible girl, be a Bentley—your mother never was—go back to school, and forget this nonsense."

Lucy said scarcely a word. She soon after bade her father adieu, and was driven to the depot. Here she found there had been a mistake as to the time of the train, and that she must wait an hour or so. When the coachman had procured her ticket, and attended to her baggage, she dismissed him, and settled herself down into a corner seat, as dejected a miss as one often sees. There was no one else in the ladies' room, as the hour was early. She had not been there long when the door opened, and some one entered. She looked up, gave a glad little cry, and sprang forward to be clasped in the arms of John Roscoe. Then, bethinking herself, she retreated in rather charming confusion to her seat. John seated himself by her side.

"Lucy, how glad I am you are going to take this train, for now I can be your escort. I'm going to Boston to make my fortune. I have plodded and followed oxen long enough, and now I'm determined to do something else. Last night I had a talk with father, and plead with him to let me go from home, but he refused me point blank, and said my life should be spent as his was, and as my grandfather's was, on the farm. Now I don't want to be disobedient, but I believe I am under the guidance of a Higher Power. No father has a right to bind a son to life-long servitude. Thank God, the days of human slavery are over! I had a dream last night, Lucy, in which I think God showed me my future sphere of life, and this morning I am starting out to fulfill my destiny. I left a letter stating my determination. This is my only course, for I know father would never allow me to leave him, and though my conduct may at first blush look like disobedience and ingratitude, still I think the further investigation of the circumstances, and of my motives will justify the course I am forced to take. When parental commands are right and just they should be obeyed; but when they would make a child's whole future life a failure, it seems to me they are no more binding than are the commands of that drunkard who orders his child to buy him strong drink to madden him, and so brutalize him that he will destroy his property, abuse the child's mother, and make his home a hell!"

Lucy looked on her lover with silent admiration. His eyes were flashing, his lips trembling, and every nerve was quivering with earnestness.

"John, you may be right" said she, "I don't pretend to say. God bless you, and make you successful and happy."

Then she told him of her conversation with her father, and of his cruel treatment.

"Oh! Lucy," said he, "he has no right thus to command. Do you, can you, will you love poor John Roscoe in spite of him? If you will, I will make a name you shall never be ashamed to bear. This is America, free, glorious America! There's room for me in it, work for me, position and usefulness in the future. Lucy, will you let me work for a place, a situation for you? Will you be my guardian angel, my love, my bride?"

"John, I love you so well that I would share with you the lowliest station in life, and for you I will even give up my position, my father's home, his wealth, everything!"

By this time passengers began to come in, and the conversation ceased.

The village of E——, in Massachusetts, where John and Lucy lived, was about sixty miles from Boston; and before they had reached that city, their plans for the immediate future had been

made. John was to find work somewhere, and Lucy was to stay at school, and, just as soon as John could earn enough to support a wife, she was to write her father of her determination to marry John; and if the Judge clung to his harsh threats, as she had no doubt he would, she was to leave school, and they were to be married.

All too soon for them, the iron horse puffed into the depot at Boston.

John accompanied Lucy to the seminary; then with a warm grasp of the hand, in which was expressed a life devotion, they parted.

From early boyhood John had been an enthusiastic worshipper at the shrine of literature, and, rightly judging that his Heavenly Father, who doeth nothing without a cause, and who would have every man follow his "bent" in choosing his life work, had placed this intense longing after letters in his breast in order that he might gratify it, and in its gratification benefit his race, and bring glory to God—sought at once the printing offices. All the rest of the day he wandered about. Everywhere he was refused; all were supplied. Finally, toward the close of the next day, he entered the office of the "Weekly ——," and found a vacancy. Here they offered to give him a trial, and bade him "come on in the morning."

He was at the office the next day almost before it was opened, and cheerfully did the menial work which was given him. His wages were almost nothing in these days; it seemed scarcely possible for him to support himself; but "where there's a will there's a way," and John Roscoe had a will like adamant. In spare moments he was allowed to try his hand at setting type, and here he seemed at home. His employers were surprised at his aptness, and said he was a "born printer." It was not many months before he was no mean typographer. Now his wages began to amount to something. A year passed, and he was counted one of the best compositors in the office. His father had come to the establishment once during this time, and tried to get him back on the farm. He had offered him every inducement, but all to no effect; he discovered in his son a will so strong that it was as useless to try and overcome it as to beat a rock to powder with a child's toy rod. So, as gracefully as possible, he accepted the situation.

Lucy had been at school all this year. She avoided speaking of John to her father, and he grew happy in the thought that she had forgotten him, and "come to her senses."

The next year Lucy remained at home. She was indeed a lovely girl, and suitors flocked about, but all sued in vain. Hers was one of those noble natures which never love but once, and then love intensely.

One evening Judge Bentley came into the parlor with a face so full of happiness that Lucy was surprised.

"Come here, my little woman," said he, "see what a noble present I have for you. You are a favorite of fortune, Lucy; sit by me here while I read something which is as pleasant as a fairy tale."

Lucy seated herself on an ottoman near, and looking up into his face, said:

"What is it, Pa?"

He drew a letter from his pocket, and arranging his spectacles, read it to her. It was an offer of marriage from a Boston millionaire; one who had seen Lucy at her home, and fallen in love with her pretty face, and quiet, gentle manners. As her father read, Lucy called up his image; a young bachelor, scarcely thirty-five, handsome, aristocratic, and a millionaire. Then came up another picture; a plain, hardly handsome face, a boy, scarce twenty-one, and poor. Between

these she must choose. She knew if she accepted the offer of the millionaire, her father would laud her to the skies. She knew her life would be one of luxury, every wish gratified, every whim ministered to. She knew, also, that her name would be the envy of all feminine Boston.

On the other hand she knew that if she refused this offer, her father would curse her, would drive her from his doors, and "cut her off without a cent," as he had threatened. She knew her life to all appearances must be one of self-denial, and perhaps drudgery; that her name would be plebeian, and her aristocratic friends would always sneer at her. But did she waver? Not for an instant. She had rather live in a hut with a *husband*, than in a palace with her *lord*. She would rather drudge for one she loved, than receive the caresses of one of whom she was indifferent

And Lucy was right. With love, a hut is a heaven; without it a palace is but a glittering hell!

"Lucy," said the Judge, "of course you will accept this offer"

"Father, I cannot. I do not love Mr. Roselle, and could never do justice to him as his wife.

Judge Bentley turned almost pale with rage.

"Not accept Mr. Roselle! Are you crazy, child? Not ac—. Good Heavens! You'll drive me mad, but I shall not stand this foolishness, You *shall* marry Mr. Roselle! D'ye hear, child? You *shall* marry him, or you shall leave my house this very night!"

"Then," said the brave girl, "I will leave! No parent has a right to mar a child's whole future life. God never meant it so, and I know if my darling mother were alive she would say I am right. Good-bye father!" and she swept proudly out of the room.

She forthwith packed up some necessaries, and, as she had abundant money in her purse, set out to catch the night train.

Out into the night, homeless, but an hour ago rich, an heiress; now with nothing; everything sacrificed on the altar of her love. Can you wonder if she wept as she walked through the gloom? Walked. Yesterday a carriage came at her beck. But Lucy was not one to mourn over her grievances; her love buoyed her spirit up. She reached the depot, the train rushed up, she got on board, and then it thundered on again. It was very late when she reached the city, but she found a hack, and was driven to a hotel. The next morning she dropped a note to John Roscoe telling of her whereabouts, and asking him to call. It was not many hours you may be sure before he came, and then she told him of her action and its consequences.

"My darling," said he, "thank God I have salary enough now to take care of you. I can't give you a home like that you have left, but we can have a cottage, and be comfortable. Oh! Lucy! Lucy! how I have worked and how I am working for you. I appreciate your noble devotion, and be assured you shall never, never rue it."

They were married soon after this, and John hired a modest little house on the outskirts of the city. It was an humble home, but what a wealth of happiness was there!

Twenty years have passed away since the events above recorded transpired. Let us visit Boston now, my reader, and see if we can find our old friends. It will be difficult to find them now; will it not?

Boston has grown so in these twenty years. Here! let us enter this drug store, and look into the directory; that will tell us of their wherebouts. Yes, here it is: "John Roscoe, Publisher, No. —— Tremont street." Let us go up to the office. Can that great building belong to our old friend? Unless our eyes deceive us it must, for there is the sign, "Roscoe and Hale, Publishing House."

Let us enter.

"Is Mr. Roscoe in?"

A gentleman, whose special province this seems to be, attends us to the office. That must be he reading; he is deeply engaged, and has taken no notice of our entrance. The attendant informs him of our presence. He stands up, and comes forward to give us a most hearty welcome. He is a splendid man, hale, hearty, and in the very heyday of life.

"The world has prospered with you, Mr. Roscoe."

"Yes, thank God, by steady perseverance I have risen to what you see me."

He shows us through the house with a just pride, tells us of the vast business there carried on, and how he loves his work more every day.

Then we are invited to his home to dinner. Of course we accept, as we are anxious to get a glimpse at the home life of our friend.

At six—that being the hour set—we wend our way to his residence. Our directions take us into one of the most aristocratic portions of the city. Here is his number. We stop before the door in amazement. Can this magnificent palace belong to John Roscoe? "Poor Simon Roscoe's son?"

We enter. Everything is luxurious and beautiful; there is no gaudy show, but a simple elegance, which bespeaks refined taste.

And there is Lucy, older, more matronly, but if possible even more beautiful than in her girlhood. She seems the picture of contentment and happiness. Her husband is as tender as any lover. He has not lost one grain of his pride in her in all these years of union. Is she not well repaid for her truth, and her sacrifice?

There are two children, a son and daughter; these are away at school.

John informs us that Judge Bentley is dead, but he lived long enough to see his daughter raised to a position far beyond his own. He fully forgave her before his death, and begged her forgiveness in turn. He left all his large property to repay her for his cruelty.

Old Simon Roscoe too has passed away, but not till he had been able to speak with pride, which filled all his heart, of his son John. And when one would say to him, "What! John Roscoe, the great Publisher, your son?" a proud smile would light up his face as he answered: "Yes, and I thank God that my boy followed the lead of a Higher Power, and did not listen to my mistaken teachings."

Yes, parents can be mistaken sometimes. They are always mistaken when they try to turn a child from his "bent," or tell him whom to marry.

CHARLWORTH

THE COMMON-PLACE.

CONCLUDED.

AND now, having taken a cursory survey of the outlook, as it appears to the untrained vision of Youth, it remains for us to inquire into the correctness of these estimates, in order to ascertain whether the situation be in truth, or only in appearance, so circumscribed. To this intent, it is necessary to pierce with keen mental gaze beneath exterior aspects, and to try to detect the real differences under surface sameness; to bring into requisition that acute and far-reaching perception which recognizes in apparent disadvantages and hindrances only so many obstacles to be converted into opportunities.

Youth in all its habits and modes of thought is comprehensive and synthetic, rather than exact and analytic; it sees things in the aggregate and through a clear medium, so undimmed by refined subtleties and complex combinations that *fact* and *theory* alike appear clear-cut. As compared with the fixedness which a strong-minded, clear-headed young person imagines to belong to his opinions and prejudices, the unalterable laws of the Medes and Persians were unstable and changing. His mental horizon, illimitable as the Universe itself, is obscured by no clouds or mists, tempered by no half-lights, bounded by no border-land of doubt and perplexity; but is ruled by one "high, eternal noon," whose blaze and splendor leaves no lurking shadow, or unexplored recess. His dogmatic assumptions of wisdom mocks the experience and research of centuries; all his yeas and nays he imagines to be "everlasting;" his ideas, beliefs, hopes, intertwine in no labyrinth of perplexity, the course of each being insulated, or, if they ever intersect, it is at right angles, causing no blurred or confused outlines. All is clear, positive, determined.

But it is in that which pertains exclusively to his own immediate personality and self-knowledge that the assumptions of a youth are most stupendous. He fancies that he can enumerate with unerring accuracy the list of his own capacities and requirements; can weigh and compare the degree of every faculty and aspiration, and plumes himself upon his supposed comprehension of things that would puzzle and confound a Machieveli. In his passion for investigation he even pushes his researches to the confines of irreverence. In his arrogant self-assertion he would dare confront the Sphinx, interrogate the stars, measure the wastes of space, and sound the depths of Infinity.

And yet, paradoxical though it appear, it is not uncommon to find in such an one this utmost self-conceit—or consciousness of superiority if you please—and contempt of the absolute, *in the abstract*, conjoined to an exaggerated self-distrust as regards particularities and combinations of events. These qualities, added to an undue belief in the limitations of circumstances, and the inferiority of his own powers, lead him to magnify every petty obstacle, and exalt mole-hills into mountains. If his hopes are thwarted in anything, his very strength becomes his weakness; for in direct proportion to the impetuosity of his course will be the reactionary tendency, resulting from repression; and the most enthusiastic of image-carvers and worshipers becomes the most rash of iconoclasts. It is in matters relating to his own personal

identity, to his capabilities and their relation to his life-schemes, and, above all, in his unalterable persuasion of the *one* only course to be pursued in their realization, that danger chiefly threatens him. Though quite inclined to a belief in "a Divinity that shapes his ends," if the "ends" be but shaped in accordance with his own preconceived ideas and wishes, yet, if they are not, he is fond of considering himself the plaything of Destiny, and he acts out a belief in Fate as devoutly as any Mussulman. He does not understand, that, as in the world of matter, great antagonistic forces are put together without producing ruin and disintegration, serving instead to hold each other in check, so, in the realm of mind, apparently incongruous elements, instead of occasioning disruption and overthrow, combine in a harmonious unity. And, again, as the light, flowing from its great natural source by its glimmering scintillations and refractions blurs its own outlines, so the splendid rays emanating from Truth itself renders it difficult to discern its many-sided form. If in the main the youth may be justified in his prompt rejection of half-way measures, yet must he remember that "all truth is the statement of two opposites,—not a *via media* between them, or either of them alone." His misconception arises from mistaking mere external appearances for real qualities. It is not by over estimation, on the one hand, nor by unjust depreciation on the other, either of self or of opposing mental forces, that a true idea of the actual importance of one or the other may be attained. And the accuracy with which this just mean between these different extremes is preserved, will determine in great measure whether the youth is to conquer circumstances, or *be conquered by them.*

Having thus laid down the foregoing general statements as a platform and data, I will now proceed to a more detailed consideration of the subject. To all those who have seen the adamantine gates of necessity close between them, and their prescribed course toward the attainment of their cherished hopes; who have beheld their highest desires, their sublimest aspirations, bound Ixion-like to the crushing wheel of this relentless common place, I would say: Your condition, though deplorable, is not desperate, if but rightly understood, nor beyond redress or compensation if this be intelligently sought in the right direction. But this redress or compensation is not to be attained by yielding submissively to opposition, or by allowing each purposeful ambition to be quenched by the ascetic, soul-chilling philosophy of some disappointed cynic, whose only delight in life consists in preaching down every generous attempt and every high resolve, if opposed to what he is pleased to style the "decrees of Fate."

A touch of this cold-blooded misanthropy has permeated society at large; so greatly is it in favor of proclaiming a crusade against ambition, and to insist upon the pre-eminent duty of being content: a theory which, if carried into practice, would result in complete mental stultification. On the contrary, I affirm that in no situation soever has any one a *right* to be satisfied, while there remains a possibility—not inconsistent with honor and uprightness—of improving his or her condition. Never, while in youthful hearts dominates a single hope of a future life to be lived in accordance with the generous and lofty impulses of strong, true, steadfast purposes, instead of the cold and heartless formalities of custom and conventionality; *never*, while youth means life, fire, spirit, indomitable energy, and faith in the realization of glorious possibilities, can these cold-blooded maxims gain a real ascendancy. Not till

dreams are dreamed out, and darling visions are all dead, can one consent to "give up ambition, and glide a lonely, nameless, shivering ghost down the dark tide of utter nothingness."

But though there be no limits to the aspirations of an unselfish, intelligent ambition; though one's rights are acknowledged to be boundless, there are other considerations which may forbid their exercise. Circumstances may impose the necessity of foregoing one's privileges. A higher law, from whose decision there is no appeal, may prescribe the bounds: the law of duty and self-sacrifice. But because duty compels one to abandon the lead of his own desires, it does not imply the necessity of sinking hopelessly down to an aimless existence. Not weakly to accept, but, if the necessity exist, hopefully to submit to the inevitable, is to conquer Fate. Besides, may not any avocation, however humble, if consistent with honor and uprightness, be ennobled if pursued with a high end in view? May not the nobility of the *end* sanctify the lowness and crudeness of the *means?*

Then, too, how can one be certain in this disappointing world that his untried schemes would have proven successful; or, having attained the object of his ambition, that his powers would have proven equal to the situation? He may have over-estimated his abilities, and, attaining the fulfillment of his hopes, only find himself sinking under the "burden of an honor unto which he was not born." Weak of will and unstable of purpose are they who recognize such considerations as real impediments to endeavor; who acknowledge incapacity without putting it to proof. But if insurmountable obstacles do intervene; if the way be absolutely hedged up, is there not at least as much manliness in consoling one's self with such reflections, as in forever whimpering over the suppositious glory which the envious Fates are charged with defrauding one? (Query: Why is it that the *might have beens* are always supposed to be only wonderful and glorious possibilities, and never gloomy and disastrous ones?)

And now, let us inspect this redoubtable common-place still more closely, in order to ascertain whether it may not be invested with some terrors to which it is not justly entitled. Is it not, at least, a mistaken idea, which makes the common-place an outward condition of circumstances rather than an inner state of mind and feeling? Is it not possible to occupy a high position among those whom their fellows delight to honor, and yet be conscious of inferiority in real moral force and grandeur of sentiment? Is it possible for any condition of mere outward circumstances to debase a character essentially high-toned and noble, or to exalt a sordid and grovelling one? And is it to be regretted, that the gauds and trappings of worldly wealth, instead of concealing and redeeming lack of true worth, makes the real poverty painfully apparent?

Again, by what process known to wealth or power can a mind, insensible to the beauties of Art and Nature, or the more subtle perfection of moral loveliness, acquire the faculty of appreciation; that mysterious, unacquired power of the soul which instinctively recognizes and claims its like, whose processes of assimilation lays under contribution the vast domains of mind and matter, infinite as space and illimitable as eternity? Without this endowment, life is reduced to a poor mechanical process, is robbed of half its worth and meaning: while the boy at the plow, or the girl in the milking-yard, whose spirit thrills responsively to the rush of the storm-wind, the deep unutterable calm of the starry night, the

pomp of the dying day, and the radiance of the winged morning, possesses a source of pleasure and refinement that many a duchess, with all the resources of Art and Nature at command might envy, as contrasted with the *ennui* and weariness resulting from her own mental poverty. Think not that any circumstance of affluence or position can confer this finer sense, this sublime faculty of the soul, which furnishes a fount of inexhaustible inspiration, from whence flow streams of pure æsthetic pleasure across the wilderness of an else dull and prosaic life, causing it to bud and blossom as the rose. No—I speak it reverently—this knowledge is like the Kingdom of Heaven, "within you," and in the person entirely destitute of this faculty, surrounded though he may be by all the appliances of wealth and refinement, do we meet an example of the truly and hopelessly common-place.

Not unfrequently the common-place is only apparent, and not real. Unfortunately, not many among us are gifted with that discriminating vision which is as swift as unfailing to detect the latent "soul of beauty" lurking in things evil; else would many prosaic lives around us be transformed before us, and stand out sublimely glorious, when studied and ununderstood in the light of the unselfish sacrifice which has so nobly foregone extraneous advantages and selfish interests for the sake of some sacred love, or duty. The qualities, whose absence we deplore in those of exalted station, and sigh to behold incarnate in mortal flesh, we pass by unhonored and unnoticed in many an humble son of toil. Prone as we are to consider that a dull exterior must be the exponent of a trite, narrow character, we forget that under such unpromising garbs some lives, unspotted by contact with the world, unspoiled by flattery, untrammeled by striving after worldly honors, lies

"hid away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day."

A chapter on the private experiences of those who have struggled manfully through opposition toward their hearts' desire, would bring to light many instructive examples of the "moral uses of dark things." Though Youth may deem it strange, Age does not judge it extraordinary, that the way marked out as the direct course toward the fulfillment of worthy hopes, should, instead, sometimes lead to disappointment and ignominy. The guardian Angel who, as fairy lore has striven to teach us, attends the steps of mortals, perchance seeing that he is mistaken in his path, or that the object of pursuit is trivial, bars firmly his way, and mars his plans, but only as a means to the ultimate attainment of better ends. Many an heroic youth with but partial knowledge of himself, without just appreciation of his own talents and aptitudes, and thus with false ideas of life, if not opposed by the barriers of circumstances, and if led by thorny paths to a juster knowledge of self, and the true objects of life, will find too late that the steps taken for the achievement of his purposes has resulted in defeat. Those whose wishes have been as wings to waft them on in their appointed courses, meeting with no obstacles to overcome, no defeat to teach them how to *wait*, no battle ground between stern duty and seductive inclination; whose strife shall temper and strengthen the imperfect germs of character and genius—suffers in the end by comparison with those to whom hardship and opposition have served to fire the will, steel determination, teach a sublimer faith, and develop a courage so intrepid that these combined forces have shown them how to make step-

ping-stones of impediments, helps of hindrances, and finally to wrest victory out of defeat.

But, though a life turned aside from its prescribed route toward the attainment of its hopes, may not be the greatest of all misfortunes, yet, whether or not the loss sustained shall meet with full and adequate requital depends chiefly upon the temper of the youth himself. He alone must determine whether the "uses of adversity" shall be "sweet" or bitter. No amount of power or wealth can give guerdon or satisfaction for all the toil and strife attendant on the attainment of one's hopes, unless the toiler knows that the strength of his own right arm, backed by his own indomitable energy, sustained by consciousness of his own integrity, and cheered by a growing faith in the potency of his aspirations, has wrought out the happy result.

Upon the benefits resulting from books and study so much is continually being said and written that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. I would only remark, in passing, that it is difficult to understand why any life *need* be poor and empty with such a varied source of delight and improvement at command. You may never pass beyond the bounds of your own State, and yet may discern the great march of improvement up and down and round the world; may never be reckoned a philosopher, or scientist, and yet can follow the mazy track of Mind in all its endless convolutions about the Universe.

Then the kingdom of the Mind, with its inexhaustible store-house of the Imagination, its boundless range of Fancy, its unscaled heights of moral grandeur and soundless depths of possible power, its sublime hope in a Future, whose glories shall outrival the splendors of the Golden Age,—has it no power to exalt above the sordid ills and worrying exigencies of "low-thoughted care?" Should one be thus endowed, and yet complain of a life impoverished and common-place? Oh! shame upon the squandering ingrate who, with such a birth-right, suffers his being to sink to the low plane of a mean existence!

On the ethics of Work, also, much is being said and written—much of value and importance, but also much cant and nonsense. It is just now quite in vogue, especially among those who have never undertaken, much less accomplished one hard day's work, nor soiled the whiteness of their hands by any menial tasks, to wax eloquent over the "Beauty and Dignity of Labor," and the mental and moral benefits to be derived therefrom. Why they manifest so much hesitency in reducing their beautiful theory to practice, I leave others to infer. As for myself, I confess to an inherent skepticism as to whether half the toil that is undergone ever can result in any real benefit. Small consolation indeed is there in the thought that so much weariness to the flesh and vexation of spirit is endured to no purpose; but really brave, resolute and worthy means are powerless to exalt trifling and frivolous ends. In the line of house-keeping, for instance, I am more than doubtful whether much that is performed in the way of Duty, so far from being meritorious in itself, or beneficial in its results, is not essentially belittling—simply because no duty commands this outlay of time and strength, and no gratification results from it other or better than the petty gratulations of a narrow mind, which finds requital for every grinding care in the admiring wonder of some like-minded neighbor's eyes. Truly a well-kept house, spotless linen and a plentiful table, with order and neatness, are objects worth laboring and sacrificing for; but when the desire for excelling in in these respects becomes so powerful

that not only all considerations of health and comfort are sacrificed, but the mind of the worker is neglected; when this tithe of mint and cummin usurps the authority of all the weightier matters of mental self-culture, we must exclaim against its undue sway. There may be minds feminine to whom the process of evoking order and neatness out of a bewildering chaos of ruffles, puffs, insertions, points and edgings, may serve as a sufficient demonstration of the superiority of mind over matter; and others, so fearfully and wonderfully made, that a new cookery-book seems to arouse all the dormant enthusiasm which the latest poem or essay would be powerless to discover. It is fair to suppose that all such understand their own needs as well as the steps necessary to their gratification; and if they would be content to pursue their way in company with those of kindred spirits, they ought surely to be allowed to do so. But when, under the seductive guise of *fashion* and *custom*, they would impose the yoke of enslavement upon those who recognize other ends in life, it behooves some one to speak a word. Remember that, while in every nobly-conceived and unselfishly executed work, however menial, there is the compensation afforded by the comfort of those we love, as well as an added grace of patience and endurance for ourselves, yet self-inflicted martyrdom brings no crown, or guerdon. It only remains for such as would make life really worth the living, full of purpose and meaning, to assert their independence, and think and act for themselves rather than in accordance with the traditions of Mrs. A. or B. I would advocate no sacrifice of order, no lessening of true comfort, but a curtailing of outside show and ostentation; less regard for the petty details and aggravating trifles, that dwarf the capabilities of most women to-day, and threaten the subserviency of every faculty to the most coarse and common-place ends.

Once more I would warn against the cankering self-distrust and sullen misanthropy which would make circumstances the absolute master of one's will and being; which attributes the blame of every failure, and the reason of every defeat, to causes that cannot be overuled or controlled; which finds in adverse situations abundant excuse for idleness and discouragement, instead of incentive to more vigorous endeavor. Listen to the words of one of the best writers and thinkers of the age: "The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by men. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable. Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free!"

Finally, have faith in yourself and courage to bide your time. Remember that Duty may compel you to abandon your cherished projects, but *never* your high ends and noble purposes; and for the rest do not fear, though the stars fall for,

> "Whoever may
> Discern true ends, shall grow pure enough
> To love them, brave enough to strive for them,
> And strong enough to reach them, though the road be rough."

Above all, having once found an end worthy and purposeful, do not shrink from patient, persistent toil in its pursuit. Be sure that the aim be pure and high, and then grudge no hardship undertaken for its accomplishment. The siren song that chants of "rest and dreamless ease," questions why "*we* should strive and moan who are the *crown* of things," and insists "there is no rest but calm." But even this bewitching strain, charm it never so wisely, cannot establish a successful rivalry with that other voice which,

speaking from the depths of being, declares that there is in ceaseless toil for a worthy object, a moral use and significance which, repaying and ennobling toil, may "make work better than what we work to get." Viewed in this light, there can be no real loss, no ultimate failure. The harvest may never be garnered, but the tillage and fertilizers will not be lost upon the soil. Herein is compensation for toils else unrequited, and recompense for hopes that never reached fruition. And as "God keeps a niche in Heaven in which to store our shattered idols," so I will believe does he keep watch and ward over our unfinished dreams—the good we hoped to do—the bliss we toiled and waited for; and the distant cycles of Eternity shall witness the glorious consumation of what was so unselfishly devised on earth.

So aspire nobly, think wisely, act worthily, sublimely and unselfishly; and you will find some day in the midst of an existence, already ennobled and beautified by patience and self-abnegation, that in "losing your life you have found it a gain," full and complete, and freed from the haunting ghost of the *common-place*.

MARY L. L———.

THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

RING out, glad bells, loud, free and clear,
A welcome bold to the blithe New Year,
Who follows so close on Christmas cheer.
But why come up through the *murky* night—
Not boldly, as one to claim his right,
But as if to seize it by stealth and might?
And why midst the chimes of joyous bells
Float solemn tones, like funeral knells?

O, dear Old Year! thou wert leal and true!
The friends that thou brought were staunch if few,—
And my heart still fondly clings to you!
For what know I but the Coming Year
May thicken shadows of Doubt and Fear,
And darken skies just growing clear?
So, ever amidst those joyous tones
Float mournful sounds, like dying groans.

Peal out, wild bells, but sad and slow,
A dirge for the Old Year lying low,
And dying alone 'neath th' Christmas snow.
If we turn our faces with eager quest,
Toward the new-expected and unknown guest,
We find but promise of cheer, to test.
Then chant, wild bells, a requiem low
For the Old Year dying under the snow!

UNA.

SHALL WE EDUCATE THE FARMER?

EDUCATION has become absolutely indispensible to the prosperity of a community. No one will dispute that proposition. But there has been a wide spread, pernicious notion that education is *not necessary* for the farmer. If a boy from the hill-sides is to be a lawyer, or a minister, we give him a high, "plug hat," a suit of clothes in the latest style, and a liberal education; but if he is to till the broad acres of his loved homestead, three months schooling each winter, to post him in the *rudiments*, is ample to fit him for this business. He must wear an old, slouched hat, bag legged pants, and can *afford* to be ignorant.

The sooner we divest ourselves of the idea that the farmer needs no special education, the earlier may we behold agriculture occupying the foremost position among the world's industries, to which it is, by right, entitled. The machines which are now in common use on the farm, in the workshop, by the fireside, on the streams, on the ocean, pre-suppose some knowledge of mechanics in order to operate them. More cultivation of intellect is required to manage a reaper, or a thresher, than to use the sickle, or to beat out the grain with a flail. The senseless exercise of muscle cannot compete with the precision and intelligent action of machinery. Each succeeding year will show a diminished demand for ignorant labor and an increased inquiry for skilled labor. The brightest interests of the farmer demands an improvement of his land, of his stock, and above all *his head*. Labor should be instructed in the highest acquirements of the farm, for all our experience goes to prove that it is more economical to employ intelligent labor, and to use machinery, than to dispense with the machinery and use ignorant labor. The man who uses his brain will do a day's labor more easily and will do more of it than he who uses mere brute force. The production of cotton since the invention of the cotton gin, the increased production of wheat since the invention of the reaper, are cases in point; and so far from machinery reducing the average price of labor, the producing power of a day's labor is greater now than ever before, employment is more constant, sales of agricultural products more certain, and there is a gradual elevation of the laborer in the scale of dignity and intelligence, where machinery is used, and the laborer is educated. Indeed, it may be affirmed that blacksmiths, carpenters, all mechanics in fact, and those who live by manual labor, are compelled to have more knowledge now than half a century ago. Almost all ignorant people, in this age, are compelled by an inexorable law to be poor, or else must work their brain into something above the stupidity of an ox. No richness of soil, no radiance of the sky, no mineral wealth, can confer greatness and honor on a people incapacitated by ignorance. It has been well said, that, whenever wealth is showered upon such people, it will run to waste. "The ignorant pearl divers do not wear the pearls they win. The diamond hunters are not ornamented by the gems they find. The miners for silver and gold are not enriched by the precious metals they dig. Those who till the most luxuriant soils are not filled with the harvests they gather. All the choicest productions of the earth, whether mineral or vegetable, wherever found or wherever gathered, will, in a short time, as by some secret and resistless attraction, make their way into the hands of the more intelligent. Let whoever will

sow the seed, or gather the fruit, intelligence will consume the banquet."

The progress of agriculture demands the education of the farmer. We are passing from the muscular system to the brain system. We demand more intelligent help than would once answer our purpose. Our sons and daughters do not like to submit to the drudgery with which their grandfathers and grandmothers were contented. They are growing up in a different atmosphere, and prefer brain work to so much household drudgery. No occupation is so important, so independent, so elevating and ennobling, when pursued with intelligence, as that of the farmer. It is the basis of commerce, and the supporter of the arts and sciences. Without intelligence, agriculture, civilization and Christianity would be impossibilities. We must raise character with corn, till mind as well as soil, beautify spirit as well as adorn our garden. Then our manhood will be crowned instead of crushed by our occupation.

Educate the farmer, and we give him the keys to unlock the treasures of the world. Nothing desirable in the depths of the ocean, or in the bowels of the earth, or in the atmosphere above, but can be obtained by the aid of education. New agencies and new powers of nations are harnessed by it, and made to do the bidding of man. Refuse education and you refuse everything—social elevation, moral grandeur, civil and religious liberty, virtue, integrity, power and good government. The farmer may adorn his daughter with the costliest attire, from "button-gaiters," to what *Punch* calls "Chig-non-sense," and hat feathers, (the value of a first-class mowing-machine, with reaper attachment,) and give her *Harper's Bazaar* and *Peterson's Magazines*, for the law and gospel of her wardrobe, she is yet but a drone in society, without intelligence. She is but a well dressed mortgage upon her father's farm. Deny education, if you will, but remember there is no other "open sesame" under heaven to open the doors of the varied wealth of the universe. Man becomes but an instinctive brute, toiling day by day only to live, and living only to die. His intellect is darkened with a cloud, more threatening than that rifted by the thunderbolt; more terrible than that which surrounds the abyss of a burning volcano; more disastrous than the whirlwind. It is the cloud of ignorance which shuts out all the light of civilization, all the treasures of science, all the blessings of rational existence.

How *can* we educate the farmer? The old fogy of to-day don't believe in it; it "don't pay to waste money and time" to *educate* our sons and daughters to till the soil. "They can dig, and work along, and get a living without being acquainted with agricultural science." Well, the right kind of farmer thinks otherwise. He believes in agricultural callings, and in agricultural education. He believes that knowledge is power, and that it is only by mind enlightened that earth and its forces are made available for his good. The Scientific School at New Brunswick is doing a noble work, as well as many other institutions for like purposes, located all over our land, in teaching the diviner text-books of Geography, Chemistry, Botany and Meteorology. These institutions should all be made free by the State in which they exist. A large amount of money necessary to educate the children of each State could be deducted from the larger amount now expended for crime, and a large amount also would be gained by increasing the average productive capacity of the population. Much would be saved by the increased security given to property. Add to this the benefits rendered society in its elevation, and in the increased

rational enjoyment which an agricultural and scientific system of education would insure. Add also the worth to the community of *having* intelligent men and women, the enhancement of the value of property, the cultivation of those qualities of honor, courage and gallantry, that distinguish the civilized man from the savage, the fool from the gentleman, the Christian from the heathen.

In a word the proper care of our rich and verdant farms, the increase of our wealth, the multiplication of labor-saving machines, that shall emancipate from the drudgery of toil, the discovery and application of natural forces to perform our work, the growth of manhood, the elevation of labor, the increase of happy rural homes—all demand, *depend upon* the education of the farmer. What a sublime mystery underlies the green carpet of the fields, and is swelling the germ of the plant? There is before us the wonderful chemistry of nature, which the rocks have written on them—a history more wonderful than any romance, and old as Creation. Examine the growth of the flower, the functions of the leaf, and you find power, wisdom, love, which inspires and should command the most devout reverence from all mankind.

Let us educate our sons for the farm as we would educate them for the bar or pulpit; let us educate our daughters for the farm as we would educate them for a "school marm," or pianist; then agriculture will be more honorable and profitable, dusty toil will be silvered over with the halo of intelligent joy, strength will be added to the human arm, fertility will seize hold of the soil, peace and quiet will dwell in our homes; while there will be the noble satisfaction, as we thus cultivate the ground, of having added to the wealth and welfare of the world.

"Honor waits o'er all the earth,
Through endless generations,
The art that calls her harvests forth,
And feeds th' expectant nations."

H. C. Van Derveer.

THE MISSION OF THE MOSQUITO.

"THE muskeeter," says Josh Billings, "is a cheerful little crittur, singing as he toils, but his mission is not yet known."

Equally uncertain is his origin. There is a vague tradition that Job developed the mosquito out of his complacency, as he is said to have done many of our other "blessings in disguise." Doubtless our admiration of Job's exemplary patience would have been much enhanced had he been represented as softly striking his boils, or tenderly scratching between them, while blessing Providence for manifold favors. But the Bible is silent, and nowhere else does the mosquito receive even "honorable mention." Therefore speculation in this direction is useless. It is, however, of importance to reconcile, if possible, the creation of mosquitoes with the universal fitness of things. To this end is the following:

During the summer of '67, while Resident Surgeon of one of the hospitals of the city of B——, I determined to investigate this subject. Weeks were devoted to watching the habits of the mosquito. In all its moods, and at all times was it studied. But the only fact developed was its ability to sing, sting, and multiply and replenish the earth.

Its body, head, and terrible lance were then viewed under the microscope. The legs, though slender, are strong and

muscular, and each foot is furnished with suckers, like the foot of a fly. The neck is strong as that of a buffalo, and, with its long tufted hair and fierce eyes, its head resembles that animal's in miniature. Magnified, its lance becomes formidable. It is straight, strong, flexible and highly polished, like a rod of tempered steel. It is sharply pointed at the end, and attached to the head by a tough flexible membrane, this being slightly movable in every direction. Running through the whole length of this tube are three channels, all opening at the pointed extremity; one in the center, also opening into the mouth; and two others on its upper and lower sides, and originating from a membrane at its base.

How interesting to see such a creature at work! Opportunities for this were frequently sought for, and as often took to themselves wings and flew away. At last patience was rewarded. A fine fellow perched on the back of my hand, and a powerful glass was brought to bear upon him. He spread his legs as if to lift a heavy weight, set all his pumps agoing, and sucked firmly fast his feet. Then, selecting the spot he intended to bore, and raising the hinder part of his body he slowly lowered his head, and began to push. The tube bent like whalebone. The membrane at its base became distended with a bluish fluid, which ran down the outer channels and spread beneath my skin. Harder and harder he pushed. He sucked his feet firmer. His neck became rigid. The blood rushed to his head. His eyes started from their sockets. The sweat rolled from his body. At last it was inserted. The blood slowly swelled up the centre tube. It became a great bore. I killed him.

While slowly scratching the bite, I considered. Perhaps the blue fluid now irritating my skin contained the solution. Perhaps in it was dissolved the secret of the mission of the mosquito. It must be obtained. All my assistants were set to work. The hospital became a slaughter house. Vast numbers of mosquitoes were caught, their heads separated, and macerated in alcohol. The tincture was then strained, boiled, filtered, and set aside to cool. Slowly small white crystals formed on the bottom. They were evaporated to dryness and examined. Eureka! the question was solved. They were isomeric with quinine. Their chemical composition was the same, C. 30, H. 12, N. O. 2. They presented the same fluorescent appearance when dissolved in water. The same reaction occurred in chlorine and ammonia, they being rendered green by the successive action of these agents. The sole difference was their influence on polarized light, producing deviation of the plane to the right instead of the left. Again and again were the tests repeated with the same result. The mission was found. The question of ages was answered. The mosquito carried in its sting the antidote to malaria.

How penetrating is the light of a new discovery! How distinctly it throws in relief facts before unnoticed! For the first time I observed that where fever-and-ague prevail, there was the home of the mosquito. Where it is unknown the mosquito had no residence. As the face of localities changed, malaria appeared or disappeared, and with its coming or going came or went the mosquito.

This fact has occurred in Somerville. Last summer, "for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," cases of fever-and-ague originated in our town, and never were mosquitoes more abundant or viscious: while Elizabeth, long famous for these winged tormentors, is yearly becoming more free of them, and annually reports fewer cases of malarial fever. Again, it became patent that

strangers entering a malarial district are invariably sufferers from chills-and-fever, while older residents generally escape, and those born and raised in the neighborhood do not suffer at all. The reason is evident. The first have never come under the mosquito influence; the second but partially so; while the last are completely innoculated, or, as commonly said, acclimated.

But proof was wanting to confirm these observations, and led to the following experiments:

(1.) Blood was drawn from the arm of a patient and examined; a mere trace of quinine was found. Said patient was bribed to expose himself to mosquitoes, and then bled. Abundance of quinidia was found in the vital fluid.

(2.) Three patients, suffering from ague, were selected and placed in separate rooms. One was given a solution of quinine and rigidly excluded from mosquitoes. The second received a solution of morphia, and was also excluded from the insects. The third received a similar solution of morphia at night, to induce sleep, and was freely bitten. The first and third recovered. The second still had ague. Here, in the first case, quinine cured as was expected. Of the other two, who took only morphine, he alone was cured who was freely innoculated with the virus of the mosquito.

(3.) With much care, sufficient of the chrystals of quinidia were obtained to make a saturated solution for experiment. And, among the many ague patients of the hospital, twelve were chosen, as near alike as possible in age, constitution and violence of disease. Six were treated with hypodermic injections of the solution of the virus, and six with similar ones of solution of quinine. All twelve recovered. But those injected with the virus of the mosquito got well in one third less time than the remaining six.

Thus is the mission found. Thus is the eternal fitness established.

J. Suydam Knox.

MAN—WHAT IS HE?

I ANSWER: A bundle of paradoxes; a heap of riddles; the only animal that really laughs; made in the image of God, but by aid of pads, springs, paints, powders, chignons, etc., etc.,—deceits of whatever sort you will—remodelled in the likeness of Mephistopheles: endowed with an immortal soul, yet not content without seeking for a mortal name; studying ever the laws of Nature that he may break them by rule; desirous of tracing back a long and noble genealogy, and at the same time arguing that he is a revised edition of an ape—an improvement on the gorilla; meeting on every side evidences of a Superior Power, but ever attempting to apply rules to work to the puny things of his own creation.

Physically, he is a bundle of mechanical powers; chemically, water mixed with a little charcoal, nitrogen, lime, iron, soda, sand, sulphur and phosphorus.

Proportionally to the rest of creation, he is an infinitesimal part of an animalculæ; as viewed by himself its lord.

Now of all man's attributes, what shows itself as the most evident and unmistakable? His powers of walking upright? his voice? his logic? his education? his love, hate, reverence, or fear? Nay none of these. The one pre-eminent quality (in *this* day and generation) is—shall I mention it?—his supreme *laziness*. To prove it: He will think for years to invent some machine to save half an hour's work. As examples: A Scottish boy, tired—I mean too lazy to do physical labor—catches the vaporous water, and makes it a slave to him, regardless of the sin of depriving the clouds of their just moisture. A German student feels the pen lag in his fingers, and then makes wooden blocks do, by printing, the work of flesh and blood. A Yankee—was he a tailor?—by means of a few pieces of iron and steel, renders Hood's

"Stitch, stitch, stitch!"

a fabrication. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Man's chief end seems to have changed, for now he is truly blessed who invents a labor-saving machine. Look where you will, as you will, when you will, man is tilling with his mind's eye instead of his plow; is cropping his brains instead of his fields, because, forsooth, an easy arm-chair is the more comfortable; to think is less trouble than to do.

Even I would weary you further were it not for the inherent quality.

C. M. I.

SNOW-FLAKES.*

DANCING, whirling in the air.
See the tiny snow-flakes fair!
Falling softly to the ground,
Spreading beauty all around.

Giving earth a mantle white,
Making all her dark spots bright,
Kissing every one they meet,
Falling gently in the street.

Coming to us pure and bright,
Ought we soil the lovely white?
Trample it beneath our feet,
In the dusty, dirty street?

But the little sunbeams come;
Take them to their starry home;
Snatch them from beneath our feet;
Leaving bare the narrow street.

The snow-flakes should a lesson teach,—
One that every heart shall reach:
Coming to us, pure and still,
They are acting out God's will.

*Written by a young miss of 14.

Small and frail they seem, alone;
But when each its work has done,
Earth has hidd'n her mantle brown,
And wears instead a fleecy gown.

Small our work may seem to be,
Yet we'll do it cheerfully,—
Shedding light where'er we go,
Softly, like the crystal snow.

VIVUS.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

WE should be happy to print some of the many kind testimonials of commendation which the readers of the initial number of OUR HOME have given it, but prefer now and always to have the Magazine speak for itself. Our friends must not, however, lose sight of the fact that this is yet a new enterprise, and an *experimental* one. Emerson says, "Nothing succeeds so well as success." We say to you that OUR HOME cannot succeed *without success*. To attain this, its circulation must be extended, and its articles keep pace with the times. Just now, the most important aid which can be rendered to it is in the former field. The Magazine is not yet self-sustaining. It must be made so. Very recently we refused to consider an offer, which *might* have made OUR HOME a much more permanent, and a better paying institution than it is, but which would have forced us to take from it its local features. We did this in part because we would not break faith with our patrons, who subscribed to a local Magazine; and we had hope that the reading classes of the two Counties named would have sufficient interest and pride in the enterprise to sustain it. Will they do it? Or must we, at the end of the year, enlarge its scope, and seek patronage from other parts of the State? The issue may be with you, dear reader. Then get your friends who do not take OUR HOME to subscribe for it at once.

ANNOUNCEMENTS as to the contents of any ensuing number of the Magazine will hereafter be made in these Notes, when made at all. In general, it may be better to surprise our readers with good things than to set before them a bill of fare for a month preceding the meal. We may just whisper now, however, that next month, among other excellent articles, we propose to re-publish the only address of Frederick Frelinghuysen, Esq., (father of the present U. S. Senator,) ever printed, delivered in 1820, before the Somerset County Bible Society. But few copies are in existence, and the production has too many merits to be lost. The older people of Somerset, who may or may not remember it, will thank us for its reproduction, and to the young it will be a lasting benefit, if perused with the attention it deserves.

This reminds us to say that we soon expect to begin the publication of "The Histories of the Churches," to embrace historical articles on all the older churches of the two Counties. These will be prepared by various hands. "Histories of Towns," as well as "Our Early Ancestors," will also be commenced at an early date. We wish our readers every where to remember that old documents, etc., of every kind, relating to the early history of either Somerset or Hunterdon Counties, and containing facts not heretofore published, we should be glad to have loaned to us. Letters, or papers, of any description, interesting, if not antique, which can aid us to carry out the plans stated in the first number of the Magazine, are also solicited.

THE Pattenburg riot of Sept. 22d last, is probably fast going out of the memories of those who were at first chilled by the news of so wholesale a massacre right at home. "Four killed" are not many as compared with the hosts weekly sacrificed on railroads, steamboats and in coal-mines, but in *this* part of the country, where life has been held to be of more value than in some others—in New York, for instance—the record of "four" dead, and scores wounded, through a brutal, drunken riot, between, in the first instance, offending Irishmen and unoffending negroes, is an important event, to say the least. Still, time which obliterates even rocks, smoothes out tracings of the deepest horrors of heart or mind; and accordingly we forget much of the most serious import, before the lesson we should have learned from it has been conveyed to us. But it is not individual forgetfulness in this instance against which we are disposed to write. It is, rather, against that public sleep which allows a Grand Jury to indict but seven of those concerned in the riot, the Prosecuting Attorney to draw up indictments which the Court felt bound to quash on motion, and the important witnesses brought here from a far-off State to go away,—and all without a vigorous and effective protest, on the part of the public or its press. We deem it a travestie of justice to have all this occur in Hunterdon County in the year A. D., 1872, and only one newspaper to lift its voice against the wrong. The question of first importance, of course, is, who is the guilty party? Whose fault was it? We should suppose it was the Prosecuting Attorney's beyond much doubt. If it is not, let the people know it. If it is, let him be removed from his position. We hope soon to gather some facts pertaining to this affair, which will then throw light on our inquiry. If we do, they will most assuredly be published. Awaiting them, we pause for this month, but expect to push farther into the subject next month, unless others take it up, and discuss it to some purpose. We are the more disposed to cry aloud because it seems to be a universal opinion that now these arrested parties will never be tried, or, if they are, the State's witnesses can never again be brought to Flemington to testify to the facts in the case.

THOUGH there have been many improvements in the construction and adornments of dwelling-houses and churches within the past twenty years, their ventilation has, for the most part, been sadly neglected. As it is an undeniable truth that pure air is a prime necessity, it is, therefore, consonant with sound reason and universal experience that, to insure good health, the air, which has once parted with its vitalizing oxygen, must be removed, and replaced by that which has all its vitality unimpaired. Hence the necessity of ventilation is imperative, and for the following reasons:

1. Because the carbonic-acid gas, which is a deadly narcotic poison produced in the lungs and expelled by the breath of all air-breathing animals, ought to be removed as speedily and completely as possible. It is stated as the result of many careful experiments that every person breathes from 306 to 398 cubic feet of air per day, and withdraws 35 per cent of its oxygen. Each, therefore, robs of all its oxygen nearly four cubic feet of air per hour, or in the same time diminishes its natural quantity, in 80 cubic feet, five per cent. The quantity of carbonic-acid in the expired breath being 100 times greater than in the natural atmosphere, a person by breathing adds one per cent. to 55½ cubic feet of air in an hour, or nearly one cubic foot per minute. Besides the products of respiration, the same poison is largely increased by the fierce fires of stoves which burn up the floating dust, and by the consumption of various substances in burners and lamps, all of which escape into the air, and render it unfit to breathe. The effect of one per cent. of carbonic acid is to produce sleep, to depress the vital functions, and, altogether, to be greatly injurious. From five to eight per cent. renders the air dangerous to breathe, while from 10 to 12 per cent. makes it speedily destructive to life. Now the removal of this destructive agent should not be left to chance ventilation, which comes through the crevices in doors and windows, but by means of an improved construction, whereby the pure atmosphere may be introduced, and the vitiated carried away.

2. For the sake of cleanliness. Notwithstanding the truthful maxim that "cleanliness is akin to godliness," and the boasts of the refined and educated of their tidiness, yet in our large, promiscuous assemblies, they do not hesitate to breathe over again and again, the same atmosphere which has been expelled, by lungs diseased and lungs sound. The air that pours through the ventilators of a crowded room is insufferably sickening in odor, and if passed through pure water, quickly renders it putrid. The result of inhaling this deadly air produces

intellectual stupor, depression of feeling, headache, etc., and, instead of that high state of mental activity which ought to characterize our worshiping assemblies, we have drowsiness, listlessness, and many other ills, oftener due to the cause named than to the stupid dullness of the sermon.

3. For the minister's sake. To preach in a close room, amid foul air, is slow death. It is ruinous to throat and lungs, and accordingly to mind and voice. The feebleness of delivery of many of our pulpit orators, both as to voice and gesture, might be traced as much to foul air as to want of natural or cultivated graces of speech, in at least three cases out of five. Therefore, when the sermon really *is* dull, the congregation should remember that it, like their drowsiness, may arise from the stupidity of the sexton, or of the building committee.

It is well known, also, that the most enlightened medical experience is unanimous in the opinion that the want of proper ventilation greatly aggravates, and even produces the most malignant diseases, such as cholera, scrofula, and consumption. Let us, then, have a well-planned system of ventilating our churches put in practice, if we, as rational beings, would choose to escape the possibly terrible consequences of its neglect. Of ventilation in dwellings, we propose to say something at another time.

WHILE speaking of churches, there is another matter pertaining to our worship which needs correcting, namely, that so few praise the name of the Lord with the voice of melody. Forty or fifty years ago, in all our congregations the majority of the *people* sang, and esteemed it one of the holiest privileges. Then, for a time, the custom fell into disuse, and the Psalmists injunction, "Let all the people praise Thee," was wickedly perverted into, "Let the quartette choir do the singing, and let all the rest of the people keep silent." But times and customs are changing, and the people are again beginning to understand that they cannot *afford* to keep silent. We believe that it is the duty of every man, woman and child, in the congregation, to sing, or try to sing, and if in mercy God has granted to any a voice of peculiar sweetness he can no more withhold its use, and be excusable, than could he to whom one talent had been given, when he hid it in the earth. Nor must he who cannot boast of such a voice think that therefore he may keep silent. God prescribes the manner, no less than the matter of our worship. Songs of praise, uttered by hearts alive to the manifold mercies they have received, awaken an enthusiasm, a life,—nay the best and holiest affections of the soul. Let there be more earnestness in the service of song. Let it unite the sweetness of childhood with the overflowing feelings of adult age, and let that be begun here on earth which is so often represented as one of the employment of the redeemed in Heaven,—the only service which cannot be debased, and which, while it enkindles gratitude, elevates and ennobles the soul.

LITERARY NOTES.

ALL pamphlets, or books of any kind, relating in any manner to Somerset and Hunterdon Counties, will receive prompt notice if sent to us at the time of their publication. While the range of this Department is to be more or less general, yet we shall have primary regard to the growth of our home literature, whenever anything new in this field is offered to the public.

HORACE GREELEY'S death has brought out much fulsome praise from his personal and political friends, and many kind eulogiums from his party enemies. Without referring further to his merits as a man, or a politician, we wish to say something of him as a writer and author Here he found a sphere in which he was master. His grand use of the English tongue, and the influence he has exerted and will continue to exert by means of his rare gift of language, constitute a monument to his memory, beside which his political leadership, and everything pertaining to his partyism, dwindles into a footstone. We could almost wish, were it right so to do, that Mr. Greeley had held fast to his first love, and never released his hold on it for a second. His first love was literature—books and writing. In a sense he never forsook these, but, as in his later years he made them subservient to his duties as editor of a party journal, it is not entirely incorrect to say that his second love was politics, and to it he clung more

tenaciously than to literature. True, the best things he has ever written were of a political nature. And the finest specimens of his authorship outside of politics were written in his later years, when his mind was engrossed with national affairs. But, this merely goes to prove that, had the man not entered into the arena of politics at all, but simply been a miscellaneous writer, using his spare time for the production of such works as his *Recollections of a Busy Life*, and his *American Conflict*, literature would have gained by it, and his success as a popular writer would have been greater. Of course we do not say that his mission was not better accomplished in the way which was marked out for him. As it is, the books referred to, and all his writings indeed, are models of simplicity and purity of diction. His was a "homely" style, but only because he did not deal in rhetoric to the disregard of sense, nor in a display of erudition without wisdom. Terse, blunt, unadorned, pungent, whatever he wrote can be read with equal appreciation by everybody, from the common farmer, or mechanic, to the professed man of learning. It may be said of him that "the common people *read* him gladly," while the power of his pen was recognized still more by the leading educated men of both hemispheres. Greeley's mind was, in fact, normally vigorous. Self-cultured and self-reliant, despising the bounds of conventionalism of thought or language, he proposed to be true to truth, perspicacity and strength in his writings, rather than to run the risk of sacrificing these by being nervous or florid; and reasoning backward from language to mind, and from mind to character, it would have been a wonder had he been otherwise than the man of simple, frugal, homely, yet powerful life he was. In bestowing praise upon his memory, therefore, let us be just enough to see that his real greatness reflected more in the pen that he wielded, and *was* more in that pen, than in any outside conduct relative to the *Tribune*, or to politics, or—we say it not unkindly—to his private life.

We have received the catalogues of our two important institutions of learning—Rutgers and Princeton College. We say Princeton, in preference to "The College of New Jersey," because it is more familiarly known by that name, and because we hardly think it fair for her to assume to be *the* College of our State. It is not courteous always to speak the truth; and *Dutchmen* don't like to hear an expression which implies that Rutger's is not the first in New Jersey. We may know that Princeton is ahead in many respects, but we need not tell it. The catalogues referred to are handsomely printed, that of Rutger's making a 68 page octavo, and that of Princeton a 48 page octavo. Both are interesting in their way, and contain some singular facts. We mention just one. Princeton has 88 students from New Jersey and 104 from Pennsylvania. Rutger's has 109 from New Jersey and 2 from Pennsylvania! To this a Princeton man would say: "Oh! that only shows that we have a national reputation. While the great Keystone State knows and has full confidence in *us*, she has barely heard of Rutger's." But a son of Rutger's would reply: "No, it means this: that we have the best *home* reputation, which speaks more highly for our character than for yours. Here, where we are best known, we are best appreciated and honored." To say the least these statistics are singular. As a matter of interest, we may further state that Rutger's has 73 students from New York, and Princeton 70; the former represents 10 states and countries, the latter 29; the former has in all 194, and the latter 376 students—which is about the usual proportion; the former has 51, and the latter 98 Freshmen. The conditions of admission are about equal, if we may judge from the list of subjects used in the examination of applicants, though it has been said that Princeton is "more severe." In Rutger's Freshmen study Natural History, and Modern History, which are displaced in Princeton for French. In the Sophomore year, Princeton takes up Natural History, and continues French, (or German at option) but does not take up Modern History, which Rutger's continues. In the Junior year, Princeton teaches Natural Religion, Physical Geography, Christian Evidences, and English Literature, studies which are supplied at Rutger's by Chemistry and Astronomy. The Seniors of Rutger's have Hebrew and Architecture, while those of Princeton have, instead, Science and Religion, American Literature and Natural Philosophy. We have noticed of course only some variations in the studies, not the whole list of either. Both have elective studies—with limited choices—which is a great modern improvement. Rutger's has one prominent department, which Princeton has not: that of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, the former including Chemistry, and the latter Civil Engineering. Prof. Cook, the State Geologist, has charge of this branch, and the State educates forty young men in it

at the public expense, by an Act of the Legislature. The cost of educating a student at Princeton is considerably more than at Rutger's —how much does not exactly appear. At Princeton there are 20 prizes and fellowships to be obtained, and in Rutger's 9, (no fellowships.) For further particulars, the Catalogues themselves must be consulted: we proposed only to note a few prominent features of these pet institutions of our State. We are, and may well continue to be proud of them, for they have done much to elevate scholarship at home, and give us honor abroad; they have sent forth some of the best material in the world for building up a great nation, by filling seats in the Legislatures and in Congress, by supplying our more quiet professions with men of signal learning and ability, and by making educated and noble voters; and we believe they have an incalculable amount of good yet in store for the future.

A DIFFERENT sort of a catalogue, which is a history rather than a catalogue, is also before us. (*History of the District Medical Society*, for the County of Hunterdon: Together with the Medical History of the County. By John Blane, M. D., Newark, N. J., 1872.) A little more than two years since Dr. Blane was appointed by the Hunterdon County Medical Society to be its historian. The Dr. at first considered his health too feeble to undertake a task fraught with so many difficulties, but was at length induced to accept. He is to be congratulated on the result. With much care, diligence and hard work, he has finally succeeded in preparing an octavo pamphlet of 126 pages, detailing, first, the history of the Society; secondly, short biographical sketches of all former members of it, now deceased; thirdly, the medical history of Hunterdon County; fourthly, biographical sketches of eminent practitioners, not members of the Society; fifthly, sketches of neighboring physicians; also full tables of all physicians who have been or are now practitioners in the County. To the Medical profession this is a most important work, and to any non-professional reader it will impart nearly equal interest and profit. The Medical Society of New Jersey have printed this with their *Transactions*, but a number of separate copies, like the one before us, were obtained by the Hunterdon Society for their own use. Whether any one wishing it can obtain a copy, or not, we do not know. Dr. Blane's address is Perryville, Hunterdon County, N. J. We repeat, that Dr. Blane has performed his part *well*. Next to the "thoroughness with brevity" which so happily characterizes the biographical sketches of both deceased and living physicians, the most striking feature of the work is the appearance of candor pervading it. The ill as well as the good of many is stated, not offensively, but as a matter of history. Anecdotes illustrating the peculiarities, or eccenticities of an individual, are related, along with more sober delineations of character. This is as it should be. To canonize a man because he is dead, is to do injustice to both the dead and the living. We may draw a veil over short-comings in our conversation, but write the truth we must, if we write anything, when we come to record impartial history. Some one equally fitted for the task should undertake the same work for Somerset County. Now better than at any future time can be gathered together materials for the biographies of those noble physicians who have gone up to be judged by the Great Physician—the Van Derveers, Suydams, etc., and those who to-day make sacrifices of comfort more than any other class to alleviate distress, and preserve human life. A physician's lot is a hard one at best; a noble one withal: and the very least we can for him, if he be a faithful practitioner, is to enroll his name on the page of local history, as a benefactor of his race and age.

DR. RANKIN, of Basking Ridge, has been giving his congregation a history of its early establishment, and of the settlement of that part of Somerset County. (*The Presbyterian Church of Basking Ridge, N. J.* An Historical Discourse, by John C. Rankin, D. D. Published by request.) It seems to us good so far as it goes, but is not thorough. The earlier part of the 18th century is well treated. The latter part is skipped over as scarcely worthy of note. In this the Revolutionary war, with all its thrilling incidents in Somerset and other counties of New Jersey, occurred. Basking Ridge was the scene and centre of many of these events. Its ground is sacred by patriot blood. Mementos of the contest are there still. Lord Sterling's elegant country seat was there. Samuel L. Southard was born and raised there. Yet these things are all dismissed in a paragraph, which barely alludes to the fact of a Revolutionary struggle! Rev. Dr. Finley's character and life is well portrayed; so is Rev. Dr. Brownlee's. Yet we think Dr. Rankin has here, also, been too brief. These were great men in their day, and deserve a large place in the religious

history of the County. What follows, and concludes the pamphlet, is likewise "trimmed." We are sorry for this brevity. Dr. Rankin being abundantly able, as everyone who knows him is aware, ought to have produced a discourse which would live after him, and add materially to the literature of this part of the State—like Dr. Corwin's, for instance. Or, did he not choose to be so pains-taking and extensive, he might yet have given to his people, and to all concerned, a more satisfactory account of the history of his church and its surroundings, than he has, by being more minute in events during the last fifty years. Not doing so, he but prepares the way for a more complete *Discourse* at the hands of somebody else at some future time.

Now for painting. This book (*Every Man His Own Painter*, by F. B. Gardner, New York: Samuel R. Wells.) is stated on the title page to be "a complete compendium of the art," etc.—the etc. including nearly every possible use for a brush. It is hardly what it claims to be; yet as a manual for young beginners at the art of painting barns, out-houses, carriages, and other coarse jobs of the kind, it may subserve an important end. The trouble with works of this nature is, that, however definite and truthful may be their contents, no person can do away with experience by simply reading them. Painting even a barn-door is an art; an acquired art; and much more so is painting, papering and graining a house, or a room. Suggestions from a book may be very valuable, if considered as suggestions. In this sense there is a value in *Every Man His Own Painter*. The book is small and therefore handy.

The pamphlet lately issued by the State Temperance Alliance, prepared by its Corresponding Secretary, (*First Annual Report* of The New Jersey State Temperance Alliance, 1872,) is a very valuable one in its matter and form. The minutes of all meetings are usually dull in print, but this is otherwise. Besides, the actual minutes of the meeting of the Alliance, which was held in Trenton, January 25th, 1872, together with the full address of Hon. Wm. P. Frye, of Maine, take up but 36 of the 107 pages of the pamphlet. The address of Frye seems to have been an earnest, pointed, thorough one, treating not only of Prohibition in Maine, but of the rise, progress and present aspect of the Temperance movement over the country. The rest of the pamphlet is devoted to the Local Option and License systems, their constitutionality and advantages (and *per contra*,) the "New Jersey Liquor Organizations," "Documents of the Liquor Party," "The Brewers' Address," "Reply to the Brewers," "Attorney General Gilchrist's Opinion" on Local Option, a "Reply," and many other facts and figures on the Temperance question. A *Report* of this kind is calculated to do much good, if only to enable our reading classes to obtain an intelligible view of the whole case. We understand that it will be followed up by a similar *Report* next year. Once let both parties print their best arguments to sustain their positions and spread them broadcast among the people, and much will be done toward influencing voters to a proper decision at the ballot-box, and members of society to the same decision at their homes, where, after all, is the best place to begin a Temperance reform.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM PEAPACK.

Professor Cook's Agricultural Lecture.

Editors of Our Home:—The Annual Agricultural Lecture for Somerset County was delivered by Professor Cook, Dec. 13th, 1872, in the Lecture-room of the Reformed Church, at Peapack.

A good number of farmers were present, showing a commendable anxiety to learn something that might be put to profitable account of what science teaches in reference to the management of our soils and crops.

After a few preliminary remarks, the Professor began his Lecture proper, by saying that

our principal need was A GREATER AMOUNT OF INTELLIGENCE BROUGHT TO BEAR UPON OUR FARMING OPERATIONS.

This he illustrated:

1. By showing the necessity of the adaptation of manures for particular crops to be raised. There are three principal substances which furnish the most of plant food, viz: Ammonia, Phosphoric Acid and Potash. The farmer should know which of these are specially necessary for any particular crop; should know where it is found, and how it may be most advantageously applied. For example:

Wheat needs ammonia, which is largely found in barn-yard manure, and in guano; consequently either of these are properly applied when a wheat crop is to be raised. *Potatoes* require potash mainly, and consequently it is an entire loss—*it does no good whatever*—to apply either of the above manures for a potato crop.

In this connection, too, the Professor urged thorough tillage and underdraining, not so much deep ploughing and loosening of the sub-soil. The surface must be thoroughly tilled and stirred, that it may drink in the rain and air, and receive the many good things they have to give, while the sub-soil should be so loosened that water does not remain in it to chill the roots of plants, and so hinder their growth.

2. By showing the propriety of a rotation of crops such as will allow the soil to recuperate. That which is called rotation, and is generally followed in this portion of the State, viz: corn, oats, and wheat, *is really no rotation*, as they all require mainly the same food. By the time these three successive crops, all requiring Ammonia, are raised, the land is exhausted of this substance, and only by great expense is it again supplied. Between the corn and wheat should be a crop of potates, or turnips, or clover, or some crop which does not require Ammonia. The return may not be quite so speedy, but it will more than pay in leaving the lands in better state for the wheat crop.

3. The matter of adapting ourselves in farming to the changing state of the country was then dwelt upon. The ready means of transportation now afforded, render it impossible for us successfully to compete with the West in raising corn and wheat. But the keeping of stock—especially sheep-raising, hay, and the various ways which an increased intelligence, brought to bear on our farming operations, would suggest, will make farming, in this region, so near the very best markets of the country, more remunerative than heretofore. Here the Professor gave several examples of such farming in England and Scotland, which were exceedingly remunerative. In speaking of cows, especially as kept for the quantity of milk, the experiments made on the college farm at New Brunswick were decidedly in favor of the Ayreshire breed. They often found common stock just as good, but sometimes they were very poor, while the former were invariably good.

4. The design and plan of conducting the College were then spoken of at some length. Their aim is: (1.) To educate young men, who shall then go to their homes in different parts of the State, and put in practice the theories, or facts of science which they have learned, and proved by actual experiment. (2.) To try experiments, *prove* theories, and then by means of lectures and printed reports, scatter the knowledge thus obtained for the benefit of the farmers throughout the State.

I have endeavored to give you the principal points of the lecture. We were gratified and edified, and look forward with great pleasure to the fulfillment of the Doctor's acceptance of the invitation given to deliver his next year's lecture here also.

H. P. THOMPSON.

OUR NEW YORK ART LETTER.

Editors of OUR HOME:—Since there is an opera season, and music and musicians are occupying a share of attention, a little gossip on this subject may not be uninteresting to "Our Home" folks.

Italian Opera in New York has had an eventfull history; its earlier days being marked by many struggles for existence. It would flourish for a time, and then languish and die, leaving its managers only disappointed and empty pockets. 'Its decline was to be all attributed,' said the managers, 'to the indifference of the public, who were too much absorbed in money getting, and were too little cultured to appreciate it.'

And this may have been true in times gone by, when the millionaires of to-day were amassing their wealth, and had little time or thought for aught beyond the drudgery of every day life. Not so now, however.

Fortunes that were formerly confined to a few, are now possessed by many, while the facilities for rapid ocean transit have brought our people into familiarity with the best music of the Old

World, and so cultured them that they not only can appreciate, but demand first-class Opera. And if it fails to be remunerative, let the managers look to themselves for the cause. Let them present to us, at almost any cost, the sweetest song-bird whom Europe and America can produce; let them give us Opera complete in all its parts from prima donna to chorus singers, and the public will support them heartily. But don't attempt to palm upon us second and third rate artists

The success of Carl Rosa last winter, when he gave us Parepa and Phillips, Watchel and Santley,—a quartette of great artists instead of one,—will long be remembered. Those nights marked a new era in the Opera in this country; they had never been approached before, either in artistic talent or the ardor of the public.

The receipts averaged nine thousand dollars a night.

But Rosa is the prince of managers, and understands grasping opportunities. Parepa was his greatest opportunity. He seized her and his fortune was secured.

Only a few years since he came to us a fiddler, and appeared in concerts. He soon found his way to the popular favor by his skill in handling the instrument, of which he is, evidently, master. Since then he has given proof of his ability in another direction, as conductor of orchestra, and Opera manager, in which he gave us a combination of talent such as to which this country has never before listened.

And he secured Parepa. Such a prize! Who that has listened to her wonderful voice can ever forget it? The Academy of Music seems yet to echo those notes of hers, which filled the building with apparently no effort on her part. We have had others who sang as sweetly, but rarely one who has combined the sweetness with the breadth and volume of Parepa. Nillson, who came heralded as a second Jenny Lind, created a furore, not so much by the quality of voice, however, as by her ability as an actress. She possessed a stage manner indiscribably winning, and a voice which, though it had not much breadth, had such sweetness as won the hearts of her listeners. And we gave her our hearts not only, but our dollars; it being estimated that not less than two hundred and fifty thousand were poured into her lap as the reward of her efforts to please us. What wonder that she loves America and Americans, and desires, as has been stated, to spend a portion of each year among them?

This season Maretzek has brought us Lucca, who is already the pet of European audiences, and is rapidly ingratiating herself into favor with our own music-loving public. She came with no flourish of trumpets as did Nillson, but is, nevertheless, by her talent and genius bringing all hearts at her feet. Like Nillson she was born in poverty and obscurity, and while a ballet girl at one of the German theatres her musical ability was discovered.

At the time of entering into engagement with Maretzek, she was a member of the Royal Opera at Berlin, where, by the terms of membership, she was obliged, or rather was under promise, to appear a certain number of months in every year, after which she was at liberty to sing elsewhere. Happening to quarrel with a Madam Mallinger, a rival prima donna in the Berlin Opera company, upon some trivial matter, Lucca insisted that her enemy should be dismissed from the company, and because her request was not complied with, my lady threw up her engagement with the Berliners, and sped to America with Maretzek. Truly may it be said their loss is our gain. She is a charming little person, very youthful in appearance, with a clear, flute-like voice; a voice very different in quality from Parepa or Nillson, yet equally pleasing in its way. In one respect she differs from any other songster who has been upon our stage; that is, she combines the genius of acting and singing in one and the same person. And this is a rare gift. Nillson possessed it to a certain extent but Lucca does pre-eminently.

Lucca will undoubtedly be a success; and her triumphs have but just commenced in New York. Adieu.

GOTHAM.

A FUNNY LETTER.

Editors of OUR HOME:

You have heard, of course, of Mrs. Clipper,
Whose tongue was never known to trip her.
With your permission I'll write a few
Grave stories which *she* avows are true.

STORY I.

She had a cabbage once, so tall,
She could not reach the seed at all.
It grew quite near her garden wall—
So, with her ladder on the ground,
She climbed up to the highest round,
And *then*, of course, the seed she found.

STORY II.

One raging month—I think July—
The mercury stood up so high,
She took of pewter everything,
And placed them in the cooling spring,
And left them until close of day—
For fear, you see, *they'd melt away.*

STORY III.

Her father owned a fast young horse
That she could ride at night, of course.
Once on a dark and moonless night,
This horse ran off with all his might.
Of her I know not, but *he*—wonderful sense—
Jumped, splendidly, a *seven rail fence.*

More anon

MUDGE.

LOCAL ITEMS.

DECEMBER, 1872.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

4th.—Bound Brook: John McTurney and sister, while walking on C. R. R. track, were killed, by 4½ o'clock train from New York. Coroner's jury censured R. R. Co. for neglect of having an additional flagman there.

5th.—Peapack: Re-opening of Reformed Church, Rev. H. P. Thompson, pastor. The $4,500 spent on repairing this church is Centennial offering of this congregation to the Reformed Church in America.

10th.—Somerville: Missionary meeting of the Classis of Raritan in 2nd. Reformed Church. Addresses by Rev. Drs. Ferris, Scudder and Talmadge—the latter two having been missionaries to India and China.

13th.—Bound Brook: Lecture by Rev. J. T. Crane. Peapack: Lecture by Prof. Geo. Cook, of Rutger's Agricultural College.

17th.—East Millstone: Donation visit of Rev. Mr. McWilliams. Somerville: Winter term of Court opens. D. K. Craig foreman of Grand Jury.

18th.—Peapack: Donation visit of Rev. W. H. Haggerty.

20th.—Bound Brook: J. Seaver Page lectured on "The Humorous and Dramatic." Somerville: School exhibition by Mr. Flowers with 53 pupils of his private school.

22nd.—Bound Brook: Fire consuming barn of Mr. Stryker. Loss about $500. Somerville: Rev. Pennell Combe commenced a series of Temperance addresses, delivered with great power.

25th.—Christmas. General observance by closing of places of business, and holding of church services.

26th.—Fearful snow-storm everywhere, blocking up roads, and impeding all travel. Heavy drifts prevented measurement but snow probably 20 inches deep, as an average.

——Weston: Post-Office re-established with George Eldridge Postmaster.

——North Branch Depot: Peter L. Kline resigns his position as Postmaster and Arthur S. Gaston appointed in his place.

——Bound Brook: George Mollison appointed mail route agent over Central Railroad *vice* Stopp resigned.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

2nd.—White House: Silver wedding of Wyckoff Reed and lady.

3rd.—Flemington: Winter term of Court opened. Charles Roberson foreman of Grand Jury.

7th.—Alexandria Township: Barn of Daniel H. Amerman consumed by fire—the work of an incendiary. Loss about $2,500. Rock Mills: Donation visit of Rev. J. L. Grant. Most disgraceful conduct at it by a party of Flaggtown roughs.

9th.—Glen Gardner: Run-away of horse of William Müller, breaking wagon to pieces.

10th.—Flemington: Grand Jury found 7 indictments for murder against some participants in the Pattenburg riots.

11th.—Lambertville: Lecture at Lyceum Hall by Rev. J. B. Graw.

12th.—Readington: Entertainment to the Sunday School of Reformed Church given by Aaron J. Auten.

14th.—Oakdale: Serious accident to Edward Schenck and son by a run-away horse. Junction: Exhibition by Sunday School children, meeting with great financial success.

17th.—Bloomsbury: Collision of emigrant and freight train on C. R. R. at 11 P. M., in which seven freight cars were demolished, and two baggage cars telescoped. No one injured.

Glen Gardner: Charles Simerson killed while feeding a stone-cracker by sledge coming off its handle, falling in jaws of cracker, and rebounding in his face. Mechanicsville: Meeting of New Jersey Central Ministerial Association (Methodist.) New Germantown: Presentation of handsome study chair to Prof. Noll by his friends in the Lutheran Sunday School.

18th.—Spruce Run: Donation visit of Rev. David Kline.

19th.—Hopewell: Dedication of Calvary Baptist Church. Sermon by Rev. H. C. Fish.

22nd.—Clinton: Methodist Church re-opened, with services conducted by Rev. Messrs. Ellison, Searles, Winans and Taylor. Church had been elegantly frescoed.

23rd.—Flemington: Chief Justice Beasley set aside indictments against the Pattenburg rioters, for irregularity of form. Sidney: Serious accident to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Aller by driving against a huge rock in the road left there by careless workmen.

25th.—Christmas generally observed.

26th.—Fearful snow storm.

——Frenchtown: Rev. Mr. Shermer received a call to a church in New York State.

THE WEATHER.

We give the following synopsis of the weather, temperature, etc. at Somerville, for the month of December, 1872, and shall continue them each month hereafter. The data is furnished us by Mr. Isaac Crater, and the state of the thermometer noted is the indication at 7 o'clock A. M.

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1....	9°	
2....	28°	
3....	34°	
4....	35°	
5....	28°	
6....	20°	Clear.
7....	25°	"
8....	32°	Rainy.
9....	34°	Cloudy with snow-squalls. Very cold in the afternoon.
10....	13°	Clear and windy.
11....	18°	Cloudy.
12....	18°	Hazy.
13....	10°	
14....	22°	
15....	28°	
16....	22°	Snow and hail.
17....	23°	
18....	25°	3 inches of snow fell, with rain in afternoon.
19....	23°	Clear.
20....	32°	Rainy.
21....	20°	Clear.
22....	4°	Cold, 1° above at evening.
23....	10°	
24....	8°	2° below at evening.
25....	Zero.	
26....	8°	Heavy snow, nearly 2ft. deep.
27....	8°	1° below at 8 P. M.
28....	8°	
29....	16°	
30....	-8°	Clear, but bitter cold.
31....	26°	

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM NOV. 15TH, 1872, TO DEC. 15TH, 1872.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Clark, J. S. H.	Mary E. Davenport	Dec. 4	Somerville	Clark
Coolbaugh, Frank	Mattie V. Squier	Nov. 26	Somerville	Messler
Doolittle, E. D.	Julia Ludlam	Nov. 26	———	Doolittle
Frech, Geo. H.	Mattie L. Brokaw	Nov. 27	New Brunswick	Le Fevre
Hagaman, A. S.	Mary Vechte	Dec. 4	Harlingen	Gardner
Leigh, Wm.	Jane M. Smith	Dec. 3	Liberty Corner	English
Perry, Theodore	Emma Apgar	Nov. 28	Somerville	Scarlett
Stevens, James B.	Christian Zuckschwert	Nov. 28	Union Village	Palmer
Sherwood, Geo. E.	L. Annie Van Doren	Nov. 27	Somerville	Mesick
Sebring, Ambrose	Margaret Skillman	Nov. 27	Somerville	Scarlett
Staats, Richard F.	Jennie Clawson	Dec. 11	South Branch	Pitcher

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Amey Chas. M.	Mary E. Fowler	Dec. 11	Lambertville	Willifer
Apgar, George	Jane Vanderbelt	Dec. 12	Hickory	Aller
Alpaugh, Jacob N.	Elizabeth C. Castner	Dec. 14	Mountainville	Belles
Bellis, Theo.	Ellie M. Chamberlin	Nov. 20	East Amwell	Scofield
Bodine, S. R.	Sarah L. Larison	Dec. 11	Dela. Township	Young
Bond, David Jr.	Mattie Fisher	Nov. 21	Ringoes	Harrrison
Boyer, Henry	Annie Bloxin	Dec. 5	Clover Hill	Oliver
Case, Joseph B.	Susan M. Case	Dec. 7	Cherryville	Young
Carr, Jno. W.	Mary J. Hann	Nov. 16	Pittstown	Williamson
Davis, Frank A.	Lizzie S. Fritts	Nov. 27	Asbury	Bowlby
Goodfellow, S. L.	Amy W. Brewer	Dec. 19	Ringoes	Winans
Goodfellow, Jas.	Mary J. Sergeant	Dec. 24	Ringoes	Harrison
Hoffman, Thos. F.	Annie E. DeWitt	Nov. 20	Mount Pleasant	Aller
Humphrey, Lambert	Laura Gulick	Nov. 20	Clinton	Van Amburgh
Lare, Joseph	Susan E. Osmun	Dec. 7	Asbury	Fort
Larrison, John	Delia C. Bodine	Dec. 11	Dela. Township	Caldwell
Lindabury, H. K.	Amanda Hoffman	Dec. 14	Fairmount	Willox
Pittenger, Abram	Annie J. Case	Dec. 7	Cherryville	Williamson
Ryno, Chas. E.	Amanda Bosenbury	Nov. 28	Copper Hill	Harrison
Rhinehart, Wm.	Sarah J. Eick	Nov. 20	Tewks'y Town'ship	Van Amburgh
Skillman, P. H.	Anna F. McCann	Nov. 20	Flemington	Vassar
Sloan, John S.	Amarilda Hoffman	Nov. 20	Lebanon	Cornell
Slater, Elias S.	Mary E. Hance	Dec. 5	Andersontown	Kugler
Tait, Samuel	Lizzie D. Blackfan	Nov. 27	Bray's Hill	Van Doren
Wiggins, Jas. A.	Ellen J. Bush	Nov. 27	Succasunna	Runyon

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM NOVEMBER 15TH, 1872, TO DECEMBER 15TH, 1872.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Craig, Carrie E.	Somerville	Dec. 7	10
Everly, Joseph	Somerville	Nov. 17	60
Hill, Sarah E.	Somerville	Nov. 25	27
Leeson, Nancy	Bound Brook	Dec. 3	75
Lupp, Mary L.	Somerville	Dec. 25	64
Powelson, Anthony	Bloomington	Nov. 24	52
Van Este ——	Harlingen	Dec. 1	70

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Apgar, Peter	Tewksbury Township	Dec. 12	75
Bachman, Kate	Lambertville	Nov. 19	50
Boss, Sarah	Frenchtown	Dec. 15	—
Cooper, Amy	Lambertville	Nov. 24	73
Dean, Joseph	Kingwood Township	Dec. 6	91
Fox, Absalom	Kingwood Township	Nov. 23	78
Fleet, Martha	Clinton	Dec. 5	24
Gilbert, Emma	White House	Dec. 13	2
Gallagher, Martin	Junction	Dec. 15	35
Hildebrandt, John	Pottstown	Nov. 23	80
Hartpence, G. W. B.	Frenchtown	Dec. 8	Infant
Kels, James S.	Perryville	Dec. 15	26
McCrystal, David	Flemington	Nov. 29	60
Parkinson, Ada M.	Glen Gardner	Dec. 3	Infant
Robbins, Jonathan	Union Township	Dec. 12	79
Runyon, Alvah	Little York	Nov. 24	56
Stout, Mary E.	Lambertville	Dec. 11	18
Schooley, Jediah	Bloomsburg	Dec. 5	62
Vlearbome, Laura S.	Flemington	Nov. 18	Infant
Van Syckle, Mary	Clinton	Dec. 11	4
Woodruff, Joseph	Hampden	Dec. 13	64
Williamson, Mary L.	Ringoes	Nov. 25	45

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1873. No. 3

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[THIRD PAPER.]

THE following names of many of the ancestors of the Raritan settlers, who emigrated from Old to New Amsterdam, between the years 1657 and 1664 inclusive, with the dates of their arrival, and the names of the ships in which they came, will be found of interest:

In the *Gilded Otter*, Dec. 1657, Nicholas Powelson from Denmark. In the same, March, 1660, Garret Van Buren. In the *Gilded Beaver*, April, 1657, Albert Van Meulen. In the same, May, 1658, Charles Van Tine (French), John Garretson, Cornelius Hoagland, and William Van Vredenburg, who was doubtless the ancestor of the Vredenburgs along the Raritan. In the *Moesman*, April, 1657, William Johnson and Peter Peterson. In the same, March, 1660, Harman Hendrick Van Deventer and William Van Derbeek. In the *Bontakoe* (Spotted Cow), April, 1660, Stephen Courten Van Voorhees, Cornelius Van Liewen (French), Hendrick Eyck, Peter Marten. In the same, April, 1663, Staes Degroot, (French.) In the *St. Jean Baptist*, Jan., 1661, John Tunison and John Williamson. In the *Fox*, August, 1662, Albert Saboriskie (Zabriskie), from Prussia, William Simonson, David Davidson and David Ackerman. In the *Rose Tree*, March, 1663, John Buys, Edward Smith and Frederick Claeson. Other vessels were also engaged in transporting emigrants between the two countries. With these came Peter Claus Wyckoff in 1636, John Van Nostrand (from Denmark), in 1640, and Peter Van Neste in 1650. The latter was doubtless the same who was ordained the sole elder of the first church along the Raritan at its organization in 1699. In 1649 came Garret Van Duyn, who was an elder in the church of New Utrecht, and who died in 1706. Two of his grandsons, William and Dennice (sons of his son Dennice), settled on adjoining farms along the Raritan, in Somerset County, three miles above New Brunswick. They were supporters of the Church at Three-Mile-Run in 1703. The farms were afterward, for a long time, in possession of Capt. Henry Suydam, of Revolutionary memory, and he converted both farms into one. I remember, sixty-

five years ago, when a boy, seeing the old house standing on the rear farm. It was then deserted, and was shortly afterward taken down. The captain lived in the old house now to be seen on the banks of the River. The property is at present owned by Dr. Rush Van Dyke, formerly of Philadelphia, who has now made his residence thereon. It would be interesting at this day to know the date of the erection of this old house, with similar ones throughout the County, whose occupants have long since passed away; but as no historical information about them exists, we are compelled to remain in ignorance.

In 1650 came Dirck John Hoagland, whose descendents have been numerous along the Raritan and Millstone, and Roeloff Martinse Schenck. In 1651 arrived Jacob Stryker, whose descendents are with us to this day. (We read that in 1566 Hermann Stryker, a Romish monk, renounced his vows, and became one of the most popular Protestant preachers of his day.) In the same year, 1651, came Richard Van Sutphen, Auke John Nuys and Hendrick Williamson. In 1652 came Jaques Cortleyou and John Van Dyke, who settled at New Utrecht, and were men of prominence. Their descendents in this section, as also those of Richard Van Sutphen, are well known. A brief history of these, and other ancestors who had something to do with the early settlement of Somerset County, may be given in future papers in OUR HOME.

In 1653 came John Van Cleef; in 1654 Johannes Theodorus Polhemus, Christoffel Probasco, Joseph Hageman and Hendrick Veghten; in 1664, John Van Vliet; in 1659, Cornelius Van Derveer; in 1653, Wouter Van Pelt; in 1672, Peter Schamp and Lucas Covert.

The names of the vessels not before enumerated were the *Draetvat*, *Brownfish*, *Love*, *Otter*, *Beaver*, *Golden Eagle*, *Hope*, *Pumerland*, *Church*, *Star*, *St. Jacob*, *Stetin*, *St. Peter*, *Broken Heart* and *Concord*.

The emigrants doubtless took their passage principally on trading vessels, as their greatest number at any one arrival was 45 With the handing over of the government of New Amsterdam to the English, the emigration from Holland, with few exceptions, ceased.

Albert Saboriskie was the great ancestor of Hon. A. O. Zabriskie, the present Chancellor of New Jersey, and, most likely of all of that name in America.

Johannes Theodorus Polhemus, a minister of the Reformed Church of Holland, was the progenitor of all the families of that name in this country. For a long period this name has held a distinguished place among officers of State and men of letters in the Netherlands, where the family originated. The original name was Polheem, and the Latin terminus *us* was affixed as a mark of eminence, according to a custom more or less prevalent, I believe, in former times, among men of learning and distinction. Anciently some members of this family enjoyed celebrity in the cities of Antwerp and Ghent. In the first named city Eleazer Polhemus, a learned jurist, held the office of Burgomaster in 1310. When Johannes arrived in this country he accepted a call from the church of Flat bush, where he labored from 1654 to 1665. Afterward he labored in the church at Brooklyn until his decease, June 9th, 1676. His wife's name was Catherine Van Werven. His children were Theodorus, Daniel, Elizabeth, Adriana, Anna and Margaret. Daniel was captain of the troops of Kings' County, and Supervisor of Flatbush in 1705. He was afterward County Judge, and died just prior to 1730. He left sons, as follows: Cornelius, Daniel, Hendrick and Jacob. Cornelius settled at Haver-

straw; Hendrick at Harlingen, Somerset County, N. J.; Daniel in New York, and Cornelius in Hempstead, Long Island. All left families.* Hendrick settled, at an unknown date, on a large tract of land, extending from Harlingen to the Millstone River, and on this he built a log house. He was succeeded, on the homestead, by his son Hendrick; Hendrick by his son Daniel (the father of Henry Polhemus, for some time pastor of the churches of Harlingen and Neshanic, who died in 1813;) Daniel by his son Isaac, and Isaac by his son Isaac, late deceased, who was a brother of Bernard Polhemus, now of Somerville, and Peter G. Polhemus of New Brunswick. The old homestead is now owned by William Williamson, who resides thereon. But it was in the possession of the Polhemus family for nearly five generations.

The Polhemus families in this section have long been noted for their industry, skill and success in agricultural pursuits —especially as grain and stock raisers; their talents thus running in a different channel from that of their ancestors. In the matter of good buildings also, they have taken a great pride. A certain agent, who disposes of agricultural machinery, becoming well acquainted with the farming operations of a Polhemus in Somerset County, was heard to say of the Polhemus' farm that it was the best cultivated of any of the many scores which he had visited; that while there was nothing showy or expensive, still everything necessary to promote comfort, convenience and success were found there; that all things appeared to be done in proper season, and had their time and place; that, in fact, it was the best conducted farm of any within his knowledge.

In the last century we know of but one execution for the crime of murder in Somerset County, beside the negro belonging to Abram Van Neste, who was burned at Millstone. Not a single execution for that crime has taken place during the present century. One conviction only was had; but the criminal was recommended to the mercy of the Court, and his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. It was stated by Lawyer Wells, who resided on the Raritan, near New Brunswick, a short time since, and just previous to his death, that about the year 1830, he was appointed by the Court of Kings' County, Long Island, to defend a man charged with the crime of murder, and a strict search then made revealed the fact that no person had been previously convicted there of the same high grade of crime. This is interesting to know, because the County of Kings was settled by the ancestors of many of the families, who now go to make up the population of the Raritan.

In 1740 one of the great routes of travel was from Philadelphia, *via* Bristol, Trenton, Princeton, Somerset Court House at Six-Mile-Run, and New Brunswick, to Amboy; from thence across Staten Island and the Narrows to Flatbush; thence to New York.

RALPH VOORHEES.

* For the coat of arms, and a further description of these families, see Riker's *Annals of New-Town* (Long Island).

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

JOHANN LUDWIG, or, as we should say, John Lewis Uhland, the most remarkable ballad writer, and one of the sweetest poets that Germany has ever produced, was born at Tubingen, an old walled town of Wurtemberg, April 26, 1787, and died where he was born, November 13, 1862, aged seventy five years, six months and seventeen days. The town itself, though even now it has a population of but seven or eight thousand, has about it the charm of a peculiar interest, arising from its historic associations. The famous University established here had among its earlier professors such men of renown as Reuchlin and his pupil Melancthon, and its seat was in the ancient castle of the Counts-Palatine, around which still lingered the memory of their palmy days.

Here Uhland was educated, and here, while he was yet but a youth, his first published poem saw the light, in Seckendorf's *Musen-Almanach*, about the year 1806. His original design was to take orders in the church, though he afterwards had thoughts of entering the medical profession, which, however, he finally abandoned, and turned his attention to the law. He pursued his studies at the University, and took his degree of Doctor of Laws in 1810.

In the same year he was sent to Paris for the purpose of acquiring a better knowledge of French law, and especially of the Code Napoleon. But there he made the acquaintance of Varnhagen von Ense, the friend and correspondent of Humboldt, of Ludwig Adalbert von Chamisso, afterwards celebrated as a poet, and still more so as the author of *Peter Schlemihl*, and of Immanuel Bekker, then devouring the contents of the Paris library in his insatiable hunger for study; and their united influence upon him only served to excite in greater strength the natural tendency of Uhland's mind.

Bekker and Uhland were congenial spirits. Each had a fondness for the old romance, or ballad poetry. They worked together in the library by day, and enjoyed "a quiet read" in Uhland's lodging at night. "In those days," says a writer on Uhland, "the Parisian library was not the most comfortable place to read in; a brazier of charcoal was the source of warmth in cold winter days, and we are told that Uhland learned to write with his left hand, to avoid losing time, while thawing the fingers of his right hand over the coals."

Uhland remained in Paris nine months; but, while nominally studying law, the inborn spirit of the poet developed more clearly its controlling power, and he returned to Tubingen to enter upon that marvellous career which has added a new glory to his fatherland, and caused the name of Uhland to be honored and loved throughout the world. He makes a graceful allusion in one of his poems to his inward struggle between the study of the law, which he loved so little, and the charm of poetry, which he loved so much:

"Als ich mich des Rechts beflissen
Gegen meines Herzen's Drang,
Und mich halb nur losgerissen
Von dem lockenden Gesang."

'I toiled at law with effort strong
Against the promptings of my heart,
And from the clasp of charming song
Had torn myself but half apart.'

Still he resolved to pursue his profession, for he held that every man, whether poet or not, should have some practical occupation in life. He accordingly removed to Stuttgart, the capital city of Wurtemberg, only about eighteen miles

from his native town, and began to practice at the Stuttgart bar. It was shortly after this, when, owing to previous failures to obtain a publisher of his collected poems, he had almost given up forever the idea of becoming an author, that the Coltas, great book publishers at the time, were induced by a gentleman of fine taste and judgment, to issue a volume of his poetry. It was fortunate, both for them and the world, for from 1814 to the present time, not a year has passed without the recurring demand for a new edition of Uhland's poems.

Nor was he only a poet. On more than one occasion he distinguished himself by his patriotic devotion to the rights, liberties and welfare of the people against the encroachments of arbitrary power. In 1848 after "the Western tornado," as some of the Germans called the French Revolution, had shaken up the nations of Europe, and given fresh life and vigor to the friends of freedom, Uhland, both as private citizen, and as representative in the Frankfort Assembly, rendered noble, though unavailing service, which bound him by new ties of affection to the popular heart.

From that time onward he lived a retired, quiet life in his picturesque home in Tubingen, spending his time in those poetical and philological studies that were so congenial to his taste. Official position or rank had no attractions for him. He loved his own house, and the intellectual employments that engaged him there, and he could look upon the gilded but hollow pomp of the world with the indifference of a man whose spirit was familiar with nobler things. His wife, with whom he lived for forty years, was worthy of his confidence and love, which she returned in generous measure. And thus, with a heart as simple as that of a child, full of good will and charity toward all, a very embodiment of modesty itself, so that it is doubtful whether he ever knew how great he was, gentle and loving in his daily walk at home and abroad, but firm as a rock for truth and right, and brave even to the loftiest heroism when it was required, he lived such a life as a man and a Christian that he "kept himself unspotted from the world."

So greatly was he loved that on his seventy-fifth birth-day all Germany poured in its congratulations upon him in telegrams, letters, addresses, complimentary verses and serenades. Among others there was one letter with a Northern postmark, but without a name. The writer, a Catholic lady, stated that while going to church on the Feast of the Assumption, a stanza from his poem, "The Pilgrim," had so come over her mind and heart as to give her the most exquisite pleasure; and she could not refrain from writing to tell him of it, as a birth-day offering, together with a small present which she enclosed. The stanza was:

"Blieb der goldne Himmel offen
Als empor die Heil'ge fuhr?
Bluht noch auf den Rosenwolken
Ihres Fusses lichte Spur?"

'Remains the golden Heaven unclosed
As when on high the Virgin sped?
Glows still upon each roseate cloud
The vestige of her gentle tread?'

A little more than six months after, on November 13, 1862, as already stated, Uhland peacefully passed away. His last sickness is said to have been brought on by attending the funeral of his lifelong friend and fellow-poet, Justinus Kerner, which occurred in the previous February.

It will give some idea of the obstacles that Uhland met and overcame in his career, as well as of the estimation in which he was, and still is held, by his countrymen, to add a few paragraphs, which we translate from the sketch prefixed to his poems, in the thirty-third

volume of the *National-Bibliothek der Deutschen Classiker*, published at Hildburghausen, a number of years before his death:

"Among the few lofty forms that are conspicuous in the numberless crowd of pigmy-poets, whose little songs, full of empty jinglings, occupy the German Magazines and pocket volumes, and supply us with an abundance of mere names of poets, such as no other people in the world ever had, Uhland as one of the noblest advances to meet us. He belongs to the great spirit by whom alone this age can have any hope that upon the ebb of German poetry, which set in after the beginning of our century, a flood is again to follow, and that the period of our classic literature, as represented by Herder, Gœthe and Schiller, is not yet forever closed.

"The more eagerly the insolence of the critics and their malicious, impertinent and foolish shamelessness have been exerted to drag down our Uhland's kindred spirits, Tieck and Frederick Schlegel, among the crowd of insignificent writers as their proper associates and friends, and so by their fault-finding to deprive the German people of their pole-star of hope for the return of a better time for our literature, the more remarkable it is that without opposition they should number our poet among the greatest; especially as, until within a few years past, when Uhland had already become the favorite poet of the people, they ignored his very existence, and maintained a rigid silence in regard to him. The German critic was the last voice in Germany that mentioned his name, and he opened his mouth only to offer the tribute of his recognition which now he could no longer refuse without rendering himself ridiculous. This phenomenon is remarkable, and it gives us a deep insight into the spirit of the prevailing style of criticism.

"Uhland's poems, distinguished by the noblest simplicity, and without the least mannerism, are characterized by power, depth and truth. They all breathe the genuine, sturdy man, inspired for Right, Fatherland and Freedom, who, opposed to all the silly fondness for foreign novelties, and to all the affectation and empty show of the present time seizes with strong hand the reins of taste, and strives to give it a worthy direction. The wounds of his time he feels deeply; but he does not whine out his grief in womanish complaints. Bravely does he come forward, and show how things may be made better by suitable word and deed.

"Uhland has exercised his genius in almost all the the forms of poetry. As dramatist (*Ernest, Duke of Suabia*, a tragedy, Heidelberg. 1815; *Lewis of Bavaria*, a drama, Berlin, 1829), he holds an eminent position But no kind has he cultivated more successfully than the Ballad. We need not hesitate to affirm that by no German poet of any time has its inmost nature been so thoroughly and clearly understood as by him. Uhland lives at present at Stuttgart, and is occupied almost entirely with the study of German popular poetry, in which his soul, so deeply in harmony, has for a long time been absorbed."

Appended are a couple of translations from Uhland's poems which have furnished a pleasant occupation for some leisure moments. The first is entitled, "Graf Richard Ohnefurcht," or "Count Richard the Fearless." The second is "Der Wirthin Tochterlein," or "The Land-lady's Daughter." I also append a third, in a different strain, beautiful and touching in the highest degree. Who the translator of "The Better Land" is I do not know, but no reader can fail to recognize and respond to its tender pathos.

JOHN A. TODD.

COUNT RICHARD THE FEARLESS.

COUNT RICHARD erst of Normandie,
From fear through all his life was free.
He roamed by night as if 'twere day;
He oft met spectres on his way;
But ne'er was evil to him done
By day, nor yet at mid-night lone.

Because so much at night he rode,
The rumor went 'mong men abroad,
That he could better see at night
Than others by the sun's clear light.
As o'er the land he roamed around,
He used, where'er a church he found,
To enter, if the doors stood wide;
If not, to halt and pray outside.

So, once, he found by starlight pale
A church in a sequestered vale.
He turned aside, and there alone,
Thoughtful, he let his train pass on.
Beside the gate his horse he tied;
He entered, and a corpse espied.
Close by the bier he onward went,
And at the altar, kneeling, bent.

His gloves upon a stool he threw,
The floor he kissed with reverence true.
Yet had he prayed but little while,
When moved, behind him in the aisle,
The corpse upon the bier that laid.
The Count looked round: "Comrade!" he said,
"Or good or bad you here remain,
Lie down, and do not move again."

Then first his prayer he ended well,—
If short or long I cannot tell;
Next crossed himself, and said, "My soul,
Lord, I resign to thy control."
His sword he seized to go his way.
Then rose the corpse from where it lay;

Threatening it stood, and toward him reached
Its arms, in eagerness outstretched,
As if by force to keep him, so
That from the church he could not go.

Short while thought Richard now again,
Then clove the spectre's head in twain.
Shrieked it or not with bitter smart,
'Twas forced to let the Count depart.
Securely tied his horse he found,
And now, beyond the church yards' bound,
Bethinks him of his gloves forgot;
Straight he returns, and leaves them not.

He takes them up, then passes on;
But few indeed would back have gone.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE friends crossed over the Rhine one day,
At a landlady's house they went in to stay.

"Landlady! have you good beer and wine?
And where is that beautiful daughter of thine?"

"My beer is fresh and my wine is clear.
My daughter lies dead on the funeral bier."

And when they came to the inner room,
There, cold, she lay coffin'd awaiting the tomb.

The first removed from her face the veil,
And his eyes, as he looked, told a mournful tale:

"Ah! wast thou living, beautiful one,
From this hour would I love thee, and thee alone."

The second back laid the veil again,
And his tears, as he turned, fell fast, like the rain.

"Ah! liest thou there on thy funeral bier!
I have loved thee dearly for many a year!"

The third once more folded down the veil,
And he pressed a sad kiss on her lips so pale:

"I loved thee ever; I love thee to-day;
And I will till Eternity's passed away."

THE BETTER LAND.

THERE is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
And love will never die.

Tell me I fain would go
For I am burdened with a heavy woe;
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender from my path have gone;
And I am weak and fainting with dispair;
Where is it? Tell me where!

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate path of life;
Must bear in meekness as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and toil and strife.

Think how the son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee th' appointed woe;
Think of his loneliness in places dim,
When no man comforted or cared for him;
Think how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that dread agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do not thou despair;
Christ in his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE BIBLE SOCIETY.*

MY FRIENDS:—Selected as the organ of the Somerset Bible Society, to portray to you the energy of its hopes, and to communicate the knowledge of its wants, I proceed without apology to the execution of my duty.

The eventful era in which we live exhibits to the ingenuous mind a scene of enrapturing delight, which engaged the hopes of former ages, but to the enviable possession whereof they died strangers. What our pious forefathers saw darkly through the medium of faith, is painted before our eyes with the glow of a sunbeam.

The tyranny of sectarian zeal has thrown away its iron sceptre; the frost

* Delivered before the Somerset County Bible Society, at Somerville, Aug. 21st, 1820.

of an unsocial bigotry is now melted by the radiations of kindness; the repelling distinctions of different denominations are gently mouldering into affinity; and man, in every quarter of the world, begins to face man as his brother. Consequences the most glorious are daily flowing from this oblivion of each rancorous emotion. The overbearing sufficiency of wealth now reclines from its mercenary honors, and industriously plans with poverty the modes of diffusing intellectual happiness. Kings and Potentates stoop from the burthen of Empire, and, laying their diadems at their feet, unite with the lowly in spreading the triumphs of Charity over the universe. The pride of learning and science no longer alarms the humble and ignorant, but affectionately leads them to the enjoyments of brotherly communion. The world is in commotion, and the diffusion of mental light and religious liberty occupies the earnest labors of man.

Already on the one side does Ethiopia begin to stretch forth her hands, rejoicing at the glimmerings of light which tinge the skirts of her cloudy horizon. Whilst on the other, the isles of the West sound a feeble note of generous praise to that benevolence which has seized them from the surrounding deeps, and linked them to the blessings of the Gospel.

The heart of the inhuman Cossack which lately felt no joy, that sprung not from the clashings of his armor over the wild wastes of Tartary, now listens with patience to the songs of redeeming love, and the horrors of the sanguinary war-whoop are already softened by the intermingling of notes of mercy. Here a virtuous female, forgetful of the pleasures which have enthralled her, in labors becoming a Sabbath morning, dispels the propensities to vice by exhibiting the beauties of virtue. There, an individual opens the casket of his wealth and throws much into the hand of Charity, whilst the poor and disconsolate widow casts in her mite, and sanctifies the gift of her wealthy neighbor.

Yonder, wandering in deserts, and excluded from the joys of friendship and renown, walks a voluntary exile, carrying a message of peace, and great joy to the children of the wilderness. No flattering prospects of temporal fame; no promised possession of unnumbered felicities; no anxious fears of savage barbarity and wickedness; no pursuasive eloquence of mourning parentage can divert the ardent herald ftom the accomplishment of his mission.

My friends, what has excited this generous spirit throughout the world? What has pruned avarice from wealth? What has converted the pride of power into the unassuming modesty of benevolence? What has drowned the songs of pleasure and lulled to repose the noisy ministers of selfishness? It really seems as if a ray of love had darted through unbounded space from the throne of mercy, and in its course warmed the ardor of Angels; melted the hearts of Kings; unloosed the hoards of avarice, and gently thrilled through the unyielding necessities of poverty. What is it? The *Bible*, which we patronize. This same volume has for ages dispensed felicity to the nations by whom its precepts have been practised, and its promises believed; but it has been left for the peculiar happiness of these latter years to surmount the barriers which obstructed its general dissemination, and to plant its protecting standard wherever the footsteps of man are found. Lately the Christian nations empaled within their own peculiar blessings, seemed wrapped in forgetfulness over the distress of their brethren. No sigh of the heathen passed the limits of his own barren land; no dictate of duty aroused the sympathy of those who felt the value of present enjoyment and dared to hope

for eternal felicity. A different state of feeling has lately been awakened, and the *Bible*, from being the consolation of the few, has declared itself to be the birthright of Man. All by whom its precepts are understood, whether bond or free, Greek or Jew, Christian or Infidel, fully admit that the exercise of the justice it enjoins, the forgiveness it inculcates and the brotherly love it awakens, would invest our world with a garb of uninterrupted peace, changing the noise and tumult of contention into the milder aspirations of *praise*.

Nor does it need the exhibition of Sinai's solemnities to rouse the conviction that the principles of the Gospel are the firmest pillars of social happiness, and that the choicest blessings of society are best matured beneath the influence of its doctrines. Power in the hands of man is ever grasping after its own enlargement; and if unrestrained by the conviction that it is accountable to a Being who cannot be swayed by a bribe; a Being whose penetrating mind no multitude of devices can confound, no cunning can elude, no splendor can charm, and no force can control, will even spurn at the dictates of natural justice. If curbed at all in its destructive advances, we will always find that its moderation can only be attributed to its awakened affection on the one hand. or to its excited fears on the other.

The history of the human race, so eloquently detailed by Moses, is well calculated to awaken the sleeping sympathies of our nature. Here the corroded links of universal kindred are cleansed from the accumulated rust of ages. Here the borrowed splendors of the throne claim brotherhood with the fragments of beggery. Here the transient felicities of human friendships, are directed to a reign of immortal youth, and unfading vigor. Here, in the wretchedness and ignorance and depravity of our fellow men, are we taught to behold the prodigality of our brethren. And where is the man who feels no rising emotions on the sufferings of his brother? The assassin's gloomy den, or the pirate's bloody deck may glory in the hellish exhibition of so black a heart; yet amidst the circles of moral society, there is no groan of human wretchedness that meets not some approaching sigh of sympathy to soothe its agony.

Not only does the pen of inspiration by the love which it awakens, constrain man to deal justly with his fellows; but in its deep, its holy, its rational injunctions, it restrains him by the fears it awakens, from overleaping its commands. Man, love thy neighbor as thyself, was no common publication of the day.

Clouds and thick darkness veiled the towering height of the trembling Sinai; the loud burst of the awful thunder, and the vivid flash of consuming lightnings, published its obligation to the ancient world, whilst with groans of ineffable anguish, it has been re-echoed from the base of *Calvary* to the nations of modern date. Hence it is, that the chains of the gloomy captive press less heavily upon his ankles. Hence, that the desolations of war draw in their destructive vortex fewer widows and orphans. Hence, that the dagger of the murderer is less frequently sheathed in the throbbing heart. Hence, that a shout has issued from among the nations—*Africa be free!*

Affection has planted her banner beside the staff of justice, and where the latter cannot control the fiery rage of power, the shadow of the former effectually shields from its scorching rays. However unwilling men may be to ascribe the felicity they enjoy to the unacknowledged principles of the *Bible*, yet a cursory view of the history of man will fully convince us of the truth of this assertion.

Look first at Rome in its Augustine age. Then the human faculties aspired towards perfection; the industry of genius pervaded the intricacies of science; the fine arts had emerged from the darkness of barbarism, and illumined the fancy of the *Poet*, and enkindled the enthusiasm of oratory; what was then the moral condition of man?

"He smiled in ruins, gloried in his shame,
And infamy stood candidate for praise."

Cicero, the noblest of the Roman citizens, gathered unfading laurels from the senate and the forum, and from amidst the splendor of his own exalted faculties, traced the glimmerings of that immortality which glowed within him; yet, Cicero seated beside the Augurs and searching out futurity, through the medium of their ridiculous mythology, excites a pitiful contempt for the weakness of his superstition.

Cæsar attracts admiration by the energy with which he meets the enemies of his country; yet Cæsar pining for the adorations of Deity awakens a holy disgust for the sacrilege and blasphemy of his desires.

Brutus and his associates excite a kindred glow of patriotism whilst they mourn over the departed liberties of their country; yet the stubborn virtue of a Brutus cannot wipe away the blot which fell from the dagger of assassination. A moral deformity characterized this wonderful age. The drunkard found an apology for his intemperance by pouring out his libations to Bacchus. The libertine threw a coloring of holiness over the nauseous excesses of his licentiousness, and every base passion pointed to their calendar of gods, and thence selected the peculiar patron of its extravagance. Human life was made the subject of inhuman barter, and integrity had an established price. My friends, for Rome the Bible had not fostered the spirit of general benevolence, nor had her statesmen read the tables of Sinai, or inhaled the savor of Calvary's sacrifice.

In an age succeeding, when the instructions of the venerated Apostles were supplanted by the authority of the mitre; when the abomination of desolation visited our earth in the person and dogmas of the Pope—then it was, that the *Bible* was driven by the merciless mandates of designing ambition, from the grasp of the poor and the ignorant. Its reviving promises, its ennobling instructions, its heavenly consolations were torn by Popery from the possession of the multitude, and secluded in the unapproachable habitations of unsocial monks. A visible darkness now eclipsed the human intellect, and the trembling conscience sought a corrupted pardon for its crimes, by an exchange of gold for the fancied benignity of heaven. Man, vain, proud man, dared to dispense that release from the chains of remorse which a broken heart and contrite spirit could alone bring down from the Almighty. This hierarchy acquired its dominion by basely ministering to the human passions; and it secured its acquisition by tyranizing over them. Long indeed was its triumph over the subdued energies of the human mind. Yet, there is in man an independent spirit which cannot always foster its own bondage. The ridiculous fooleries of Popery, on the one hand, blew the flash of Mahomed's indignation until it flamed over the East; whilst, on the other, it animated the industry of Luther's opening zeal and inspired knowledge.

Mahomed started from his insulated point, and awoke his disciples from their superstition, that they might sleep more sweetly amidst his vision of sensual delights. Luther lighted his devious path by the uncorrupted Word; and whilst Mahomed spread a religion which gradu-

ated the joys of his promised immortality by man's capacity to indulge in licentiousness, Luther darted the rays of truth through clouds of ignorance, caused streams of charity to flow through the moral wilderness, and attached men to each other by pointing their hopes and their dependance to the God who made them. The disciple of the one was by his religion, cruel; that of the other, humble and benevolent. The one carried his Koran from Mecca through the East, polluted with the blood of thousands. The other spread his Gospel by using it to bring under its subjection every towering thought and lofty imagination. The one sounded his tocsin, and horror and dismay seized the nations. Mothers instinctively clasped more closely their offspring, and relatives bid a last adieu as they separated for the field of anticipated slaughter. The other raised his song of praise, and the separated links of affection was reunited. Philanthropy awoke from its slumbers, the long despair of centuries were irradiated with the gleams of hope, and the features of death were softened by smiles of victory. The piety of the one dispelled the profitable apprehensions of futurity by the noise and fascination of sensual delights; whilst that of the other changed the expiring groans of ignorance and superstition into the glorious song of, *Death, where is thy sting?*

Luther devised the course of his reformation from the plain instructions of the Gospel: Mahomed built his theory of duties upon the vilest corruption. Luther receives his comments of praise in the felicity of those nations, who daily practice his precepts: whilst Mahomed is only regarded where philanthropy is dethroned, and the blood-thirsty Turk inhumanly prospers.

Passing by the cruelties of the French Revolution, the lineal descendant from the philosophy of Voltaire and D'Alambert, which boldly and profanely trampled upon the Babe of Bethlehem, and elevated to his merited adorations man's misguided reason, and omitting to draw from its extravagance the many solid proofs of the value of religious restraint: nor yet staying to gather the expiring groans of suffering martyrs incarcerated in the dungeons of the Inquisitions: and avoiding to expose the horrid tendency of that modern infidelity, which scoffs at the tenders of mercy, which with one hand strikes to eternal death every consoling hope, whilst with the other it tenders the cold, unsatisfying expectation of an unqualified annihilation; let us inquire whether the felicity communicated by the *Bible* is well secured to us. Its influence will be as lasting as time; generations yet unknown shall feel and venerate its power in all the freshness of youthful vigor. Opposition to its free course and eventful glorification only sends deeper and deeper its expansive and outstretching roots, until they will grasp the globe we inhabit; and when it reels, this beautiful fabric of things will fall with it into the peaceful bosom of eternity.

The Almighty has decreed it; and more rational would be the sickly efforts of infatuated man to reign the boisterous ocean, lashed by impending storms, than to resist the immortal reign of His truth. Infidelity and deism have already done their utmost. Hume has pierced the word of truth by the malignant exercise of a genius, acute in thought, and pointed in reasoning. Gibbon, with insiduous art has levelled his keenest satire at its peculiarities. Voltaire, and Paine, Bolingbroke and Shaftsbury, have at successive periods exhausted their venom in lampooning the oracles of our faith. Yet, like its great Author, the *Bible* has never tasted of corruption, but has burst the bands of oppression, and arisen with new

splendors from its attempted humiliation. Like some huge towering rock of the ocean, the waves of opposition have for centuries broke against it, and fell harmless at its base, whilst it remains a friendly beacon to the wary, and a well known land-mark in his voyage to an eternal Haven. If the well disciplined heads of such men have bowed to the triumphs of the humble fishermen, what have the friends of truth to apprehend from the idle, thoughtless infidelity of the present day? Its friends may justly boast of the transcendent talents which its authors prostituted to the base purposes of banishing the felicities of hope from the world, yet they will find as did their adored fathers in faith, that their castles are built upon the sand, and will fall in one undistinguished ruin when the floods of dissolution break in upon them But who is Hume? Can he compare with Newton? Newton, who made the devious comet his post horse, and travelled through its eccentric orb to nature's God? Can the sophistry of this philosopher outweigh the testimony of him, who heard the morning stars sing forth the praises of the hand that arrayed them? Can he compare with Locke, with Bacon, who, abandoning the delusions of metaphysics, investigated man as they found him, and, through the wonderful combination of his mysterious faculties, traced out the mechanism of an All-wise hand? Can Hume, or a host of talents equally splendid, overcome the pointed evidence of experience; experience which exhibits to us the pillow of death bereft of its thorns, the freezing horrors of the grave and the awful uncertainties of an untried hereafter, met with composure, nay, embraced with ecstacy?

My friends, it is this Bible so fraught with felicity to individuals and to nations, that we would this day present to your kindness. The day has arrived when the solitary ends of the earth are to enjoy their long promised privileges. Eighteen hundred years have rolled their devious round since the promulgation of the glad tidings of great joy.

It has been heretofore a subject of great uncertainty in what manner the light of revelation should be communicated to the heathen world. For ages it was supposed that missionaries were amply competent to the great undertaking of civilizing the rude barbarian. Yet experience has forced the conclusion, that whilst they may aid in moulding the rough materials into a more congenial form, yet the best and most effectual weapon by which their ignorance can be attacked is the plain, simple and unadorned Word; the Word untrammelled by the various constructions of different sects, but couched in those intelligent terms, which He uttered, who spake as never man spake; and who spake expressly for the poor and ignorant.

This Society, associated with thousands of American citizens in the benevolent work of spreading this instructive book, would attract more of the citizens of our county to aid us in our labors of affection. We are fully apprised that without our aid the designs of Providence will be fulfilled. We know that the splendors of the throne, the wealth of the noble, the labors of the zealous, and the prayers of the poor, directed by an All-wise hand, can accomplish all things. Yet being perfectly satisfied that it is more pleasant to give than to receive, we would press you towards the high happiness which results from conscious rectitude.

Many think because they have no pressing calls for religious instruction immediately around them, they have no duties to perform. This is not the dictate of that Charity which hopeth all things. In it there is no contracted principles, but it is as expansive as the universe; it is not

satisfied with relieving the begger at its door, it mounts to the house tops, and spies out from afar the approaching object of its pity. It not only deals out its fatness to the partially destitute in the valley, it hies itself to the loftiest peak of the barren mountains, and thence proclaims its invitation to its reviving repast. With this view of Charity is there not room for the free exercise of every benevolent feeling? Look to the West, where thousands of savages prowl your spreading forests, whose dark embowering shades but faintly depict the mental darkness which envelopes them. There thousands of your citizens hear not the melodious notes of mercy. Look to the sun-burnt shores of Asia and Africa, where millions on millions are groping in Egyptian darkness, lingering out a pain ful existence, untinged by the radiance of hope. The solitary Christian of your Western isles sends a prayer on every breeze to the generous sons of liberty, and pathetically begs you not to forget his country. Withhold your charity, and his hopes expire; dispense the showers of your benevolence, and every expectation vegetates; the shackles fall from around his brethren, and they walk the disenthralled sons of light and blessedness. The Emperor of all the Russias becomes a beggar at your hospitable doors. He asks the aid of a generous people in sending the dews of the Gospel on his barren wilds, and in spreading the bow of peace over the long settled gloom of ignorance.

Far to the East springs to our view the unnumbered millions of China. The storm-beaten pagodas and the tenements of idols, sanctified by time and venerated by tradition, will only bow to the supremacy of the Cross and fall as Dagon of Ashdod before the ark of the Almighty. There the idolized philosophy of Confucius benumbs the intellect and takes captive the heart. No beam of revelation has yet pointed to its insufficiency and directed the eager eye to the matchless rectitude of the Gospel. Judea, too; there, where the first tender notes of mercy fell upon the enraptured ear—this land the cradle and the nursery of every valued hope.

My friends, we know you wish well to your fellow-men, and could you with a word dispense the happiness you enjoy, that word would not linger on your lips. Remember, however, that Charity deals not in empty desires. Your brother is an hungered; his soul is faint by the long pressure of his necessities. Rather give to him the crumbs that fall from your table, than tender to him a stone. Say not alone to the hungry, be ye fed, or to the naked, be ye clothed, nor yet to the sick be ye healed, but go in the redeeming spirit of heavenly Charity, and carry with you the Ark of the covenant, for therewith you supply the bread of life and the *balm* in Gilead.

Lamentable indeed is the truth, and yet it is indisputable, that out of eight hundred millions of men who people our earth, the labors of eighteen centuries have only supplied two hundred millions with the light of Revelation. Six hundred millions have never yet heard the echo of the Angel's song, "Peace on earth and good will to man." Six hundred millions are now chained in ignorance by as many thousand different languages; hundreds of which are yet unlearned by their more enlightened brethren. Is there not room for Charity? What other principle of human action will induce the labor of tracing out the intricacies of their various tongues? What other principle can ever reduce this Babel to harmony? Unless Christians will add Charity to their other virtues there will be no release to these gloomy captives. Are we men, and can we look unmoved upon the awful reality?

Are we a Christian people, and can we avariciously monopolize the light which shineth amidst mental darkness? Say not the feeble efforts we as individuals can make will never reach their destined objects. True Charity is of that ethereal nature that, like Israel of old, she travels the highways; she pervades the deserts and her sandals never wear out. We have the pledge of virtue and piety in the characters of a vast majority of the managers of these institutions that our bounty will be honestly appropriated. And this Society to-day in presenting to you the wants of your fellow men, brings to your door the very ocean of charity. Throw your bread upon its waters; for although we may not be able to point out to you the blasphemous tongue it has attuned to praise, nor the polluted heart it has fostered to adoration; although no broken accents of youthful gratitude may regale your ears from the lips of savages, yet rest assured that after many days your bread shall return to you with a glorious increase. The virtuous Roman who saved a fellow citizen from impending death, was honored with an oaken crown as a memento of his country's gratitude. But to him who earnestly labors to save a brother from interminable ruin, shall be awarded a crown more durable than oaken leaves; a crown of righteousness imperishable in the heavens.

The good man in this life reaps a full reward to his benevolence in sweet anticipation of a successful end to his virtuous exertions. He already hears the last dismal peal of the savage war-whoop. He hears the last agonising sigh of the expiring victim, crushed by the wheels of Juggernaut's bloody car. He hears the last scream of horror which re-echoes from the shores of suffering Africa. He already sees the wilderness blossoming as the rose, and from the solitary place he hears songs of gladness. In the oblivion of every fear he dies; but not until his Charity has spread its broad mantle over his infirmities and inscribed upon it WELL DONE.

Who now shall lend their aid to the promotion of our designs? Let one and all give.

Let the generous rich man give liberally, for he cannot leave a better inheritance to his offspring than his testimony of respect for this Holy Book. It will shield his remaining estate in their hands from the corrosive touch of dissipation, and, whilst his bones lie moldering in the silent grave, the sweet infection of his benevolence will infuse itself into the yielding hearts of children's children.

Let the avaricious rich man—but I despair of influencing his conduct; he, who has listened to the tales of distress, and refused relief; he who has seen the tear silently trickle along the bereft widow's cheek, and felt no pity; he who has drawn close his purse strings, when pining orphanage stammered forth its petition, cannot be changed by any effort of mine; and yet it is economy for him to give, for the hour is fast approaching when the sound of his silver will only awaken the recollection of the practices, wherewith he collected it; and the glitter of his gold will only light the path-way of his conscience by the habitations of the poor upon whom he inhumanly levied it. In that hour when the darkest clouds of dismay are gathering thick over his head, when no ray of hope tinges the canopy that envelopes him; in that hour this day's charity may spring like a star on the vast expanse of his despair, and light up a hope which may radiate in the dark valley of death.

Let the farmer throw in a liberal portion. His fields have been truly white with the harvest, and his garner is well stored. Let him not say, "I have much goods laid up for many years," for now

the accusing spirit may be winged for the flight, and the condemnation written, "Fool this night shall thy soul be required of thee." A better opportunity for pure etherial gratitude never will be afforded him. Here no selfishness allays the honest expression of his thanks, and he may enjoy the high seasoned feast of a cheerful gift.

Let the Christian give, for it is the test of his sincerity. He may have faith that could tear from their solid foundations the deep-rooted hills, or lay bare the vast cavities of the unmeasured deep; yet if he lack Charity, the whole music of his devotion is but as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbol. The accents of benevolence may flow in sweetest harmony from his lips; yet if his heart is destitute of all generous emotion, he is a whited sepulchre, that beautifully tells us. "here lies corruption." He may minister in holy things, but his avarice withholds the tribute of the Almighty, and like Achan in the camp, he brings desolation upon the people.

Let not the poor man withhold his bounty. His is the poverty of bread; we ask his aid for fellow beings who add to all the anxieties of his wretchedness the deadly poverty of the Spirit. Let him send a venture in the bark of Charity. It may be buffeted by storms; he may be filled with apprehension when he meditates on the billows whereon it rides; yet, be assured it will survive the destructions of time, and be passed to his credit on the ledger of eternity.

Respected females of our country, lend us this day the sanction of your much valued approbation. Woman was the handmaiden of the Bible when it walked from the confinement of the cloister. Its irresistible power drew the key-stone of the arch which supported your unfeeling oppressors. Its exhilarating light penetrated the opposing walls of the nunnery, and gently led you from its cold and dreary solitudes to the high prized blessings of virtuous communion. It found you the slave of man, who gloried in your downfall. It has elevated you to that commanding station where he directs his anxious eye for consolation in affliction and for hope in his despair. It discovered you to be in man's estimation like the beasts that parish, the slave of his passions and the being of a day. It has exalted you from immured degradation, and from the bright reflection of your virtues it has aroused a kindred glow in his heart; so that, from being your tyrant, he is what you find him, your friend and protector. We ask your charity to send this transforming Book to the daughters of the desert. In pity loosen the chains of their oppression. There many a gem of purest ray lies buried beneath the rubbish of superstition. There many a flower wastes its reviving fragrance unnoticed and unknown.

Let us endeavor to open a highway to the wilderness and establish thereon a heavenly commerce in the interchange of piety and love. Finally, let the mourning, melancholy widow, amount our gift from her little remnant of oil. Her almost exhausted cruise shall never be empty. Let her communicate to the friendless, disconsolate widow of the forest the anxious solicitudes of that friendly sympathy which here extracts half the poison from her grief. Let her aid in imparting to the unsocial clans of the desert that neighborly anxiety, which here, in the forgetfulness of her anguish, wipes away the tears of her orphans, and almost devours the recollection of their bereavement. Let her aid in relieving the distresses of hopeless poverty by transmitting the gentle whispering of that *still small voice*, which, amidst the loudest burstings of her grief, affectionately tells her, I AM THE WIDOW'S GOD AND THE ORPHAN'S PORTION.

FATHER'S SECRET.

AT THE time of which I write there were only three of us living, —father, sister, and I.

Father was a gentleman of sixty. Having acquired a small fortune in the city, he had purchased a home in the country, to which he retired with his family. He was a man of some literary taste, and from the perusal of one world-renowned author had imbibed certain strange views, of which I shall mention a single one.

Sister Annie, who was a few years older than I, manifested a disposition similar to father's. She was fond of reading philosophical and metaphysical treatises, and father and she often had long conversations on such subjects. On the contrary, I was of a different turn of mind—more like my mother; fond of lighter reading, and less speculative.

One afternoon in the summer of 186—, while my father sat reading the daily paper, I noticed that he seemed more deeply absorbed than usual, as if he had discovered something of extraordinary interest, to judge from his looks. Soon he turned to me, and said:

"Where's Annie? Go ask her to come to me. I would like to see her."

I quickly found sister, and told her my errand. Annie went down into the parlor. I did not follow, until an hour later, when I returned to the door of the room, and overheard father and sister talking together in rather subdued tones. Particularly did I hear Annie say:

"We must keep it from Mary, father; it would sadden her more than it does us."

I opened the door, and walked in. I was satisfied from their position that Annie also had been reading the paper, which lay between them, as if it had just been put down.

"Oh!" said I, "Father, will you please let me have that paper? I have not yet read it."

But to my surprise, father, who was always so frank, strangely replied:

"There's nothing in it, Mary; indeed there is no news."

"Ah! but please let me search for myself. I may find something you have overlooked. Besides, what *you* may think of little interest, may prove very entertaining to *me*."

I was about to take it up, when father quickly folded it, and put it in his pocket; then, turning to Annie, he laughed. Such a laugh! It was rather a grin. His countenance had no longer in it an expression of intellectuality, but of idiocy. I could not understand this proceeding, nor that strange look I turned, went to the window, and looked out, but was too deeply moved to notice bird or flower.

"You and I must go to-morrow morning, Annie," said father, in a low tone, meaning that she only should hear.

"And possibly bring it back with us," said sister.

"Yes, if possible; the outlay of money may be considerable, but we must know all. So far Mr."—(here I could not catch the name) "has gone, but we must, and will go farther."

"Poor Mary," said sister, "let us keep it from her as long as possible."

In her warmth, Annie had spoken much louder than she had intended, and eager to solve the mystery, I hurried to where she sat, and cried:

"Oh, sister, tell me what you mean, for indeed I have heard all you have said since I have been in the room!" At this both brushed out, leaving me alone.

Supper time came, and we three sat down together, but the conversation was

limited to the most common, matter-of-fact subjects. The two actors in this mysterious play avoided my gaze. Only once did father, with a sigh, say:

"They did not have such things as we enjoy, poor, poor creatures."

"No, no," said Annie," in a tone of misery and anguish. As for me, I said nothing, but having quickly finished my tea, I left the room, sought my sleeping apartment, and kept it until morning.

The next day, when I arose at an early hour, I saw our carriage standing before the door. What could it mean? Who was going away, or what important being was to be brought to it? These were some of the thoughts that flitted through my mind, when suddenly the remark of yesterday occurred to me: "We must go to-morrow morning." Ah! thought I, father and Annie are going, but where? I did not remain to complete my toilet, but ran rapidly down stairs, and met the two as they were just leaving the hall.

"Where are you going?" I cried, with great earnestness. "Tell me what is the meaning of all this mystery?" Father answered:

"We are going to the city on business, and will be back this evening. Now be a good girl, Mary, during our short stay." They entered the carriage and were driven away.

The day passed on slowly, and evening came at last. It was about half-past-eight o'clock when I heard our carriage driving up the road. The moon had not yet risen, but I could see two figures leave the vehicle, whom I knew to be father and sister.

"Now be very careful," I heard father say, as he and the driver lifted a box from the hinder part of the carriage. "Let us take it down to the farthest arbor, and leave it there for a little while." They both disappeared with the box, while Annie entered the house.

Father soon returned, and took his supper with Annie; but while they were eating I determined to investigate the mystery as far as I could. So I stole quietly down the stairs, without meeting any one; then I went to the arbor. There on the ground was a strong and well-made, but not very large box. What it contained I could not guess. Standing a little way from it, and peering through the darkness, I caught a glimpse of what seemed very like a human body, moving inside. Affrighted I turned and was about to run off as fast as possible, when I heard footsteps approaching. I turned back behind the arbor, and hid myself in the thick foliage. Soon the sound of father's and Annie's voices came nearer and nearer the arbor. Then I heard Annie sing:

"Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer,
How many monkeys are there here,—
One, two, three."

Then both laughed.

"What shall we do with it father?"

"Oh! 'tis only for a day or two. We can manage to dispose of it for that time," replied father, as he opened the box. "We will take it to the house. It is harmless, and the chain is firmly fixed around it so it cannot escape and we shall know —. Oh! Annie, it is gone!"

Just then the rattling of the chain fell on my ear, and that strange creature, (what it was I could not possibly have told) rushed past me. From the sound here and there I could tell that it was being eagerly pursued, and in the noise and confusion I ran from the arbor. Up the walk I hurried, and saw, what? There in another arbor was my father hanging by one arm to a slat, and with one leg around a post of the arbor, while Annie was jumping and chattering around him as if she were possessed.

I flew rather than ran to the house,

sought my room, and fastened the door. The night passed on, but no sleep came to my weary eyes. The noise that filled my ears drove away all thought of rest. Father and Annie were jumping, chattering, and running, while above the din could be heard the exclamations, "How like!" "It must not escape! "We will find it!" etc.

Morning came at last, and, when I went down, great was my surprise to see father lying on the floor, with Annie standing beside him, both having their clothes torn, draggled and dirty; while their faces had that wo-begone cast which indicates exhaustion from severe exertion. Unnoticed, I picked up the paper, which had fallen from my father's pocket. I looked through its columns again and again. The general news, telegraphic reports, accidents, trials, advertisements, politics, reviews—all were examined, but nothing rewarded my search. I had just laid the paper down in despair, when, turning, I saw father looking at me, but, as he caught my eye, he dropped his head. "You know it all now, I suppose," said he.

Now surely was my time to know the mystery. I bowed my head as if in assent. He then turned to Annie and said: "Mary knows it all. She knows now *from whom we are descended.*"

Annie looked at me, as she said, "Dear Mary, how well you bear the news. It does not seem to distress you at all!"

Both now seemed ashamed of their appearance, and were about leaving, but, as I did not yet understand what the secret was, I asked:

"Why did you go to the city? and what had you in that box? and where is it? Tell me this." And the reply came:

"We went to get a monkey; we put it in a box; it escaped from us, and we cannot find it. Last night we spent in imitating the antics of the monkeys we saw at the Museum yesterday. We also purchased a book, one of interest to all the human race. That article in the paper, which you saw and read, was a review of the book—*for we are convinced of the truth of the Darwinian Theory!*"

NED.

MORE LOCAL HISTORY.—NEW GERMANTOWN.

SEARCHING among the records of New Germantown, Hunterdon County, N. J., to prove the truth or falsity of many town traditions, whose variegated web has oft' been spun by ancient village chroniclers, we have found so much of local interest that should be rescued now, if ever, from oblivion, that we think it well at this time to weave these stories into a reliable history, for the satisfaction of our townsmen not only, but the general public also. If we fail now in relating all the traditions of interest, our justification is to be found in the fact that many are unverified. To adorn a page is not the purpose of the historian. Thanks for information are chiefly due to Wm. Iliff, Esq., Doctor John Honeyman, and R. M. Honeyman of the above named place. For Church records and papers we are indebted to the courtesy of Rev. J. C. Diener, pastor, and J. R. Fisher, treasurer, of Zion Church.

It is impossible to ascertain who was the first settler, or the date of the first settlement at New Germantown. Our local sources of information on these points are scant, and we are quite well

assured that no accessible records are in existence at Burlington or Trenton that would furnish more light. But with the information at command, we can safely assert that New Germantown was the first settlement in Tewksbury Township, and that it was settled by the English. Among these English settlers, the first and most important of whom we have any trace was named Smith. That he did not marry an Indian squaw, and that his name was not John, we are reluctantly compelled to admit. We know him to have been English by the orthography of the name. Johnson, Thompson, Cole, Plat, Ireland, Carlisle and other English names appear contemporaneously, and soon disappear. But Smith was the ruling man; a large land-owner, wealthy and ambitious of founding a town. The date of the settlement was doubtless not far from the year 1700. The street now running east and west through the village, formerly known as the "Potterstown Road," but called Church street, in the existing survey of James Honeyman, 1818, and King street, in the existing survey of Edward Wilmot, 1755, was first called "Smith's Lane." A tract of ground lying between the Fox-Hill Road—so called from its first existence, which is beyond record—and "Smith's Lane" was called "Smith's Field," and the first name by which the settlement was known was *Smithfield*. Tradition is thus verified by the records in attributing the settlement of the village to the English. The mills on the Rockaway creek, owned by Mr. John Lane, formerly called "Saxon's Mills," were in existence at this date, and probably known as "Thompson's Mills." In 1755 they were called "Johnson's Mills." But the Germans were rapidly filling up the country, and Smithfield was destined to become a *Germantown* in fact, as well as in name.

The first tavern was built on the ground now occupied by the residence of Mr. John Specht, and was spoken of as "the old tavern lot" a century ago. The very old building remembered by the oldest citizens as "the old tavern," was therefore not the first one occupying this site. Who kept this public house prior to 1788 no records show. John Farley purchased it in that year from the trustees of Zion Church, the sale being a perpetual lease on what was termed a quit-rent. In the memory of man it has been kept by Doct. Cruzier, David Melick and Wm. Farley.

But the most important and venerable object of interest, as a connecting link of the past, is the old Zion Church, the just pride of its community on account of its antiquity. Its noble history is yet to be written. We only sketch lightly from its records all that is necessary to perpetuate village history, trusting that some more skillful pen will undertake the interesting task of compiling a perfect and complete history of it and its dependent connections. The date of the organization of the Society is not positively known; no Church records being in existence of an earlier date than 1749. Lutheran missionaries were here as early as 1742, and perhaps earlier. Hartwick, the founder of Hartwick Seminary, Hartwick, N. Y., and one Van Buskirk preached here in these early days. The first regularly called officiating Pastor of whom we have record was John Albert Waygand, who preached on trial in 1748, and was called in 1749. The original call is in existence. In has been supposed by the clergymen officiating here during the last 50 years, that Paul Bryzelius was the first rector. Indeed it is thus recorded by Rev. H. N. Pohlman, D.D., in the oldest record book now existing, commenced in 1767. But Bryzelius came as late as 1760, and the Society is said to have been organized in 1742. In 1842 it was proposed to raise a church fund, it being the supposed cen-

tennial year of organization. Admitting this date, the Church would have existed eighteen years without a pastor. But the document of 1749 settles effectually the question of dates, and clerical priority, and rectifies an error of record of fifty years' standing. Long before this early date the "High Dutch" of the County had built them a log church near White House, the old burying-ground of which still exists. Doubtless that very ancient Society was the parent of this. But in accepting the date of the organization as handed down to us, we assert with reason that the Church structure was founded at an earlier date, and that a religious organization of some other kind than Lutheran existed here, for whom the edifice may have been intended. An instrument, dated 1749, conveys seven acres of ground and the Church building *then erected* to the trustees of the Lutheran Society for a period of one hundred and three years, at an annual quit-rent of nine pence and three farthings per acre—no other records intervening until 1767. It would therefore appear that the Church was purchased already built. A tradition exists that a Church once stood north of the village, where the Cold-Spring Creek crosses the Fox Hill road. Whether this be true or not, the probabilities are great that religious services, according to the *Church of England*, were sometimes held before the Lutheran Society was formed, and that the Church was originally built by the English residents for an Episcopal Church. There are other reasons for this theory, besides the fact that the Church was sold to the Dutch by the English. We find that no one of the many English residents ever contributed a farthing to the support of Zion Church, and the Church is spoken of in one paper as if there had been another. It also appears that Ralph Smith, the owner of the Church, was so much of a churchman as to require a definition of doctrine and pledge of Protestantism from the Lutheran trustees. Consequently, they styled and pledged themselves in the conveying instrument, and in their lease obligating themselves to pay the quit-rent, to be "Protestant dissenters from the Church "of Rome, professing and not allowing "any other Doctrine to be taught but "that according to the Lutheran scheme, "excepting a farther advance towards the "Protestant Churches now established "according to the doctrines contained in "the 39 articles of the Church of Eng-"land," etc., etc. Another reason strongly supporting this theory exists in the nature of the Corporation, from our first knowledge of it in 1767; it being governed by such officers, laws and financial management as belongs almost exclusively to the Church of England.

The edifice at this time was a e exact model of the Episcopal built by General Washington at Creek, Virginia. The very low were surmounted by an immense, bar shaped roof, sloping to the four si The windows were small, square and h from the ground, and the pulpit, with a immense sounding-board, was opposit the large doors, which were in the middle of the south wall. In the centre of the Church, in the broad aisle, was a huge pit, which, filled with glowing charcoal, served not only for comfort, but perhaps for illustration, as unawares the finger of the preacher pointed thither in his denunciation of the ungodly, in the prediction of their fate. There were five aisles and two galleries at the sides, one being used as an organ loft, and containing a fine instrument for those days—a valuable relic now unfortunately lost to the Church. Seventy-eight names were signed to the call to John Albert Waygand. The signers were all "High Dutch," and were inhabitants of Readington, Bed-

minister, and Roxbury, as well as Tewkesbury. The names of the Trustees were Baltis Pickel, Hones Melick, Philip Phise, *alias* White, Casper Hendershot, Lawrence Rulison, Samuel Barnard, David Melek, Jacob Kline, Adam Vockerot, Jacob Shipman, Geo. Sweet and Joseph Hornbaker.

In the year 1753 a school-house stood a few feet east of the Church, facing south, on the line of King street, now Church street; this property being purchased by the Church, doubtless for the parish, or church school, and was the German school spoken of in old documents. Another school-house on the west line of Main street, occupying the ground immediately north of the residence of the late Benj. Van Doren, was doubtless the first school-house built in the settlement. The lot now occupied by Mr. J. Bosenbury was owned by Jonas Melick. A small lot next north was occupied by a Mrs. Ireland, but was probably owned by John Carlisle. The next lot north was owned by one Thos. Holm, but was not built upon. John Fleet and Thos. Holm owned the corner where the tavern now stands, the lot containing three acres, fronting equally on Main and Church streets. This corner was built up for more than one resident, the house fronting on both streets. All of the above named lots, including nearly an acre north of, and adjacent to the Church, and also the school-house lot, the whole comprising seven and one-fourth acres, were owned as a leasehold by the Church in 1749. Subsequently buying off the lease on quit-claim, the Church sold or leased the same, reserving only enough land for the burying-ground around the Church building. A farm, comprising a portion of the lands of the late John Craig, and of Benj. Van Doren, was owned by Capt. Perrine, being the north-west boundary of the Church lands as described. At this time, 1753, the village began to be called New Germantown. Ralph Smith's residence was perhaps where Peter W. Melick now lives. He removed to a place he called "Mont Lebanon"* prior to 1759, but still persisted in calling the town Smithfield, relinquishing, evidently with little grace, his ambition to become the founder of a town bearing his illustrious name. All the property he sold was conveyed in the form of leases running to expiration at different periods of time, usually about a hundred years from date, with the exception of one lot, which was conveyed on a perpetual lease, being sold at a quit-rent of fifteen shillings per year, *forever!* The lots opposite the Church, on the South side of Church street, numbering from Main street East, were conveyed by him as follows, viz:—

No. 1, containing one-fourth of an acre, fronting sixty-six feet on Church street, to James Cole; the quit-claim subsequently coming into possession of the Church. Date of conveyance, 1761. Time, one hundred and three years. Rent, fifteen shillings, proclamation money, according to Queen Anne. The said Cole settled here in 1734, coming from Boston. He had thirteen children, the first born of which was buried at the east end of the old English Church at Boston, in 1728.

No. 2, fronting sixty-six feet on Church street, was the lot known to this day as the "high house lot," owing to its having a basement story, and a very high porch. Conveyed 1753 to Michael Hendershot. In 1758, one Bryant Lefferty recovering judgment against Hendershot, the lot was sold by Moore Furmen, High Sheriff of Hunterdon, to Frederick Shulz, for £80, the quit-claim subsequently coming into possession of the Church. Among other

* Perhaps at Lebanon, but as likely on some elevated ground nearer New Germantown, which he named "Mont Lebanon."

occupants of this house, were Doct. Oliver Barnet, the most prominent gentleman of the neighborhood in his day, and Major Rinehart, of whom more will be said hereafter.

No. 3, occupied by Edward Kreiter, at a later day known as the "Betsy Adams' lot," and occupied by the late Harmon Henry, also came into possession of the Church.

No. 4 was conveyed in 1759 to Andrew Shandler for one hundred years. This property also came into the possession of the Church. It was occupied by various parties, and for many years, at a later day, by 'Squire Demun, and Mr. John Fisher.

No. 5 was sold by one Jonathan Toms to Major Godfrey Reinhart, on a perpetual lease at fifteen shillings per year

No. 6 contained a one-story stone house, remembered by many elderly citizens. The Church still holds the original claim on this property.

No. 7 was owned by a Melick, of whom we have no record.

Every effort seems to have been made by the original founders to beautify the village. Tall poplars had been imported from England, and planted in the streets. Until a late day Zion Church was guarded by these grim, majestic sentinels, and everywhere they occupied prominent positions. But the lack of taste among the Germans, and our progressive age, which has almost proven itself vandal in destroying so many landmarks and traces of the past, has also robbed us of them. The first store in the village, after Smithfield became New Germantown, was kept by Godfrey Rinehart. There was a distillery near the spring, on Doct. Dusenbury's grounds. In 1756 it was determined by the Vestry of Zion Church to build a church at Pluckamin, in Bedminister Township, Somerset County, to be called St. Paul's Church, and the work was begun. In 1757 the parsonage house was built on the "glebe," as the Church lands were called. This old stone building is still in good preservation, at the age of one hundred and sixteen years, and is owned by Mr. Frederick Apgar; the old Church farm being included in the boundary of his lands.

In 1760, the Rev. Paul Bryzelius settled here, as Rector of Zion and St. Paul's Churches; but unfortunately no record exists of his pastorate of seven years. Here, then, both Church and village history is a blank. In 1767 Rev. Henry Muhlenberg, Sen., a distinguished divine of his day, succeeded Bryzelius. It is difficult to understand pastoral succession up to this time. In 1739 Waygand was called. In 1758 we have a document showing the Church to have been in the charge of a Henry Muhlenberg. In '60 Bryzelius comes according to the record of our later clergymen, and in '67 we know from complete records that Henry Muhlenberg was called. In '69 Peter Muhlenberg came as "Deacon, or assistant Rector." A charter was obtained for the Church in 1767, which instrument we copy in part.

"GEORGE THE THIRD, by the Grace of Ge
"of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King,
"Defender of the Faith, etc: TO ALL TO WHOM
"THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING:
"*Whereas*, the Reverend Henry Muhlenberg,
"Lawrence Ruloph, Samuel Bernard, Philip
"Weigs, Jacob Klein, Peter Rish, Wm. Craft,
"Christopher Vogt, Ruloph Rulofson, John
"Stone, Balthas Pickel, Herman Rulophs, and
"Anthony Meelick, Inhabitants of the Townships
"of Tewksbury, Reading, and Roxbury, in the
"Counties of Hunterdon and Morris in our
"Province of New Jersey; Lucas Dipple, David
"King, Jacob Eoff, John Appelman, Leonard
"Strait, Conrad Meizing, Aaron Meelick, Jacob
"Vosler, Mark King, Christoper Tippel, John
"Teple, and Peter Meelick, Inhabitants of the
"Townships of Bedminister, Bridgewater, and
"Bernard, in Our County of Somerset in Our
"said Province, by the Petition to Our trusty
"and well beloved William Franklin, Esq., Cap-

"tain General and Governor in Chief of our "said Province of New Jersey and the Terri-"tories thereon depending in America, Chancel-"lor and Vice Admiral of the same, etc: have set "forth that they have at a great Expense pur-"chased several lots of ground in Tewksbury "Township aforesaid, and have built a House of "Worship called Zion Church and a parsonage "House on part thereof, and have set the rest "apart for a Glebe and Burying Ground, that "they have also bought a lot of land in the "Township of Bedminister aforesaid, and erect-"ed a building thereon called St. Paul's Church, "that they with the other regular Members "of said Churches have heretofore made and "signed certain Articles and Rules for the "good government of the said societies; but "that they labor under many difficulties for "want of their being made a Body Corporate "and politic, and have prayed OUR ROYAL "CHARTER, to be incorporated by the names of "the Rector, *Churchwardens, and Vestrymen, "of the United Churches of Zion and St. Paul: "And WE being willing to give all due encour-"agement and to promote the pious intentions of "Our said subjects and to grant their regard in "this behalf: NOW KNOW YE, that WE, for the "considerations aforesaid, of Our especial Grace, "certain Knowledge, and mere Motion, have "willed, ordained, constituted, and approved, "and by these Presents for Us, Our Heirs, and "Successors, Do Will, Ordain, Constitute, and "Appoint, that the Rev. Henry Muhlenberg," "[here follows the names of the twenty-four Vestrymen] "and their successors to be elected "and chosen in the manner hereinafter directed, "Be and forever hereafter shall be, one Body "Politic and Corporate, in Deed and in name, "by the name of the Rector, Church-wardens, "and Vestrymen, of the United Churches of "Zion and St. Paul, and them and their succes-"sors by the same name, WE do by These "Presents, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, "really and fully make, ordain, constitute, and "declare, one Body Corporate and Politic in "Deed and in Name, to have Community and "Succession perpetual, and that they and their "successors by the Name shall and may forever "hereafter be Persons able and capable in the "Law to purchase, have, take, and receive, and "enjoy, to them and their Successors, Messua-"ges, Lands, Tenements, Rents, Liberties, "Privileges, Jurisdictions, Franchises, and other "Hereditaments, whatsoever of whatever na-"ture kind, and quality, they be, in Fee and "Perpetuity, not exceeding the yearly value of "Five Hundred Pounds Sterling. And also "Estates for Lives or Years, and all Goods, "Chattels or things whatsoever of whatever "Nature, Quality or Value they be, for the bet-"ter Support and Maintainance of an orthodox "Minister in the said Churches, and the promo-"tion of Piety and Religion, and likewise the "maintaining and keeping in good repair the "Fabrick of the said Churches, and providing "decent ornaments for the same: as also full "power to give, grant, bargain, sell, and dispose "of any of the said Lands for a term of Years: "PROVIDED ALWAYS that such and so many "Lands of the full value of such as are sold, "shall be bona fida purchased and settled for "the use aforesaid; and by the name aforesaid "they shall and may be able to sue and be "sued, plead and be impleaded, answer and be "answered unto, defend and be defended, in all "Courts and places whatsoever, and before "whatsoever Judges, Justices, and other Officers "of Us, Our Heirs, and Successors in all and "singular Actions, Plaints, Pleas, Matters and "Demands of whatsoever nature, kind, or qual-"ity they be, and to act and do other matters "and things, in as ample manner and form as "any other liege subjects in our Realm of Great "Britain—being Persons able and capable in "the Law within the Realm of Great Britain "can or may have, purchase, receive, possess, "take, enjoy, get, let, plead, and be impleaded, "answer and be answered, defend and be de-"fended, Do permit and execute: and that the "said Corporation forever hereafter shall and "may have a Common Seal for the causes and "business of them and their successors and "may change and alter them at their will and "pleasure." * * * * *

The seal of the Province is appended to this really imposing looking document, the penmanship of which is very fine and well preserved, it being on parchment. It was copied in the Church-book with the following comments:

"Be it known unto all whom it may concern that the subscribers, the Rector, Church-wardens and Vestrymen of the united Zion and St. Paul's Churches and Congregations in the Counties of Hunterdon, Somerset and Morris of the Province of New Jersey, being by an original Charter and Patent whereof the above is a true copy really and fully made ordained, constituted and declared one Body corporate and politic,

Deed and in Name to have community and succession perpetual: Do by these Presents for ourselves and our successors, and in behalf of our Congregations, accept, embrace and introduce the said Charter and Patent into our Churches and Congregations and acknowledge the same with a most grateful sense, as a great Blessing and Benefit derived to us and our Posterity as through a peculiar smile of Divine Providence by our most Gracious Sovereign King George the Third and his trusty and well beloved Wm. Franklin, Esq., Captain General and Governor in Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of New Jersey," etc., etc., "and do constitute, ordain and make this our first and irreversible ordinance and law for us and our successors for ever," &c., &c.

By the will of Balthazar Pickel, made in 1765, of which his son Balthus was one of the executors, the sum of one thousand pounds was left to the Church, the principal to be let out, and the interest appropriated for the Minister's salary, except a sum to be set apart for the education of two poor children at the German school of the Congregation. Also a silver cup and plate were bequeathed to the Church. But where now are *those* invaluable relics? Alas! Sacrificed to modern taste. It is well the mouldering tombstone of this great patron of the Church was not made of silver, and had no marketable value!

Few Churches in America have a more interesting history than this one of New Germantown. The old walls of Zion are as strong, massive and perfect, as the day they were laid, and, if undisturbed by the hand of man, they may stand till Gabriel's trump shall summon forth the ancestral dust in the church-yard, which lies there marked and unmarked by unvenerated and crumbling stones. Surely the posterity and successors of these noble old church-men, founders of Zion, will never become unappreciative of the rich memories clustering around its walls! No vandal hand ought ever to disturb them, ut they should stand for centuries to come continuing to gather in the sacred glory of hallowing Time.

Balthazar Pickel—whose Christian name we are now pleased to find on the records charitably abbreviated to Baltes—was buried close to the east wall of the Church. The following memorial is found at his grave:

"Here lies the body of
BALTES PICKEL
who departed this Life Dec 5th 1765
in the 79th year of his age
Remember me as you pass by
As you are now so onst was I
As I am now so must you be
Prepare for Death and follow me."

Near by lies the body of Charity, his wife, who died in 1761. Also worthy of notice is another ancient stone, bearing this record and curious epitaph:

"In Memory of
BALTES PICKEL, son of
Fred'k Pickel who depart'd this life
March 1786 in the 20th year of his age
My Feebel Race
Has Run A Pace
My Dwelling Place is here
This Stone is got
To Keep the Spot
That men dig not too near."

In the year 1765 came into the village to settle Doctor Oliver Barnet, the first physician of whom our records speak. He is said to have come from Orange. He soon became the most prominent man of the neighborhood. He was poor when he arrived here, all his capital being his profession and a little Maryland pony. He first lived in the "high house," but having a large practice, and being a good financier and ambitious, he was soon able to purchase of Anthon (or Tunis) Melick the property formerly well known as Barnet Hall. This place he beautified, making it a charming residence. He married the sister of Doctor Isaac Ogden, and at his death left her a widow. He had no children. His estate, at the

time of his decease, was valued at eighty thousand dollars. Among the colored servants he owned was one of very stubborn and refractory disposition, and much inclined to spend his time away from home. Corporal punishment being of no avail, the Doctor procured a huge pair of horns, which, adjusted to a nicely fitting iron band, made so grotesque a head-piece for the the wearer that he was glad to shun observation and keep at home. A tale is told of the Doctor in connection with a Doctor Viesselius of Amwell, familiarly known at that day as the "red cheeked doctor," owing probably to a "birth-mark" on one cheek. It appears that some one living above the village, on Fox Hill, had a very sore gum. His neighbors told him he had a cancer and should go and consult the "red-cheeked doctor." Accordingly he went, but being unable to find him, and meeting Doctor Barnet, who was then a young man, he showed the gum to him, and told him he had a cancer. The Doctor told him it was only a gum-boil and would soon be well. On his return home, after telling the neighbors what Doctor Barnet said about his mouth, they told him Doctor Barnet was a boy and knew very little, especially about cancers, and that he must go back and see the "red-cheeked doctor." Following his advice he at last found the coveted physician, and told him that he and his neighbors believed he had a cancer. The doctor, looking into his mouth, said it was very bad—shaking his head doubtfully as if a serious case were before him, but undertook to cure it, which, sure enough, a single prescription did. Afterward, when the man's mouth was well and he returned to pay his bill, he told what Doctor Barnet had said. Doctor Viesselius told him to call on Doctor Barnet on his way home, and tell him that Vieselius said he was a fool. which the man did. This made Doctor Barnet very angry, so much so that he declared he would thrash the "red cheeked doctor" with his horse-whip. Shortly after, when the two doctors met, said Barnet angrily, prepared to execute his threat,

"Did you send a man to tell me I was a fool?"

"Yes," said Viesselius. "You told the man he had a gum-boil, and you got nothing for it. He told me he had a cancer; I told him I could cure his mouth, and I got a guinea for it. You were a fool because you did not take the guinea." Doctor Barnet loved money too well not to see the point, and profit by the lesson; so the doctors parted better friends than before.

The remains of Dr. Barnet are interred in the private burying-ground of the old estate, which is located on a promontory of the hill extending east from the village. It is a beautiful spot, twenty-six by thirty feet, enclosed with a substantial wall, now going to ruin; the iron gate being entirely gone. A substantial slab of good marble, lying on the ground without reference to grave or situation, with several pieces broken off, informs us that it is

"In Memory of
DOCTOR OLIVER BARNET, ESQ.,
who departed this life
in the 66th year of his age."

The slab was placed in this cemetery by Doct. Isaac Ogden, and is the only memorial stone there; although Mrs. Barnet, her widowed sister Mrs. Haines, Doct. Wm. Barnet, and Doct. Oliver W. Ogden, wife and sister, are likewise buried here.

Many interesting old documents, valuable to the historian, could have been found a few years ago at Barnet Hall, but are now irrevocably lost through the unfortunate changes the property has undergone. One has fallen into our hands,

which, if not relative to our particular history, is of so much general interest that we cannot forbear publishing it as written:

"MORRIS TOWN, May 6th, 1777.

"The General will esteem it a singular favour if you can apprehend a Mulatto Girl servant and slave to Mrs. Washington, who eloped from this place yesterday with what design cannot be conjectured, though as she may intend to the enemy and pass your way and trouble you with the description; her name is Charlotte but in all probability will change it, yet may be discovered by questioning. She is light complected, about 13 years of age, Pert and amorous, dressed in brown cloth wescoat and petticoat: Your falling upon some method of recovering her should she be near you will accommodate Mrs. Washington and lay her under great obligations to you, being the only female servant she brought from home, and intending to be off to-day had she not been missing. A gentle reward will be given to any soldier or other who may take her up.

"I am with Respect Your most Obdt. Servant,

"RICH'D EVERAD MEADE,

"A. D. C.

"Col. Spencer at Eliz. Town."

We now go back to the old Church, whose records are so great a dependance. In 1768 the Corporation was released from the quit-claim to Ralph Smith—Tunis Melick having bought it, of whom the Church purchased. At the same time the Corporation bought the school-house standing on the east line of the Church lot. In 1770 the following resolution of the Vestry was recorded:

"The pro. tem. rector or his regular assistant minister shall perform Divine service on every second Sun and Feast day in Zion Church, and for so doing enjoy undisturbed habitation on the Glebe and the yearly legacy of Mr. Baltes Pickel. Also every fourth Sunday he shall preach in Roxbury called the Valley, and receive from that congregation £20. Also every fourth Sunday in St. Paul's Church Bedminster and catechise the children, receiving £20 therefor."

At this time a very substantial stone wall was built around the Church-yard. The names of Fred'k Bartel and Christian Melick appear in the list of Vestrymen, and in 1772 the name of Adam Rieger appears. At this last named date the rector, Rev. Henry Muhlenberg, was living in Philadelphia, and the Vestry resolved that he should send an assistant until he could come himself and live on the glebe, his former assistant having been called to a parish in Virginia.

In 1775 the Rev. Wm. Graaf was called at a salary of £120, and the property of the glebe. From this time forward the Church seems to have heen sustained with great difficulty. The War of Independence causing the depreciation of money, overturning all financial calculations, and impoverishing so many, heavily taxed the Corporation. To add to their burdens Mr. Baltes Pickel, executor of his father's estate and one of the Vestry, declined to attend the meetings of the Board, and withheld the interest on the legacy, alleging that the provisions of the will were not complied with by the Church. After some correspondence and ill-feeling, Mr. Pickel was finally compelled to come to terms, and tendered payment in light money, which was accepted. This amounted in proclamation money to £857 3s. The principal sum now belonging to the Church consisted of eight town leases transferred by Pickel to the Corporation, valued at £100, bonds to the amount of £580, and cash £191. How to dispose of the money on hand was a matter of the gravest consideration. No investment seemed secure, owing to the peculiar situation of things. Finally Capt. Godfrey Rinehart sold his "high house" to the trustees to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

About this time it is necessary to promote Capt. Rinehart to Major. War's alarms had long ago reached the quiet village, and the drum of the recruiting

officer was frequently heard. That there were those here who sympathized with the British cause the nature of the population compels us to believe. But the "High Dutch" were staunch and patriotic, and, being in the ascendency, there was little disturbance in the Tory element. We well remember hearing, from the lips of one of those who lived in these times—the widow of Fred'k Honnel, one of the Vestrymen of Zion church—how she was compelled by threats to entertain some of the British with the best she had in her house, and her indignation on account of the disgrace of having to serve "such ruffians." At Pluckamin, where many of the Continental troops went into winter quarters, St. Paul's Church was occupied and injured thereby; a considerable sum being received by our rector, in reparation from the Government, after the close of the war.

During these trying times the fear became general that "the money" would come to be of no value; the exchange in 1770 being twenty continental dollars for one silver. The following is recorded in the Church book, containing the minutes of the Vestry:

"There never was a time in any age or in any country, such a perplexity and uncertainty of money affairs and settling estates as we have seen in our present unhappy war since the year 1776, that therefore our successors need not wonder to see so many different actions recorded, neither can any in time to come believe what trouble and pains it required to save our little estate from destruction. From fol. 43 is to be seen in what manner the Legacy was paid to the corporation and how from time to time the money was secured and the interest settled. In the year 1779 the last settlement being made and the money depreciating from that time very fast, yea amazingly, it was not thought worth a while to call the Vestry together until times might take a better turn. But this not happening, and being necessary to bring our little estate upon a better footing than the times would allow, the Vestry and some members of the congregation met the first time on March 19th, 1781, to deliberate in what manner we could settle it and do justice to the Church and to the debtors. The money when received though not being of his full value then, was still looked upon as good in expectation that the war would soon be at an end. But finding the contrary, times growing worse from year to year, the money depreciating in an astonishing manner, also that by an established law of the present Government in the year 1780 the Continental or circulating money had lost already in '77 half his value, being according to Law two for one, in '78 it became five for one, in '69 twenty for one, in '80 sixty for one, in '81 one hundred and fifty for one, whereupon the money came entirely to no value at all, and consequently every one in the Continent had work enough to serve his own from destruction," &c., &c.

It is unnecessary to quote further to show the straits and difficulties besetting the financiers of Zion Church in these days; nor will we further allude at length to the financial management of the Corporation in later times, the matter being of little public interest.

We next briefly notice the dissension in the Church, which eventually culminated in the secession of several members, and was probably the origin of the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New Germantown, and perhaps of others in this region. A Methodist missionary in the year 1782 arrived in the village, and was entertained by one of the Church wardens, Mr. Tunis Melick, whose good will he seems to have gained. It appears that he was desirous of making converts to his faith among the Lutherans, and, among others of those whom he succeeded in converting to his views, was the wife of Mr. Henry Miller. Mr. Miller held a long interview with him in his own house, and reported it in writing to Mr. Graaf, the rector, taking the ground that his expressions were "scandalous and despicable of the Church," &c. The following Sun-

day, after the sermon was over, the rector warned his people against this proselyting "upstart," "laying to his foundation the paper of Mr. Henry Miller." Mr. Tunis Melick interrupted the rector, and was seconded by Maj. Godfrey Rinehart, and a great uproar in the Church ensued. The result was that the two Church wardens, Melick and Rinehart, were called to account by the Vestry, tried and sentenced. From this time forth their names disappear from the Church records as officers. One Adam Rinehart, however, is elected to the vacancy occasioned by the Major's defaction, and of Melick's there was no lack to take the place of Tunis.

About this time Fred'k Bartel bought the "high house." Two old people, man and wife, had been living in it, and had left it and the village rather unceremoneously. In later days this fact, perhaps, gave color to a tradition that money was buried in the garden behind the house and from the year 1800, almost up to the present time, great holes have been occasionally dug on these premises during the night by the credulous believers of idle tales.

At an early date, probably anterior to or during the War of the Revolution, the manufacture of wrought nails was carried on in a factory erected for that purpose on the lot next north of the grounds, belonging at present to Doctor John Honeyman. The business was conducted by one Bartel. Major Rinehart lived in the old house occupying the site of the residence of the late John Craig, which property afterward came into the possession of and was occupied by Doct. Oliver Wayne Ogden, whom we shall presently notice as being the successor to the estate of his uncle Doct. O. Barnet, who was like his uncle, a prominent man in his day. He was preceded by his uncle Doct. Isaac Ogden, brother-in law of Doct. Barnet. Doct. Isaac Ogden graduated at the college of New Jersey in 1784, and first practiced medicine at Whitehouse. On coming to New Germantown he followed his profession part of the time, and also kept a small store. On the death of his uncle in 1809 he relinquished his practice into the hands of his nephew and attended to the management of the business of his sister, Mrs. Barnet, who recompensed him liberally, and gave him time to cultivate the science of astronomy, of which he was very fond. For several years he published a yearly almanac, prognosticating the weather and its changes in rhyme. One tale about his foretelling the weather we have never seen in print, but it has often been told, and is vouched for as true. In one of his annual almanacs he stated that it would "snow" in July. It was generally believed to be a mistake of the printer, and the Doctor himself was not unwilling to ascribe the error to another, until on the day in question it *actually did snow!* After that it is needless to say the Doctor's almanacs were in great repute. They had a large circulation and were very popular. Though otherwise of an indolent turn the Doctor was greatly devoted to scientific pursuits, and spent much time in telescopic observations of the heavenly bodies. He was a disciple of Cullen; was dignified in manners, urbane and gentlemanly, a consistent professor of religion, and an officer of the Presbyterian Church.

Doct. O. W. Ogden, familiarly known as "Doct. Wayne," married a Miss Wisner, niece of Doct. Barnet. He was of a remarkably fine personal appearance, of prepossessing address, and had an exuberance of animal spirits. His practice of medicine was brief. He removed to Perth Amboy, engaged in mercantile business there, and became involved in some disastrous real estate speculations on Staten

Island and elsewhere. On his return, and until his death, he occupied Barnet Hall, which estate came into his possession, after litigation, as a lawful inheritance. He was Marshal of the State and an unsuccessful candidate for Congress on the Federal ticket. He had several children, none of whom are now living. His cousin, Doct. Wm. Barnet, nephew of Doct. O. Barnet, read medicine with him, and attended lectures at Philadelphia. He also commenced practice here, and subsequently became an officer in the War of 1812, but, contracting habits of intemperance, died in early life. Like the rest of the family he was talented, courteous and highly esteemed. Many a legend, faithfully believed by the superstitious, has in times past been narrated concerning supernatural appearances at Barnet Hall, the Mill, and at the family cemetery near the Grove. Deep holes have been dug at night near this last named spot to find money buried there by either Doctors "Wayne," or Barnet. Twenty years ago the writer gained the confidence of a superstitious colored woman, the leader of a band in these midnight expeditions, and, with a friend, followed the party to the Grove to enjoy witnessing the *modus operandi* in money-digging. Near the burying-ground the party stopped, and strict silence was enjoined, since a word uttered aloud would break the "spell," and without the "spell" all labor would be vain. A long, thin steel rapier, something like a foil, with a basket hilt, was produced, and a procession was formed. The leader carried it point to the earth, and single file, in solemn silence, marched the spell-bound witch believers, until of a sudden the sword dropped perpendicularly into the ground! Of course it was impelled by some mysterious agency to act thus, and so the spot was marked, a charmed circle drawn around it, and the digging commenced. If a word was now uttered, no matter how deep the hole, it would immediately fill up. We had been told of a party of two who had been digging on the same spot one night, when they came to the iron chest containing the coveted treasure. Hearing a slight noise, one of them looked up, and on the projecting limb of a tree directly overhead sat a black, grinning imp, sawing away with his red-hot jack-knife at a rope, from which dangled a huge mill-stone! Of course an exclamation followed, the hole filled up, and the diggers ran for their lives. These superstitious concerning buried treasure were confined almost exclusively, however, to the colored people, whose ignorance and natural credulity was their excuse.

The present tavern was built by Doct. Barnet in 1800, and was first occupied by Daniel Melick. The chief carpenter employed in its construction was Peter Cumback, noted for his inventive genius, and the sad failure of his life-mission. During his whole life he thought it was his destiny, his great end to invent a perpetual motion machine! His time and means were devoted faithfully to fulfilling a mission that would not be fulfilled. But so many folks run after Jack-o'-Lanterns in the present enlightened day, that we have no heart for comment on Peter Cumback and his *ignis fatuus*.

Barnet Hall Academy, now occupied by the district school, was built by Dr. Barnet, shortly before his death and presented to the town. Previous to its erection the village school house stood on the north-east corner of Main street, and the turnpike. When the Academy was first built the cupola and entrance door were in the centre. The lower floor was divided into two school rooms, in one of which a "High School" was kept. This was taught at one time by Doct. Mil-

ler, subsequently a prominent divine and educator in the Lutheran Church. The hall above was finely arranged for dramatic exhibition, having a stage and shifting scenery, and raised tiers of seats.

In 1809, Rev. William Graaf died fulfilling a pastorate of thirty-four years. His remains were interred near the north-east corner of the Church, the monument to his memory bearing the following inscription:

"In Memory of
WM. GRAAF,
Rector of Zion's Church in New Germantown
Born at Grunstadt in the County of
Leiningen, in Germany, in
the year 1727, and departed this life,
May the 31st, 1809, aged 82 years.
'I have waited thy salvation, O, Lord.'"

It is to be hoped that a cenotaph will be erected to commemorate his memory and faithful services at some future day, and that it will be placed in the North wall, where the old pulpit stood, which he occupied for 34 years.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Ernest Lewis Hazelius during the same year. At this time it became necessary to change the names of the Church officers, owing to the law not recognizing Church-wardens, and trustees were therefore substituted. Those first elected trustees were Frederick Honnel, Andrew Bartles, Jacob Kline, Frederick Shankle, Adam Shankle, Jacob Brunner, and David Felmly, who were sworn into office by Ananias Mulford, Esq. St. Paul's Church, Pluckamin, had by this time become so weak that, being cut off from the parent stem, its demise was certain. We therefore leave that as we find it on the records—with no date of death, and no obituary.

In the year 1811 the "New Germantown Turnpike Co." was chartered and organized. It commenced at North Branch, Somerset Co., intersecting on and branching off from the New Brunswick and Easton turnpike, and running through New Germantown to its terminus at German Valley. James Honeyman, who kept the tavern at that day, was President, and one of the principal stockholders. Turnpikes were in those times what railroads are to these; and the same unfortunate speculations often followed in the wake of these investments. Land was high and freely bought up by men of means. Town lots were freely purchased, and farms—the price of land averaging $100 per acre. James Honeymen—of whom many characteristic anecdotes are told—was one of the unfortunate speculators. Land, costing $100, sold after the War of 1812 at $12 per acre, and the Turnpike, which was so greatly to enhance property in value, neither fulfilled its mission, nor paid any dividends. It would, however, take many more pecuniary losses than James Honeyman suffered to disturb *his* equanimity. He was popular as a landlord, and known far and wide as a genial, jovial, good-natured, though very indolent gentleman, and was much sought after when at Trenton, at the Court sessions, by the Judges and members of the Bar, whom he never failed to entertain by his witticisms and humor The times were such that he may have been justified in a financial point of view in anticipating a prosperous future for the village; and we must all regret that his enterprise and labors to that end were not rewarded. Railroads were not anticipated, and this Turnpike was to build up the town. In connection with this speculation, Mr. H. made a new survey of the town in 1818, opening James street and William street, dividing the block thus bounded north and east into lots, most of which are now built upon. But William street was never vacated north of its intersection by James street, and the advantages it might have

afforded are in that respect lost to the village. James Honeyman died in 1824, and was interred in the churchyard at Lamington.

The War of 1812 revived the military spirit of the country, and militia musters were the order of the day. A recruiting officer was sent here, but his success was only ordinary. For many succeeding years "training days" were regularly held, and many old people still chronicle with pleasure their experiences at drill, and the scenes they have witnessed on the field.

The Rev. David Hendricks was called to the pastorate of Zion Church in 1816. Trustees: David Felmly, Jacob Kline, Philip Row, Frederick Shangle and Andrew Bartles. The Church records during his pastorate of six years furnish nothing of any interest.

In 1822, Rev Henry N. Pohlman, D.D., was called, who supplied the pulpit of Zion Church acceptably for a period of twenty-one years. He was a gentleman of fine personal appearance, hearty address, genial manners, and was probably the most popular incumbent who has ever served this Church. In 1824, the Methodist Episcopal Society became a corporate body, and built a small, neat edifice, called Wesleyan Chapel, within the limits of the Methodist cemetery on James street. This land was conveyed by Andrew Griffith and James Honeyman, to "Arch. Kennedy, Nich. E. Melick, John Melick, James Melick, John Fine, Mindurt Farley, Geo. Bunn, Jacob Blain and Anthony Farley, Trustees of Wesleyan Chapel." Methodism had been burning with no smothered flame for many years. Preaching had frequently been held on Fox-Hill, at the house of Mr. George Fisher, as early as 1800, and Bishop Asbury visited and preached at the residence of Mindurt Farley. The congregation was very small, and the little band for many years had stemmed the current of opposition; but there were toilers among them, whose faith and perseverance in this life are now fully rewarded in the rest they have entered. Among others, John Fine and wife were in particular noted for their humble piety and zeal in the Master's cause. Poor in this world's goods, they were rich in hope; the example of their lives remaining yet as a fragrant treasure and a rich legacy to Church and community.

In the year 1831 Zion Church was remodeled by change of front from south to west. Two doors were cut into the west wall, and an elaborate and handsome pulpit and altar built between them. The altar cloth and upholstery of the desk were of rich crimson damask, the floor was raised at the east end of the Church, the roof was made new and modern in style, the windows enlarged and made Gothic in form, and the exterior coated with a composition of lime, sand and pebbles. During Doctor Pohlman's administration, the German Valley and Spruce-Run congregations were still dependancies of Zion, paying one half the salary, of which the whole was but $600. From the last named date we find nothing worthy of mention until 1836, which is ever spoken of as the winter of "the deep snow." The snow fell on the 9th of January, receiving additions nearly every week, until roads and even fences were entirely obliterated. It was said to have been five feet deep on the level. During the summer of this year, the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of the New York Synod met here.

Finding recorded on the Church books at this time the name of Ezekiel Wooley employed as sexton, we are reminded of the many practical jokes he was continually perpetrating, making him a somewhat noted character in the recollections of the past. A stranger moving into

the village and occupying a home next to his, Wooley called and made his acquaintance, and that of his wife. Informing her that his wife was dreadfully afflicted with deafness, on his return home he also informed Mrs. Wooley, who naturally inquired about the new neighbors, that the poor woman "was *terribly deaf.*" The result of the first visit between the two can be imagined, both ladies shouting themselves hoarse before discovering that they were the victims of a well-planned joke. It is not generally known that the phrase common of late years, "he smelt the rat," was originated by him in a practical joke upon Henry Miller, Esq. But it was so. Miller's store was infested with rats, and became so great an annoyance indeed that he offered a *per capita* reward. Wooley succeeded in catching one, and on receiving his reward, threw the animal out of the door. In going home, unobserved, he placed the rat where he could find it again, and, bringing it into the store the next morning, repeated the process of taking a reward, and kept on repeating it until Mr. Miller *smelt the rat.* He was once engaged in digging a well for Rev. Doctor Hazelius. The Doctor, expressing a desire to go down into the shaft, was most readily accommodated, but when he wanted to come up, Wooley was deaf. Nor would threats or entreaty move him. Nothing but the exacted promise of a glass of spirits effected the prisoner's release. Scores of jokes of a similar nature are related, which we suppress, lest we trespass upon space and propriety.

In 1839 Zion Church sustained a loss in the death of Frederick Honnel, President for many years of the Board of Trustees. The Board met, Wm. Lambert being called to the chair, and appropriate resolutions were passed.

In 1843 Rev. James R. Keiser succeeded Rev. Doctor Pohlman, who was called to accept a charge at Albany, N. Y. In 1846 the ecclesiastical union existing between the different churches ceased by mutual consent. In 1850 Rev. George S. Collins succeeded to the pastorate. He was a gentleman of remarkable talent, of an exceedingly refined and sensitive nature, and a most genial companion, though of a somewhat eccentric turn. He was followed by the Rev. Jacob C. Duy in 1853, who fulfilled a pastorate of nineteen years in 1872. During his term the Church was again rebuilt by an addition of vestibule, spire and bell.

The present Methodist Episcopal Church was erected in 1865.

We have now approached the later times, the events of which as a matter of history do not interest the reader of today. What we know all about is not worth reading about, although we think it worth writing about for the sake of those who come after us. If we have been too brief in noticing late events preceding and succeeding the eventful year of 1861 which beheld the whole continent resounding with arms and the world amazed at the stupendous conflict, let us express the hope that the field will not long remained ungleaned, and that a supplemental history will be written while events are fresh, covering Tewksbury Township, that the local historian of a future century may have no trouble in his antiquarian researches to learn of the events of our times.

R. R. Honeyman.

THE IMAGINATION:

Its Nature, Uses and Abuses.*

I.—ITS NATURE.

TO the ordinary thinker the term Imagination has no other meaning than that which the word itself implies—the faculty for making images; but for the student of mental philosophy this is inadequate, and he at once turns the mental eye inward to observe how the operation is conducted, and *what* faculty of the mind is employed. This introspection is greatly facilitated by the careful study of those who have devoted their lives to the work, but their assertions should only be relied upon as they correspond to our own conscious apprehension and conviction.

At the very outset, our own conscious experience must decide between a diversity of opinions as to the nature of the Imagination; whether it is distinct from the Fancy, and whether there is a productive and reproductive imagination. Hickock takes the affirmative of both these questions; Hamilton and others, the negative. With Hickock, Porter and others, I think there is an essential difference between the Fancy and Imagination, and will try to show what this difference is, because of its important bearing upon the subject, noticing chiefly their products, and leaving the nature of the Imagination to be discussed under the second question.

The product of the true Imagination is for the accomplishment of an elevated end, or purpose. It is vivified with thought. It can always be expounded by some law of order, and all the parts are made to subserve the general bearing of the whole intention.

The products of the Fancy are capricious. They lack the principle of utility, and are very remotely connected with the Reason. "Children live in their fancies, and the savage mind is always fantastic," showing itself in their ornaments, amusements, music and pictures, which are but a gaudy display of that which is most striking to the senses. In a disturbed sleep, Fancy is ever busy and the semblances come and depart in grotesque combinations. The horrible hauntings of *delirium tremens* are the demons of Fancy, which torture the burning brain of the habitual inebriate. Thus we see that the Imagination is the higher exercise of the two, and must be classified under the "Understanding," while the Fancy comes within the domain of the pure sense. This distinction is necessary for philosophical precision, and has been dwelt upon for the reason that it excludes from this essay several subjects, which common language would require to be considered, but which more properly belong under the head of Fancy.

A discussion of the second point above stated brings us more directly to consider the nature of the Imagination, concerning which there is a great diversity of opinion among philosophers. Some say it is *productive* and *reproductive*, which Hamilton denies. Some treat of it as complex; others as a simple operation. I think the distinction of productive and reproductive is valid, if the term productive be used in its ordinary sense; that is, as constructive, and not creative; for it is admitted by all that we can create nothing,

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since in all respects we are limited to time and space. Attributing then this meaning to the word, the reproductive Imagination is that which re-exhibits the objects presented by perception, without addition, or any change in the relations which they reciprocally held when first made known to us through sense. The productive Imagination is that which re-exhibits the old objects furnished by the sense in an infinite variety of new shapes and combinations. Thus the poet, the painter, the novelist, give us combinations entirely fictitious and arbitrary, and, if not grossly at variance with reality, they may surpass anything that actually occurs. Milton's "Garden of Eden" is probably a more perfect landscape than has ever been realized in Nature.

The facts which come within my own cognition satisfy me that the Imagination as a plastic energy is a complex operation: for I am conscious, first, of a diminishing power; having seen a human being, I can imagine a Tom Thumb. Secondly, of an enlarging power: having seen a man I can picture a giant, and have been entertained with the exploits of Jack the Giant Killer. Thirdly, of an abstracting power: having seen a college, I can picture the cupola apart from the rest of the building. Fourthly, of a compounding power: having seen a man and horse, I can put the body of the man upon the shoulders of the horse, and fashion such a figure as is seen among the signs of the zodiac. This last is the most important. It is a characteristic of genius, and a constituent of every kind of invention. It is closely allied with the power of association, which influences the Imagination by helping it to combine appropriate objects. There is a pre-supposed act of conception and memory by which ideas are received and retained; but these are distinct faculties, and need no more mention here.

From what has been said above, it will be seen that the products of the Imagination have a relation to circumstances, and are not the result of a purely arbitrary act of the will; which fact, in conjunction with a few a few others, may perhaps be best considered under the second head of our subject.

II.—ITS USES.

Many people have been disposed to prejudice the claims of the Imagination. But this generally arises from a failure to discriminate between it and Fancy. The mere fact of an All-wise Creator having endowed us with this faculty, is of itself a sufficient evidence of its utility, and no where is its power seen to better advantage than in the Prophets of the Old Testament, where it is especially honored by the use which inspiration made of it. It is more particularly this power which constitutes a man a poet, a painter, a sculptor, or an architect; and who can enumerate the uses of any of these professions? How many monuments have they furnished to every civilized nation which, while they contributed to the national happiness, have at the same time contributed to the national glory?

The poet, as Washington Irving beautifully expresses it, "can create a world for himself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms and brilliant visions to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon." The painter, as he journeys through the country, sees innumerable beauties which a less vivid imagination would fail to discern. These objects are stored up in the mind to be subsequently transferred to canvas in new combinations and shapes, where they form an elegant, harmonious picture, calculated to educate our love for the beautiful, and increase our reverence for that God who freely gives good gifts to men. The sculptor looks upon his fellow-man and im-

agines what he must have been when first made perfect, and in God's own image, and with such a model chisels, from the block of marble, a statue, which reminds us of our Fall, and what we "might have been." The architect first constructs in his Imagination those beautiful buildings which adorn every civilized land The inventor and musician apply to their Imagination for the outlines of grand and beautiful creations in their respective arts.

But it is not alone in the professions that this faculty is of use. It performs a glorious mission in the lower walks of life. The peasant, as he labors at his daily toil, finds his task immeasurably lightened by picturing to his mind the cosy fireside, to which he will return at night. There are many men in our great cities whose daily lives are dull, dreary and possibly degrading, but by imagining the woes of others, or transporting themselves to fairer scenes, they find happiness in thus losing sight of self. It leads us in particular to place ourselves in the situation of others, to enter into their feelings and wants, and to participate in their distresses. It thus tends to the cultivation of sympathy, and the benevolent affections, and promotes all those feelings which are essential to the duties of friendship, and the harmonies of social intercourse. Hence a man deficient in Imagination, though he may be free from anything unjust or dishonest, is apt to be cold, contracted and selfish. It is furthermore of great use to the theologian, the lawyer, and the polemic, since it bears an important relation to the reasoning faculty. A prompt and well-disciplined Imagination enables one to view the whole field of circumstances: hence he can glance over his arguments, and see what facts are necessary to be stated, and what are not; what will be best understood and possess interest, and what will be useless, from want of attraction. He will adorn his remarks with many beautiful little figures, and this relieves it of all monotony. A man without this may be learned and diligent, and even successful, but he will certainly sustain the reputation of being dull, tiresome and uninteresting.

This faculty has purposes to serve even in science. "The truth is," says D' Alembert, "to the geometer who invents, the Imagination is not less essential than to the poet who creates." To the explorer in physical science it suggests hypotheses wherewith to explain phenomena. It bridges over chasms between discovered truths, and dives into mysteries to discover new facts. Again, when subordinated to the Judgment it is of service in the practical affairs of life. It supplies devices to the inventive warrior, helps the farmer to discover new modes of tilling his land, and discloses new openings in trade to the merchant. All these uses are at once evident, but it has another most important use in that it is an element in the communion which the Christian is permitted to hold with God. Of this fact I am conscious, but confess an inability to sound its depths. We know it is necessary in order to realize that better world to which we are exhorted to be ever looking; and it has a place in that exercise of the soul in which it anticipates the glory, and antedates the blessedness of heaven. But there is a stringent limit laid upon this exercise, since we cannot get beyond Time and Space. The Imagination can add and add millions to millions of ages, until it feels itself dizzy, and yet we will have only immensity; the utmost that we can reach up to will be indefiniteness. But where the mind is thus restrained by its weakness. there it exhibits its strength. It can image to itself only the finite, but it is led or impelled to believe in vastly more. Standing as it were on the shore of a vast ocean, it can only see so much,

but is constrained to believe that there is much more beyond this horizon of the vision. It is here that we find the origin of the idea of, or the belief in an Infinite. Thus we see that where the Imagination is devoted to its intended use it helps to cheer, to elevate, to ennoble the soul. It is in its proper exercise, when it is picturing something better than we have ever yet realized, some grand ideal of excellence, and sets us forth on the attainment of it.

III.—ITS ABUSES.

While it is true that the Imagination may be made subservient to valuable purposes, it is equally true that it may be made a source of evil and injury to the human character. This is done when it is employed to produce obscene pictures, and for any purposes other than those intended by our Creator. When thus perverted from its intended use, it often degenerates into Fancy, and becomes a burden to its possessor.

Many of the worst criminals have become such by an improper use of the Imagination. When first they viewed an act of sin, their natural sense of justice abhorred it, but by frequently picturing it to themselves, it gradually lost its horrors, and soon became their constant attendant. As Pope beautifully expresses it:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Thus thieving, licentiousness and murder are of frequent occurrence, and many men are wrecked physically, intellectually and morally

But there are other abuses which are restrained more directly in their effects to each individual, and which are the characteristics of various temperaments. Thus we have the *choleric* temperament, which leads men with corrupt imaginations to violent enterprises, often shockingly cruel, bloody and ferocious. Of this Herod furnishes a notable example. The *sanguine*, which leads one to picture scenes of levity and mirth, which is characteristic of the French. The *phlegmatic*, which restrains the Imagination, and makes the man sluggish, and approaching to the stupid. This belongs to the Dutch, who, as a people, are noted for their plodding. The *melancholic*, which affects men with mournful convictions of present degeneracy, and belongs more especially to the speculative German. These are the characteristics of the above mentioned temperaments only when the Imagination is not subordinated to Judgment.

One of the inducements which should lead us to use this faculty properly, is the fact that the punishment of its abuse will be in proportion to the greatness of its endowment. Thus we see that the miseries of men of genius are the deepest of all miseries, for their Imagination intensifies all the real evils which they suffer, and add many others, giving a greater blackness to the darkness in which they are enveloped.

The question of novel reading is pertinent to this subject, and I think it may be contended that two evils are likely to arise from much indulgence in works of fiction. The one is, it tends to demoralize the Imagination. The other is that it injures the mind to stimulate high feeling, when the feeling is not allowed to go out in action. Thus it weakens the sympathy to indulge it towards an imaginary person, whom we cannot aid.

There are certain misconceptions, which we often entertain through an unguarded Imagination. Our ideas of war, when it is in the distance, are often nothing more than pictures of glory and heroism. We are wont to invest persons of high position with many attributes which they do

not possess; and, what is very common, we all wish to recall the boyhood which is past, and look hopefully to the future, while we often ignore the present, which should be employed to make up for the past, or to provide for the future. The reason for this is that the mind delights to dwell on all scenes which excite in it pleasant emotions, and this fact has led some to believe that more pleasure is derived from the anticipation than from the realization of an object. Perhaps the commonest abuse of this faculty is that of exaggeration, insomuch that an account of any event after a few repetitions would scarcely be recognized by an eye-witness. Some go even farther than this, and confound the work of the Imagination with that of Memory, as was severely said of an author, that he "resorted to his imagination for his facts, and his memory for his figures."

Bishop Butler in his *Analogy*, stigmatizes it as a "forward, delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere," and advises strongly against its unlimited indulgence. This is evidently sound, when we remember that wonderful power the Imagination has of objectifying its own activities, making them appear oftentimes as real and substantial as any material things presented by the senses. There are some remarkable illustrations of this. Dante, while writing his *Inferno*, was probably the most miserable of men. As he passed through the streets of Florence, the common people, pointing to him with awe, would say, "There goes the man who has been through Hell." It is authoritatively stated of Socrates, that he once stood for twenty-four hours utterly lost to everything outside of himself. Archimides is said to have been killed during the siege of Syracuse, while standing in an exposed place, oblivious to everything except the productions of his active Imagination. Daniel Webster, in his great speech on "Crime Its Own Detector," shows most vividly these effects, which we classify with the abuses, because it is manifest that this faculty should at all times be subordinate to the Judgment, and he who allows it a free unguarded sway will most assuredly feel the consequences of the abuse.

We see then that this wonderful power has a right use and a wrong use, and that its productions may either contribute to moral and intellectual improvement, or may tend to mislead the judgment, vitiate the taste, and corrupt the moral feelings.

GEORGE H. LARGE.

THE FATE OF BARBAROSSA.

A LEGEND OF THE DARK AGES.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.]

[FREDERICK I., surnamed Red-beard (Barbarossa) one of the Hohenstaufen family, was elected Emperor of Germany in 1152. He was one of the most powerful and judicious rulers of Germany. He led a vast army over the Alps into Italy no less than six times. When seventy years of age he made a crusade into the Holy Land, where he fought two battles against the Turks. When his army arrived at the river, Calycadnus in Cilicia, it could only pass over very slowly by means of a narrow bridge. The Emperor becoming impatient leapt with his horse into the stream to swim over. He was carried away by the current and drowned. It was long believed in Germany that Barbarossa was not really dead, and a legend prevailed that he sat enchanted in Mount Kyffhauser in Thuringia, at a stone table through which his red beard had grown; that he was

there awaiting his release; and that hereafter, when the ravens (those birds of ill omen) ceased to fly round the Mountain, he would return and restore Germany to its former greatness.]

IN SOME subterranean castle,
Or rocky mountain cell,
Sits Frederick Barbarossa,
Struck by a magic spell.

He never yielded up the ghost,
But lives he yet to-day:
Within some castle's secret walls
He slumbers time away.

The glory of the old empire
He took with him below,
But that he'll bring to us again,
And mitigate our woe.

Of ivory is the Kaiser's chair,
That serves him as a seat,
The table, which supports his head,
Is made of marble neat.

His beard has through the table grown,
Whereon his chin reclines;
It is not of the hue of flax,
But bright as fire it shines.

He nods his head as in a dream,
With eyes half open coy;
And in long intervals of time
He beckons to a boy.

Unto the boy in sleep he speaks:
"Without the castle go,
And learn if round the mountain yet
The ravens circle slow;

"If yet the ravens wing their way,
And cease not in their round:
So must I sleep a hundred years,
Entranced beneath the ground."

FRANK BERGEN.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

WE may be pardoned a little gossip this month about the contents of the present number of the Magazine. We are sure our readers will be glad to note, first, the third paper of Judge Voorhees on "The Raritan and its Early Holland Settlers." Other local historians are numerous, and they are to be welcomed as gleaners of a rich harvest; but none know better than they how for years the sickle and whetstone have been furnished them by the Judge. To change the simile, he has been the *fountain head* of a large proportion of the information which other writers have given out under their own names (but sometimes with proper credit) in their historical sketches about early Somerset. It is right and fitting, indeed a most crowning work of a long life of usefulness that now, at the noble old age of seventy-six (we beg the Judge's pardon for stating his age) he takes up the pen himself, and tells about that good old Dutch ancestry, who thought this part of New Jersey a Paradise. And the best of it is that his sketches are not lumbered up by a mass of references and notes, do not consist simply of names and dates, but give the prominent traits of, and unpublished anecdotes about the individuals described. These, and corelative interesting events of their lives, are just what their descendants wish to know, and will read with most delight. Dr. Todd's admirable paper on "Uhland" speaks for itself, as will his admirable translations that follow it. Frederick Frelinghuysen's "Address Before the Bible Society" of Somerset County, consumes space that neither we nor its readers will begrudge. It is well remembered by his intimate friends still living that he gave early promise of great intellectual and forensic ability, which increased with his years till Providence called him from earth, at thirty-two years of age. The address we publish was one of the only two he is certainly known to have delivered, outside of his professional line; the other being a Fourth of July oration at New Brunswick. He died in

November, 1820, three months after the date of this address. The history of New Germantown, for which we surrender much space, may at first thought be considered of too little public interest for its length, but will be found to be otherwise. The first settlement in Tewksbury township, it has been the scene of many most interesting and important events and incidents, which have never been given to the public. Indeed, the history of that part of Hunterdon County has never been written; in fact, little of any part of this most grand field for historical research has been gleaned. We wish it had been otherwise. But if we must lose much that could have been gathered a quarter century since, it is yet a duty resting on us to rescue what we can from oblivion. Col. Honeyman has performed his task in a manner which it will be well for other writers on similar subjects to imitate. The paper of Mr. Large on "The Intellect" will not be as entertaining reading for the general reader as some of the others, perhaps, but will be found as thoughtful and ought to be as profitable. We have, as an average, too little an acquaintance with the science of the mind, otherwise known as Metaphysics; and as all of us cannot go through long abstract treatises on Mental Philosophy to learn what would be interesting to know, short papers like the one we allude to ought to command careful consideration, and evoke in some minds new trains of thought.

NEXT month we shall give place to a most important paper on "Horace Greeley and the Convention of 1860," by "A Delegate." It is written to correct a prevalent impression about the part Mr. Greeley took in that Convention toward Lincoln and Seward, and will certainly secure attention.

WE have a copy of a Thanksgiving sermon preached in the American Reformed Church of Easton, Pa., by Rev. Dr. C. H. Edgar, who is quite well known, perhaps, to many of our readers. It is printed in *The Christian Statesman*. The Doctor takes the broad ground that the Bible should be the text-book, and Christianity the *governmental policy* of the nation. He says:

"Christianity is the bread of life to our nation, in its organic form as well as for the individuals who, aggregated and organized, constitute the nation. If it is the necessary, the essential, the chief good of one, it is equally so of all. If a man is a better citizen for being a Christian, all citizens would be better in proportion as they are restrained and constrained by the book which is the Christian's rule. If this is so—and who will gainsay it?—then is it not tenable to lay down an advance proposition and say, provided there be a sufficient amount of Christian sentiment to carry it, that *this sentiment has a right* by the very genius of this Republic to *express itself*, to embody itself, to be *recognized in the constitution and statutes of a nation?* The Bible, which teaches Christianity, a religion so good for its restraining and constraining influences upon individuals to make them better citizens,—*the Bible ought to be adopted by the nation as the highest authority and sanction, and as the text-book of legislation:* Christianity ought to be THE POLICY OF OUR GOVERNMENT."

The italicized words are the author's. This is broad ground to take. To fortify it, the Doctor continues in his usually vigorous way, as follows. We quote at some length, because we cannot show the strength of his position better than in his own words:

"I use the word policy in its accepted sense. We have national policies. I argue that Christianity ought, on its own merits, be one of our policies. I claim that Christians, if they can carry it by vote, have just as good a right to make it the policy of the nation as free-traders or protectionists or free-soilers or abolitionists have to try to carry their views and have them adopted, if they can outvote those of opposing sentiments. I do not propose to argue the merits of Christianity before such an audience as this. I assume its merits, and insist that it ought to be recognized and adopted as the policy of the nation in its organic capacity. I put it on its merits, and I take the ground that its friends, not as members of this church, or that church, or of any church, but as citizens, have the right, if in the majority, to incorporate it in the Constitution of the nation. * * We have national principles and national policies,—*ex. gr.*,—we elect our legislators, we have an army and navy, we make homestead laws, we protect manufactures, we encourage agriculture, we abstain from alliances with other nations, we are not propagandists of republican institutions, we hold that every man has the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These are our policies. Why do we adopt them? Because it is thought by the people as individuals to be the best for the nation. Just so, if the people think Christianity is best for them, why may they not and why should they not express the sentiment, and legalize and protect it? * * The best life of our nation is not sustained by pork and corn; its wealth includes something besides these and lumber and coal and iron and acres. Our national life and wealth cannot be summed up without reckoning also a sense of honor, a purpose of justice, a love of country and the fear of God. * * A nation is not a soulless machine, but a body with life. That life is the aggregate organized thought and conscience of the people. * * Surely if we wish to promote the highest, best and longest life of our

nation, we have the right by the very genius of our institutions to adopt any policy, and are in duty bound, as well as prompted by patriotism, to adopt such policies as will best secure this end."

To say the least the Doctor is logical. Had we space to quote his answers to the objections raised against his position, it would be seen that he there holds his ground with the same lucidity of argument. Many readers of this sermon, and of similar declarations from the mouths or pens of great Christian thinkers, will doubtless dismiss the subject with the comment that the theory is impracticable, if good. But if it *be* good, and yet impracticable for the present, it clearly is the duty of every thinking, good citizen to weigh the matter, and, weighing, act. If the doctrine be right, let its advocates publicly uphold and promulgate it. If it is erroneous, let that be proven by argument. The subject is too important to be carelessly dismissed from the minds of thinking Christians. Our own opinion is that Doctor Edgar's general position is *right*. To establish a State religion is one thing; to have our laws permeated with the *spirit* of the controlling religion of the nation, not to the restraining of freedom of conscience in word or worship, but to the building up of a truer and purer national morality, is another, and, in our judgment, a most proper thing. We may recur to this again.

LITERARY NOTES.

AT THE last meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, held in Trenton in January, Rev. Dr. Messler of Somerville read a paper on "First Things in Somerset." It was originally printed in a series of articles in the *Somerset Messenger*, but the Doctor has probably corrected and amended it since. When first published, it was a valuable and interesting history, and it cannot now have lost any of its importance.

THE admirable course of lectures being delivered at Plainfield, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, ought to awaken into life the dormant energies of our own literary lecture-goers. They should, in the first place, attend these lectures, and, in the second, resolve at once that another winter shall not pass ere the same great platform lights, or their compeers, shall visit Somerville and Flemington. The Plainfield people had MacDonald Nov. 26th, Gough Dec. 17th, Collyer Jan. 14th, Evans later in the same month, Anna Dickinson Feb. 4th and Yates Feb. 18th. Fred. Douglass came Dec. 28th, found a stormy night and no audience, took his pay in full and left. He is to return later in the season and lecture—but for additional pay, of course. The subjects of these lecturers show a proper admixture of the literary with the practical. MacDonald's was "Macbeth;" Gough's, "Circumstances;" Douglass' was to have been on "Self-made Men;" Collyer's, "Clear Grit;" Evans gave Readings; Anna Dickinson's was "What's to Hinder?" and Yates, "Modern Society." It is a great treat to hear a great lecture; everybody will acknowledge that. We may read the books, or the *verbatim* reports of the lectures of these people, it is true; but we *know* them better afterward, if we have seen them once on the platform; we can afterward follow them with an interest that is akin to affection. The true lecturer wins our hearts as well as our minds. By all means let us prepare for a course of literary and practical lectures next season in Somerset and Hunterdon.

WE are asked so frequently how to pronounce Joaquin Miller's first name, that we now beg to give a general reply to all inquirers. It is a Spanish name, pronounced as if spelled *waa-keen*, with the emphasis on the first syllable. If anyone will think of the invitation which our good folks of the country give to those who knock at the doors of their houses ("walk in"), he cannot be led astray in the name.

ANOTHER contribution to local history is lying before us. (*Historical Discourse*, Delivered at the Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church of Lambertville, N. J., Sept. 24th, 1872, by Rev. P. A. Studdiford. Published by Request.) The *Discourse* is very much like Dr. Rankin's, very good so far as it goes. The field of the early history of Lambertville was probably so vast that Mr. Studdiford, to enlarge beyond the events essential to a correct relation of the work of his Church, would have had to have gone entirely out of the plan of the *Discourse*. Still, he relates some interesting facts about Lambertville.

Its growth in the past half century seems to have been rapid, however much we have been taught to believe that it was a staid old town, without life or progress.

"Fifty years ago, where now is a town of more than four thousand inhabitants, there were not more than one hundred and fifty; where now there are seven hundred houses, five churches, besides numerous mills and factories, there were then not more than two dozen houses, only one unfinished edifice for worship, and not a mill or factory in the territory now constituting our corporate limits."

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

A NIGHT WITH HORACE GREELEY.

Editors of OUR HOME:—Thursday evening, January 4th, 1872, I received a note from my friend, the Rev. T. W. Cochran of Mendham, N. J., saying: "Horace Greeley will lecture on Temperance in the Second Church of Mendham, on Wednesday evening, January 16th. Please give notice in your Church for two Sundays following. Come up and take tea with us, and spend the night with the old gentleman. He will be entertained at our house." I answered immediately: "Thank you; I'll give the notices. Please expect me to tea, and all night, as per invitation."

I was at my friend's hospitable home at 5 P. M. of the day appointed. Rev. Thomas Carter, a brother-in-law of Mr. C., had preceded me by one hour. At 6 o'clock, Mr. Greeley arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Cochran met him at the door. Coming into the parlor he spoke pleasantly, shaking hands as we were introduced.

Tea was very soon announced. Mr. Greeley occupied one side of the table—Mr. Carter and I the other. After a blessing was asked, our host passed a plate of cold chicken to Mr. G., who helped himself bountifully, and Mr. C. passed the plate to another of his guests. *Before he could possibly hand the bread*, Mr. Greeley reached nearly across the table, and, *with his fork*, took a slice from a full plate. Mrs. Cochran said: "How do you take your tea, Mr. Greeley?" "Thank you, I don't take any." "What then will you have to drink?" said our hostess. "A cup of hot water with milk and sugar—and plenty of milk. I left off tea a good while ago, and have not taken coffee in thirty years. If I had, I know I could not have done the work I have; nor would my hand be as steady as now." Our host said: "You don't mean to say your hand does'nt shake any?" To which the reply was very emphatic: "*It does not;*" and just then Mr. C. saw that the old gentleman had finished his slice of bread and attempted to hand him more, but before he could do so, Mr. G., with his fork had secured a second slice. On taking again of the chicken, he said: "If I lived according to my own ideas I would eat no meat at all; because if I eat meat, I eat salt, and *it* is not healthful—though a fondness for it is one of my failures."

After we were seated in the parlor, Mr. Cochran said: "Mr. Greeley, where do you live now?" Before the question was fairly asked, he answered: "I cannot be said to live at all. My wife has been an invalid for many years, and for six years has been in different parts of the world, seeking the most congenial atmosphere for her lungs—the West Indies, Florida, England, France, Italy. For a year past she has been most of the time in the Isle of Wight; the climate there seems more congenial than any other she has found, though she is now, for the Winter, in a little town in the south-west of Italy. Our older daughter is with her. Indeed, for six years, her mother has hardly been out of her sight. Last Spring our younger daughter went over to see them and was coming home in the Fall; but I wrote her to stay with her mother, and let her sister have some rest; and *she* is now travelling some."

During the conversation after tea, I said: "Mr Greeley, I heard you twenty years ago at a Teachers' Institute at Somerville." "O, yes," he replied, "I used to come to Somerville often; *thirty* years ago, I married my wife in Somerset county. She taught school near Lamington, and boarded with a Mr. Kennedy, who was then Clerk of the County." I said: "I remember him, and he lived near the borders of my present charge." It was at Kennedy's, now Vliet's Mills, half-way between Pottersville and Lam-

ington, and she taught the school at the "Foot of the Lane."

I pass over the lecture, for the present, deeming it worthy of a separate letter, which I hope to write you for a future issue of OUR HOME. My object now is to give some idea of the social qualities, the views of current events, and the then state of health of one whose loss to this country and the world has been so universally recognized.

After the lecture, Mr. C. invited about twenty of the congregation—gentlemen and ladies—to the parsonage to call on his honored guest. He was introduced to all, but talked very little. Indeed was decidedly reticent. Refreshments were passed, but Mr. G. took none. In about half an hour the company was gone and we had a few minutes conversation, when Mr. Greeley very abruptly rose and said: "Well, I must go to bed, but want a drink first;" at the same time stepping to the stand where pitcher and glasses had been placed, and pouring out a glass of water. While he was drinking, Mr. Cochran said: "Mr. Greeley, we keep up the good old Scotch custom" (he already knew that both our host and hostess were of near Scotch descent), "of having family worship before separating for the night. If you'll be kind enough to wait a few minutes, we'll have prayer immediately." Mr. G. sat down while the Bible was handed to another of the guests, who conducted the worship. Immediately after prayer he rose, and was about leaving the room, when he said that he "did not sleep well—was very wakeful during the night—usually prepared about two articles for the paper while in bed," and, making request to be called at a quarter before six in the morning, he bade us "good night," and retired at 10½ o'clock.

At breakfast the next morning, allusion was made to the unveiling of Franklin's statue, which was to take place that very day, January 17, 1872, in Printing-House Square, New York, when Mr. Greeley said: "As a member of the Press I must be there. I don't mind *that*, but the dinner after it is the trouble—I *hate* public dinners.

After he had gone to bed the evening previous, the rest of us, in discussing the lecture, and other things we had heard and knew of the great man, concluded that in the morning we would, if possible, get him to express himself in reference to the Presidency. We were not *politicians*, and hardly knew how to bring the subject up, but concluded to try. He had recently returned from his tour through the South, and his name had been already publicly mentioned for the high office. After breakfast, and while he was waiting for the stage, one of the company said: "Mr. Greeley, what of the South? Are they becoming one with us? Of course there's great trouble just now in South Carolina and Louisiana, but, as a whole, are they not falling into line, and accepting the situation?" He replied: "O, there's a miserable state of affairs in the South. These abominable carpet-baggers have done the mischief. Then another great trouble is, the whites won't work—they hate it like *pisen*. If it was'nt for the impression at the North on them we'd see St. Domingo acted over again." "Do you think then the blacks would rise?" asked one. "Can't tell which would begin it," he replied; "There's a deadly hatred. The whites hate work like *poison*" (this time), "and the blacks think they have rights now. It'll be fifty years before the South is fully re-constructed. I would'nt want to invest any property there in the present state of affairs." "Then," said one of the company, "if it's only the strong arm of the government that keeps peace now, it is very important that we have a clear-headed man, and one of sound judgment at the head of affairs." "Yes, yes, very important," he said, and immediately started for his overcoat, and we got no nearer the Presidency. I suppose we were not good politicians, in the usual acceptation of that term.

At the risk of making my letter very long I must yet add one item, so as to leave only the lecture to be sketched in my next. At one time in speaking of an unseemly rivalry and strife between two Dutch Churches in the same village, Mr. G. said that "no matter what one did it was wrong or foolish in the estimation of the other." I said immediately: "Pretty hard on the Dutch." "O, no," he pleasantly replied, "It would have been the same had it been any other denomination." I then stated Dr. Demarest's assertion about the controversy in New York, a hundred years ago, over the use of the Dutch language, when the defeated party were so incensed that the *Dutch* Church should have preaching in Dutch only once a day, that they went over, in a body, to the Episcopal Church where they never heard a word of Dutch!" With this he seemed very much interested.

The inevitable white overcoat was donned, though for riding he wore a large and heavy black one outside, and after bidding us "Good-

bye"—shaking hands all round—our host and he walked down the street to meet the stage.

HENRY P. THOMPSON.

Peapack, N. J., Feb. 1, 1873.

THE MINES OF HUNTERDON COUNTY.

Editors of OUR HOME:—In compliance with your request, I send you a statement of the Mining interest of Hunterdon County.

About six years ago, considerable interest was excited throughout the County by the discovery of a fine vein of iron ore at High Bridge, which was developed on a lease secured by J. K. Large & Co., and since that time a vast amount of prospecting has been done with varying success. The numerous openings already made, prove that our County is rich in mineral resources, and the developments yet to be made will doubtless contribute largely to her prosperity and wealth.

Previous to the Revolution, there were, perhaps, not more than four or five openings in the County; the chief of which were at Solitude, now High Bridge, owned by the Taylor family, and from which, as appearances indicate, large quantities of ore were taken. There is at this day still standing along the South Branch River in that vicinity, the remains of two or three large stone buildings, which were used for producing iron before the Revolution. On the property of Mr. Sutton, near Beaver Brook, between High Bridge and Cokesbury, is standing the remains of an old furnace, the strong and solid walls of which reach to the height of twenty feet at least. Near by, large and substantial foundations of coal-houses, etc., are to be seen, as is also a large salmander, lying in close proximity to the building: appearing as though some mishap had overtaken the enterprise. This spot with its surrounding scenes would be delightful to visitors in mid-summer, and is always interesting to antiquarians. Near by is a mine, on the farm of Mr. Cramer, which was doubtless worked at the same time; and not over two miles distant is that of Cokesburg, which was also worked at that time, and has now been re-opened by J. K. Large & Co., and one also on Mr. Alpaugh's farm, which is now being thoroughly tested and worked by the Messrs. Taylor, yielding from three to five hundred tons per month.

The High Bridge mines, which now yield ore the most extensively, are being worked by three different companies, the Thomas Iron Co., the High Bridge Co., and J. K. Large & Co., yielding in the aggregate, perhaps fifteen to twenty thousand tons annually. This large deposit has stimulated the mining business, as is evidenced by the movements of explorers, to be seen almost any day in the upper part of the County. Some of these have met with success.

An opening has been also made on Mr. Sweazey's farm near Jugtown by a Pennsylvania Company, which is yielding perhaps five hundred tons per month. There are also several openings near Clarksville, which, however, thus far, are not very promising, although ore has been found in nearly all of them. There have been some explorations made on the farms of Messrs. D. K. Hoffman and Sharp Welch, a little south of Lebanon. In the latter, a vein seven feet wide and twenty-seven feet long has been uncovered; but while the quality in this section is very fine, the quantity is uncertain and somewhat irregular. When they are more extensively worked a valuable deposit may be found. A fine appearance is presented by a new mine opened on the farm of Dr. Creveling, near Bloomsbury. On the farm of Morris Sharp, also, some fine ore has been found, which it is hoped will prove valuable to the lessee.

There has lately been discovered a deposit of hematite ore on the farm of Mr. Bird, just west of Clinton village. It is the only deposit of hematite yet found in the County, and the quantity being very abundant it is now successfully worked by Large & Conover. All these ores are shipped to the furnaces in Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, but as the quantity increases, it is hoped, for the good of the country and the owners and miners of ore, that furnaces will be erected at home sufficient to consume the entire product of ores.

L.

Feb. 7th, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

JANUARY, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

4th.—Raritan: Accident to David K. Auten. While crossing Canal bridge his horse frightened, and went into the river with sleigh and driver. One horse killed; Auten not injured.

7th.—Neshanic: Presentation of mementos to Rev. P. D. Oakey of the Neshanic Institute, by pupils of his school. Bound Brook: Thomas Garretson killed while walking on railroad track. Liberty Corner: Donation visit to Rev. J. T. English.

12th.—Peapack: Reformed Church burned, between three and six o'clock, A. M. Fire supposed to have originated from furnace-pipe, or chimney. Nothing saved. Had been reopened five weeks before, after great improvements. Insurance, $5,500, covering about one-half the loss. Pastor preached to full congregation in lecture-room at 11 A. M.

15th.—Peapack: At meeting of congregation of Reformed Church, it was resolved to rebuild Church at once, and proper committees were appointed.

17th.—Heavy freshet in the Millstone and other rivers, with large ice gorges.

21st.—Pottersville: Donation visit to Rev. Vernon B. Carroll of Reformed Church.

26th.—Somerville: Frederick Frelinghuysen, Esq., enters upon the office of Surrogate of the County.

31st.—Coldest day known in perhaps 25 years. Thermometer at 7 A. M. ranged, according to location, from 20° to 30° below zero.

—— Finderne: Post-office established; Dr. Joseph H. Wilson, Post Master.

—— Lynn Station: Post-office established; Stephen Butler, Post Master.

—— Basking Ridge: Lewis H. Thompson made Post Master.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

5th.—Readington: Explosion of lamp in the Reformed Church. Fire damaged pulpit and carpet, but was put out by snow. Reaville: Presentation of new and handsome sleigh to Rev. John A. Scofield, by his friends.

6th.—Mt. Airy: Formation of Vigilant Society with 21 members.

8th.—Lambertville: Child of Amos Grooms burned to death by playing with fire in the stove.

13th.—Bloomsbury: Store of Rockafellow & Lake broken into at night; but little of value taken.

14th.—Annandale: Donation visit to Rev. J. A. Van Doren. Junction: Oyster supper by Good Templars, in Well's Hall, netting them $130.

15th.—Frenchtown: Lecture in the Baptist Church by Moung San Win a Burmese. Address of Rev. Walter Chamberlain, on Temperance in the M. E. Church.

16th.—Frenchtown: Donation visit to Rev. W. H. Sherman, of Baptist Church.

21st.—Lambertville: Thirtieth anniversary of organization of Lenni Lenape Lodge, No. 15, I. O. O. F. Address by Dr. Samuel Lilly, Past Grand Master. Frenchtown: Quarterly meeting of the Ministerial Conference of the Central N. J. Baptist Association, in Baptist Church.

22nd.—Frenchtown: Concert in the Christian Church, by Prof. Carter of Bloomsbury. Annandale: Concert by Annins' Cornet Band.

28th.—Stockton: Rev. A. Cauldwell has donation visit.

31st.—Coldest day of the year. Flemington: Accident to children of John Ramsey by bursting of stove range. Two injured; one died.

—— Kingwood: Call of Rev. Benj. Carroll to Presbyterian Church accepted.

WEATHER FOR JANUARY, 1873.

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1	-8°	
2	22°	
3	38°	Very foggy.
4	30°	
5	22°	Cold rain.
6	30°	Clear and pleasant.
7	-8°	Clear.
8	4°	Clear in morning; afterward cloudy, with rain.
9	22°	Clear.
10	—2°	Clear.
11	3°	Clear.
12	14°	
13	28°	
14	30°	
15	28°	Stormy.
16	36°	Foggy.
17	44°	
18	26°	Snow and hail.
19	16°	Clear.
20	-9°	
21	20°	Cloudy and damp.
22	36°	Clear.
23	19°	Six inches of snow.
24	26°	Cloudy, little snow.
25	16°	Clear.
26	18°	Cloudy.
27	17°	Ten inches of snow.
28	16°	Cloudy.
29	—5°	Clear.
30	—23°	Clear; coldest day.
31	Zero.	Clear and cold.

General average, 18°

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM DEC. 15TH, 1872, TO JAN. 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Bristow, Andrew	Sallie Taylor	Jan. 4	Somerville	———
Gaston, James	Emma J. Potter	Jan. 1	North Branch	Doolittle
Griggs, Josephus	Annie E. Stryker	Dec. 19	Harlingen	Gardner
Gildersleeve, Geo.	Sallie Brown	Jan. 15	New York	Northrup
Horning, Wm. A.	Mary H. Ames	Jan 1	Finderne	Mesick
Huff, William	Eliz. Elmendorf	Dec 24	Bound Brook	King
Irving, L. E.	Irene Leeson	Jan. 16	Millington	Gibbs
Layton, D. L.	Mary V. Krymer	Dec. 25	North Branch	Doolittle
Lane, Matthew	Mary A. Crater	Jan 8	Bedminster Twsp.	Poole
Smith, Wm. K.	Sarah C. Adair	Dec. 18	Raritan	Bachman
Van Dyke, Jno. L.	Mary E. Fowler	Jan. 1	Somerville	Pitcher
Van Arsdale, C. C	Mary E. Gordon	Dec. 18	Neshanic	Mesick
Van Kirk, Chas.	Mary E. Brokaw	Jan. 15	Somerville	Mesick

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Alpaugh, Jacob N.	Maria Hoffman	Jan. 4	Mountainville	Belles
Arison, Alex.	Amy F. Housel	Dec. 25	Flemington	Vassar
Broadhurst, W	Hannah Butterfoss	Dec. 31	Stockton	Cauldwell
Conover, Lewis	Mary Servis	Dec. 28	Ringoes	Hewitt
Carroll, Joseph	Mary E. Rupel	Dec. 25	Kingwood	Hyde
Carroll, Geo.	Elizabeth Fauss	Jan. 8	———	Poulson
Clossen, Anderson	Mary E. Stevenson	Jan. 2	Reaville	Studdiford
Creamer, Enoch	Mary C. Horner	Dec. 25	Kingwood	Clark
Dalrymple, Landis	Lizzie S. Young	Jan. 4	Sydney	Williamson
Dilley, John E	Phœbe A. Stout	Jan. 7	Warrenville	Canly
Fisher, Peter A.	Kate Bloom	Dec. 25	Frenchtown	Clark
Fleming, A. J.	Hannah Lawrence	Jan. 8	Flemington	Mott
Fisher Tenbrook	Mary Appleton	Dec. 24	Kingwood	Soule
Fretz, Newbury	Mary J. Dunlap	Dec. 25	———	Emery

Fisher, Theo	Clarissa Felmly	———	New Germantown	Diener
Goodfellow, James	Mary J. Sergeant	Dec. 24	Ringoes	Harrison
Goodfellow, Sam'l L	Amy W. Brewer	Dec. 19	Ringoes	Winans
Gary, Asher D	Lavinia L. Welsh	Jan. 8	———	Hyde
Higgins, Geo. C	Mary A. Marsh	Jan. 15	Flemington	Mott
Holcombe, Jas. F	Annie M. Force	Jan. 15	Flemington	Mott
Iliff, Richard	Eliza Fritts	Dec. 21	Mountainville	Belles
Leonard, Wilson	Matilda Dilts	Dec. 31	Sydney	Williamson
Mattis, Aaron L	Hattie A. Rockafellow	Jan. 15	Flemington	Young
Miller, Wm	Aletia A. Cronce	Jan. 8	Flemington	Vassar
Pittenger, Abram	Anna J. Case	Dec. 17	Sydney	Williamson
Race, Jno. C	Marg't B. Green	Dec. 25	Flemington	Vassar
Ribble, Abram B	Annie M. Gruver	Jan. 1	Centreville, Pa	Weisz
Salter, Malcolm	Fanny Broughton	Jan 15	Lambertville	Walton
Stout, Chas. L	Rhoda Holcombe	Dec. 28	Mt. Airy	Adams
Smith, David	Susan Wyckoff	Jan. 8	Annandale	Williamson
Severns, Mahlon	Anna Johnson	Dec. 21	Lambertville	Studdiford
Servis, John	Mary S. Horn	Jan. 15	Delaware Tw'sp	Poulson
Severs, John B	Eliz. Beekman	Jan. 15	Milford	Burrows
Servis, Wesley	Margaretta Hoagland	Jan. 9	Flemington	Vassar
Schnell, Samuel B	Mary V. Fulce	Dec. 25	Philadelphia	Clark
Welsh, John	Mary Bogardus	Dec. 20	Mountainville	Belles
Waldron, Wm	Anna Cook	Dec. 21	Clinton	Ewing
Winters, Geo. W	Caroline Duckworth	Dec. 25	Glen Gardner	Kline
West, Geo. A	C. J. Swackhammer	Dec. 31	———	Smock
West, Christian W	H. G. E. Hanson	Dec. 24	Sydney	Williamson

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM DECEMBER 15TH, 1872, TO JANUARY 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Everly, Joseph	Washington Valley	December 17	67
Major, Minnie	Somerville	January 7	13
Mattis, Eliz. D	Raritan	December 26	69
New, Erastus R	Raritan	January 5	Infant
Porter, John W	Raritan	January 2	71
Stryker, Wm. P	Somerville	January 3	43
Van Middlesworth, Henry	Somerville	December 29	89

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Baran, Barbara	Clinton	December 25	88
Cole, John T	Pleasant Run	January 5	—
Case, Mahlon P	Flemington	December 15	42
Callis, John	Flemington	January 8	26
Cooney, Patrick	Lambertville	January 4	29
Depoldt, John	Three Bridges	———	—
Grooms, Harry A	Lambertville	January 8	1
Gambling, M. L	Readington	December 28	26
Hamilton, Gussie	Junction	December 17	16
Kugler, John	Frenchtown	January 13	Infant
Lair, Hannah	Kingwood	January 6	20
Probasco, John	Clinton	December 20	50
Rockafellow, Ann	Copper Hill	December 30	83
Robins, Anna	Bloomsbury	January 11	8

OUR HOME:

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THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

WHEN the dark'ning storm-clouds flit athwart the sky,
And the deadened oak-leaves in gusts go whirling by,—
While the threat'ning north-wind shrieks along on high,
And belated song-birds south bewildered fly:—
With its mighty legions, too num'rous to be told,
The snow-storm comes from regions of perpetual cold.

When from out the gloomy splendors of the cloudy morn,
Rising slow and stately, another day is born,
Whose dun and crimson banners, with edges rent and torn,
Cast a transient brightness o'er the landscape cold and lorn:—
With its mighty legions, too num'rous to be told,
The snow-storm comes from regions of perpetual cold.

When leaves go wildly whirling adown deserted walks,
Whose sides once gay with leaves and flowers are drear with faded stalks,—
Where in the dewy summer eves, loved friends held pleasant talks,
How Recollection stalks, a ghost, and Memory taunts and mocks,
As, with its mighty legions, too num'rous to be told,
The snow-storm comes from regions of perpetual cold.

As o'er the treach'rous bosom of the billowy main
The lost and ruined vessel seeks the port in vain,
While at home the lov'd ones wait with bitter pain
For footsteps of the wand'rers who will never come again:—
With its mighty legions, too num'rous to be told,
The snow-storm comes from regions of perpetual cold.

A sound like questioning voices fills the heavy air;
It triumphs o'er the storm-winds, which wide its echoes bear;
It is the voice of want and woe, a grim and ghastly pair,—
And a wail goes forth to meet them from hearts oppressed with care,
As, in mighty legions, too num'rous to be told,
The snow-storm comes from regions of perpetual cold. M. A.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[FOURTH PAPER.]

SOME of the Dutch from Long Island appear to have come and settled on the Raritan in colonies. It was so at least in two instances. Peter Cortelyou, Stoffel Probasco, Theodore Polhemus, Hendrick Lott, Hendrick Hendricks, Jaques Cortelyou, Dennis Tunis and Cornelius Wyckoff, all of Long Island, purchased of John Harrison 10,000 acres of land in 1701, lying in the central part of the township of Franklin, beginning at the rear of the Raritan lots, at the road leading from John Veghtens, and ending at Six-Mile-Run, and across from the Millstone River to the Indian Path. It was divided into eight parts, and numbered, commencing at the rear of the Raritan lots. No. 1 was on the north side of the Amwell road. No. 2 was where the village of Middlebush is. No. 5 was where Jacob Wyckoff lives. No. 8 was where Peter Stothoff, Moore Baker and J. Statts Nevius reside. The lines run from the Indian Path in a westerly direction across to the Millstone River, making eight divisions. A line was also run from the rear of the Raritan lots in a southerly course to the distance of eight miles, ending on Rocky Hill in the neighborhood of Upper Ten-Mile-Run. This was called the "Middle Line," and on it was laid the road from the present Middlebush Church to the Griggstown road, which passes by Garret Nevius. This last mentioned line divided the tract into sixteen parts, and was settled upon principally by the purchasers, or their descendants. The other tract, bought of Peter Sonmans, according to Corwin's Map, was divided into nineteen parts, and called the "Harlingen Tract," named after the place in which it lies. Among the purchasers of this tract we find the Holland names of Hendrick Van Dyke, O. Conraats, Anna Volkerse, Peter Cortelyou, Joseph Hagaman, Cor. Van Duyne, Jacob Van Dyke, Ort. Van Pelt, Hendrick Hagaman, Wm. Beekman, Adrain Hoagland, Wm. Van Pelt, Franz Lewen and others—names familiar to that part of our County to the present day. The Map includes the tract which was given by Peter Sonmans for the benefit of a church, and since known as the "Parsonage Farm."

The first tract of land in Somerset County purchased of the Indians, according to Messler, and lying north of Bound Brook, was made in 1683; and the last sale made by them to the whites was for lands lying adjacent to the "Harlingen Tract." In 1723, Coion, Nutomus and Quaton, three Indians, by an old deed of that date in my possession, for and in consideration of £7, current money of New York, one gun, one pound of

powder, five pounds of shot, two blankets, two gallons of rum, and one cart, conveyed all the moiety, or half part, formerly bought of Peter Sonmans, Esq., and known as lot No. 19, bounded by lands of Ort. Van Pelt, Jacob Van Dyke and Wm. Beekman, containing one hundred acres. Also one hundred acres of land of said lot No. 19, bounded east by the said hundred acres of land, north by Jacob Van Dyke's, west by Peter Souman's, and south by the corner of the said lot. This appears to be the last sale of lands by the Indians to the whites to be found on our records.

On the north side of the Raritan, and farther east, we find among the Dutch settlers the name of Probasco, (in Dutch Calabas.) He owned a farm or tract of land, and resided where Mr. Livingston now lives. It extended southerly, and followed the river, near to what was called Martin's Dock.

The land at the beginning of the present century, and on which East New Brunswick has been built, was one large field, and used as a race-course, furnishing space for a very lengthy track. A story of olden time was told of a certain minister, who once went to one of the races for the purpose of warning its conductors of the evil effects resulting from them. They were made aware of his coming, and were prepared to receive him in true jockey style, by having several well-trained coursers on the track at the stand ready for a start. The minister rode a trained horse of uncommon speed, which he had ignorantly and unfortunately purchased. Arriving at the stand, the word "*Go*" was given. The minister applied his full strength to stop his horse, but all in vain. The spectators shouted: "The Dominie has got it! The Dominie is ahead! The Dominie has got it!" His horse came in a length ahead, and although not having made a lawful entree according to the rules of the turf, they still offered him the purse, which he declined to take. He afterward disposed of the horse, but whether he demanded and received a price corresponding to his speed is not known.

Harris' Lane, a mile east of Bound Brook, fifty years ago was much used as a straight race-course. Horses from Long Island, Monmouth, Hunterdon and other parts, made frequent trials of speed thereon.

Lying west of the former, and in the rear of the Landing, a tract was owned and early settled, probably previous to 1690, by Hendrick Vroom, one of the ancestors of the families of that name in Somerset County, and who in 1729, in connection with Frederick Van Liew, was appointed to build a new church for the congregation of Three-Mile-Run. From thence to Bound Brook in these early days we find the names of Smock, Boice and Nevius.

Peter Claus Wyckoff, the common ancestors of the Wyckoff family, emigrated from Netherlands in the year 1636. He bought lands on which he settled in Flatbush, Long Island. In the year 1655 he superintended the farm and stock of Director Stuyvesant. He was magistrate of the town for the years 1655, '58, '62 and '63. His wife was Gretia, daughter of Hendrick Van Ness. They had several children, whose names are given in a history of some of the early settlers of Long Island, published by Hon. Tennis G. Bergen.

His son, Cornelius Pieterse Wyckoff, married Gertrude Simons, daughter of Simon Van Arsdalen, Oct. 13th, 1678. He was one of the company who purchased a large tract of land in Franklin Township, Somerset County, N. J., of John Harrison, the deed for which bears date Nov. 7th, 1701. The deed for his share of the tract given by his partners,

bears date June 1st, 1703, and conveys 1,200 acres lying across the central part of the Township from the County line at Three-Mile-Run to the Millstone river.

Tradition says he had eight sons, four of whom he settled on those lands, each having 300 acres. Their names were John, Peter, Simon and Jacob. John had his home in Middlebush, where Samuel Garretson now lives, and his oldest son, Cornelius, was born there, being the first child born in the settlement. John had six children, four sons and two daughters. Cornelius, the oldest, kept the homestead, which remained in his family until the year 1800. John, the second son, built along the Millstone on the rear of the farm. It has remained in the family, William Wyckoff, one of his descendants, now living thereon, in an elegant building erected by him during the past year. Simon settled at Three-Mile-Run. John Vliet, Jr., a son of the owner of the adjoining tract, married one of his daughters, and upon the death of their parents a part of the farm of Simon was united to that of Vliet. After the death of John Vliet, Jr., his widow held the property. She afterward married John Van Cleef. They remained upon the farm, and after their death their son, John Van Cleef, Jr., bought the tract, where his grandson, Ralph Voorhees, Jr., now lives. The sons of Simon settled in the neighborhood of White House, and have become a numerous family. Jacob settled at Three-Mile-Run also. He died quite young, leaving two sons, Cornelius and Jacob. They inherited his lands, Cornelius living where Abm. J. Suydam now lives. He died young, leaving one daughter, Ida, who married Dennice Van Liew, and lived upon the property. It remained in the family until 1850 or '51. Jacob, Jr., took the homestead of his father. He left three daughters, who inherited his lands. Frances, wife of Aaron Hagaman, had the homestead, which is still held by her heirs. Peter settled at Middlebush, where he lived and died. He left six sons and four daughters. His oldest son, Cornelius, settled below New Brunswick, and is the ancestor of the Wyckoffs in that vicinity. Aurt or Arthur, and John settled at or near Cranberry, and founded the families of that name around there. Peter, Jr., left two daughters. Jacob left no children. Simon, the fifth son, after his father's death, bought the farm, living where his father did. Simon left four sons, the oldest of whom, Christian, settled west of Albany, N. Y. The second son, Peter, lived in New York, and his descendants now live at Brooklyn. The two younger sons, Jacob and Simon, upon the death of their father, bought the farm; Jacob taking the rear, and building where his son Cornelius W. Wyckoff now lives, and Simon taking the homestead where he lived, and which at his death was purchased by his son, Jacob Wyckoff, now living thereon. His brother Simon resides in Fairview, Illinois, Joseph on a farm at Woodhull, Michigan, and Christian at Lamington, Somerset Co., N. J. Martin, the son of Jacob, is the one who graduated at Rutgers College last year, and who was appointed and is now engaged as Instructor in the National College of Japan.

RALPH VOORHEES.

NOTE.—In my last paper (for March) I wrote of Lawyer Wells, living near New Brunswick, as deceased. I am happy to know I had been misinformed, and that he is still living. The text should be corrected accordingly. In same paper, page 97, 2d column, line 2, "Prussia" should be "Poland." R. V.

HORACE GREELEY AND THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860.

MUCH misapprehension seems to prevail about the course of Horace Greeley in 1860, in reference to the nomination of the Republican candidate for the Presidency. During the recent canvass it was generally represented by the newspaper press that Mr. Greeley at the Chicago Convention favored the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, and some even attributed the success of Lincoln to the warm support of Greeley. Since the death of Mr. Greeley, the erroneous statements on this subject have been numerous, and in quarters where correct information would naturally be expected. As a specimen we quote from an obituary notice of Hon. Horace Greeley in the *New York Times* of Nov. 8th, 1872:

"The next year was 1860, and the Republican party met at Chicago for the purpose of nominating a President and Vice-President. Mr. Greeley attended as a delegate from Oregon. It was the expectation of the party that Mr. Seward would receive the nomination, but Mr. Greeley so strongly advocated the nomination of Abraham Lincoln that Seward was defeated."

The obituary notice of Mr. Greeley in in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, contained a statement identical in sentiment, and equally at variance with the truth of history.

The readers of the *Tribune* of 1859–'60 will remember that for months the purpose of the *Tribune*, controlled and inspired by its editor, was to prepare public sentiment for the nomination of a conservative Republican as the standard bearer of the party. This course of the *Tribune* excited much surprise and comment at the time. The *Tribune* was looked upon as the representative of the more advanced Republicans, and there was a seeming inconsistency in its advocating any other than an advanced Republican for leading official positions. The line of argument in favor of a conservative, was that success with a radical Republican was impossible; that the Republicans in 1856 had made the fatal mistake of nominating a candidate who was weak in what were familiarly called the "pivotal" States—Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and New Jersey; that without the votes of these States the Republicans could not succeed in a national contest; that however strong the party might be locally it never could achieve national success and the establishment of its principles; that a candidate must be nominated to conciliate the conservative element in the States named and in the Border Slave States, so as to give the party a national character; that the *cause* would triumphantly carry through any candidate in the pronounced Republican States, but that the candidate must be acceptable, certainly not specially objectionable, in order to succeed in States which had not yet taken a firm position on the platform of advanced Republicanism; that politics from its very nature was the science of compromise, and that the strong must bear the infirmities of the weak; that devotion to principle was a very commendable thing, but that the *success* of political organizations was essential to the establishment of political principles. These and kindred views were reiterated, illustrated and enforced almost daily by the *Tribune;* and the press and political leaders, who entertained similar views, followed its lead.

In due time the *Tribune* announced Hon. Edward Bates of Missouri as its favorite for the Presidential nomination.

It did all in the power of a widely read and ably conducted journal to prepare the public mind to insist upon this consummation. But its views were not satisfactory to an earnest, aggressive party, such as the Republicans at that time essentially were. Other counsels prevailed. On the assembling of the New York State Convention to nominate delegates to Chicago, a delegation unanimous for Seward was appointed, the anti-Seward conservative element having but comparatively little strength, notwithstanding the teachings and efforts of the *Tribune*. The Radical element seemed to prevail in the election of delegates generally, and although Presidential preferences on the part of those elected were not clearly made known, yet the tone of the party and the tendency of the times were in favor of decided views, and of candidates with clearly pronounced opinions.

Horace Greeley became a member of the Chicago Convention as a delegate from Oregon, not by original appointment, but as a substitute for a delegate who, on account of the distance and inconvenience of travel, thought proper not to attend.

The Chicago Convention was called to meet on the 16th day of May, 1860. Its assembling was looked forward to with great interest, and its proceedings watched with intense anxiety by the whole nation. Momentous results were suspended on its deliberations and action. As regards principles to be declared and established, there was a general agreement among the delegates. The great purposes of the Republican party represented in national convention were well defined. These purposes were, "to resist the further extension of Slavery in the territories, and to put it in process of ultimate extinction in the States themselves through moral and political influences; to overthrow the continued domination of the slave power; and to place men in office who believed in the Declaration of Independence and in the doctrines of human rights."

But notwithstanding unity in doctrine and in aim, there were wide differences of view as to the line of policy to be adopted in order to secure results. Always in important conventions, where great interests are at stake and great questions are to be decided, there are controling elements. About these all lesser influences crystallize. Generally in such assemblages questions of principle determine the action of men; but often sympathy with, or opposition to a particular man, as representing peculiar shades of principle, is the key to unlock the seeming mysteries of individual action. The questions at Chicago were, should Seward be nominated, or defeated? Should "Old Irrepressible," as his friends at Chicago delighted to call him, in remembrance of his paternity of the "irrepressible conflict" doctrine, become the standard bearer of the Republican hosts? Should high-toned principle and accomplished statesmanship prevail over pretensions of expediency? Should the tone of the party be elevated in full confidence that the mass of voters would commend a bold declaration of principles, and an outspoken policy,—or should it be lowered to conform to the wishes and views of those who feared defeat except with a defensive policy and a candidate free from objections of a positive nature?

The contest was a severe one with the probabilities in favor of Seward's success; not because he was the first choice of a majority of delegates, but in consequence of the seeming impossibility of uniting the opposition to Seward on a single candidate. To effect this union Mr. Greeley labored most earnestly, bringing to bear all his influence. In fact his intense earnestness seemed tinged with a vindictive feeling, and

there were those who were free to charge personal enmity as the main spring of his efforts. The contest was waged from the Saturday preceding the assembling of the Convention, when the delegates began to arrive, until the final ballot was taken on the ensuing Friday morning. The effort of Mr. Greeley to concentrate the anti-Seward sentiment on Edward Bates met with indifferent success. Even this movement, in which he labored so earnestly, was not a movement in which Mr. Greeley's heart was really engaged. He comprehended the situation, and to accomplish the result aimed at, at the election,—the defeat of Seward in the Convention and the success of the nominee—used what to him seemed the best instrument for these purposes. The statement that Mr. Greeley was not heartily for Bates may strike the reader with surprise, but "I testify of that whereof I know."

The writer of this accompanied Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, a delegate from New Jersey, and recently Consul at Liverpool, to the room of Mr. Greeley at the Tremont House, on the afternoon of the Sabbath previous to the assembling of the Convention. The object was merely to make a friendly call. Mr. Dudley, at the time of Mr. Greeley's imprisonment at Clichy, was in Paris, and was active in having Mr. Greeley released, setting before the authorities the legal principles involved in the cause of his arrest. A warm and intimate personal friendship was the result. Now, therefore, a free talk was soon entered upon with regard to prospects and preferences. Mr. Greeley avowed MR. CHASE *as his first choice for the Presidency;* and stated that he would rather see him President than any man in the United States, but that the concentration of the opposition to Seward was essential, and the success of Chase before the Convention was out of the question. At the time of this interview, Lincoln was by no means prominent as a candidate. His name had only been presented in the Illinois State Convention the week previous; and although public attention had been directed to him by his discussions with Douglas, and especially by his masterly Cooper Institute speech on national politics; and although he had enthusiastic admirers as a man of dialogical power, and a Republican of deep rooted convictions, with both negative and positive elements of popularity, altogether of no ordinary character, yet most delegates had been elected without a knowledge that his name would be presented before the Convention, and were naturally revolving about Seward, or Bates, and McLean. At that particular time the "Ben Wade movement" was much more prominent than the Lincoln movement; in fact the Lincoln movement was hardly regarded as a disturbing element. At this time certainly it had not enlisted the sympathy and support of Mr. Greeley, and he scarcely regarded the nomination of Lincoln as among the possible issues of the pending struggle. Greeley, with the Blair family—Francis P., Sen., Frank P., Jr., and Montgomery—were regarded as the head and engineers of the Bates movement, and they labored for him with all the tact and force of which they were possessed. Notwithstanding their efforts, the support of Bates was almost confined to Missouri, Oregon and Maryland, which States this quarter represented, with some scattering followers in a few of the other States. The friends of Seward were trained politicians. Notwithstanding the extent of the prejudices against their candidate, and the difficulties of their position, they not only seemed to hold their own, but to make headway. They were ready to perceive and take advantage of every error of the opposing forces, while their own men were

kept well in hand. In all the preliminary skirmishes in the Convention their tactics were admirable, and success seemed sure to crown their efforts. So late as midnight preceding the ballot, when the decks were cleared for action and the preliminary work finished; when the Platform had been adopted, and seemingly the last statement and last effort to influence the Chicago had been exhausted, and the sole work of calling the roll of delegates to make the nomination yet remained to be done; at this hour, when all seemed settled, Greeley sent a despatch to the *New York Tribune*, which was published as follows:

"GOV. SEWARD WILL BE NOMINATED.—*Chicago, Thursday, May 17th*—11.40 *P. M.*—My conclusion, from all that I can gather to-night, is that the opposition to Gov. Seward cannot concentrate on any candidate, and that he will be nominated. H. G."

But what at that hour seemed impossible was accomplished. The concentration was effected. Henry S. Lane, Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, although prefering McLean or Bates, finally succeeded in bringing the Indiana delegation to go as a unit for Lincoln. The very able delegation from Illinois, with many co-workers from the State, labored with the energy of desperation for Lincoln. The political future of Illinois politicians depended on their carrying the State in 1860, and they felt they could not do this with Seward as a leader. Pennsylvania stood out against the combination on Lincoln, hoping for a final concentration on Cameron. They assumed that no Republican could be elected without Pennsylvania, that they could carry Pennsylvania only for Cameron, and therefore Cameron must be nominated. But the Pennsylvania delegation, for various reasons, had but comparatively little influence in the Convention The delegates were now rapidly coming to the conclusion that Seward or Lincoln would be nominated. Pennsylvania could not resist the forces that were compelling this conclusion, and although disappointed and maddened, her delegation finally in Convention on the second ballot cast 48 of her 54 votes for Lincoln. The New Jersey delegation, after casting a united vote for ex-Senator Dayton, divided according to personal conviction and preferences, casting on the third ballot 5 votes for Seward and 8 for Lincoln. There was but one "original Lincoln man" in the New Jersey delegation, and he in the confidential conferences of anti-Seward delegates was carefully excluded because of his belief in "the irrepressible conflict" and the certainty of his voting for Seward rather than Bates or McLean. Much active work was done by the forces opposed to Seward between "May 17th, 11.40 P. M.," and the assembling of the Convention, the next morning. Whispers of inroads in the Seward forces, and of defection among his adherents filled the air, but these were old stories, heard but heeded not. Whether Greeley was directly at work during the "wee small hours," after sending his despatch, in bringing about a concentration on Lincoln, or whether he left others to work up the case and carry into effect his widely disseminated teachings, reaping the harvest of which he had sown the seed, is unknown to the writer. One thing is certain,—the case was worked up, the elements of opposition to Seward were concentrated on a single candidate, and Seward was defeated. Although Seward's friends had not lost confidence in his triumph, and went into the ballot bating not one jot of heart and hope, yet, when the balloting commenced, the defeat of Seward soon became evident to the well-informed observer. New England broke ranks, casting 19 votes for Lincoln, 32 for Seward, and 30 scat-

tering. Virginia, counted on as certain for Seward, gave him only 8 votes to 14 for Lincoln. Although the first ballot gave 173 votes for Seward to 102 for Lincoln, yet it was understood that the greater part of the reserved votes—a sufficiently large number to determine the result—were for Lincoln. The second ballot resulted in 184 votes for Seward and 181 for Lincoln, and the third ballot in 180 votes for Seward and 231½ votes for Lincoln, leaving Lincoln but 2½ votes short of a majority, which was given him by the changed 4 votes in Ohio from Chase to Lincoln. This change was announced with stammering speech by Hon. David R. Conter, the man for the crisis, and the thousands present were relieved of their intense excitement by a result being reached. When it became settled in Convention that the contest was narrowed down to Lincoln or Seward, the delegate from Oregon voted for Lincoln, *but not until the third ballot, and when the contest was virtually decided.* Mr. Greeley in one respect gained his end. Seward was defeated; but the candidate he had supported and labored for was not nominated. In one point of view the nomination of Lincoln was a Seward triumph. Lincoln had ever made prominent the *moral element* in the Slavery question, and had planted himself firmly on the "irrepressible conflict" doctrine. It was even charged by his political enemies that Lincoln was the father of this much discussed doctrine, as his familiar way of putting it, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," etc., (in his Springfield speech, June 17th, 1858), had been made anterior to the "irrepressible conflict" speech of Seward. With Lincoln's supposed fidelity to principle, there was a freedom from that bitter prejudice, deeply inwrought into the public mind, against Seward, which reconciled many delegates to voting for Lincoln, who, had the issue between candidates been presented in a different form, would have adhered to Seward.

In view of the foregoing facts, it is beyond dispute that Greeley was not a Lincoln man in the Chicago Convention of 1860. His sympathies were not with him, his labors were not for his nomination, and his vote finally recorded for him was rather a protest against Seward than a vote for Lincoln. Even after the nomination, a leading editorial was published in the *Tribune* designed to show that the nomination of Bates would have been the right one to make, stronger with the people, and better calculated to build up and strengthen the Republican party.

At the Chicago Convention, Mr. Greeley was one of the Committee on Platform and Resolutions, and was one of a sub-committee of five by whom the Platform was drawn up and perfected. His services in this position were of great value. So far as remembered, Mr. Greeley was entirely silent during the sessions of the Convention, not taking part in the discussion of any of the questions which occupied the attention of that body. During the canvass which ensued, resulting in the election of Lincoln, Horace Greeley was most earnest in the support of the Republican party and its candidates, and the *Tribune*, (to its old-time readers a convertable name with Greeley,) was one of the most powerful instruments in moulding public opinion, and in securing the triumph of the party. The action of the President elect in calling his leading rivals for the nomination for the Presidency—Seward, Chase, Bates and Cameron—to positions in his Cabinet met with the hearty approval and commendation of the *Tribune*. The course of Mr. Greeley and the *Tribune* with regard to the administration of President Lincoln

is a matter of more recent history, the consideration of which is foreign to the purpose of this article.

In writing as I have, on "Horace Greeley an dthe Chicago Convention of 1860," I have sought to group together in brief space the facts bearing on the subject within my own knowledge, and which are calculated to remove widespread and erroneous impressions. I do this from an outside standpoint, making no pretensions to admission to the wide circle of Mr. Greeley's motives and sentiments.

Here I dismiss the subject, without personal reflections, leaving those which naturally suggest themselves to the candid and discriminating reader.

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITIES.

II.

I NOTICE, in the second place, the problem of woman's *labor and wages*; *i. e.*,—her labor *for* wages. Ink and breath have been spent on this subject for a year or two past without stint, usefully and uselessly. Let me plainly say that I do not see any force whatever in the common assumption with many, that the female laboring classes will be benefitted by legislation. Because nearly every "woman's rights" lecturer and convention in the land may argue so, makes the fact no stronger. The simple truth is, this question of labor for wages is, in its very nature, entirely foreign to the design and reach of statutory enactments. Wages are solely under the control of demand. For example: Suppose a law to be passed forbidding the employment by any school-district of a lady teacher, except on payment of the salary for which a male teacher may be employed. Of course no one in his senses would dream of a law going farther, and compelling the employment of the lady teacher. What, then, will be the inevitable result, in districts where, as is universally the case, a male teacher would be preferred upon a male teachers' salary? The answer is plain. Simply to put a man into every school-room, and keep the woman out! She who, on the old distinction in pay, however unjust that might have been *per se.*, could have secured some position, is now out in the cold. Here, then, the law would be impotent to confer the benefit intended. It may be said there should be no distinction in the choice because of sex; that individual fitness alone should govern the preference. That is true, and for just that I contend. But, suppose what is not uncommon an equal fitness: what then will you do with the scruples and prejudices of men on this point, which, if unjust, do exist? Can any law effect these? Unquestionably not. And so, again, would a civil law fail, as all laws must, to restrict demand for labor to particular laborers and specified wages. These matters *must regulate themselves.* Woman's work in the school-room, and elsewhere, must be equally acceptable to employers as man's work, to secure the same recompense: and here rests the whole secret. This will occur when two other things take place; when woman demonstrates fully her equal *capacity* with man to perform the labor she undertakes; and when men get some such touch of shame as will force them to stamp out of existence an inequality of wages for labor which is merely based on sex.

This woman's labor problem is, in truth, a great one Those ladies of the *city*, who loll in pleasant parlors in crimson, damask and silk, know nothing of it. Nor do those who have good, provident husbands; or, who have money of their own in abundance, willed them by some kind relative. Others, however, at our very doors indeed—how many can only be known by the secret roll kept above in Heaven's Chancery—are dependant npon their own resources for daily bread. These must earn in addition, perhaps, a support for their fatherless children. Some are in single life with parents dead, and are thus alone. Some have parents living who cannot provide for them. Some have husbands whom misfortune has overtaken, and who are helpless. Some have husband's whom Rum has ensnared,—and then the wives are worse than widowed! All these conditions of life are hard. And it is a truth men might well blush to know, but one which is real, that the world is cold to such. Its heart is for them unfeeling and cruel. What *encouragement* does it give them to earn their own bread? What helping hand does Society hold out to these, that they may by honest toil feed their mouths, and clothe themselves—and their children with them? An equal one with men? Ah! let that anonymous poem of "Prayer and Potatoes" answer! Let the moral of some of Dickens' finest portrayals of that kind of poverty answer! Let the sighs and tears and broken hearts and wasted frames of *tens of thousands* of helpless women of this class the world over, answer! You may say, dear reader, it is woman's "place" and "lot" and "sphere" to be *married*, once, twice, thrice if need be, to have a home. Grant it for the argument. Then what of those who can have no prospect of a first, second, or a third marriage, unless such as they cannot accept but by the compromise of love, honor and womanhood—of more value to them than life? Tell them to get married? You mock them by it. You taunt them most bitterly! No; they cannot marry. They must work, labor, toil—not for the love of it, nor the duty of it, but for the *pay of it*! and these you will have believe toil under God's shadow! Well, so do hard working, crushed-down, poor *men* work under His shadow; but, at the longest, it is only until the angels shall come to bear them to the perfect sunshine and rest of the higher, and purer world.

The present avocations open to woman are about these: "sewing out," doing service in the kitchen, teaching school, clerking in a store, making bonnets, keeping books, telegraphing—in all seven. I do not say none are in other employments, but that these constitute about the sum total of those which custom and fashion approve. Leaving out the millinery business, which pays well, but which all cannot engage, in the average income from these employments is from $50 to $200 a year, exclusive of board. This is about what a small boy can obtain (because he is of the *genus homo!*) at ordinary work! Is there not, then, a grievous wrong somewhere in this matter? Are not custom, and fashion, and men's prejudices about this point, at variance with conscience and equity? Why, I ask—and let those whom it concerns answer—are not the avenues of mercantile *and professional* life thrown wide open for this class of workers, who must labor in God's great vineyard of human industry? Why have they not *full* opportunities to develop their mental resources? Why, when the stress of necessity compels, or the bravery of ambition impels this class of human beings to work for a living, do you, great Man, bar shut the gate to remunerative

labor? Why say to any woman, who attempts, according to the Divine command, to wrest from the earth food, shelter, clothing, comfort and independence,—"*Thus* far shalt though grub and toil and delve, but *no farther;* here is a dividing line between you and me beyond which I am a privileged worker, and you a tresspasser You may work *that* copper lode! this rich gold mine *we'll dig ourselves!*"

And this takes me to the brief consideration of the third point, which is respecting that kind of woman's labor known as *home*, or "*kitchen*" *labor*. I make now no reference to the poorer classes of society, nor, of course, to the most rich, who now pass through life on flowery beds of ease. It chiefly concerns the daughters and wives of our ordinary farmers, mechanics, artisans, merchants and professional men, who have not a super-abundance, but a sufficient supply of worldly riches. With them it is a rule, well-established in custom, and perhaps in the lack of something higher to do, to bake, iron, wash and sew, sew, wash, iron and bake, nearly every day in the week from morning till night. They do this, till all the years of their glorious womanhood run by, and the grave comes to close over a life mis-spent—because not *well* spent. They do not grasp even the shadow of the meaning of that beautiful sentiment,—

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time—
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime!"

But think it paraphrased instead:

'We are living, we are toiling
With these bodies all the time—
In an age on ages telling
There is nothing that's sublime.'

Kitchen work and house-hold toil is noble to the extent demanded by duty, or necessity. But if it be an employment which our dollars in hand, our too critical stomachs, and our too fashionable tastes can remedy, it is drudgery, *slavery*. It is slavery because it allows no liberty, much less engenders a desire for the development of the intellect, and the purification of the soul. It is letting the earth-nature bury the God-nature. It is allowing the brute force without crush the spiritual woman force within. It is putting oneself immediately under the primeval curse, instead, with Heaven's and one's own help, standing, semi-victoriously, over it.

For those who *must* be in this position it is bad enough. May God pity them, if men don't! But for those who can do better; whose husbands, or parent's purse is sufficiently plethoric to buy their time, and allow them to acquire knowledge, and develop the graces of life, it is a sin, and, if possible, worse than a sin. The woman who, voluntarily, by the permission of her husband, or parents, or from their compulsion (which is hardly worse) wears her life out in the tread-mill of domestic toil and anxieties about what she shall next get to eat, what she shall next wear, and how she may avoid hiring help in the kitchen, is doing herself a wrong which she ought to shudder to contemplate. If she does it voluntarily, she substitutes false for true duty, an animal for an emotional, upward-tending life. If compulsory, through husband's or father's penuriousness, she should gracefully, not obstinately, rebel. Yet, so strangely, this class works on ungrumblingly, though knowing they have qualifications higher than the wash-tub and more congenial than the red-hot stove, and feeling, if they do not express, an agony of soul which may muse, and die musing with the poet Cornwall:

"We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die;
We toil through pain and wrong:
We fight—and fly!
O life, is *all* thy song
Endure and—die!"

Remember I speak only of the class to whom pinching poverty, or the utter lack of education has not made slavish physical toil a necessity. That even this class should be schooled in certain physical arts requisite to a house-wife is true. That the human frame demands physical labor I admit. But, should not —and here is the point—should not *individual circumstances and inclination* regulate the degree, in place of slavish custom, and men's cruelty?

"The "lack of good domestic help" is urged against my position. Well, have you, Miss or Mrs. Objectress, persevered strongly to get help? Have you paid properly the help you have had? By enlarging the pittance custom often fixes as the price of servants to something of moment, can you not either retain what you have, or secure good new help? And have you treated your servants well? If you answer "yes," to all these—then let me further ask you, Are you living, and dressing in a simple, inexpensive, untroublesome style? Is most of your time occupied by "fixing" what is absolutely necessary to eat, to live, and to wear to be decent, or what may be dispensed with? Is it an inexorable law of duty, or is it fashion and penuriousness which, put in the scales, make rest, culture, mental attainments and grace of character kick the beam?

Country girls and women of this day want more time for themselves, and they have a right to it. They need it for opportunity to drink frequents draughts from the stream of Knowledge; to do good to others; to make the world the better for their living it it; to be fitted indeed for that immortal life whose *golden* threshold we all may press with our feet, if we only will have the courage. They want *opportunity*. V.

ONWARD.

"Go Forward!" Exodus, xiv: 15.

HAVING launched upon the ocean
Of some great life enterprise,
If the waves in wild commotion
Seem to say, "Go back! there lies
Danger, deep and dreadful onward—
You'll be wrecked if you proceed;
Thousands have already foundered;
O, take heed, in time take heed!"

Stand amid the raging billows,
Firm, unflinching, fearless, stand
With your bark still headed onward,
To the waves this answer send:
"True a thousand barks were foundered
On this vast and awful sea,—
But a thousand more have landed
In their port, successfully."

On this voyage there will meet you
  Days of sunshine, days of gloom;
Days when Hope's bright form will greet you,
  Days when grim Despair will come;
Days when every prop seems failing,
  And you wish for speedy death;
Days of calm and peaceful sailing,
  When there's joy in every breath.

Look not back with longing, shoreward,
  Think not of the port you've left.
Let your every thought be "forward!"
  Forward, if it be to death!
Welcome care and pain and trouble,
  If success attend your way;
But despise a life ignoble,
  E'en with ease and luxury.

He who dares not, ne'er can conquer.
  Life's great prizes are for those
Who, unmoved by doubt or danger,
  Still press on, "what e'er wind blows,"
If they meet with fierce contentions,
  If repelled by envious foes,
It but spurs to new exertion,
  And their zeal intenser grows.

CHARLWORTH

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

WHAT is my thought like? Like a star,
  That in the highest heights is found;
Seems firmly fixed; but from afar
  It falls from heaven unto the ground.

'Tis like the wind, gentle and slow,
  Now, how it flies with angry will!
The Past seems gone—in vain to know:
  Now hastens back to fret me still!

H.

DR. HENRY VANDERVEER AND SISTER.

THE ECCENTRICITIES of men of genius are public property, and such a person was Dr. Henry Van Derveer of Bedminster. I knew him intimately, loved and admired him, and to this day consider him one of the ablest physicians Somerset County has produced.

He always was a most eccentric gentleman. He and his sister Phœbe lived and died at the old homestead. Neither of them ever married. The Doctor outlived his sister many years. Miss Phœbe had her own colored cook, and Doctor had his. She had her own flour barrel, and the Doctor his. She ate in her room alone; Doctor did the same. The mansion was a double house, with a ten feet entry. Her room was on one side with a stove in it; the Doctor's was on the other, with an open Franklin. The other six rooms were handsomely furnished, shut up and seldom opened. They spent their lives in these *two* rooms. They had several small negroes around them.

Phœbe once fancied she could not sleep in a bed, and accordingly reposed in a rocking chair, and was rocked *all night* by "Ethiopia." The colored is a *sleepy* race. She had a remedy—a stout hickory stick, with a pin in the end. This applied to "Ethiopia" kept him awake. Alas! for human calculation. The pin was applied too sharply. The start was sudden. The chair was upset. A neck was almost broken. A severe chastisement tickled Afric's legs. Misses went to bed and always slept there after that.

Once a week she visited brother on the other side of the entry. The heavy brocade silk, the large lace collar, and black kid gloves were put on. A formal call was made. A few hours after Doctor, arrayed in his best English broadcloth, large ruffled shirt bosom, hair and eyebrows properly dyed, boots polished, and pants strapped down by his servant, made in return a formal call. This was all the intercourse for a week.

April 1st was a great day—the day we always pay interest in old Somerset. Misses in silk and gloves received money. She never allowed money to touch her *bare* hands. There was *contagion* in it. The knobs of the door were of brass. A silk pocket-handkerchief was carefully placed upon the knob; then the door was opened by her. Once in two weeks she had a turkey roasted for herself, with mashed potatoes, boiled onions and cranberry sauce. That dinner she always took at six o'clock, and ate it in bed.

At the age of about 70 Phœbe died. There was great preparation made for the funeral, as many friends were expected. Chickens were slaughtered, and bread, pies and cakes baked. There was fine cheer in the kitchen. "Are you not sorry that Miss Phœbe is dead?" The individual addressed was attending to a fine chicken leg. With a comical look, he replied, "I would *not* care if Miss Phœbe laid dead *all the time*." A month after her death there was excitement in Bedminster church. Doctor had caused a handsome monument to be erected over her remains. Some said: "Now we will know how old *Doctor* the is, because he is only a *little older* than his sister." Doctor, true to his instinct, because as a bachelor he would never tell his age, had *neglected* to put Phœbe's age upon the tombstone! There were thus many disappointed people. After Phœbe's death, Doctor

occupied both rooms, with the stove in one and open Franklin in the other. If too warm he went into the open fireplace; if too cold into the stove room, and this was his daily habit. For years he was the only white person in the house, his negroes being in the kitchen. As we all know, he lived to a great age, dying at about 95. You might say he never had any disease; he wore out. He studied his system carefully and acted upon strict rules. He ate animal food, but chopped it up very fine with his knife like mince meat. He always had Indian upon his table, either as cake or corn bread. I never remember seeing hot wheat bread used by him. To regulate his system, he had baked apples, and ate largely of the best of oranges and pears. He was eccentric in love matters. He was also very eccentric about timber. He had 409 acres of the finest land in Bedminster. He saw them cut down the first tree for his new mill, gave a loud groan, and would never go to the woods after that.

I could write a long article on his genius. He was ahead of his age, and one of the ablest physicians of Somerset. We all know about his singular will, and the excitement in our County and State Courts. As a gentleman, a scholar, a physician, I much esteemed him, and many have cause to be grateful for his superior professional skill.

A. W. McDowell.

MENTAL CULTURE.

[*Editors of* Our Home: It would be difficult for me, and probably a matter of but slight public interest, to explain how I became possessed of the manuscript article which I herewith send you for publication. I would not like to assert that it was discovered as was the Book of Mormon, nor derived from a supermundane source through communication with one of the genii who attend upon the goddess Minerva. I rather suspect it was excogitated from the brain of one of that useful class of men which furnishes New Jersey with her school instructors. I think I know the author. I found and interviewed him not long ago at a school-house, where he was engaged in teaching a thriving school of a-b-c-darians in the mysteries of reading and spelling. I then noticed that the old man—for there was the frost of age on his brow—was very particular in asking his young charges the meaning of every word that was difficult, or unfamiliar, by which practice they were learning to think very rapidly and correctly. But, although I am in doubt as to the author of this essay on "Mental Culture," I believe its publication at this time will stimulate our teachers to adopt a more thorough and accurate system of teaching than that commonly in vogue in our public schools. It has always been a cause of regret to me to witness the low standard of scholarship in the public schools, and I trust something may be done to elevate it. R.]

MENTAL CULTURE.

MY SUBJECT is the training of the mind. I am to discuss and to ascertain the best method of cultivating the mental faculties, so as to enable the human intellect to have the mastery over the objects with which it comes in contact. It is of educating the mind; of furnishing it with the ability to acquire knowledge; of accurately separating truth from error; of comparing things together; of nicely discriminating between them; and of reasoning correctly, that I speak. It is of education as commonly and publicly professed in school, academy and college; it is of the best means of developing the faculties of the mind, and not of the philosophy of the mind itself, that I am to treat.

The mind, in its essence, is utterly

beyond our reach. We know it by its operations; and by these only can we define and describe it. By the mind of a man we understand, that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, wills. This mind or soul in man is what distinguishes him from the brute creation, and it is in the proper training and full development of the intellectual faculties that man assumes his true character as a fit representative of his Divine Maker. In speaking of the mind as an essence we are brought into contact with its operations. The mind is active and operates outwardly upon surrounding objects. In other words, we obtain a knowledge of external things by perception. Through the senses as avenues, objects impress the mind, and are introduced into the sensorium; the mind takes knowledge of these impressions, which are received by sensation, and, in return, it sallies out and exerts its power by perception to apprehend and to understand what is presented to it through the senses. In this manner we communicate with the material world through the perceptive faculties of the mind.

But in all things with which the mind comes in contact truth and error are mingled together. Hence, there is need of analysis and nice discrimination. The perceptive faculties of the mind must be exercised, trained, qualified by comparison, judgment and reason to distinguish between the right and the wrong, in every department of knowledge. At this point education, as the right method of training the mind, enters. And education, for our present purpose, we shall define as the right culture of the perceptive faculties. Its end and aim must be to confer upon the mind a habit of correct thinking. There is another branch of education which embraces right-doing, or moral conduct. This refers to the proper government of the heart by the dictates of reason and conscience, as these are aided and rectified by natural and revealed religion. Of this branch of education—moral training—I propose not to treat, but rather of the proper cultivation of the intellect, so that the mind shall have an accurate knowledge of the things external to itself, through the perceptive faculties, which are inherent in it.

The material world, nay the whole universe, both material and immaterial, becomes thus the study of the immortal mind. Things are in nature by the will of the Creator. These have not only a certain existence, but also a definite relation to one another by cause and effect. By our understanding we are to ascertain, not only the true condition, but also the exact relation so far as possible between them. We say as far as possible, for whereas some truths are axiomatic, or self-evident, being as stepping stones, or serving as first principles to the mind, so also there are other truths, to the finding out of which, and to the ascertaining of them, there must be exercised a nice process of investigation, a thorough sifting of particulars, a delicate separation of the true from the false, that the mind may be rewarded with correct knowledge.

In order to know things and the causes of them, the mind must be aided by a process of training. This is the reason why schools, both public and private, why institutions of learning are established over the civilized world. The human mind in its infant state, as it is constituted by the Author of nature, is in possession of capacities for knowledge, rather than of knowledge itself. Growth in knowledge comes by observation and experience, towards the attainment of which growth or discipline is necessary. The infant perceptions are to be corrected by a more close and rigid scrutiny, so that what in the first appearance seems

to be true, shall be divested by the mind from all error and falseness. Hence the perceptions of the mind must be rectified. The moon, for instance, which in appearance is no larger than a cart-wheel, must be understood to be a very large body.

Thus in every department of knowledge, whatever is presented to the mind by the senses, by reflection, by the imagination; whatever is the subject of thought, that is, all that the mind is engaged in apprehending, must be investigated, sifted, analyzed by the perceptive faculties of the mind, so that knowledge divested of error may dwell in the understanding. Now the inquiry arises, how shall we enable the mind to obtain a correct knowledge of the things external to itself,—how is the understanding to apprehend and to comprehend accurately things and their causes? For in the material, as well as in the immaterial world, in the department of physics, as well as metaphysics, truth and error are commingled, out of which mixture the mind must grasp and rescue the truth, however incased it may be in the folds of error. Evidently then, in order to enable the mind to make this nice discrimination between truth and error in universals, it must be first trained in particulars to form a habit of correct thinking. And, to begin at the beginning, the mind in its infancy learns around the domestic hearth the lesson of attention and the notice of things; in fact, its education has already commenced when the child inquires why such and such a thing is; why this is granted and that denied; what is the reason and the cause of the many objects which the mind perceives.

But this disposition to inquire into the nature and causes of things must be specially cultivated under skilled tutors, that the training may be according to the best method approved by universal experience. We first enter the primary school. Here the mental capacity in its first unfoldings comes in contact with the simple elements of human thought in written language. Words as signs of ideas are not only to be remembered but to be thoroughly understood. The right meaning and true sense of words in connected discourse become means of training the mind to accurate thinking. The object thus far is to habituate the learner to distinguish between truth and error in the recital of the lesson. To a fully developed mind, to the teacher, the subject matter of the lesson may be very easy and very insignificant; but to the scholar the most minute particular is of the utmost importance, as it settles upon his mind a habit of thinking loosely, if permitted and done carelessly, but, under a good teacher, of discriminating between truth and error at every step.

And the fault mostly in primary instruction is the overloading of the memory to the neglect of training the perceptive faculties of the mind. Facts are committed to the memory; things unsorted are treasured up there as so much lumber. The pupil, parrot-like, repeats a long list of undigested facts, which the mind does not grasp, and the memory only retains for a while. What is needed in primary education is a right training of the perceptive faculties of the mind in the sense and meaning, the whys and wherefores of everything in the lesson—not simply a committing to memory of the lesson in its undigested state, but rather a thorough analysis of it, handling it as if it were a puzzle to be thoroughly examined and understood. In this way the mind is exercised, it learns to make nice distinctions, to discriminate between truth and error, whether in the spelling of a word, the meaning of a sentence, the solving of a question in Arithmetic, or whatever else may occupy the mind. And everything depends upon the

teacher. If he studies his own ease, and shirks from labor, he will make his scholars commit a great deal to memory, without the trouble of sifting and analyzing what comes before the mind. Many teachers do not seem to consider that what is of most value in their instruction is the manner in which they hear the lesson. The lesson consists, we will say, of twenty things. Fifteen things are tolerably plain and easily mastered by the pupil. The other five things require nice handling to solve them. But the teacher is in a hurry, or he does not appreciate the advantage of that process wherein mind comes into collision with mind, and the perceptive faculties of the pupil are exercised by questioning and cross-exmaination, so that the class no sooner reaches the nice points of the lesson than the teacher, partly to save time, partly to show his superior knowledge, helps the hesitating scholar by blurting out the answer. In this manner the teacher and the scholar between them say the lesson, with this remarkable disadvantage to the pupil, that what requires labor, study and nice discrimination, is supplied at once by the readiness of the teacher. A pupil taught in this way gets a certain smattering of things. What he knows is in a hap-hazard, random manner. His mind does not acquire that nice edge which enables it to separate truth from error in the complication of things which come before it for solution.

And it must be admitted that teaching, if it is a very noble, is also a very difficult work. To know when to explain and how, to hit the standard to which each member of the class, varying in ability and application, is to reach; to work each mind in such a manner as to sharpen the edge of perception, is a great gift and a necessary requirement in a good teacher. Some teachers have no uniform system in their method of teaching. That is, they have no settled, established order of doing anything. Sometimes they correct a boy's mistake; sometimes they do not. Their pupils in their recitations vary with themselves, the same boy at one time doing his work in one way, and at another differently. In this manner the mind of the pupil acquires an inexact, loose habit of thinking, which is most injurious to all true scholarship. It will be observed that I am now speaking of what may be called the mechanical part, or the art of teaching; but at the same time I beg to insist upon the importance of it, as it lies at the foundation of all valuable mental culture. For it is by the first going forth of the mind, in the right direction, and the formation of early habits that the power of nice discrimination is conferred upon the mind.

I would have our teachers, then—for they form and shape the mental development of their pupils—see to it, that they aim at accuracy in the recitations. It does not require advanced scholarship to make a good teacher. What is required in an instructor is that he possesses an accurate knowledge of the branches he professes to teach; and, further, that in the daily lessons he shall make his instructions instrumental in establishing in the pupils' minds a habit of correct thinking. It is not learning so much as how to learn, that should be the aim of a common school education. Let us explain. A child we will say of some six or seven years, commences his career of mental training in our public school. How shall he be trained? What shall he be taught? Plainly he must be made capable of receiving knowledge by improving the mind itself. The mind, which is the instrument by which he masters all the difficulties of external nature, must be made able, by practice and discipline, to investigate, compare, weigh and adopt the

right, even when mixed up and overburthened with complicated error.

Let the learner, then, first be put to study his mother tongue. According to his capacity let him be advanced, step by step, through the usual series of books of English reading. The teacher must see that the whole class makes a thorough work of each lesson, not only questioning them upon the definition of the difficult words, but also upon the grammatical construction and meaning of every sentence. In this manner, the learner, instead of reading the words mechanically, without attaching the right meaning to what he reads, would get a habit of looking beneath the signs for the ideas which the words convey. Every lesson in the English reading books should be thoroughly analyzed, in fact should be construed and parsed in the same style as an Eton or a Westminster boy would serve his Horace or Virgil. And the advantage of making our common school children critical scholars in their mother tongue is manifest. Not only is there the exercise of analyzing the sentences; the pulling to pieces and the setting together again of the framework and scaffolding of the thoughts, but there is the *open sesame*, the pass key, into all the garnered treasury of the recorded thoughts themselves, which the learning of our greatest writers has left us. Language above everything should be employed as a means of cultivating the perceptive faculties of the mind. A grammatical and critical knowledge of the English language more than anything else serves the purpose of mental training. For we think in words. We learn from books lessons of history, science, philosophy, law, religion, morals, political economy; through words, printed language, we connect with the great republic of letters over the whole world. A critical knowledge of language, both living and dead, has always been reckoned a principal means of procuring a scholarly training of the mind. Not that I would slight and disparage the Mathematics. They form the other wing by which the immortal mind soars aloft; but a knowledge of language is more useful and more necessary.

Let it be remembered that I am now speaking of a study that shall best serve to develop and train the perceptive faculties of the mind; in fact of a suitable exercise to bring the mind into a fit state to receive knowledge. For a knowledge of language and classical scholarship are not so much an end as a means to an end. In schools and colleges all minds are trained in one uniform way. The under-graduate curriculum or course is preparatory and auxiliary to professional study. Before a lawyer is ready for his profession, a physician for his practice, a theologian for his ministerial office, the mental faculties must be first rescued from their native inaptitude by the rigid discipline of the college course.

And herein many mistake the true idea and *rationale* of education, which they falsely assume to be utilitarian. These innovators would cut out a short passage to the goal of learning. Dispensing with the established practice of first preparing the mind for the more advanced and manhood avocations of secular life, they would at once draft off the scholars in our public schools into distinct sections, according to their intended pursuits. Thus all the farmers would be taken out as a class into the fields and there instructed in the art of farming and tilling the ground. In like manner all intended for the mechanic arts would be parcelled off and instructed in the rules and lessons of their respective callings. But this is not the true nor the approved method of education. Unless we can suppose that all the persons placed in charge of public education in the Old

World and the New have combined to deceive us, all the true ideas of education contemplate a preliminary, preparatory discipline of the mind, to enable it to master the intricacies of professional life. It is therefore the aim of education, not so much, or not at all, to furnish the mind while at school with a stock of knowledge which shall be useful to the professional man, the merchant, the artisan, but rather to free the perceptive faculties of the mind from the habit of erroneous thinking.

It will be seen at once that I am engaged in the first and simplest operation of the mind, namely, apprehension. We are as yet in the outward avenues and lobbies of our subject. We are concerned to lead up the ideas correctly, and to marshal them in order in the mind before we advance to deal with them by comparison and judgment.

And surely the mind thus engaged in analysing the meaning of words, and in selecting their signification in continued discourse cannot help reflecting upon its own powers in the act of thinking. It must be conscious of its own existence as that which thinks; it must recognize the operation which it performs as separate from the mind itself; and next it distinguishes between the object that is perceived and the act of perception. But the objects perceived are simple or complex, are variant in their nature and properties. The relation between them and their influences as cause and effect, are subtle and hidden. These the mind must search out and unravel by nice analysis, comparison and judgment. The elements of thought, as they are discerned in sensible objects must be taken up by the mind, combined and classified in the domain of knowledge. Indeed this process of interpreting written words which are the elements of thought, and the habit of combining them in grammatical structures, which furnish the understanding with correct knowledge, is what renders this preliminary study so important to the proper training of the intellectual process. For from plain words or signs of sensible outward objects, we ascend to the study of the operations of the mind as it comes to deal with abstract ideas, which it forms by reflection on its own thoughts, by comparison, by judgment and by reasoning. And it is very evident that the mind, which at first in its early training has been occupied in perceiving accurately the difference between the true and the false, in the most plain and simple objects, whether as they exist in sensible things, or in the representations of them in words—the mind, we say, becomes fitted by this preliminary exercise and discipline to advance into the regions of the pure intellect and to deal with things which are not cognizable by sense. Thus the whole universe of thought not only in the material, but in the immaterial clasification of it, opens now to the well-cultured mind. Not only its own existence as a conscious being, separate and apart from its operations, but the existence of other like immaterial existences leads it up through the chain of sentient rational beings, to the very personality and self-existence of the Uncreate and Infinite. We now open the pages of the intellectual world before the advancing student. Thoughts, abstract thoughts, the relation of cause and effect, the reason of this conclusion, the falsity of that deduction, is to be weighed by the logical faculty which sifts, analyses, weighs, determines what is proposed to the mind. In this manner a true system of mental culture advances from the knowledge of material, sensible objects, to the consideration of the mind itself. This in the departments of understanding and will, in the contemplative scope of its operation

and in its active powers as self-acting and originating motion in matter will form the study of the advanced student. From self-consciousness and the power of originating thought by reflection and memory, we enter into a world of intellectual realities. Not only other minds but the thoughts of other minds come thus within the sphere and scope of our cognition. This world above sense now receives the student's attention. He holds commerce with other men through their recorded and expressed thoughts. Figures and metamorphoses represent the inner workings of the mind. Poetry reveals the creative fancy and the force of the imagination, whilst relations of duty and obligation impose the necessity of establishing certain rules and methods of mutual intercourse in every day life.

Without a previous, careful training in the primary departments of knowledge, where the perceptive faculties of the mind are led to distinguish between the true and false, in the causes and effects of outward sensible objects whose properties are those of figures, extension, motion, the mind cannot aspire to investigate with any degree of certainty those ideal truths which dwell in the region of the pure reason.

For it is very sure that not only sensible objects which have outward qualities, but also abstract truth concerning mental and moral science, are set forth and learned by words which are by general consent employed to be the vehicle of knowledge. Thus, language which, as a means to discipline the mind in the first and earliest stages of its operations, confines its service to the easiest and plainest investigations, becomes an aid to the reason in the more abstruse sciences, to ascend to the utmost reach of human knowledge. With words and the right use and assistance of words, as elements of thought, we pass from the known to the unknown range, from the conditioned to the absolute, unravel the mysteries of the spiritual world, and people it with beings which are not cognizable to our senses. The whole world of relation and duty, not only between man and his fellow-men, but the still higher duty of man to his Maker, is here ascertained and settled by words. Nay, the whole ideal world is laid open to the flights of the imagination. The lofty thoughts and high-born fancies of the poet are allied to words. All that science discovers, all that the mind invents, in the regions of taste and beauty; the creations of genius, the gleanings of philosophical inquiries; these marshal themselves in distinct and intelligible groups before the detective glance of the immortal mind.

Hence we argue that mental culture is best prosecuted by a critical knowledge of language, from first to last. Of course books are to be selected for their special uses. Not only for the practical, every day, useful information which treatises designed to furnish knowledge in particular branches, whether of agriculture, commerce, mechanic arts, professional skill, are books to be sought, but also for the elucidation of science, for the investigation of truth, and the right clasification of the facts of sonology, political economy and general history. And to the mind thus exercised and trained in the intricacies of abstract thought it is obvious to argue that the insight into physical science, such as Geology, Chemestry—yea, the Mathematics which in Geometry, and Algebra has to deal with magnitude and numericals, quantity becomes plain and easy. The whole domain and territory of universal being becomes thus subject to the searching inquisition of the practiced mind.

Indeed, it is very difficult to place a limit to the lofty aspiration of the well-trained intellect. Step by step, from the

familiar objects of common experience, the reason advances to the higher departments of universal knowledge. The world of matter and of mind opens before the quick gaze of the immortal intellect, whilst a new universe of ideal existences is created, and brought to view by the aid of imagination and the power of genius.

SCHOLASTICUS.

OUR OLDER CHURCHES—LAMINGTON.*

THERE is, perhaps, no study which so readily interests the mind as that of history. It is like living ourselves through the ages that are past. We seem to be on terms of the closest intimacy with the generals and orators and poets and philosophers of ancient Greece, and to be eye-witnesses of the rising power of Rome and her gradual decline, until, enfeebled by her vices, she becomes an easy prey to northern Barbarians. We mark the gradual formation of the kingdoms of Modern Europe, their mutual contests, and internal strifes. We accompany our forefathers in their perilous voyages across the wide Atlantic to this land, sympathize with them in their trials and hardships, and rejoice with them in their ultimate establishment of a Colony on our shores. The scenes of our Revolution, too, rise before us. We are present at each battle-field, trembling for the issue, and when finally the independence of our country is achieved, our hearts leap with joy as did theirs who were the actors in these great events. The perusal of history thus carries us back thousands of years, and gives us, as it were, a life of far greater duration than that of Methusalah. Nor is this mere pleasurable gratification unattended with substantial profit. We wisely value the lessons which experience teaches; and what is history but the detail of experience?—the experience not merely of individuals, but of whole nations; not of our generation, but of all past generations. Americans especially should be students of history, if they desire to preserve their inestimable privileges, and avoid those rocks and shoals on which so many former Republics have been wrecked. Christians, too, do well to study history; for God reveals himself therein. He has so revealed Himself in His written Word, teaching us what He is by what He has done, and here in the passage with which I introduced the discourse we find Him directing his people Israel to review His past dealings with them. *Thou shalt*, says He, *remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.* I deem it, therefore, not unsuitable to this day and place to lay before you such details of the history of this Congregation as I have been able to collect from our own Church books, from the records of the Mother Presbytery and those of New Brunswick, which have been carefully searched for that purpose, and from tradition.

And, first, it may not be improper to remark upon the name which we bear. We have in fact two names. Our name in law, according to the Act of Incorporation passed by the Legislature of this state in 1783, is, "The Presbyterian

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[*Extracted at our request from an historical sermon delivered to the Congregation. The brief preface is so good that we retain it.—Eds.]

Congregation at Bedminster, in the counties of Somerset and Hunterdon." By this name alone can we receive, hold, or convey property. The name by which we are generally known, is derived from the name of the stream near us, called by the Indians, and also in the older statutes of our State, and on Gordon's first map, the *Allametunk*, but, sharing in the fate of many majestic Indian appellations, it has now been flattened down into Lamington. With regard to the time of our organization, the first record in relation thereto is found in the Minutes of the Presbytery of New Brunswick. At a meeting held at Amwell, October 11th, 1739, the second year of the existence of that Presbytery, the record is in these words: "A petition from Lamintunk, in order for supplies, being offered to the Presbytery, they ordered Mr. Rowland to supply them the 19th inst." At a subsequent meeting, three weeks afterwards, at New Brunswick, it is recorded that Mr. Rowland reported that he had "complied with the order respecting preaching at Lamintunk." Whether he preached here on any other occasion, does not appear, although doubtless, theirs were other services, both before and afterward, which led to the organization of a Church and the call of a pastor in the Spring of 1740. You will perceive, therefore, that this church dates back one hundred and thirty-three years from the present time, and that it came into existence at the time of the great revivals in our land, under the preaching of Whitfield, the Tennants and their coadjutors, of whom Mr. Rowland* was one. This Church, with many others, then sprang into being under one of the most extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit which this country has ever witnessed, where, out of a very small population, converts were numbered by thousands.

The first preaching place, according to tradition, was a barn on the farm now owned by Hezekiah Eyck, and probably occupied the same site as the present barn. But, as we learn from our Trustee Books, in 1740 a house of worship was erected on our present lot. The deed for the lot, signed by James Alexander and Daniel Dunster, is of the date of March, 1743, but it speaks of the Church as already built. As an item of some interest, I mention that the sum paid to the carpenter, Israel Ross, was £134. This building had on the lower floor, thirty-six pews, and a gallery with twenty-two pews, and was probably the first Church edifice erected within ten miles of this place, the Lutheran Church of New Germantown being built nine years after† The erection of the building was simultaneous with the call of the pastor, as on April 1st, 1840, the first payment was made to the carpenter; while under the very same date there is the following record of Presbytery held at Basking Ridge: "A call for Mr. McCrea was presented to the Presbytery from the people of Lametunk, Lebanon, Peapack,

*A Memoir of the Rev. John Rowland was written by the Rev. Archibald Alexander, for his *Log College*, published in 1845. He describes him as "a boanerges in denouncing the terrors of the law against impenitent sinners, insomuch that he acquired among the irreligious the title so often given to faithful preachers: 'the hell-fire Rowland.'" A writer of 1806 says of him: "Possessing a commanding eloquence, as well as other estimable qualities, he became very popular, and was much celebrated throughout the country."

†In OUR HOME for March, pages 117—118, Col. Honeyman gives reasons why the Church at New Germantown must have been built prior to 1749, the currently received date.—Eds.

Readington, and Bethlehem, which he accepted." Bethlehem was then probably a separate congregation, taking a part of the service of Mr. Mc. Crea, while the other districts constituted the Congregation of Lamington, the Township of Tewksbury being then a part of Lebanon. As the Congregation was not incorporated until 1783, its temporal concerns were for many years managed by a committee. The first committee chosen in 1740, were John Craig, Wm. Jones, Richard Porter, and William Hugein. To these were added, in 1742, Ephriam Lockhart, Wm. Logan, James Fullerton and Henry Sloan. In 1749 we find on that committee Ralph Smith, John McFerren, Wm. Colwell, Robert Rosbough, Peter Demun, Wm. Bay, and Thomas Van Horn. Descendants from most of these persons are still connected with us, or have been so during my ministry. The name of Wm. Jones is noticable as the husband of Hephzibah Jones, whose grave-stone records her death in 1740, being the oldest date in our cemetery.

The Rev. Jas. McCrea thus became the first pastor of this Church. He was the father of Jane McCrea, famous in the history of our Revolutionary war, whose murder by the Indians in the service of the British Government so much exasperated our people, and thus contributed, it is supposed, to their victory at Saratoga over the army of Burgoyne. As the records of the Church session prior to 1809 are not to be found, we can give no detail of the result of Mr. McCrea's ministry. Being a member of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, which was so distinguished for the Christian zeal and activity of its ministers, we may naturally infer that he must have partaken of the spirit of his associates, and that his labors were not without the Divine blessing. The following, among other names, are found in the congregational lists of his pastorate: David Heriot, John Henry, Robert Barclay, Derick Zutfen, James Adams, Patrick Brown, Aaron Dilly, Peter McDowell, Ephraim McDowell, Jacob Van Derveer, William Hoagland, James Gaston, William Linn, Robert Simonton, Wm. Sutton, Jacob Ten Ike, Wm. Todd, Matthias Lane, Garret Lane, Gilbert Zutphen, Bryan Lafferty, James McEwen, Mrs. Mehelm, John Voorhees, Aaron Beekman, Christopher Beekman, Andrew Leak, Benyew Dunham, Christopher Longstreet and John Stillwell. We find also that in 1752 there was an agreement to enlarge the building, which shows that the Church was then in a prosperous state. At a meeting of Presbytery held at Bedminster, *i. e.*, Lamington, Oct. 21st, 1766, according to the record, Mr. McCrea, having for some considerable time labored under great bodily indisposition, which had rendered him unable to discharge the duties of his office, requested a dismission. This request was granted, after the Presbytery had asked and received from the Congregation a pledge that they would not leave him without some support for the rest of his life, inasmuch as he had given to them the vigor of his days. Thus closed the term of the first pastor, viz.,—of twenty-six and one-half years. Three years afterwards Mr. McCrea died, at the age of 59.

After the resignation of Mr. McCrea the Congregation was without a pastor for three-and-a-half years, the pulpit being supplied from abroad. At a meeting of Presbytery held at Basking Ridge, April 17th, 1870, it is minuted that a call from the people of Bedminster to Mr. Jeremiah Halsey was presented, and Presbytery agreed to meet at Bedminster on the fourth Wednesday of June for the purpose of installing him. At this time, and during Mr. Halsey's pastorate, there

appears on our list for the first time the additional names of Rue, Darling, Hagaman, Harris, McKinstry, John Moore, Wykoff, Joseph Smith, Robert Caskey, Dr. Barnet, Kirkpatrick, Robert Blair, Ephraim Rush, John Armstrong and James Mullen. Previous to his settlement in this place, Mr. Halsey was a tutor in Princeton College. In consequence of the depreciation of the Continental money, issued after the commencement of the War, Mr. Halsey was obliged to support himself by giving a part of his time to secular employment. He died October 2nd, 1780, aged 47. He was the uncle of three ministers of that name, one of whom was in the Dutch Church, the others (now living) in the Presbyterian. At a meeting of Presbytery held shortly afterward at Basking Ridge, notice is taken of Mr. Halsey's death, and also that a petition was presented by Mr. Adams praying supplies for Bedminster Congregation and the privilege of applying to adjacent Presbyteries, if a sufficient number of supplies could not be obtained from their own.

Acting on this leave, then obtained, in the following Spring, that of 1782, they obtained the stated services of Dr. John Rodgers, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the city of New York, but who, in consequence of his political principles, had been obliged to withdraw from his charge, New York being then occupied by the British Army. It may here be remarked that the Presbyterian ministers of that day, as indeed they have been at all times, were to a man open and zealous advocates of the cause of freedom, and were therefore peculiarly obnoxious to the enemy. Dr. Rodgers remained in charge here two and-a-half years, until November 1783, when, on the restoration of peace, he returned to New York. Previous to his coming here, in 1768, the Congregation had purchased a parsonage farm—the farm it is said which now belongs to Mr. Beaver. This they sold to Thomas Lambert in the spring of 1784, and in the Fall purchased for the residence of their minister, from the estate of John Demund, the farm now owned by Hezekiah Eyck. Of the new families which became connected with the Congregation during Dr. Rodger's ministry, we find the name of Ananias Mulford, Simon Vliet, and Robert Little. Immediately after the withdrawal of Dr. Rodgers, Wm. Boyd, then a licentiate, visited this people, and spent most of the Winter here, if not the whole of it laboring among them, and under the date of June 15th of the following year, 1784, we have the record of Presbytery, at a meeting held at Pennington: "The Congregation of Bedminster having obtained liberty of Presbytery, presented a call to Mr. Boyd, who was under the care of the Presbytery of Donegal, Pa., which call he accepted. Mr. Boyd was ordained and installed on the 20th of October following, Dr. Spencer preaching the sermon, and Mr. Kennedy of Basking Ridge presiding and giving the charge." Concerning Mr. Boyd, there is one concurrent testimony, that he possessed extraordinary talents as a preacher. Multitudes came from a distance to hear him. The First Church in New York sought to re-obtain his services as its pastor. His personal appearance was commanding. It is said that the sentiment induced by him was rather that of awe than of affection. His pastorate has always been referred to as the palmy days of this Congregation. The number of communicants, however' was not large, as in the year 1801 there were reported to Presbytery only eighty. This is surprising, considering the fact that at that time there were one hundred pew renters, and the Congregation spread over a large portion of the territory now embraced

by the Churches of Peapack, Bedminster, Pluckamin, North Branch, White House, the New Germantown Churches and Fox Hill .It will be borne in mind, however, that the country was sparcely settled, although the chief reason of the small number of communicants was, most probably, that the cause of religion had not recovered from the severe shock which it received from our Revolutionary War, and infidelity extensively prevailed, even in the high places of our country. With all our natural predilection for olden times, it can not be denied that the Gospel exerts a far more general influence in our land now than it did then, and that there has been a great improvement in morals. The number of communicants even in the last year of Mr. Boyd's ministry, as reported to Presbytery, was but one hundred and five. In Mr. Boyd's time communion seasons were great occasions in this church, and drew together a large crowd. The Friday preceding was a fast day, when the pastor preached, commencing at 12 o'clock. On Saturday afternoon a neighboring minister preached the preparatory lecture. On Sabbath morning the pastor preached the *action* sermon. The ordinance was then administered at tables, generally five in succession, with long addresses at each. After a short intermission, the visiting minister preached. On Monday morning at 10 o'clock he preached again, and then closed the solemnities. This I presume was also the course under the former ministers, and such is the custom in Scotland at the present day in the rural parishes.

At a meeting of Presbytery, April 28, 1807, it is recorded that in consequence of the illness of Mr. Boyd, which had rendered him incapable of performing parochial duties, supplies were asked for his pulpit. Within three weeks afterward, on the 17th of May, 1807, Mr. Boyd died in the 49th year of his age, and the 23rd of his ministry, this Church having been his first and only charge.

His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Finley of Basking Ridge. Among the new families introduced on our books in Mr. Boyd's time, we find, in 1787, John Boylan, Simon Hagaman, Thomas C. Lambert, Wm. McKissack, John Duykinck; 1789, Henry Traphagen, Aaron Melick; 1792, Peter Nevius; 1793, John Honeyman, David Traphagen, Thos. Wolverton; 1795, Isaac Farlee, John M. Williams, Jeremiah Field, Joseph Annin, Abm. Van Dyke, Job Lane, Abraham Simonson, John McBride; 1796, Abraham Ten. Eyck, Henry Field; 1797, Cornelius Powelson; 1798, John Finley, Henry Stevens, Thos. Stout, Andrew Vosseller, Nicholas Arrowsmith, Everet Bergen; 1800, Dr. Isaac Ogden; 1801, Francis Hagaman, Henry Blackwell, Gabriel Vandervoort, Gilbert Low, John Bunn; 1802, Samuel Potter, Andrew Van Derbeek; 1803, John Beekman, Jeremiah Voorhees, Henry Kennedy; 1804, Benjamin Larzalier; 1806, Aaron Longstreet; 1807, Wm. Lambert In 1784, and also in 1807, the Church edifice received considerable repairs. In consequence, it is said, of the difficulty experienced in keeping the parsonage in repair by the Congregation, in 1801 it was sold to the pastor.

After the death of a minister so highly esteemed, the people found great difficulty, as is common in such a case, in uniting to call a successor. The strife was so serious and so prolonged, that the Presbytery sent a committee of conciliation, and a letter, though, as subsequently appears, with little effect. At length in June, 1809, a call from the majority was presented through Presbytery to the Rev. Enoch Burt of Massachusetts, and accepted by him. Such, however, was

the opposition on the part of the minority, that the Presbytery did not see fit to install him as pastor until nearly a year afterwards, in May, 1810, although Mr. Burt labored here in the meanwhile as a stated supply. Mr. Burt's ministry was brief, terminating in 1813. From the sessional records of his day, which are the oldest now to be found, we learn that 50 were received into communion during this period, the walls of the spiritual house still going up even in troublous times. Among the new names introduced in Mr. Burt's day were Martin Bunn, John Crater, David Beach and Isaac Van Duyne.

The successor of Mr. Burt was the Rev. Horace Galpin, who was ordained and installed the pastor of this church on the 15th of June, 1814, and continued here until his resignation in April, 1825, a term of about eleven years. During this time 123 persons were received into communion. The largest ingathering was in 1822, when 53 were received into the Church. That was a time of great revivals, not only in this but in the neighboring churches of Basking Ridge and Somerville. It was doubtless the springing up of seed sown long previously, as is the case with most revivals which are not spurious. But it was under the visits and preaching of the Rev. Truman Osborn that the results were manifested. With all this increase of communicants, however, the Congregation was sensibly diminished. This was induced by a variety of causes, among which were the removal of Presbyterian families, their farms passing into the hands of members of other denominations, the dissensions still existing, and, doubtless, to the very unseemly, and uncomfortable condition of the Church edifice. During the last part of Mr. Galpin's ministry, the erection of a new house was often discussed. Nothing however was effected until the year after his removal, when, on the 3rd of April, 1826, the corner stone of the present edifice, was laid, by the Rev. Dr. John McDowell, then pastor of the First Church of Elizabethtown. It was shortly after this event, in the early part of June, that by special invitation the present pastor first visited this place. The old Church had then been taken down. Service was held in an out-building, with a temporary shed attached to it, on the lot where he now resides. He preached two Sabbaths, when he received a call nearly unanimous, and on the 11th of July came to reside among you. He was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Newton, on the 8th of August, the services being held in the new house, as yet in an unfinished state. At the time of his settlement the number of communicants was 152. The largest number since at any one time was in 1843, when it was 222. The principal seasons of ingathering were 1829, when there were received 28; 1831, 38; 1837, 21; 1840, 21; 1842, 26; 1862, 55. At present the whole number is but 140, or more than two to each family. This diminution is, in part at least, to be accounted for by the organization of new churches on the outskirts, the passing of many farms to the ownership of persons attached to other denominations, the removal of our young men to cities and villages, while few, comparatively, have been received from other churches. The following persons now deceased are known to have entered the Gospel ministry from the membership: Jacob Fields, of Stroudsburgh; Dr. Isaac Brown, of Lawrenceville; William B. Sloan, of Greenwich; Dr. John McDowell, who received more than 1,700 communicants during his ministry, and who was settled first in Elizabeth, afterwards in Philadelphia; Dr. William Mc-

Dowell, first a pastor at Morristown, then at Charleston, South Carolina, and then for seventeen years the loved and discreet manager of the Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Church; Dr. Bergen of Springfield, Illinois; Dr. Symmes Henry of Cranbury; John C. Vandervoort of Basking Ridge; and Jesse Lockwood, who died a missionary among the Indians. Also, still living, Abram Hegaman, of Missouri; George Blauvelt, of Tappan; Dr. Morris Sutphin, of New York; Alstyne Blauvelt of German Valley, and William E. Honeyman, of Minnesota. Two died while in course of preparation—Warren S. Blauvelt and Isaac F. Sutphin. Two went from the families of the Congregation, though not from the membership—Oliver Ogden and John Simonson.

The present pastor has nearly completed the seventy-third year of his life; the forty-eighth since he was licensed to preach, and the forty-seventh since he was ordained in this his only charge. He is now ministering to the fourth and in some families, to the fifth generation of those by whom he was called. * * * * W. W. Blauvelt.

WALKING IN WEST JERSEY.

LET me try to tell in a few words how two young men spent part of an Autumn vacation in walking through the Counties of Morris and Warren, ren, from Morristown to the Water Gap. For the purpose of shortening the story, I omit all lengthy remarks in praise of walking, its beneficial results, etc., and commence instead, as follows: It was two o'clock on Sunday, the —— of September, 18 —, when my friend B. and I, fully equipped for walking, with leathern leggings, and each carrying in a small bag over our shoulders our wardrobes reduced to the most inevitable necessities of life, marched out of the hotel at Morristown, exciting the mingled admiration and disgust of a strong reserve of idlers congregated on the piazza, and street in front of the house. Stepping out briskly we passed down the street which skirts the western side of the Plaza, or Public Square of the town, entered the "Jockey Hollow" road, and struck into a four mile gait toward Mendham.

How lovely was the country that charming afternoon; the trees and fields so green, the streams so clear and silvery, the mountain ranges all bathing in the glad sunlight, crossed now and then by some silently moving cloud-shadow! The whole distance to Mendham was a constant succession of beautiful views, never to be forgotten by us. The road wound along by the old farm-houses half hidden in orchards now filled with fruit, through lovely valleys, between high hills tree-clad to the summit, then fields where flocks of sheep cropped the juicy herbage. Soon we came to a net work of streams, the head waters of the Passaic, some more beautiful than others; then to a picturesque old mill with a pond full of flags and rushes. At length we saw the steeples of Mendham. Through this town we passed, without stopping, and "bore away" for Chester.

By this time the expedition was in a high state of perspiration, and as the heat of the sun was very great and did not diminish much till seven o'clock, the quantity of water we drank was enormous. Toward 6 o'clock we passed Roxiticus, an old Indian settlement, and

Paul's hill, then entered the beautiful scenery which encloses the Fox-Hills, and, after walking some time longer, entered Chester, and stopped at the inn. There we used all the water and yellow soap in the bar-room in a vain effort to rid ourselves of some of the dust stirred up by us on the way, and left the limp, old brown towel in a forlorn state of damp and dirt. We ate, to speak figuratively, a mountain of cold-sliced mutton, which we washed down by cataracts of weak tea, and then, "merely for amusement," ate all the black-caps and raspberries on the table. Strange to say the landlord seemed pleased to see us eat so much, and did not advance his prices, or even hint at doing so, which he might well have done. Then we set out again for Schooley's Mountains in the twilight.

The moon, nearly full, hung in the western sky as we descended the slope of the Fox Hills into the romantic German Valley. Would that I could place the scene before the reader as it is ineffacably photographed on my memory,—the long, gentle slope of the hillside, the perfect calm and peace of the night, the radient lustre of the moon, which eclipsed all but a few of the stars, and the grand, dark line of Schooley's Mountains running in an unbroken chain from north to south, bounding the horizon as far as one could see; when the only sound borne on the cool, soft night-wind was the weird hooting of an owl on the hillside, and this made so dreamy by the distance and enchantment of the night as to seem in harmony with the scene. It was 9 o'clock when we reached the Heath House, after a hard climb up the Mountain. Though delighted with the lovely scenery, we were decidedly tired out by our walk, and accordingly slept soundly, after what B. called a dry bath.

I will not attempt any description of Schooley's Mountain, as it is too well known to need it. We had a superb breakfast at the Heath House, and set out to walk again about 11 o'clock next day, stopping of course at the famous Iron Spring to drink of its water. It ripples out of a cleft in an immense, mossy rock, all bright with flowers, spangled with beads of dew, and festooned with trailing plants and graceful ferns. The water falls into a common-place-looking, tin basin, thickly encrusted with a deposit of iron-rust. The whole place is enclosed by a ruinous wooden hut, nearly hacked to pieces by the ambitious efforts of visitors to cut their names upon it and win fame. As we were bent upon doing everything thoroughly, we drank as much water as possible, and proceeded on our way.

It was a *very* hot day, and before reaching Hackettstown we found we had lost our pocket-map of the State, which had been useful to us in various ways. This discovery, added to the heat, quite unmanned us. We telegraphed to the Hotel, and waited at the station for two hours, or until the stage came to meet the train, hoping the map would be found and sent to us. But it did not come. So we gave it up, and set out over the mountains for Hope. As all the mountain ranges in New Jersey run north-east and south-west and our course was nearly north-west, we were perpetually going up and down hill. The wind was East, but the sky cloudless, the sun scorching, and we toiled along reeking with perspiration and hurling anathemas at our shoemakers. Our walking shoes had begun to pinch in several places, and to make themselves otherwise disagreeable. Nevertheless we enjoyed the walk. The scenery became grander every moment. All at once we reached the summit of the Hopatcong's and saw the bold range of the Jenny Jump Mountains across the Valley. In time we reached Vienna, a place consisting of half a dozen houses cluster-

ed around a "store," an inn, and a "church." Doubtful if we had really struck Vienna, we hailed a venerable female, who was washing stockings in a tub, and inquired. "Yas," she replied, in a key that would have been invaluable in a boiler shop, "Yas, this here is *Wyana*." Near the village the road crosses the beautiful Pequest river, where we rested a long time, and watched the swift, dark waters. Toward sunset, as the cool night-breezes began to come down the Mountain, we reached the Jenny Jump, and slowly toiled up the steep ascent. The country looked wild and desolate. A few log huts on the Mountain were the only houses in sight. Gloomy pine and hemlock thickets rose on both sides, and the road wound upward between enormous boulders of trap rock. At last we reached the top, and had another superb view. There were the Blue Mountains in Pennsylvania, and the Wind and Water Gaps, a rich, dark blue against the azure of the sky, now just shading into an orange color at the approach of sunset. Hope lay below us in the Valley. Toward Hope we now set out down hill as fast as possible, making bad puns about *hope* all the way, and quoting every worn out line in which *hope* is mentioned. The first sign of civilization we noticed at Hope was a race-track, where a man was exercising a horse. This did not interest us as much as the prospect of supper; so we hurried on and entered the town.

Hope is an old deserted Moravian settlement, now occupied by a farming community. The Moravian Church has been turned into a hotel, the school closed, and the Moravians themselves long ago returned to their older settlement of Bethlehem. Nearly all the houses are stone, very roomy and comfortable looking, although, architecturally speaking, not at all imposing. Our room was in the top of the old inn, and commanded a charming view of the Jenny Jump hills, and a pretty little lake. After B— had gone to bed, I, being more sentimental, perhaps, remained at the window a long time gazing on the hills and lake, which lay so quiet and peaceful in the moonlight.

Two wandering Italians with harp and violin came to the hotel and performed a variety of airs during the evening. The people enjoyed it amazingly. One of the horse-jockeys conducted the ceremonies. He put the two boys at the head of the bar-room, already well filled with loungers. "Now," said he, "all right?" The Italians nodded. "Wal then, now!" said he, clapping his hands, "now go"—and instantly the music commenced, much to my friend's amusement, who said it was the queerest way of conducting an orchestra he had ever seen. During tea I tried to find out from our jolly host, Larow, how the Jenny Jump Mountains received their singular name. In reply he told me the following beautiful and romantic legend, which I respectfully donate to anybody who may be collecting American legends:

"Wal," commenced old Larow, grinning all over, "a long time ago, when there wasn't no good roads in West Jersey, an old man and his wife, they started from Newark with a barr'l of cider. Wal, her name they say was Jinny; and when they crossed the Mountain, and started to come down, the horses they got skart at somethin', and sot out to run, and the old man he hollered out, 'Jinny, Jump! Jinny, Jump!' and that's how the Mountain got its name."

We were contented with this story and stirred up Mr. Larow's antiquarian lore no farther.

We left beautiful Hope early next morning, just as the sun rose over the Mountain, both sorry to leave such a quaint interesting place. At the time of our visit a stage furnished the only means

of communication with the outer world, but now, I believe, a railway is building quite near the town. We walked briskly along in the crisp, morning air, enjoying the beautiful views of the Water Gap, a few miles distant. The country presented no especial feature worthy of notice, being merely a highly-cultivated rolling tract, bounded by the Delaware. We reached Columbus, a town on the River, about 10 o'clock, and, being very hot and thirsty, stopped and ate watermelons, which a boy hoisted mysteriously out of a well for us. We looked down into this well and saw a number of other melons tied to strings hanging near the cool water, looking like enormous Brazilian beetles trying to crawl up. Then we crossed the river on a long, covered bridge, where a man collected two cents each from us as toll (which to this day I consider a joke, from the informal way in which it was done, and the amateur, brigandish air of the collector.) Then, after plodding through the dusty soil of Pennsylvania for an hour and a half, we reached the Kittatinny at the Water Gap, and the walk was over. Let me take leave of the reader by saying that for real fun, and genuine sight-seeing, there is nothing like going on foot, but—and mind this—have your shoes made large, and *don't wear English leggings.*

GUY LA TOURETTE.

HUNTERDON COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

AMONG the varied means used to promote public school education are Teachers' Institutes. Surely, nothing could be more likely to effect this end than institutions for the instruction of teachers. The organization of the Normal School was a wise measure. It gives to those who avail themselves of its privileges, a complete preparation for the service of imparting instruction by conveying a knowledge of the latest and most approved methods of teaching, and a thorough drill in the technical rules for the practice of the art. But there are many who cannot pursue a Normal School course. Furthermore, the graduates of such a school, so far as many of the rural districts are concerned, are over-taught. Their knowledge is too exact, their methods too precise for the rude elements presented to them for development. To employ their acquisitions in such cases, is much like using the keen and polished edge of the razor to do the work of the axe. The effect is more to blunt and mar the instrument, than to shape the material.

Here the adaptedness of the Teachers' Institute comes in. It is a temporary Normal School, in which those trained in the common schools, and having some experience in them, are brought together for the purpose of mutual instruction, as well as for receiving it from the best educators, whose aid can be commanded. Hence, if they could meet with sufficient frequency, they would furnish the very best preparation the teacher could desire. As it is, they are not entirely devoid of the superior instructions of the Normal School, for the tutors in these higher seminaries generally take a prominent part.

Teachers' Institutes were first held in our country, in the year 1845, and were established by the Massachusetts Board of Education. Connecticut, New York and Ohio soon followed by their adoption; and, as far as we can now learn from the publications of that period, New Jersey was hardly behind them in putting

the experiment to a test. To Somerset County we, at present, assign the first place among the Counties of our State. It was about the year 1850 when the first Institute was held in Somerville, after which other Counties fell into line, and they are now regarded as indispensable to the advancement of public schools, and their utility is so well settled that they are authorized by Legislative enactment. At the first it was deemed necessary to import conductors from the Eastern States, but we have learned that, more effectually to develop home talent, the chief burden of their management should rest upon our own teachers.

A Hunterdon County Teachers' Institute was held at Flemington on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of February of this year, being convened by order of the energetic County Superintendent. The advent of such a quiet body of persons into a town is not expected to raise as great a degree of excitement as that of a menagerie or a circus; but reflective citizens in Flemington said, in effect, on the morning of the 18th: "The Teachers are coming to town to-day. Two years ago their presence shed a benign influence upon our community. Their discussions and their prayers were a leaven of good;" and the first overt recognition of its presence by them was an invitation to attend their morning prayer-meeting.

At the hour of opening, a goodly number of teachers were in their seats. No two Institutes are exactly alike. A programme for one will not answer the purpose of another; as time, place, persons, and other circumstances determine what plan is best to be pursued. On this account, its organization imposes upon the conductor a task of no small difficulty and delicacy; requiring tact and skill, as well as quickness and decision. He is to weigh and classify the materials before him, and from this estimate begin to form an ideal plan. He cannot, as the builders of the Jewish Temple, find each stone prepared at the quarry to fit its assigned place, but must form his scheme according to the materials he has at hand. The outline must be formed with pliability enough to admit of being filled up by future accessions, and yet form a somewhat symmetrical whole. The Superintendent, Rev. C. S. Conkling, proved equal to the task. At the proper moment Secretaries were chosen, Committees appointed, persons selected for specific service, and the business was set in motion.

The Institute was opened with prayer; a devout recognition of dependence upon Almighty God, and humble supplication for Divine help. It is a noteworthy fact that all true workers in the cause of education are sensible of a need of such help to sustain and direct the operation of their own faculties, and prepare the minds they labor to improve for the reception of the truth. He who would separate religion from education certainly possesses little of either. Each train brings a reinforcement of members until the number reaches about seventy, and the exercises follow each other with the regularity of a pre-appointed plan.

Now is the time to look in upon the *personnel* of the Institute. Taking position in front you see the teachers of the youth of Hunterdon. True, they are not all present But here are married ladies and maidens; and gentlemen, ranging from the young in years and experience, to the veteran of a third of a century's service. Every brow is of an intellectual mold, every countenance of an intellectual cast. Thought and benevolence are united in the expression. Good sense and good taste are observable in attire and attitude. No one would

suppose, from external appearance alone, that those before him had met for any other than a grave purpose.

A noteworthy feature of an Institute is the evening lecture. This is intended to draw the general public into partial participation. Business men, and busy women, who cannot spare the day-hours to sit as hearers of technical instruction in school-keeping, will attend an evening lecture on some subject of general interest, and find themselves willing listeners to the discussion of school topics that may precede or follow.

The Institute was fortunate in its selection of lecturers on this occasion. On the first evening, it was favored with a classic discourse by Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Cattell, President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. His subject was: "The Life, Character and Death of Socrates," and in his manner of presenting it was highly appropriate to the occasion.

Socrates was a teacher. His instructions were far in advance of those of his contemporaries, particularly in morals and religion. And, for this, his jealous, ambitious and idolatrous countrymen brought false accusations against him; and by bribery and perjury he was condemned and put to death. "Socrates! the most just, the most exalted, the completest type of humanity to which classic antiquity with its wonderful creations ever gave birth—the nearest of all who preceded to a Being we name not here—without ambition, or pretence, or external advantage, but, through simple force of moral and intellectual greatness, took unrelaxing hold at once of the heart and mind of the ancient world," was the theme, and it was presented to his attentive audience with graphic power. Every time-serving politician in the land should have heard it. Every menial slave of corrupt demagogues should have listened. The teachers of Hunterdon heard it; their minds were instructed and elevated, their hearts were encouraged.

The lecture on the second evening was given by Rev. W. H. Shermer, of Frenchtown. His subject was: "Heroes and Heroism." The speaker was happy in the selection of his subject, and in its treatment, adapting it to the character of his audience. He instanced several words in our language that carried much less force than they originally did; as good, woman, beauty and heroism. The correctness of this position may be settled by the philologists. The speaker was fair in defining his titular term, so as to make it significant of the idea he wished to unfold to the understanding of his auditors. The examples of heroism held up for imitation were not those who have achieved greatness in sanguinary battles, or by the subjugation of feeble nations, but those who have labored and endured, for conscience' sake. His heroism was moral courage rather than the daring which perils limb or life merely for the sake of showing valor. He took the scriptural view of it, and showed its elements to be Self-conquest, Fortitude, Loyalty and Philanthropy. The quotation from the book of Proverbs: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," fully justifies his taking of Self-conquest as a mark of true heroism. And Fortitude, that quality of a noble soul necessary to the accomplishment of a grand purpose, in the face of opposition; or to calm endurance of prolonged pressure of corrupt public opinion, in maintenance of integrity, is evidently another. Loyalty to Truth he gave as a distinguished mark of Heroism, higher than loyalty to government. When Martin Luther said, in answer to those who, appealing to his regard for personal safety, would dissuage him from entering Worms: "If there were as many devils

at Worms as there are tiles upon the housetops, yet would I enter in," he displayed the spirit of true Heroism. And Paul, advocating the truth in opposition to the traditions of the Jew, and the superstitions of the idolater, furnishes another conspicuous example. The Christian martyrs are a "cloud of witnesses," illustrating the same exalted principle. Galileo, Columbus and De Soto take the precedence of Cæsar and Napoleon. Spartan bravery, which is nothing more than physical courage, is tame in comparison with the exalted Heroism that unflinchingly perils life in defence of the truth.

Philanthropy had no part in the Heroism of the heathen Christianity is the grand embodiment of all Philanthropy. John Howard is entitled to be held in honored remembrance as a hero, rather than those who have achieved renown by daring deeds of arms.

This nobleness of soul may be exercised in the common walks of life. Woman may, and often does display the qualities of a true Heroism, in ways that man does not. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" exhibits the manner in which patiently endured trials show high qualities of soul worthy of a crown.

The faithful teacher, laboring to enlighten the ignorant, inspires the stolid with thought and feeling, and arouses in them a spirit of enterprise, has a field in which the qualities of a hero may be displayed.

We give the substance, not the words of the lecture. As a composition it may be said to lack fineness of polish: but in strength and perspicuity it was up to any reasonable standard. It was didactic and homiletic in style rather than ornate, and the earnestness of its delivery made it an effective discourse.

The third lecture of the course, by Rev. C. Clark, of Frenchtown, was of altogether a different character:— of the sensational type. The subject was "Hobbies," and the political, mathematical and theological riders of hobbies were made the butts of severe satirical thrusts. The votaries of fashion, male and female, reformers "with one idea," and live-stock fanciers, were alike subjected to smart touches, with the sarcastic whip. The lecture elicited rounds of applause, and if its sharp points and intolerent spirit had been somewhat toned down, would have afforded an agreeable variation in the lectures, and been worthy of a more extensive audience.

On Friday evening the Hall was assigned to the use of the M. E. Church, for the delivery of a lecture by Rev. Mr. Arndt, of Elis, on "Washington." As this discourse did not come under the Institute proceedings proper, it is not subject to remark in this article; although as the teachers heard it, it is due to the lecturer to say that his lecture was of a high order, and worthy of its great subject.

I come now to speak of what may be considered the staple exercises of an Institute: The drills in and discussions of school-room matters. These did not embrace as many of the "ordinary branches" as may have been expected. But the time was fully occupied with subjects quite as important.

These were properly put in charge of Prof. C. B. Stout, of New Brunswick, well known as an efficient and zealous laborer in the cause of popular education, and of Sunday Schools. His appearance upon the platform is always greeted with pleasure, as he has an inexhaustible fund of anecdotal matter on hand to gratify and instruct. These exercises consisted mainly in trials of skill in orthography, and discussions of questions on the theory and practice of teaching. They were profitable; but cannot be noticed

in detail within the limits of this paper.

It was an assurance of good results, and of the respectable position in the community held by these gatherings of teachers, that the Hon. State Superintendent assisted in their conduct. Mr. Apgar's elucidation of the changes of the seasons and kindred phenomena before the late Institute, was as nearly perfect an example of teaching as could be given.

The like may justly be said of a lesson in Botany, given by Prof. A. E. Apgar, of the State Normal School. Having a two-fold aim,—to induce the teachers to introduce the study of Botany into the schools, and to show them how to impart instruction,—he gave a model lesson. Using both the blackboard, and fresh natural specimens of flowers, he held the attention of his class for nearly an hour, and must have convinced them of the utility of the subject, in producing a habit of close observation, if in no other way.

Our record of the Institute would be quite imperfect were we to omit to notice the charming readings given by Miss Minnie Swayze, of Trenton Why these performances are usually called "readings," rather than recitations, or declamations, seems to be, that they are a development of the former, without a change of name. By variety of tones of voice, expression of countenance, and action, Miss Swayze puts life and power into the language of prose, and the measures of poetry, and appeals at once to the deeper, purer and lovelier emotions of the heart. No one can hear her unmoved. The power of eloquence over the whole being is acknowledged by an entire surrender to its fascination.

Music also lent its aid in making the Institute attractive as well as improving. Relieving the mind after the strain of close thinking, and uniting hearts in genial fellowship, while the voices are blended in the harmony of spirited song, it added much to the healthful influences brought to bear upon the members of the Institute.

This record of the late meeting of teachers is necessarily brief. It recounts only the most prominent features, and they may be summed up now in few words: Each teacher who attended is wiser and better than before. Each has a higher ideal of what an education is, and a more determined purpose to be faithful in the work.

EXCELSIOR.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE current topic of the month has been the weather. Other and graver matters are supposed to have occupied the minds of our legislators in Senate and General Assembly and in Congress assembled,—though their constituents cannot see the gravity of some of their antics,—but the people generally have been engrossed in the consideration of the questions, When will the Winter end? and why has the clerk of the weather poured out vials of ice-cold wrath upon our suffering race of Jerseymen? We propose to answer neither of these questions, for reasons "too numerous to mention," chief of which is this one, to wit,—we don't know. The first question may be a proper one for "Old Probabilities" at Washington, but no one else can give advice on it worth a copper, and his will be a guess only. By the way, that old fellow at the Capitol is pretty good at guessing for twenty-four or thirty-six

hours ahead. Everybody does not know it, but we get at Somerville each morning a bulletin printed at Washington at 1 A. M., and forwarded by the mid-night express train to New York, from whence it gets here with the morning mail. Post Master Porter puts it in a frame furnished by the Signal Service Department, and it is hung out in front of the Post Office to inform the curious that it will be clear, or cloudy, or snowy, or rainy, or cold, or warm that afternoon and evening. Our experience of its predictions is that it is pretty tolerably correct; and it seldom or never misses badly. But we are wandering from the subject. We started out only to say that every year seems to separate Winter from Summer by a wider chasm. The former is colder and the latter warmer with each recurrence. Why this is so, is a matter now engaging the attention of many able scientists. Long ago the theory was put forward that the wholesale destruction of our American forests was having the very effect named, and that unless the axe was laid aside, and the coal-pick taken up in its place, we should be barbecued in Summer and frozen into icebergs in Winter ere the year 1950 dawned upon us. If the last Summer and Winter are forerunners of greater similar ones to come, the theory may be true. We rather think, however, that there is much error, though possibly considerable truth in this idea of a radical change in the temperature of the earth. Undoubtedly some local changes in the average temperature has ensued from the destruction of large tracts of woods, in places, but this of itself can hardly account for the extreme heat last Summer all over the country, or the intense cold last Winter over the same area. Our forests are not yet demolished; our important mountain ranges are all heavily wooded, and, in their structure, intact; the general topography of the country is unchanged. Where, then, is the secret? Perhaps, as some astronomers suggest, it is in the mutations going on in the body of the sun, and in the meteors so plentifully showered every November; or it may be that changes are going on in the interior of the earth, which produce these exterior results. But it may also be simply one of those accidental occurrences which will not take place again in years. The seasons may hereafter be as of old, with no variations but the established and customary ones. About this we shall see in the course of a few lustrums of years.

THE WEEK of Prayer was universally observed in January last, and has almost as universally been of felt benefit to the Christian church. To many it may seem singular why God should specially bless a unity of effort in His cause over individual exertion, but these do not stop to think that concert of action is concert of individual work. It means that each individual is alive, earnest, strong in well-doing, in prayer, in solicitude for souls. It is noticeable that in churches where the members are always *alive* there is a constant revival of religion; while in others where the laity are non-active, the sheaves are ungathered, until, by the Week of Prayer, or some other special appointed occasion, the sickle is put forth into the harvest. If the Christian religion is true at all, it is all true. If it is not all true, it would be a question if it were not all false. Then if it be what is claimed; if men may embrace it and win Heaven, or shun it and gain Hell, through an eternity of ages, surely the Church has not only a grand mission to perform, but she should leave no stone unturned, no human being unsolicited, to "bear the cross and wear the crown." The churches of Somerville, Flemington, Plainfield, and of a thousand other places, have added largely to their membership since the Week of Prayer, which must be a matter of extreme gratification to those really interested in the souls of men.

THE CASE of Vice-President Colfax is a hard one. It may be necessary in the course of dealing out human justice to make an example of a man, but it strikes us there should be at least some show of truth and decency at the execution. Colfax has acknowledged himself guilty of an indiscretion; but certainly he has not been proven guilty of perjury. To take the Mobilier stock at all was simply to play with fire; but we have no reason to believe that he understood the temptation or his tempter. He purchased stock which he supposed to be in the market, and to have a legitimate basis and an honest value. He invested his money not to increase its bulk by any legislation in which he might participate, but solely as any other man would invest his spare earnings, and for the same purpose. Oakes Ames was a member of one of the best business firms in New England, and his judgment upon the stabilibity of and pecuniary profit to arise from the stock of this Company, with its large corporate powers, was accepted as worthy of confidence. As soon as it transpired what the Credit Mobilier was doing, Colfax sold his stock; and, whether

or not a large dividend was received by him upon it before he did so, is nothing for the public to know, unless it appears that he *knew* it to be a fraudulent one. On the question of perjury, if the circumstances be strongly against him, we must remember that innocent men often suffer by fortuitous events for which they are not responsible, and that in this particular case Colfax's word *may be* as good as Oakes Ames. What we deprecate is, not the tendency of the public mind to inquire into the various kinds of fraud, including that on personal virtue, which the feeblest sort of bribery inflicts, but the adverse verdict of the public Press before an offense is shown to have been committed. A line in a daily New York paper against a man's character may injure his reputation more than a hundred columns of eulogy would enhance it; and, in the case of Colfax, we believe that hundreds of thousands said he was a ruined man before he had ever been heard in defence of the charges against him, because the city and country papers, without distinction of party, started, echoed and re-echoed the exclamation that Colfax had "gone down." Let us have more mercy, at least when there is doubt, and we shall have more justice. Colfax may be guilty of perjury; but let us have good evidence of it before condemning him.

SLANDER is precisely what we *all* need to be lectured about. We may call it gossip, or news, or what not, yet to speak evil of our neighbor in any way to injury his reputation without a knowledge of the truth of our declarations, is simply slander. We all indulge too much in this dangerous pastime, not from motives of malevolence, but from a want of thought, and due inquiry about the correctness of what we state. It used to be the case, in the good days of "auld lang syne," that the gossips of the community were content to originate, and the general people to repeat the minor slanders only; such as could be overtaken by the truth once in a while, and not do much harm withal. So at least our grandmothers told us when they heard the later tales of falsehood repeated from mouth to mouth. Now, among a class, it is the grosser slanders which seem most rife. No one is so high or good, nor has so secure a reputation that he is exempt from the common penalty attaching to the crime of living in a populous community,—that of being talked about as though he were a fit candidate for the penitentiary. Private men and women at home, like public men at Washington, are maligned for no other purpose than to keep the ball of slander rolling. Against this growing practice let one and all who may read this, revolt. Make this day a resolve not to speak ill of any except that you are well assured that you know the truth from competant sources, including the whole truth, and excluding everything but the truth, and then only when a proper occasion calls it forth.

WE ARE glad that the Association of newspaper editors in New Jersey took the decided stand they did at their late special meeting at Trenton, about the printing of the "Private Laws" of the State. As is well known, the Legislature passes each Winter from seventy-five to one hundred Acts, which are general in their operation, and concern all the people of the State, and from three hundred to five hundred which concern only private corporations, or local districts. It is bad enough that all these laws must be printed by the State for the use of those likely to be interested, in a book rapidly swelling annually toward the size of a Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; but worse to have the "Private Laws" appertaining to each County printed in each paper of that County at the expense of the whole State; and still worse that any number of papers at Trenton can spring up as mushrooms, and the same day print all the laws, General and Private, at the expense to the State treasury of about $1,500 each. In regard to the latter point, an unfairness toward the other newspapers of the State, and in favor of those at Trenton, is manifest to any casual thinker. It is also readily seen how the treasury is robbed by it. Where there is an outgo of money with no corresponding income of good results, there is a squander, which is a mild but effective form of robbery. Our remedy for this would be, not the suppression of the private enactments of the Legislature until the regular volume of statutes is printed, but the publication of them in one paper at Trenton, issued by the Legislature during its session only, and which shall give all Public and Special Acts as soon as signed by the Governor, or when, otherwise, they become statutes. This could be made nearly to pay for itself by subscriptions from those parties throughout the State whose interest it is to know the doings of the Legislature. As to the matter of the State's paying for the publication of local laws in local newspapers, it is clearly most inequitable. That Somerset County, for instance, should be taxed to pay for the publication of

the laws appertaining to Essex County in all the Newark papers and those of contiguous places, these laws being probably ten or twenty times as great in number as those appertaining to Somerset, is any thing but just. Let Essex County pay for the printing of her own laws, and Somerset County for hers, and the result will be a proper adjustment of this burden of taxation among the people of the State. It yet remains for the Legislature to accept the recommendations of the Editorial Association by the passage of an Act making them immediately the law. We should also like to see our suggestion of a legislative paper carried into effect another session.

THE contest over the "New York and Philadelphia Railroad," better known as the "National Air Line," is ended by the defeat of the bill before the Legislature intended to give it a legal charter. There are several points in this defeat which the people interested must not forget. They may be briefly stated as follows: 1. The original charter under which the corporators proposed to construct, and actually did construct a portion of the Road, was known by a name which did not imply its true intent, and was passed by the Legislature, and received the approval of Governor Parker, under a misapprehension, which amounted to, if it was not intended to be an actual fraud. The fact has been denied, but is too notorious and well-established to be disbelieved. This was a grave crime against the dignity of the State, because overturning those time-honored and only safe restraints against bad legislation which publicity and a full understanding of statutory enactments impose. 2. It is privately justified by the statement that in no other way could a charter for a Railroad, in opposition to the Roads controlled by the Pennsylvania Central, be obtained. It is said that the Legislature was known to be so completely in the power of the Pennsylvania corporation that its members would not, unless blindly, regard the rights of those of its own constituents, who wanted to accommodate the travelling public by a new route of travel from New York to Philadelphia. We conceive this to be bad reasoning, and *not* to be a justification. If ever evil may be done that good may result—which we don't believe—it is surely not the case in a matter so important and dangerous as that of hood-winking a Legislature and Governor. The means are of too great magnitude for the end. 3. The want of another Road from New York to Philadelphia is very great, and is founded on the necessities of the travelling public. We must have one. The fact that a large number of people in Somerset County are pecuniarily interested because of the progress already made toward constructing the "Air Line," is a small and selfish, though a not, unimportant consideration; but the greater reason for the Road is that stated, viz:—the wants of those who travel; to which we may couple, as an equally important argument for it, the necessity of having a new district of country opened to the markets and to improvement. 4. The Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company asked for a charter the past Winter for the double purpose (we suppose) of defeating the "Air Line," and, should the charter be obtained, to build another route across the State, which should serve to promote its interests and power here, and permit it to continue its monopoly in excessive charges, and lack of accommodations. It accomplished its first purpose, and failed in the second, only so far as the building of a new Road was concerned. 5. The objection of the masses of the people of this State to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company is not so much that it is a foreign corporation, as that it rules New Jersey with a rod of iron. Having swallowed up the Camden and Amboy Company, it gained all the power of that corporation, and lost none of its own. There may be some whose local pride so warps their reason that they see evil, and evil only in what is cradled and has a domicile in another State; and say that *because* the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has its headquarters in *Pennsylvania, therefore* it has no business to carry passengers through New Jersey. They forget that corporations are composed of individuals, and all individuals in the Nation are Americans, who know no State lines, save imaginary ones, and with no creed less honorable than that of "the *brotherhood of man;*" that there are none alien who are native-born, but all citizens, on an equality, both business and political. With such selfish fault-finders, we have no sympathy. But with those who justly arraign the Pennsylvania monopoly for its arrogance, its tyrannical sway, its bribery of the Legislature, its want of due respect to the public upon which its existence is (or ought to be), dependent, we greatly sympathize. We would that the rod should be broken, and our independence declared. 6. The "Air Line" received its defeat, not because of the Stanhope "disaster," but because of the influence of the Pennsylva-

nia Central. Therefore the defeat was most unjust; and those Senators and Assemblymen who certainly voted against the "Air Line" *for money*, or other valuable consideration, must be exposed and defeated at the next election. Care must be taken, however, that some good members are not wronged by hasty denunciation of their motives. Citizens must be sure when they strike, but then strike hard. 7. The effect of the action of the Senate on the people at large was well exhibited by the action of the House, which always more certainly represents the public temper than does the Senate. It passed at once *unanimously* a "General Railroad law." This will secure to the State the really good law which it needs. It may or may not come to pass this session (it is too early at this point of writing to determine how the bill will be treated in the Senate), but a general Law is what we must and will have, if we propose to have New Jersey properly developed in her resources, and released from the thralldom of galling Railroad monopolies. We may thank the Pennsylvania Central corporation for speeding this result.

We are sorry that "The Mission of the Mosquito," published in our February Number, should have misled any one into an erroneous scientific conception. (?) There were those who at once saw the burlesque and humorous to be the overuling traits of the article, and that it was a capital satire on those scientists of the day who fancy themselves possessed of the secret of the "mission" and the laws of the "eternal fitness" of all the wonderful forms of animal and vegetable life. But others seem to have accepted its declarations as veritable truth —a small number we hope—and we sincerely tender to such our condolence, with the advice not to believe everything they read, see or hear without regard to probability or collateral proof. In regard to the article named, an esteemed clergyman writes to us: "Is every article published in Our Home over a responsible signature, and in plain declarative form, to be taken for matter of *fact?* If not, how are your readers to distinguish between fact and fiction: *e. g.*,—between 'The Mission of the Mosquito,' and 'A Night with Horace Greeley,' or 'Minnesota?'" We embrace this opportunity to answer these questions, as follows: To the first inquiry we say,—Yes, unless the matter be clearly humorous, and readily distinguished by intelligent people as a burlesque. We mean that all articles *purporting* to be true shall *be* true. To the second inquiry, we reply,—By the exercise of good, square common-sense. We know no other test. We further say that the article on "Minnesota" in the January magazine, if occasionally humorous, was meant to express the truth, and nothing more nor less. The writer of it, by the way, acting on his own suggestions to others, proposes to leave it on the double-quick in a few weeks, and try Colorado. We shall be glad to hear from him again respecting that "land of health and beauty."

LITERARY NOTES.

COLD biography, however scholarly written and thoughtful, seldom graves deeply the mind of him who reads it. What is objectively treated cannot easily be subjectively received. Macaulay's writings may furnish strong exceptions, but his style of language had intrinsic charms, unmatched if not unapproachable. Usually cold biography is like frosted grass in the Fall—beautiful to look upon, but with the inner juices all gone out, the green blade yellowed by the touch of death. Warm biography, on the contrary, is as the grass and flowers of Spring, wearing robes which not only transfix the gaze, but draw out the child of Nature in passionate love. Cold biography is usually the history of a life written by a stranger,—at least by one who cannot lift the veil from off the heart, and, therefore, cannot penetrate into the true motives and life-struggles of his subject. The warm biography, is that written by the friend who has known and loved the life he is to trace; perhaps has entered into it in all the confidence of personal affection, and can thus almost open for us the heart-portals, in which is the quivering vitality. Boswell's *Johnson* is a conspicuous example of the latter class, though the cold-souledness of Johnson would have chilled an ardor other than that of Boswell, and only the rare zeal of the biographer enabled him to obtain and transmit to us this remarkable book. Any other man would have made a frigid meal of it. This, of course, is but saying that cold, morose, and unsocial persons, seldom get warm biogra-

phies written for them, or after them. It is the opposite class, which embraces the good-natured, genial, emotional men and women, which are apt to have friends who come forward after their death to lay flowers upon, while they shed hot tears over their graves. Whether the truest estimate of the dead can be made by the affectionate living, may be a question with some: to us it seems that it often may. If it be not always the most just, it can yet be in an important sense the most true. If this appear paradoxical, let us say that there is a severe justice which, because it leaves out the element of *charity*, is untrue. That cannot be strictly true which judges solely from acts and knows nothing of motives. Because the *friend* sees motives, as acting not only, but as acted upon, by mode of life, habits, circumstances of the moment and moods, he is, or ought to be the best arbiter of the strength of another's character. His judgment may readily be warped, but it need not be to so great an extent as that of the stranger.

The *Memorial* before us (*A Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary*, with some of their Later Poems, *By Mary Clemmer Ames, New York: Hurd and Houghton*) is in a most radical way, an exemplification of the warm biography. Never did a living offer to a buried womanhood a nobler, purer tribute of affection than is tendered in these pages. It is all of a memorial, of memory, but also all of a cross of flowers on the coffin lid. Mrs. Ames, whose masculine mind is joined to a most womanly heart, has well performed the task which the Executors of the Cary sisters imposed upon her. We only regret that she had not the time nor the data by which she could have enlarged the scope of the book, and told us more of how the sisters lived, moved, and had their daily being Every reader will want to know more of their childhood; more of their mother, the "blue-eyed and beautiful," who died quite early in life; more of Rhoda, and little Lucy: more of their struggles in the first years of their authorship; more, indeed, of their sorrows and joys, pains and pleasures, through all their busy and eventful lives. Still we must be thankful for what we have, be it ever so little.

Mrs. Ames lived with the Cary sisters for at least one Winter, and was with them frequently otherwise. She seems to have been on very intimate, even affectionate terms with both, and to have learned from their own lips the story of their varying successes and defeats. This she has told, not without full knowledge of the responsibility resting on her in making the attempt, nor without some of the faults inseparable from a warm biography. The vein of eulogy runs as deeply through it as that of sincere devotion to truth, but no deeper. We would sometimes prefer the simple truth unadjectived, but, then, these Cary heroines *did* lead such pure, such self-sacrificing, such lowly but exalted lives; they *did* act so generously toward each other, so lovingly toward their friends, so forgivingly toward their enemies, so nobly toward the world, so reverently, trustingly toward God, that we can overlook any extra praise which Mrs. Ames may give them. Earth was as bright for their lives as for their poems. Men and women of great ideas and solid learning worshiped Alice and Phœbe Cary more than ever they could those little sonnets, which were sung till death called them hence.

We have no space for extended excerpts from the books, but two or three short passages, showing Mrs. Ames' summing-up estimate of the characters of the Sisters, we cannot forbear quoting. Here is one about Alice:

"This intense tenderness, this yearning over everything human, with a pity and love inexpressible, made the very impulse and essence of her being. Surely, in this was she Christ-like. Our Saviour wept over Jerusalem. How many tears did she, his disciple, shed for sorrowing humanity, for suffering womanhood, nor were tears all she gave. The deepest longing of her life was to see human nature lifted from sin to holiness, from misery to happiness: every thought that she uttered, every deed she did, she prayed might help toward this end. To help somebody, no matter how lowly, to comfort the afflicted, to lift the fallen, to share every blessing of her life with others, to live (even under the stress of pain and struggle) a life pure, large, in itself an inspiration—this, and more, was Alice Cary."

Elsewhere Mrs. Ames says:

"The life of one woman who has conquered her own spirit, who, alone and unassisted, through the mastery of her own will, has wrought out from the hardest and most adverse conditions a pure, sweet and noble life, placed herself among the world's workers, made her heart and thought felt in ten thousand unknown homes—the life of one such woman is worth more to all living women, proves more for the possibilities of womanhood, for its final and finest advancement, its ultimate recognition and highest success, than ten thousand theories or eloquent orations on the throne. Such a woman was Alice Cary. Mentally and spiritually she was especially endowed with the rarest gifts; but no less the lowliest of her sisters may take on new faith and courage from her life."

And these, among other things, she says about Phœbe:

"The wittiest woman in America is dead. There are others who say many brilliant things; but I doubt if there is any other so spontaneously and pointedly witty, in the sense that Sidney Smith was witty, as Phœbe Cary. * * * Though so liberally endowed with the poetic utterance and insight, she first beheld every object literally, not a ray of glamour about it; she saw its practical and ludicrous relations first, and from this absolutely matter-of-fact perception came the sparkling utterance which saw it, caught it, played with it, and held it up in the same instant. It is pleasant to think of a friend who made you laugh so many times, but who never made you weep."

"She believed religiously in the social, mental and civil enfranchisement of woman. She hated caste in sex as she hated any other caste rooted in injustice, and the degradation of human nature. She believed it to be the human right of every woman to develop the power which God has given her, and to fulfil her destiny as a human creature,—free as man is free. Yet it was in woman *as* woman that she believed. She herself was one of the most womanly of women. What she longed to see educated to a finer and fully supremacy in woman was feminine, not masculine strength."

The latter one-third of the book contains the later poems of both Alice and Phœbe, none of which excepting two or three, have before been gathered into a volume. They are mostly sweet, tender and feminine, though occasionally strong and masculine. The Sisters were never first-rate poets, but they were seldom third-rate. In a literary point of view they were not, as a rule, specially worthy of their place in the "Poets Corner." In the tender, natural sweetness of their song-*thoughts*, and the influence they have exerted over minds which could not receive and would not be benefitted by Shakespeare and Johnson, or Tennyson and Morris, their claim to kindly poetical recognition rests. They always wrote from their hearts, and because these were human, like as other hearts, they wrote words which thousands felt to be the expression of their own inner selves; words which, thrilling with progressive, aspiring, womanly life, touched responsive chords in every human nature which could drink in a single drop of poetry. The song-blood of the American nation is as truly Alice and Phœbe Cary's verse as that of any two other poets, dead or living.

In looking over these poems we notice the one which Alice called "My Creed," and which was written several years since. Though the whole of it we may not commend, because of its substitution of philanthropy for Christianity, yet these two verses are certainly truthful enough, and sufficiently well put to deserve quotation:

"'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

"And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust."

To her who lived always for others, and made sacrifices such as "God and her own soul only knew" for her sister, and her friends, and for strangers too, any Christian faith apart from works must have seemed as "dry as dust" not only, but yellowed with rust.

Alice's last wail for health is one of the saddest in the language. She called it an "Invalid's Plea." It begins:

"O summer! my beautiful, beautiful summer;
I look in thy face, and I long so to live;
But ah! hast though room for an idle newcomer,
With all things to take, and with nothing to give?
With all things to take, of thy dear loving-kindness,
The wine of thy sun-shine, the dew of thy air;
And with nothing to give but the deafness and blindness
Begot in the depths of an utter despair?"

Of Phœbe's later poems, those two which will be likely to arrest the attention most are "Little Gotlieb," and "Thou and I," The former is a Christmas gem for children, from which, however, a lesson of value can be learned by grown folks. The latter is in the nature of an address to her sister, written after Alice's death, and runs like this:

"Strange, strange for thee and me,
Sadly afar;
Thou safe beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid time's shade.

* * * * *

"Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near Death's river;
Thou winning Wisdom's love,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust."

We lay down this volume with pain at part-

ing There are many more things we should like to have known; so many incidents and particulars of their journey from childhood to death which, were they related, ought to make the world the better, and surely would make the many thousands who would read them happier and truer and lovelier in their lives, that we cannot, *cannot* think that this is *all* that is known of Alice and Phœbe Cary. If Mrs. Ames knows more, she has done wrong in withholding it from us; if not, may some one else some day be found who will supplement this *Memorial.*

We suppose it a safe proposition to lay down that every book for general reading should be written in language which can be understood by intelligent readers. There are certain text-books of and treatises on the higher sciences, intended only for professional scholars, which necessarily contain a vast amount of technical terms. We think in these the tendency is frequently toward an over-use of hard words; perhaps for the reason that every profession is more or less jealous of its peculiar knowledge, and, when one of the number communicates his ideas to the rest by means of books, he wishes no one else but his professional brethren to understand him. Bad as is this reason, it is, we fear, a not unusual one. But however books for professional readers may be freighted with ponderous Latin, French, Greek and other derivatives, a critical American public are bound to protest against works written for the multitude which cannot be interpreted even with the aid of a Dictionary. There are many books of this kind in the market. We casually put one in our hands the other day, and attempted to read it at the first opportunity. We attempted it at the second opportunity; and the third: then with the aid of the larger Webster tried: then asked our friends to read it: but all to no purpose. The book could not be read. No one page was comprehensible, though doubtless intended to be understood. What the author—or authoress, for the writer was a lady—wished to communicate we did not, nor do we now know. Should we mention the book and the authoress many of our readers might be reminded that they had attempted to read the same book, and failed. We refer to it, not to say aught against its *possible* intristic worth, nor the *possible* importance and nobility of its theme, nor yet the ability of the learned authoress. We simply wish to say to all who write for the public:—Whether you write a book, or a magazine, or a newspaper article, *write to the point*, and in plain English language. Write so that you will be *understood* at least. Remember that it is the height of literary art to so write that those who read will not notice your language but only see your ideas. It is hard to obtain this art, but let it be aimed at, at least. Culling out from the language the largest words in it is commencing a long way off to reach the desired end.

The latest important literature venture in New York city is the *Daily Graphic*, which proposes to introduce into this country the new French system of publishing a daily newspaper, —that of giving the news, and illustrating it by sketches taken on the spot. It is claimed that by means of photo-lithography, a new method of engraving by sun-light, pictures can be transferred from sketches to a daily newspaper, "with even greater celerity than can be put the words of writers and reporters in type." The *Graphic* owns a process modified from the French, which has not been made known to the public. This illustrated daily newspaper *may* "work a revolution in the press," but we do not believe it. People would rather have solid reading in daily newspapers than unartistic, badly printed pictures. Poor art cannot take the place of good literature; at least it should not; and while we hail the *Graphic* as an anomalous and new, we cannot welcome it as an extra-important journalistic enterprize.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

A LECTURE BY HORACE GREELEY.

Editors of Our Home: In my last, "A Night with Horace Greeley," I promised to give you a sketch of the Temperance lecture delivered by him at that time. When it was about the hour to go to the Church, Mr. Greeley took the initiative, saying: "I like to begin exactly on time." The white overcoat was donned, and we were in the Church some minutes before the time appointed for the lecture. The Church was well-filled, and, exactly on time, Mr. G. was in-

troduced. He was larger and much finer looking than I had supposed him to be, and there was no eccentricity or appearance of oddity in anything he said or did, except that one leg of his pantaloons was at the top of his boot.

He began by saying: "I do not approve of—indeed, I have a quarrel with—the common mode of argument for Total Abstinence, viz.: That there is danger if you drink moderately, or at all, that you will drink immoderately. You rouse self-pride immediately, and have that to overcome. It is, perhaps, well in many cases—save the drunkard if you can—but I feel like spending my strength to prevent the *beginnings*, and I argue in this way: 'Alcohol is a poison—don't take poison in your system. You don't take strychnine, nor arsenic, nor corrosive sublimate—don't take alcohol either. It is as surely a poison as the others, and while it may take more of the one to *kill*, or do the same amount of injury, than the other, it is not more surely done. Proofs are unanswerable that alcohol is a poison, and the answers or objections that are made to Total Abstinence, that there's alcohol in bread, in corn, in rye, &c., *isn't true*. There is no alcohol in *any* living, healthful, growing substance of Nature. It is only when the process of decay—decomposition—begins, that alcohol is formed.'"

(Here, well authenticated observations on the destructive effects of alcohol on the stomach and blood were introduced.)

"There are *two* things for temperance folks to do. First, men are ignorant of the true character of this poison—and you must teach them. Second, they *won't* know and believe, and you must persuade them. There are thousands wilfully blind, as was the man who got up before light to do his Fall killing. A hog was nicely dressed before breakfast, and he 'hadn't had fresh pork in so long,' he must eat a pound or two before breakfast. At dinner, spare-rib and pluck, of course, made the meal. For supper, his good wife thought that something lighter would do, but no, 'he hadn't had fresh pork in so long,' he must have some for supper, too. All went well, and about nine o'clock two huge baked apples were added, and he went to bed. During the night he had (as, of course, he ought to have had) a sudden and violent attack of cholera morbus, from which he but just escaped with life, and his comment was: 'Well, it was them baked apples that liked to have killed me; *I'll never eat any more baked apples.*' So kidney complaints, inflammations, nervous weaknesses, and a thousand other ailments, are all mysterious visitations of Providence! No, they ain't; they're, in many cases at least, *visitations of rum;* and not *mysterious* either to those who want to see and know.

"If a man *will* drink though, that he gets drunk is not to be regretted. It is Nature's relief from the poison. It's the man that can, and does drink largely, *without getting drunk*, that is most injured, and will die soonest. Take an example. It's no uncommon thing to hear of. A lot of lazy, idle loafers are lounging in a tavern, and having nothing else to think of, blockhead No. 1 says to blockhead No. 2: 'I'll bet you a dollar you can't drink a quart of rum.' Blockhead No. 2 won't be stumped that way, and blockhead No. 3 says: 'I'll pay for the rum if you'll try it.' The rum is procured, drank off—and in a few minutes the blockhead is dead. Why? The reason is perfectly philosophical and easily understood. Simply because *there's so much poison in his stomach* that Nature can't resist and overcome it—and he dies.

"Now, urge the children, and youth, and all, not to touch the poison; not because they'll likely want more if they do, but because it is *poison*, just as surely so as the other poisons named. They don't take these except as ordered by the physician; no more should they the latter. Show the people these scientific and other truths. Enlighten various communities by spreading the truth in lectures, discussions and printed documents, and then let each community vote 'license' or 'no license.' I am decidedly in favor of 'Local Option.' It's a free country, and if a majority of any community say 'License,' let them have it this year; and you temperance folks work away, teach the people and persuade them, if you can, to the better way, and so on each year; and if after a while *you* succeed, and 'no license' is voted, say to the liquor-folks: 'We quietly submitted to *your* rule in this, and we expect you to do the same to ours;' and so each year, without any reference whatever to politics, I would try 'Local Prohibition.'"

The lecturer held the close attention of his audience for an hour and a half, and I would characterize the whole address as one of straight-forward, direct, and easily comprehended truth. The mode of argument was unusual, and the style and illustrations peculiarly those of Mr. Greeley. In the delivery there was a hesitation, or waiting for the right word,

which I did not expect, especially taking into consideration his long and very large practice in public speaking.

I trust that even this imperfect sketch of the lecture may do good, and prove interesting to your readers: and I am glad of this opportunity to put in permanent form these late thoughts of a truly great and noble man.

HENRY P. THOMPSON.

ABOUT PATENBURGH.

Editors of OUR HOME: In looking over the correspondence in OUR HOME and several newspapers, I observe the name of Patenburgh is variously spelled, but the above is the true way. The Post Office was established here nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Ira Anderson, who kept the store here, applied for a Post Office, which was obtained. But the better to understand the matter I must go back a little.

This place was settled in the latter part of the last century. Among its early settlers was Luther Calvin, a very worthy and upright citizen. His second house is still standing. Mills being scarce, people had to go some distance to get their grain ground. There was a small stream running through Calvin's farm, known by the Indian name of *Munselonghaway*, which I have been informed means "Big Brook," though it is rather small. This brook was afterwards known as Albertson's Brook, and on some maps was called Albertson's Branch, (the people of that day had a great liking for the name Branch), and it empties into Spruce Run, just above Clinton. Mr. Calvin built his Mills on this Brook, on the south side of the road leading from New Brunswick to Easton. The place was then widely known by the name of Calvin's Mills. These mills were a great accommodation to the surrounding country. Mr. Calvin sold the Mills, and the property went through several hands, and in time—say about 1812—a distillery was erected on the property by Messrs. Solliday and Jordan, who professed to have a patent for making gin from rye. Making whiskey from grain was then a great novelty, and so the people, by common consent, called the place Patentburg, having reference to the distillery.

As regards the Post Office, the name was retained, leaving out the second "t" and adding "h," making a word of ten different letters. At that time there were less than a dozen houses, though at the commencement of the Tunnel there were about fifteen houses. About twenty years ago, the neighborhood built a small but very neat Methodist Episcopal Church. The burying-ground contains the tomb of Wm. McIlroy, G., deceased, late of Somerset County. We have some six or eight buildings going up at the present time, one intended for a hotel and boarding-house. The south mouth of the Tunnel is about one-third of a mile from the village, and was the scene of the murder of one of the hands, in the evening or night of the 21st of September, 1872, which was followed on that beautiful Sabbath morning of September 22d, by the killing of three negroes about a mile-and-a-half from the village.

DRIB.

EARLY SPECIMENS OF JERSEY JUSTICE.

Editors of OUR HOME: In looking over some early Court records of Somerset County, I notice the following:

"At a Court of General Quarter Sessions of the peace holders at Hillsborough, in and for the County of Somerset, June Term 1780.

Tuesday June 20, 1780.

The State *vs.* Tobie, Negro Slave of Mary Middagh. } *Indictment for Felony.*

The Defendant being Charged, plead not guilty, and put himself on his God, and the Country.

Wednesday, June 21, 1780.

The said negro, Tobie, being sent to the Bar, on motion of Mr. Attorney-General for trial, it is ordered that the Sheriff make return of his Venire, &c., whereupon he made return accordingly, when the following persons appeared and were sworn as Jurors:

John Schureman, Foreman.

John Messeroll,	Peter Van Gelder,
Josiah Clawson,	Jacob Wyckoff,
Benjamin Hegeman,	William Post,
Peter Pumyea,	John Y. Arsdalen,
Henry Cock,	Aaron Ten Eyck,

George Van Nest.

Then evidences were sworn in behalf of the State.

"The Jury withdrew to consider of their verdict, having Hugh Walker, a Constable sworn to attend them.

"The Jury returned into court, and, being called over, appear and say, that they are agreed upon their verdict, and by John Schureman their foreman, say, that they find the said negro Tobie, Guilty of the said Felony whereof he stands charged, in manner and form &c.,

"The said negro Tobie, being set to the bar, on motion of Mr. Attorney General, for Judgment, the said Tobie was asked by the Court what he had to say or offer why Judgment should not be given against him? and the

said Tobie not saying anything in Bar thereof It is ordered that the said negro Tobie be taken to the place from whence he came, and from thence, on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of June Instant, to the place of Execution, and there between the hours of ten in the forenoon and three in the afternoon of the same day, be hanged by the neck until he be dead."

Thus it appears that "Tobie" was charged with an indictment on June 20th, was tried the 21st, and was executed on the 24th! After all that is said about it our forefathers were not so slow about some things as are we of to-day.

Somerville, Feb. 12, 1873. A. P. S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

1st.—Somerville: Store of John Ringleman, a clothier on Main st., broken into at night by burglars, and almost his whole stock of clothing carried off. A large wagon with confederates were supposed to have been outside to receive the goods. Loss about $2,000.

6th.—Millstone: Sickness and death of four children of James Ryan, supposed to have been caused by the "spotted fever."

13th.—Lamington: Donation visit of Rev. Dr. W. W. Blauvelt.

15th.—Somerville: Lecture by Professor Cooper, of the Agricultural College in New Brunswick, in Doughty's Hall, to the S. F. and M. Association, and farmers generally.

20th.—Somerville: Services in the Baptist Church, concluding with the baptism of twenty-two persons received into membership. Donation visit of Rev. J. Scarlet.

25th.—Raritan: Donation visit of Rev. Jas. Le Fevre.

—Somerville: Appointment of Hon. John C. Garretson as Judge of Court of Common Pleas, *vice* Hon. Samuel Corle, whose term of office expires April 1st.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

3rd.—Mt. Airy: Formation of Vigilant Society; Caleb A. Fisher president.

4th.—High Bridge: M. E. Sunday School gave public exhibition of dialogues, declamations, etc.

10th.—Rosemont: Suicide of John Salter, aged 83 years.

11th.—Clinton: Common Council elected William L. Rodenbough, Mayor, to fill unexpired term of C. M. Altemus, deceased.

12th.—Spruce Run: Lecture in Lutheran Church by Rev. William Hull, of Hudson, N. Y. Ringoes: Donation visit of Rev. H. E. Hewitt, pastor of the Kirkpatrick Memorial Church.

13th.—Milford: Fair and festival in Presbyterian Church netting $650. Mettler's Mills: Child of George Gethard fell into pail of hot water and scalded to death. Ringoes: Upset of sleigh of L. H. Sergeant, Esq., of Lambertville, and runaway of horse. Clover Hill: Lecture on Temperance by Rev. Pennell Combe.

15th.—Flemington: Annual meeting stockholders of Hunterdon County Agricultural Society; old officers and directors re-elected. Lambertville: Suicide of John Wilson in McCready's paper mill.

17th.—Clinton: Rev. Pennell Combe commenced series of Temperance lectures.

18th.—Flemington: Meeting of Hunterdon County Teachers' Institute in Masonic Hall, continuing four days. Lecture in evening by Rev. Dr. W. C. Cattell, of La Fayette College on "Socrates." Kingwood: Rev. Benjamin Carrell, of Lambertville, installed as pastor of First Presbyterian Church. Sermon by Rev. N. S. Aller.

19th.—Frenchtown: Donation visit of Rev. C. Clark. Glen Gardner: Copartnership festival of Clarksville Band and American Mechanics in the Hall.

20th.—Frenchtown: Funeral of Hon. Sam'l Hudnit, Mayor, attended by perhaps 1,500 people. Deceased buried with Masonic honors.

21st.—Flemington: Lecture in Masonic Hall by Rev. R. S. Arndt of Elizabeth on "A Picture of Washington."

22d.—White House: C. T. Stryker, Superintendent of Reformed Church Sunday School, surprised by a visit from all his teachers and scholars.

23rd.—Clinton: Farewell sermon of Rev. Henry Westcott, of Baptist Church.

26th.—Lebanon: Runaway of horse of Jonathan Dawes of Stanton, throwing him and wife out, and breaking her right arm. Lambertville: Lecture by Rev. A. D. Willifer on "What I saw in Europe," in First Baptist Church.

— Clinton: Appointment of N. W. Voorhees, Esq., Judge of Court of Common Pleas

to fill unexpired term of Hon. Peter E. Voorhees, deceased.

— Lambertville: Hon. Samuel Lilly appointed a member of the Court of Errors and Appeals.

— Hon. Ferdinand S. Holcombe appointed Judge of Court of Common Pleas *vice* Hon. Samuel Lilly.

WEATHER FOR FEBRUARY, 1873.

[*Reported by Isaac Crater, Esq. Time of Thermometer record, 7 A. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1	—4°	Clear.
2	4°	"
3	2°	Three inches of snow. Rain at night.
4	32°	Clear and warm.
5	30°	Cloudy.
6	19°	Hazy.
7	30°	Rainy.
8	30°	Clear and pleasant.
9	19°	Clear, windy and cold.
10	8°	Clear and cold.
11	22°	Cloudy, and light snow.
12	36°	Cloudy.
13	15°	Nine inches of snow during the night.
14	14°	Clear. Cloudy at night.
15	16°	Cloudy.
16	26°	Four inches of snow, and then rain.
17	36°	Clear and warm.
18	15°	" "
19	38°	" "
20	25°	Clear.
21	30°	Cloudy and windy, rain and snow.
22	10°	Clear.
23	2°	Clear, and cold wind.
24	—4°	Cold and windy.
25	12°	Clear and cold.
26	25°	Clear and mild.
27	26°	Three inches of snow.
28	24°	Cloudy, and damp wind.

General average, 19.2°

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM JAN. 15TH, 1873, TO FEB. 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Auten, James	Mary J. Garretson	Jan. 22	Somerville	Messler
Allshouse, J. N.	Alice H. Manning	Feb. 5	Harlingen	Gardner
Adams, Joseph A.	Jennie C. Garrabrant	Feb. 12	Peapack	Thompson
Bye, Samuel	A. F. Van Middlesworth	Jan. 23	Somerville	Mesick
Blanfuss, Wm.	Henrica S. Langland	Feb. 13	———	Doolittle
Breece, Jacob	Cornelia G. Voorhees	Jan. 22	Ten-Mile-Run	———
Grover, Benjamin	Maggie Van Pelt	Feb. 8	Harlingen	Gardner
Low, Minard W.	Sarah J. Gaddis	Feb. 1	Somerville	Scarlett
Merrill, Wm. H.	Rebecca C. Higgins	Feb. 12	Neshanic	Vassar
Sutphen, Amos C.	Carrie Skillman	Feb. 12	Near Princeton	Voorhees
Toms, Stuart	Sarah E. Compton	Jan. 30	Liberty Corner	English
Van Nest, Thomas, Jr.	Eveline Cray	Jan. 30	Neshanic	Le Fevre
Van Doren, Augustus	Harriet Henry	Feb. 6	North Branch	Doolittle
Wilson, Princeless	Julia I. Thompson	Feb. 6	Roycefield	Pitcher

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Apgar, George C.	Hattie Prall	Feb. 6	New Hampton	———
Bayard, Joseph E.	Lizzie A. Holcomb	Feb. 1	———	Willifer
Brands, Lewis	Chattie C. Rinehart	Feb. 4	———	Kugler
Bellis, John	Emma J. Gearfoss	Feb. 13	———	Heilig
Conover, Nicholas	Margaret Fritts	Jan. 16	———	Jelly
Dillon, Taylor	Helena Heaney	Feb. 8	Frenchtown	Randolph
Farley, Asbury	Caroline Hagaman	Jan. 19	Pottersville	Carroll
Hoffman, Andrew B.	Mary E. Apgar	Feb. 6	Mountainville	Belles
Haring, Abel B.	Jennie Voorhees	Feb. 6	Lambertville	Randolph

Jager, Benj. W.	Alwilda Bell	Jan. 16	Hainesville	Apgar
Lantz, Washington	Dollie I. Rubert	Jan. 28	Hainesville	Apgar
Mellick, Geo. K.	Eliza Applegate	Jan. 22	Flemington	Winans
Miller, Jacob N.	Sarah E. Roberson	Feb. 15	Mountainville	Belles
McNair, Robert S.	Emma N. Landes	Feb. 6	———	Aller
Nevius, Jacob	Nettie Durham	Feb. 5	Ringoes	Powlson
Pinkerton, J. W.	Jennie Kerr	Jan. 18	Frenchtown	Clark
Perry, C. Howard	Sarah McCloughan	Jan. 30	Hampden	Van Deusen
Sheets, Urbanus	Amy L. Cook	Jan. 16	Cherryville	Young
Stiger, Elias M.	Mary E. Henry	Jan. 22	White House	Bailey
Stewart, William	Lizzie Ferris	Jan. 30	White House	Lacey
Swackhammer, C. F.	Mary J. Lombard	Jan. 30	White House	Bailey
Wagoner, Frank P.	Syvilla Reading	Jan. 30	———	Poulson

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM JANUARY 15TH, 1873, TO FEBRUARY 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Bush, Addie C.	Bound Brook	February 15	Infant
Coon, Firman	North Plainfield	January 22	42
Coon, Harriet	North Plainfield	February 12	65
Dow, Catherine	Lesser Cross Roads	February 6	78
Griffith, Ann	Somerville	February 11	75
Heaney, Mary F.	Lesser Cross Roads	January 23	47
Jelliff, Maltby	Liberty Corner	February 13	80
Layton, Peter	Liberty Corner	February 15	61
Tillman, Sophia M.	———	February 12	83
Vosseller, Luke	Milltown	February 11	71

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Apgar, Cynthia	High Bridge	February 10	9
Briggs, Elizabeth	Lambertville	February 12	80
Dinsmore, Freddie	Flemington	February 2	Infant
Ely, Mary	Lambertville	January 28	64
German, Sarah R.	Lambertville	January 23	27
Hulsizer, Lizzie	Asbury	January 18	20
Hoagland, Mrs. Peter Q.	Mount Airy	January 17	26
Heath, Francis T.	Stockton	February 7	58
Hudnit, Samuel	Frenchtown	February 11	50
Hartrum, Frederick	Tewksbury Township	January 24	48
Horton, Sarah B.	Tewksbury Township	January 26	22
Hoffman, Philip C.	Cokesburgh	February 12	76
Hummer, Johnson	High Bridge	February 13	59
Pursell, Thomas	Frenchtown	February 2	68
Riddle, Robert J.	Lambertville	February 5	46
Reading, Elizabeth	Sergeantsville	February 18	80
Sweeney, Cornelius	Lambertville	January 19	50
Sutton, Elizabeth	Cokesburgh	February 15	87
Sinclair, Lucinda	Bloomsbury	February 12	51
Stout, James M.	Hopewell	February 28	57
Trefz, Franklin G.	Lambertville	January 22	5
Tiger, George	High Bridge Township	February 15	73
White, Alfred	Milford	———	33
West, Joseph	Delaware Township	January 28	83
Young, Jane L.	Annandale	January 21	53

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. MAY, 1873. No. 5.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[FIFTH PAPER.]

A SOMEWHAT singular genealogy of the Wyckoff family appeared in the *Real Estate Bulletin* a short time since, from which I quote:

"Some time during the year 1612 or 1613, a crew of Dutch colonists sailed from the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, in the ship *Goeda Vrow*, for the shores of America, and settled on the Island of Mamados, (since called Manhattan) forming the village of New Amsterdam. In a short time their numbers being augmented by natural increase and the arrival of other emigrants, they formed other settlements in the adjoining country. For fear of the Indians, some of whom manifested a hostile disposition, large companies settled together, living in forts and cultivating the surrounding lands. A part of those who came over in the *Goeda Vrow* settled on Long Island opposite New Amsterdam, living together in a fort, which they had constructed for their mutual safety.

"One of their number, Cornelius Zeward (since called Seward), becoming acquainted with some of the Indians inhabiting the island, and being more venturesome than his companions, had a consultation with the chiefs of the tribe, and made a bargain that these Indians were to sell him as much land as he could walk around from sunrise to sunset for so many piles of dollars. The next morning this Cornelius Zeward started, at sunrise, from the vicinity of what is now called Brooklyn Heights, and made a circuitous route, returning at sun-down, and taking in his course Gowanus, Fort Hamilton, New Utrecht, Bath, Flatbush, East New York, Newtown, Flushing, etc. In consequence of this great feat his companions gave him the name of Weychtof (in English, *Walk off*), which has finally become Wyckoff.

"This Cornelius Wyckoff had six sons, named John, Simon, Cornelius, Peter, Hendrick and Jacob. Cornelius, the first, bought two tracts of land containing 600 acres each, one at Middlebush and the other at Three-Mile-Run, both lying in Somerset County, New Jersey, and moved to the former. His sons, Hendrick and Jacob, remained on the

Island, where Hendrick was married and had two sons, Hendrick second, and Nicholas. Jacob was never married. Cornelius second, and Simon both married and had families. John and Peter settled at Middlebush in the year 1704. John married and had six children, four sons and two daughters. Cornelius, his oldest son, was the first white child born in Middlebush, New Jersey, where he lived and died."

The last named Cornelius built and lived in a log house, where Samuel Garretson now resides. He was affected with a severe rheumatism, which caused him much stiffness and pain. He had a friendly Indian living in front of his residence, across the road and brook, in a little hut. This Indian told Cornelius at a certain time that he "looked very bad, and if he did not get help soon he would live but a short time." "What can I do for it?" asked Wyckoff. "I think I can cure you," said the Indian. "But I am afraid that the remedy will be worse than the disease." At length, however, the patient submitted to the Indian's course of treatment. He was taken to a little sod structure built in the side of a hill by a pond of water, where the Indian applied the means necessary to produce an extraordinary perspiration. The practitioner stood at the door, opening and shutting it as he watched his patient. At last the perspiration was satisfactory. "Now it will do," said he. He had previously cut a hole in the ice of the brook, sufficiently large to receive the patient, and into this Wyckoff was plunged. The Indian now brought him out, wrapped him up into a blanket, carried him to the house, put him to bed, and then heaped blankets over him until, as it was told, "the perspiration ran down the bed posts." "That will do," said the Doctor; "remain there until you and everything become dry; then be careful for some days, and you will be well." The patient did as required, and in a few days all stiffness and pain had left him. Such indeed was the result that he "felt as if he had neither limbs nor body"—so comfortable. He became entirely well. and lived many years afterward

Tradition says that Mrs. Simon Wyckoff (who broom-sticked the Indian) was bitten by a rattle-snake the first night she and her family remained in their new house. The Indians sleeping along the brook immediately proffered their friendly aid; one of them applied their usual remedy, and she was speedily cured of the effect of the bite.

John V. C. Wyckoff, who resides at Millstone, remembers to have heard his aged mother relate that, when she was a girl, as, on a certain occasion, she was walking along the brook toward the mill of Simon Wyckoff, her grandfather, she saw a bear, and immediately climbed up a sapling for safety. The bear passed along, crossed the brook, and went out of sight. Presently an Indian came along, to whom she told the circumstance. "*Hoo, hoo, hoo!*" said the Indian, "show me where he crossed the brook." She pointed to the place. There, sure enough, he saw the bear's tracks. Pursuing along the animal's probable course for a mile or more, gun in hand, he came up to him, shot him, and brought him back dead. A fine bear, it is said, he was.

The first school-house erected in the settlement of Middlebush stood opposite the present house of John Wyckoff, and adjacent to the Indian hut before mentioned. In it a teacher by the name of Maxwell taught for some time. The second was opposite the present residence of J. Newton Voorhees, and was then on the land of Garret Voorhees, Sr. This school was attended by scholars

from the Raritan and near the Landing. The third stood on the present land of John C. Wyckoff, and opposite the house now owned by Jeremiah Voorhees, at the Middlebush road. The fourth was on the opposite side of the road, on land formerly of Frederick Van Liew, deceased. The fifth was and still is in the rear of the present Middlebush Church. The sixth is the "Middlebush Institute," erected during the past year by its principal, J. Newton Voorhees. Abraham Van Nuys, of Harlingen, remembers seeing one of the "old time" school-houses, covered with a thatch of straw. Doubtless the furniture corresponded with the exterior of the building.

In 1643 Peter Stuyvesant, afterwards Governor of New Amsterdam, brought with him a young pear tree from Holland, and planted it in his garden, which was on his farm outside of the city. It lived until about 1870, when it blew down, after attaining the age of about 225 years. An iron railing had been previously put around it for protection. Mortimer Whitehead, of Franklin Township, Somerset County, is perpetuating the memory of Governor Stuyvesant by the inoculation of a young stock with a graft from this old pear tree. The graft is now six years old, and in a healthy condition. May it attain to the "days of the years" of its venerable parent, and its owner be rewarded with plenteous fruit for the culture he may bestow upon it! And when succeeding generations shall have gathered around it to gaze on its aged form, may some future bard celebrate its history and age in strains of grateful and sublime song, as did Dunshee its parent tree, when he composed the verses which I know every lover of these mementoes of our Dutch forefathers will thank me for quoting, at least in part:

"Famed relic of the ancient time! as on thy form I gaze,
My mind reverts to former scenes, to spirit-stirring days:
Guarding their sacred memories as ashes in an urn,
I muse upon those good old times and sigh for their return.

"The scenes by which thou 'rt compassed now, have little charms for me:
They speak not of the ancient time as thou, time-honored tree:
I therefore close my eyes against these forms of brick and stone:
Then, boldly, to my mental eye thou loomst up alone.

"From yonder dustless mansion comes its lord whose heart is seen
Portray'd upon his countenance; of firm, majestic mien:
Laden with Nature's precious gifts, he scans each orchard tree,
And slowly treads the well-worn path that leads direct to thee.

"With joyous eye, while grateful thoughts his noble heart expand,
He looks on thee, his favorite tree, brought from the Fatherland,
And lives again in former scenes, when life was in its prime,
And finds the memories of his youth still undestroy'd by Time.

"With pipe in mouth he now reclines beneath thy welcome shade,
And feels that all his fostering care for thee hath been repaid;
And dreams, perchance, in waking mood, when thou alone wilt be
The only relic left midst Art—the *old memento tree.*

"Anon a group of happy youth, from school restraint set free,
Come shouting round him merrily in wild and joyous glee:
One by consent thy trunk ascends, thy burden'd boughs to shake,
While all of thy delicious fruit most eagerly partake.

"Hobooken, now, their master, comes, devoid
of frown and rod,
And with the Governor reclines upon the
velvet sod,
Together they enjoy the sport, again are young
in heart,
Till, warned by day's decline, they each for
happy homes depart.

"When Winter reign'd and cloth'd the earth in
robes of virgin white,
And drove o'er hill and dale with unrelenting
night;
When th' etherial elements in fearful conflict
met,
Then thou, old tree, defiant stoodst—and there
thou 'rt standing yet!

"The forests dense that graced the land ere
Hudson ploughed the wave,—
Which once were traversed fearlessly by the
Manhattan brave;
The orchard trees around whose base such
golden fruits were strewn.—
Are gone—all gone, forever more; and thou
art left *alone!*

"Thou sawst when the Usurper came, the
nation to despoil
Of th' dominion exercised upon our rightful
soil;
Thou sawst the throng that gather'd round to
carry to the grave
Thy lord, the last Dutch Governor, the honest
and the brave.

"Perchance thou sawst the patriot band with
dauntless Capt. Sears,
Who, with his lead, triumphant rode amidst the
people's cheers;
Or gavst thy fruit to please the taste of Clinton
and his corps,
Who ruled where British power will rule triumphant nevermore.

"For 'twas thy glory to behold (the conflict
nobly won)
The entry of the noble band led on by Washington;
When the last sighs from Wallabout* were
hush'd by the applause
Which filled the sky above the land where
triumph'd Freedom's cause.

"Couldst thou but speak I'd question put concerning him of yore,
Who prized thee ere he brought thee from his
distant, native shore;
Who nurtured thee so carefully till thou badst
taken root,
And then reclin'd beneath thy shade while
feasting on thy fruit.

"Thus to thy shrine, thou ancient tree, will
Knickerbockers hie,
And, standing on their native soil, beneath their
native sky,
In contemplative mood recall those names of
sterling worth,
Through whom they trace their ancestry—the
noble men of earth;

"Fam'd less for show than solid parts; of staid,
reflecting mind;
Fam'd less for vain than useful arts; magnanimous and kind;
Respect'd and belov'd at home; feared and
admired abroad;
True to a fault with fellow man, and faithful to
their God."

The above are fifteen of the thirty-three stanzas composing the whole, which is entitled, "The Knickerbockers' Address to the Stuyvesant Pear Tree." The author is the present principal of the Parish School, established in the city of New York in 1633, by the Reformed Dutch Church, for the purpose of educating the poor of that denomination free of expense to parents.

Washington Irving, in his *History of New York*, says some naughty things about "Dutch honesty." In one instance he represents the New Amsterdamers, when purchasing from and weighing furs for the Indians, as calculating the weight of a Dutchman's hand in the scale to be one pound, and his foot two pounds. Very differently was this from a certain female descendant of these Dutchmen, who, having received a grist of flour from a mill along the Raritan, which produced very poor bread, sent word to the miller with the next grist to take *more toll* next time, and make her better flour —indicating, of course, that the usual

* The British prison-ship.

toll might not reward him honestly for the labor required in making good flour.

I somehow omitted to state in my second paper that John Royce claimed to own 20,000 acres lying between the Millstone and Raritan Rivers, which included the present settlement of Roycefield, named after him.

In my third paper I should also have stated that the number of acres contained in the tract of land on which Hendrick Polhemus settled was 708. The tract was purchased by his father and Cornelius Cornell of Rip Van Dam and Lancaster Symes, of the city of New York, in 1728, for £1,775, being $2.50 per acre. Daniel, the father, died immediately after the purchase, when it came into the possession of his son Hendrick, to whom Cornell released his half. Hendrick now having full possession, it is probable that in a short time he removed to and settled on it.

RALPH VOORHEES.

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITIES.

III.

THAT her opportunities for usefulness and happiness may be amplified, it has been stated that woman must reform her whole domestic economy in some such practical way as will give her more time for the proper expansion of her unlimited mental, social and moral vitalities. To go into details about it is not my present purpose. Having done this, let her fearlessly, but considerately, enter into that avocation or condition for which she may possess individual fitness. Mention has been made of this in alluding to the class who toil for an honest livelihood. Let me expand it.

As then stated, a countless host of noble, self sacrificing women struggle daily with life, only to find its important avenues of pecuniary and honorary success closed to them. It is equally true, and in principle as unjust, that the same avenues are closed to another class (unmarried) who need not struggle hard for bread, but who do earnestly long for a proper use of the talents of mind and genius which God has committed to their care.

This class find the lucrative professions, the better-paying mercantile pursuits, the chief material employments of life in fact—a forbidden "sphere." These avocations are ready of access to the basest and most stupid of the male sex, but not to the purest and ablest of the female. There is no general open *sesame* to the latter—because, well, because you see, they are not *men*! True, hundreds are to-day forcing an entrance. But then we consider that a daring burglary, for which, while the perpetrators may not be subject to legal arrest, they are to be punished instead by the scoffs and hard reflections of both men and women. These do it, therefore, at the peril of their reputations. Is this, then not a wrong? Because, though Nature may not have absolutely imposed upon women the *obligations* of the rougher businesses, as upon men, does she—Providence if you prefer—not give them the *right to choose those fields of labor which are best adapted to their several wants and personal capacities?*

I go farther than to assert mere abstract

right. Right as a possible privilege isn't much. Only when there is wisdom and duty and capability in the performance of it is it haloed with glory. And I contend that, incorporated with this abstract right, there is, very often, a wisdom, a duty, a capability and hence a policy, in woman's embracing it. To glance at the experience of the past, without alluding now by name to any "great women," who will say the bulk of those known to the world by their special accomplishments, achieved outside of the kitchen and sewing-room, have not done credit to the sex? Would authoresses, who in their books have spoken comfort and imparted instruction to millions, have *better* ironed in the kitchen? Would women painters, sculptors, lecturesses, physicians, etc. etc. —the "chosen few" whose moral courage made them force these professions—have done *more good* to their race at the wash-tub? Who dare say this, and believe that women have, equally with men, souls and æsthetic perceptions and high moral duties, with susceptibilities of culvation unlimited—nay, with powers to stamp their impress on the character of an age unbounded, except by the limits assigned by God to all human endeavor?

Grant that the majority of women, living now or to live in the future, will see neither wisdom nor duty in, nor have "peculiar fitness" for employments outside of "home" (in its confined sense.) Grant that they will have no taste another way. Grant that the majority will quietly marry, and settle down to home life of a kind more or less exalted, having husbands to give them a "living" and "lots of happiness." Grant this to be their normal position and "sphere," the one in which they will be most useful; which will most develop their inner graces, and even robe their souls with the beauty and glow of true womanhood. Grant all this for argument. Then, again I ask, what of those who *cannot marry and be queens of homes?* and what of those whose high self-education and culture are the base of aspirations which reach out to the fine arts and grave professions and employments? whose immortal natures have caught that upper, hallowed fire which is fed to the few from the mysterious altar in the temple of Genius, where Inspiration herself is the ministering Aaron? Will they unsex themselves if they go out of the domain of "home"? Is there neither right, nor wisdom, nor policy, nor duty in their squaring their mission with their *adaptibilities?*

It ought to be needless to argue what is paipable. The fact that God fitted a majority of one sex to fill a restricted but noble sphere seems to have blinded men—and women also—to the truth that there is a *minority* to be looked after, who must be given larger and different spheres or lead most ignoble lives. They forget that human nature is a harp of more than one string; that it has a thousand, no two of which sound a like; that as in religion God is most honored by voluntary worship, so in the great problem of human life he or she best works out the solution who does it without any restraint but that of a sound conscience and pure heart. Talk of civil liberty as you will, unless it is supplemented by individual freedom in the matter of the choice of our sphere of life-work, restrained only by moral limits, it is a sham, a delusion, a lie.

"Would you have women as *physicians?* some ask. I answer, in the Irish fashion, why not? Who hath a reason against it? They are now physicians in daily practice. Their "sphere" has made them such. If we become sick, they are the nurses, and invariably their "doctoring," not that of the male M. D., cures. Wives, sisters, mothers—these are

now our real physicians. Fortunate are we who have them. Fortunate were our wounded soldiers who had Florence Nightengales to bind their wounds. The mere question to be raised about the matter is, Shall they be professional, or non-professional doctors? Shall they be permitted to have added to their intuitive insight into human nature, patient study, scientific skill, thoughtful experience? Shall they be good nurses alone, or may they couple with it the acquired art of healing? Shall they work without pay, or may they work with the physician's pay? Shall men have all the pecuniary advantage to be derived from so noble an art and so important a profession, or may women share in it at their pleasure?

"Women as preachers, too?" Why not if qualified? "But the Bible forbids it." Very well: prove it, and this profession, which has more honor in it and less pay than any other in the world, may be excluded from the catalogue, without interfering with the justice of my remarks about other employments. No exception makes a rule.

"Shall we have women lawyers?" Why not if fitted to their vocation? That few will have the taste, and fewer still the peculiar qualifications of advocates and judges, we may believe. But let those obstacles regulate the choice, not custom or prejudice.

Whether, then, as physicians "going about doing good;" as ministers ministering the bread of life to immortal souls, (as well as the bread that perisheth to the body that perisheth;) as advocates or judges, purifying by presence and practice bar and bench; as artists stimulating æsthetic tastes; as travelling agents, factors, brokers, merchants, authors, philosophers, scientists, lecturers, professors or school-mistresses; or whether as queens of homes, most queenly in washing, sewing, baking, ironing, scrubbing, visiting and conversing; or whether as combining any one of the former occupations with the latter in a symmetrical union—women fitted to these employments by nature, and achieving "success" in them or not, are doing duties from the performance of which no prescriptive custom, no public opinion, no mal-advice of friends, no lack of moral courage, no want of faith in themselves, in life, or in God, should interfere.

"Does this same line of argument not bear out the 'right' of women suffrage?" Yes, and no. The same line of reason would; but in politics, or civil government, the same line cannot be used; and because, to start with suffrage is no right which either man or woman can absolutely claim. It is a gift from those who first make a compact of government to those who come in upon the soil they occupy, and reap the advantages of that government. Such cannot claim the gift of suffrage as a natural, certain inheritance. Again, to give suffrage to any one woman or to many is to give it to all; thus donating to a whole class what a few only may have a fitness to receive. In other words, it would be no privilege consequent upon *fitness*, but—"the age of twenty-one years." All would be impelled, if not actually compelled to exercise this "right," without regard to natural adaptedness, or individual preference. By this I do not mean to say that woman suffrage is wrong *because* there would be no condition of personal fitness exacted as the pre-requisite of woman citizenship; the same argument would apply to universal manhood suffrage; but only that woman franchise is not to be reasoned out as a right to which she may lay claim by the same mode of reasoning which forces me to say she should be privileged to be a doctor. Suffrage is not privilege but

duty, when once universal. The real arguments about woman suffrage *pro* and *con* I will not consume space to notice. Believing no immediate good can come from it, and that it is not one of "woman's golden opportunities" for doing herself honor, I propose not to consider it in this connection.

But the fact that many women are restrained from entering certain important avocations outside of home, in nowise proves that the greater number, who ought to exert their chief influence in domestic circles, fill up the measure of their opportunities at home. It may be possible that most of them can take a higher social status than they now occupy. If here lies the real power of the majority; if here they are to live, move and have their being, surely every opportunity for achieving and exerting good should be embraced. As to these, then, I insist:

1. That they must exert more social influence. Sisters can do more for brothers than they do, and wives more for husbands. If brothers are inclined to run off on tangents, the restraining power of sisters must bring them back to position. Brute force won't accomplish it, but gentle love-cords may. It is said of Nicholas of Russia that when he wanted a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, he first asked his engineers to map out a route. They did it, with the usual crooks and curves to suit the topography of the country. The Czar then took a map, and placing a rule upon it drew a straight line between the capitals with his pen, adding in the tone of command, "You make *that* road." It was made. Now, why may not the influence of wives and sisters be as direct as that? Why curve around the so-called "eccentricities," and crook about the "customs" of husbands and brothers? Certainly you don't want to hold them fast to your apron-strings; but may you not to your *heart*-strings?

"Home" opportunities are vast. Be the theme as thread-bare as it may, there is yet much to be said of it. Homes for eating and sleeping, for washing and sewing, for gossiping and "living" are plenty; homes whose air is of industry mingled with contentment, where love, purity, fidelity, temperance and charity are the guardian angels, are few. Cold homes, with skeletons in them, are on every hand; warm homes, with fiends of the Evil One all exorcised, and the angels of God all welcomed, are difficult to be found. Homes adorned by pure, true hearts are better than those beautified by costly pictures and furniture. Yet pictures and furniture, with cosy carpets and rugs, and musical instruments and all that, are not to be despised. They do not make, but they may help make a home.

Home! Should it not be the best and most comfortable, the most attractive and lovely,—aye the dearest spot on earth? ever exhaling the fragrance of Truth, Love and Beauty, because inhaling these precious qualities from the better part of the world without; a spot embodying individual and collective virtue, intelligence and rational enjoyment to the highest possible extent; consecrated to every end noble and good and true and pure, from which is cast out everything selfish, or vicious, or quarrelsome, or bitter, or unlovely, or false; a spot which may well be the nursery of generations of men and women yet unborn; a spot "over which angels may fondly linger to scatter the sweet incense of heavenly blessings from their hovering wings," toward which those absent in flesh may ever wander in spirit, from fondest memories of the days gone by when there were daily feastings at this domestic shrine of piety and affection?

2. They must embrace differently their opportunities for marriage, or *make* them otherwise. To begin with, they must take a higher stand upon the whole question itself. To face the truth squarely, will be to admit that the reasons which now impel seven out of every ten to marry—and these reasons apply to both sides—are: A pretty face, stylishness of dress, "aristocracy of blood," so-called, the recommendation of friends, influence to be won, pecuniary gain, the want of a "home," or some-thing else as base; not that these are all base *per se*, but that they are as controlling forces. I have left out a cause, which, as a sole cause, is sometimes as unfortunate though far less criminal. It is *love*. Woman must not—*no one* must marry for love alone!

"Not marry for love! What then *shall* I marry for?" you may ask. I answer: To secure a husband, or a wife, who will *fulfil the conditions of his or her station as such husband or wife*. Marriage without this may be lawful; but how can it be happy? It may be honorable; but how can it be ennobling? No—if there be not sin, there certainly is no inter-help, no building up of character, no strengthening of heart or intellect, no *complete unity* in an "entering into bonds" where a flame of passion, however pure, was the arbiter of it, and where special fitness—I mean calm judgment—is left out in the cold. There must be, instead, a more or less identity of opinions, habits, life-purposes; a certain equality of abilities and capacities; a fitness of mind as well as of heart. There must be to a great, if not to a complete extent, mutuality and oneness. It must be a union where the realizations of superiority may be reciprocal, and "each can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other, alternately leading and being led." That women of dullness mate with men of genius with whose higher perceptions there can be no comprehension and therefore no sympathy, and women of a high order of mind, exalted and pure, with men who are little better than brutes, is a great, sad truth. In some cases, perhaps, a healthy and happy influence may be exerted over these "brutes" by exalted wives; but it is seldom *vice versa*; and we may believe that, where the first is true, it is the overruling of a blind human mistake for good by an omnipotent Providence. The doctrine I would advance is that the blindness of love is to be warred against, but not one iota of love itself abolished. In its blindness, which is of humanity (its essence is of Divinity,) it should be the chief but not the sole force; the ruling passion, not the single reason. Unless walking arm in arm with Wisdom, what is it but a mockery of that love which we are fond to believe is its prototype?

But whatever may or may not be true and right in this regard, it is a fact that *some* reform about marriage is needed; that woman can be more readily, at least more truly the leader of that reform than man; and that with it she will enter upon new opportunities, possibilities, enjoyments, triumphs.

V.

[Concluded in Next Number.]

HAVE FAITH.

THERE were whimsical turns of the waters;
There were rhythmical talks of the sea;
There were gather'd the darkest-eyed daughters
Of men, by the dark Galilee.

A blowing full sail, and a parting
From multitudes, living in him;
A trembling of lips, and tears starting
From eyes that look'd downward and dim;
A mantle of night, and a marching
Of storms, and a sounding of seas,
Of furrows of foam, and of arching
Black billows; a bending of knees;
The rising of Christ—an entreating—
Hands reach'd to the seas as he saith,—
"Have Faith!" And lo! still are repeating
All seas, "Have Faith! Have Faith! Have Faith!"

London, 1873.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHARMING WOMEN.

THESE two words conjure before the mental vision a long undulating line of graceful shades, reaching from our own prosaic times far back into the misty ages when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair." Pre-eminent among this fascinating throng are the three queenly shadows, —Argive Helen, beautiful as the light, loving, vain, weak; Egyptian Cleopatra, dark, splendid, selfish, treacherous; and Scottish Mary, lovely, gracious, brave, false, cruel; and scores of others scarcely less noted, whose enchantments, potent as those of Circe, transformed into brutes or demons all men whom they chose to make their victims. What is the secret of the marvellous power these enchantresses possessed? Not beauty alone, because everywhere we see women fair enough to please the most fastidious—lovely creatures with golden hair, sapphire eyes, lily skin and rosy lips, and others still more beautiful in the eyes of many, who may be described after the same mineral and vegetable fashion as having jetty hair, diamond eyes, alabaster foreheads and cherry mouths. These are intellectual, educated, modest and pious; and yet no man of average principle will be in any danger of swerving from his loyalty to sweetheart or wife through the influence of any one of them. They do not possess the wand of Circe, or they are too upright and pure-minded to use it. Their hands are not "bands," nor their eyes lures to draw men on after the phantom of their love, till they no longer have trust in woman. It is difficult to believe that a woman can deliberately set to work to daze a man's senses, be-

wilder his intellect and confound his moral perceptions; and there are but few, however dangerously gifted, who can do this without willing to do it, if they are thoroughly honest and modest. A young girl seldom exercises this magic power. However sweet and attractive she may be, she is both too innocent and too ignorant to enslave her admirers though she may possess their truest love. But a mature woman of subtle intellect and strong will, whose heart has been seared by the disappointment of her best affections; or, better still, one to whom nature has denied a heart, is often a very siren,—not that intellect is the charm, but it is indispensible to give her powers for enslavement their greatest effect. A woman of this kind is not ignorant of the resources at her command. She understands the magic of smiles, tears, blushes, poutings, blandishments and all the wiles that subdue men's hearts. She knows only too well how irresistible is the magnetism she can convey in a glance of her eye, or a touch of her fingers. Magnetism is her golden wand, her spell of might that enthralls her victims.

Beauty may be gifted with a dangerous charm, as witness the three royal dames already named; but that "ugliness" is not a bar to its possession, Catharine Sedley and many other plain but bewitching creatures mentioned in history, prove. Who can not point out in his own circle of acquaintances one or more of these disagreeable charmers,—disagreeable unless they will to please. I will describe one in mine. She is no longer in her first youth, and is now a large and imposing figure, though somewhat angular. The contour of her head and face is not good; her expression does not please. Her light gray eyes are large, protruding and imperfectly shaded by their scanty lashes, of the same pale, yellowish tinge as her hair, which is moderately abundant. Her nose is large, far from Grecian in outline, and her wide mouth has an ugly drop at the corners. "A disagreeable, homely woman!" would be the remark of one she did not think it worth her while to fascinate. But a close observer would soon perceive she had capabilities of beauty that he had not before noticed. Her bust is fine, her colorless skin of the finest grain, the lines of her face delicate and mobile. If she is your guest and has already established herself in your home, she will probably go about all the morning carelessly dressed and rather silent and cross, for she is not particularly good tempered, nor in the least amiable. At dinner she brightens a little, makes a few lively remarks to your father, bestows a word of praise upon your mother's cookery, and teases your young bashful brother. On rising from table she vanishes up stairs and indulges in a long nap, which consumes most of the afternoon (you are supposed to live in the country) unless a ring of the door-bell cuts it short. In that case she waylays a servant, or one of the children, and learns that the caller is a gentleman and young. No more idleness and listlessness now; she is as alert and active as the most energetic could desire. A short time longer she remains invisible, and then she sails majestically into the parlor, calm, gracious, overpowering What a change! Can this magnificent woman, who comes forward with the stately grace of a queen crowned with her burnished hair—can she be the list less, homely creature you left dozing on her bed when you tripped down stairs, after having made your toilet? She sees she has made the impression she desired to make, and this consciousness infuses softness into her dull eyes, imparts a dimpled curve to her mobile lips, and brings every fine line and trait into play.

Scarcely appearing to remember that you are present, she assumes the pleasant task of entertaining your visitor. Her suave words, her sweet smiles, her flattering attention can scarcely fail to charm; and long before your friend, perchance your lover, can tear himself away from the siren, you find that he too has forgotten you are in the room; and he may continue to forget you till at last he finds he has lost you and a good many other valuable things, even though he should gain this charming woman for his wife.

There is another class of charming women who do not enthrall the senses, but win the purest, truest homage by the breadth of their intellect, the nobility of their natures, and the warmth and goodness of their hearts. Such are amply endowed with every gracious attribute of womanhood, are the faithfullest of friends, the wisest and fondest of mothers, the most loving and appreciative of wives; and those men are blest indeed, who are so fortunate as to win them wholly to themselves. Under their smiles innocent fancies, loving charities and holy household affections spring up and blossom like violets in the sweet Spring sunshine.

EURLIE.

TRUE PROGRESS.

THE most casual observer of modern thought must have often wondered at the rapid tendency to discard that which is hoary with years, as something worn out, good enough for the past, barely sufferable for the present, but totally unfit for the future. Justly boasting of the achievements of science in developing and applying the powers of Nature for the use of Man, they point to the marvellous adaptations of steam, electricity, and the press, declaring that these are but the beginnings of universal advancement. Intelligence, too, say they, has become so wide-spread that millions now read where before were only thousands. Thought is no longer to be held in check by these old-fashioned notions, as that the supreme law of man is the will of God, that there is any difficulty in the problem of sin, or that Man can have need of a Redeemer outside of himself. In their zeal for science, falsely so called, no absurdity is too great to be adopted, no analogy too remote to be twisted to suit their purpose in getting rid of the humbling doctrines of Christianity, and the "development theory" in its manifold forms has been fashioned as the key, by which the secrets of Nature are to be unlocked, and her treasures opened to the honest gaze of men. In their haste to get rid of creation as a miracle, the accounts of Genesis must be discarded, and the origin of Man must be traced through all the various forms of animal and vegetable life to the merest germ. To account for his superior intelligence he is made to pass through various struggles which called forth his reason and intelligence, until by continual exercise they become permanent characteristics, while the moral sense, which, in the estimation of most, is the crowning excellence of the human species, and which is as lasting a trait as his physical nature, or reason, or intelligence, is entirely dependent on the "conditions of life." On the other hand, the world is cursed with a class of teachers, who hold on to the teachings of the past, merely because they are old,

and who will see no further than their prejudices. They neither investigate the claims of Science themselves, and endeavor to reconcile the doings of God in Nature with his acts in the kingdom of Grace, nor lend their countenance and a hearty God-speed to those who are employed in cementing the bonds of Science and Revelation. Wrapped up in their self-confidence, they cry, "Let scientific men agree among themselves, and then perhaps we will accept their theories." For example, the noble science of Geology, which by its unassailable facts has done much to disprove the conclusions of the "development theory," and which by further investigation is doubtless to do much more to prove the unity of the Divine plan, and reconcile Revelation and Nature, has been made the butt of their ridicule, and the mark at which they have hurled their most venomous shafts of irony.

But the merest school-boy perceives that this principle strikes a death-blow at all scientific investigation. It is the very spirit of Popery, shutting its eyes to the truth, and instead of discovering that the Great Fashioner of Nature, and the Great Revealer of the Gospel is One in working, One in power and glory, confesses that these two classes of truth are irreconcilable, thereby giving occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme. It is blind dogmatism discovering no beauty or value in truth, so long as it seems to conflict with its own preconceived notions, and which attempts no answer to questions most deeply affecting the very foundations of its faith, simply because it *will not.*

Now, between these opposites lies the golden mean of true progress. In development, as expounded by Darwin and his co-laborers, you have as a result blank atheism. That blessed Being who covered Himself with light as with a garment, who by a word called into existence the universe and its flying orbs, whose praise the stars sing in their majestic march through boundless space; that Being "who hears the evening hymn of praise in the Christian home, the lowly melody of the Christian heart, the sigh of the kneeling child, and, when the task of his morning sojourn on earth is over, will draw up the Christian as the sun draws up the dew-drop, to rest on the bosom of infinite love," is no longer necessary. The raven is fed no more by the hand which is open to supply the wants of every living thing, but by law as blind and as inexorable as Fate. In spite of the fact that the earliest recorded instance of Man's development exhibits his faculties in their greatest perfection, that no poetry surpasses Homer's, that no religious sentiments are more sublime than those contained in the book of Genesis, that no art is more perfect than that of Greece, that no specimens of the human form are more beautiful than the models which Greek sculptors have preserved for us; in spite of the fact that for a period of four thousand years we are enabled to watch the development which various races, subjected to diverse influences might make, and after all find that Man is as distinctly *Man* as before: nay, that there is reason to believe, with Plato, that these instruments of thought and action have weakened rather than augmented his bodily powers, and mental faculties, this hypothesis dares to advance as the foremost of its conclusions that man is an *ascendant* from the lower forms of life, though the links which connect the most degraded savage and the most intelligent monkey, as Darwin confesses, have not yet been discovered. What more unscientific method could be devised than this, which throws away such stubborn truths, and substitutes for them a loose philosophy dictated by an irra-

tional religion, which unsettles belief not only in a Deity but in everything, takes away all human responsibility, and weakens the force of every moral obligation?

But it is when we come to Man's spiritual nature that this theory most signally fails. These longings of the soul after immortality, these workings of conscience in every breast, this inborn sense of guilt and the everlasting distinction between right and wrong, made even by the most untamed savage, are things which it can in no wise explain. Carried out to its legitimate consequences, it destroys all social affections for life, becomes a selfish struggle for existence, and death annihilation.

Turn to the world of mind and ask these philosophers what mean those ceaseless activities, these risings and fallings of nations, these commotions and battles of truth with error, these conflicts of knowledge with ignorance; to what are they all tending; and they answer, if at all: These are the throes by which Man is being developed into some higher and nobler order of beings. But the humblest child of God, who can just lisp his prayer of "Our Father who art in heaven," cast it may be on the cold charities of an unfeeling world, a suffering, hungry orphan shelterless from the fierce heat of a summer noon, or the chilly damps of night; a poor, homeless, tired and footsore pilgrim on this great wilderness of earth, sees with his eye of faith, in all these commotions, the developing plans of the Great Jehovah, bringing order out of chaos, sitting above the fiercest storm, directing the winds, and making all things, even the wrath of man to praise him. Does the Christian suffer? he believes that even this shall work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. No distressing doubts as to God's covenant faithfulness agitate his soul; peacefully he lays his head on the breast of Jesus his Saviour, and come life with all its hardships, come death and bring him rest, all, all is well.

And what comfort can such a theory afford to one who trusts it when called to part with his loved ones? Imagine one of these philosophers standing by the grave of his only son. Affection still asserts her claims, and in mournful agony he turns to Nature and asks, "Tell me, O Nature! shall I never see my precious boy again?" But flower and seed reply, "We turn to dust and so does he." Again he cries, "Tell me, O Philosopher! shall I never see my precious boy again?" And it answers, "The world is full of shadows, which perhaps *may* foretell the destiny of man, but I cannot be *sure*." But ask the Christian whose heart is wrung with a like sorrow, and from that bosom all torn and bleeding this voice of struggling faith comes forth: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. Jesus gathers them with his arms and carries them in his bosom." But suppose this same philosopher is brought face to face with his last enemy—death. Upon what does he now lean for support? Does his creed furnish him joy on that death-bed? Nay, all is negation, darkness and despair. No hope of a glorious immortality gives him peace, no prospect of a bright resurrection spans his entrance to the grave like a bow of promise. No Saviour's everlasting arms are underneath to give support, nor does he hear Jesus whispering, "Be not afraid, it is I." His lamp goes out in darkness, he dies as the brute. But like the sun, as he sometimes goes down on a calm summer evening descending without a cloud, and even when lost to sight, clothes the heavens with his dying splendor, and the cold

hills with his hues of glory, so goes the dying Christian, as his sands of life are fast ebbing. Over that pale cheek and sunken eye the mellow light of peace is flowing. Already beams from the celestial glory seem to fall upon him, ministering angels attend him, celestial harmonies fall upon his ear, and there breaks forth from lips that almost refuse to perform their office the songs of David and of Paul that death is swallowed up in victory. Is it any wonder that the prayer of those who witness such contrasts as these should be, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

By their fruits ye shall know them, is as true of theories as of plants. These emotions of the soul are matters of experience, and therefore as much matters of fact as any phenomena of nature. So that any system of universal philosophy which excludes them as a whole, or in part, cannot be received as complete, until it has accounted for them all in a rational manner. And that man, however well-earned his reputation, who advocates such a disintegrating theory as that of Darwin, when his evidence is incomplete, his arguments hypothetical, and unsupported by the most conclusive facts, is recklessly incurring a most fearful responsibility, and one which when found untrue will prove a damning blot on his reputation as a scientific man. What we want therefore for true progress, is not a blind adherence to past traditions and teachings, merely because they are old, nor on the other hand a rash dogmatism resting on the "*ipse dixit*" of some reputed wise man, but the sifting and arranging of facts until they crystalize into truths as hard as adamant, so that when placed in that temple which the Great Architect of the universe is rearing for His glory, each shall reflect His image, without a speck to mar its beauty. To this noble work God calls educated men. "Be not henceforth children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive," but workmen, rightly separating the true from the false, at one time waiting for further discoveries, at another correcting hasty conclusions, and at all times leaning on God for light and direction.

C.

A WITCH STORY.

PART I.

WHEN I was a boy, nine years of age, though living in what was then considered an enlightened community, there were many of the older and middle-aged people, who fully believed in the power of witches. Many a long *yarn* was told at evening gatherings concerning the powers of these Satanic agents. The children of course were always interested in listening to these stories, although it occasionally almost made their hair stand on end, especially when they had to go to bed in the dark My father was opposed to his children's minds being stored with such things, which he himself did not believe, though he had been trained in the superstitions of by-gone days. My mother, good woman as she was, shared with him in his unbelief. She had a firm, reliable trust in Heaven's King, and could not conceive that He would allow the fate of His creatures to be dependent on the ill-will of Satan, nor of those in his employ

In the month of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and ——, a neighbor of my father came to our house in hot haste, requesting his presence immediately to see a spring calf, which was then in the agonies of death by a *witch-ball.* I well remember the excited appearance of the old man, Mr. L——, and almost his words used on the occasion. My father was not at home, and I obtained permission of my mother to go and see the bewitched calf. When we reached Mr. L——'s, one-quarter of a mile distant, the animal was dead. Mr. S—— proceeded carefully with a large knife to cut open the calf to find the "witch-ball," at the same time relating to me the circumstances of its bewitchment. He said:

"The calf was well! yes, well as ever it was, two hours ago. And the old witch passed across the lot. I saw her myself, and I know who she is! She ought to be burned! yes, burned! In less than an hour after she passed the calf began to show the effects of her witch-craft, by jumping up and down, writhing with pain, rolling its eyes, moaning piteously, and soon it fell unable to rise. I know it was bewitched. I'll find the ball; yes, I'll find it."

And sure enough, he opened the stomach, and there was the ball; a hair ball, nearly round, and about two inches in diameter, matted together and quite hard, so that I could not break it with a stick. A heavy blow made but little impression. In accordance with Mr. L——'s orders, I carried the ball on a small shingle to the house to put it in the fire, *to burn the witch;* but Mrs. L—— was ironing clothes. Instead of throwing it in the coals, she directed me to lay it on the stone-hearth, by the side of the fire, to toast or roast.

"Now," said the old lady, "the old witch will feel it. She'll soon be here, or send for something, or she'll die as the ball burns." I replied: "I have always heard that witches cannot get over a broom-stick," and proceeded, in jest, to put the broom-stick across the door. She was displeased that I was so light-hearted about the matter, and, like the old Squire, my father, showed that I had no belief in witches. "But you'll see the old huzzy," said she, "or some one for her will soon be here, to get some article to soothe her pain."

Imagine my surprise! In less than half an hour before the "witch-ball" was burned to ashes, but when it was fairly scorched and burning with heat, two little urchins, grandchildren of the old woman, who had passed by the calf, were standing by my side outside the door asking for Mr. L——. I directed them to go in, but they only looked in the door. It was wide open (broom-stick across the entrance), but they could not, or at least they did not go in. Mrs. L——, at my request, came to the door, when the elder of the two little ones, with down-cast eye and imploring accents, said: "Mother sent us here to get a little hog's fat" (lard), "will you please, mam, to let mother have some?" But instead of getting the lard, they got some angry words: "Go about your business! Don't come here! Tell your mother and grandmother you can't get anything here." The children left at once, with down-cast look and sorrow pictured in their faces. They were evidently disappointed. Then came my turn for a lecture for my unbelief: "Did not I tell you they would soon be here! Why come here, for hog's fat, passing by three other farm houses? Surely to break the spell, to soothe the pain of the old witch. Why did they not stop at Mr. Smith's, or Mr. H——'s, or at the 'Squire's?'"

Will some of the readers of OUR HOME tell us why? And yet, after all this, *I* am as yet an

UNBELIEVER.

A REVERIE.

THE sun is sinking in the west;
The busy birds have gone to rest;
The clouds are golden, blue and white,
While some are blushing a "good-night."
And now Night's shadow, dark and deep,
Has come to put the world to sleep.

The moon shines softly through the trees,
Before her face the shadow flees.
In ev'ry glade and ev'ry dell,
Each blade of grass, each lily bell,
Is chanting low its vesper hymn,
Joining the songs of Seraphim.

Night gently draws her curtain down,
While golden Cross, and spangled Crown,
With countless stars in Milky Way,
Eclipse the light of fading day.
Since Nature's song is one of praise,
Shall not *my* voice the anthem raise?

Why is my heart so dark and sad,
When Nature's face is bright and glad?
The morning stars all sing for joy:
Shall I the harmony destroy?
Be still, my heart, subdue thy grief;
There's One who ever gives relief!

Hark! Mem'ry's voice is calling me—
Both sad her tones and full of glee.
She takes me back to by-gone years,
And bids me check the falling tears.
She gives again my Childhood's toys,
Its little cares, its little joys.

And, as I gaze, I seem to see
Two azure eyes fixed upon me;
Two busy hands, two little feet,
Making me glad with music sweet.
Where are the feet? They're safe at rest;
Folded the hands, on baby's breast.

The years roll on, and now I roam
Far from my dear, old, hill-side home.
But once again I seem to see
Its faces kind, welcoming me.
Where have they gone, those faces dear?
Nought answers me but echo drear.

Down in some shady, Southern dell,
Two braves are lying where they fell;
And two are in a hill-side grave,
While o'er their heads the daises wave.
Oh! Memory, take back the years!
My eyes are filled with bitter tears.

Memory fills my heart with pain,
But Hope brings back the light again.
She draws the veil o'er by-gone years
And wipes away these falling tears.
She bids me lift my heart above,
And bless the Hand, which strikes in love.

VIVUS.

HAP-HAZARD PAPERS.

I.—EYES.

THAT eyes are only mere apparatus for seeing, is a proposition so patent that it needs hardly be mentioned to be admitted. That they are complex mechanisms of darkened chambers and lenses, and media of various density, with screens on which the image falls to excite to action the proper nerves; that all this complexity of nerve, muscle, blood-vessel, etc.,—of which the anatomist tells us,—is arranged only for the purpose of having the image properly received and the nerve properly excited, are also statements axiomatic in character. Yet with all this paraphanalia, the eye is only cognizant of itself

by the manifestations of external objects impinging on its nerves; and we fain would cry:

> "Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as others see us."

This ability of the eye to convey to the brain the knowledge of the actual condition of itself, while receiving outside impressions, would have easily solved many a question which has required much investigation and labor, even to raise an hypothesis concerning it, and which may be overthrown by some other investigation showing but a single new, or rather hitherto unobserved fact.

So could we put ourselves in our neighbors' shoes, and while there take a good look at ourselves, what a deal of questions might be solved; how much sorrow might be kept from our neighbors and ourselves.

There goes a fast youth. To himself the outward impressions convey only sensations of pleasure or sport. Were he only able, even in his mind's eye, to see that friends were sad and business acquaintances growing distrastful, it would not be necessary to use prophetic ken and show the end toward which his path is tending; but while yet in the forming part of his career he would retrieve himself in the sight of his friends.

What a delightful sensation it would be, could such an one be given to those who are laboring for virtue and truth,—apparently without effect,—if they could see with other eyes the respect secretly shown, and imitation of character secretly practiced. But while this gift might be a boon, or even a curse, we can frequently *observe* in the eyes of others that which causes us to leave the physical, and ascend to higher things. Who does not with sorrow look back, in memory, at the sad eye of a mother, as she looked on her erring child, and at the same time recall the sweet joy in finding himself forgiven, though often offending? Or who has not enjoyed (even if sad at heart before) the dancing eyes of innocent childhood, before the spirit is so hidden by the cover of falsely-called *culture* that it yet shines unshaded in joyous ecstasy through the windows of the soul? Who has not been repelled when this same spirit was so sered and soured by vice and misery that it merely phosphoresces? And some of us, perhaps, have felt (in by-gone years of course) the heart-fluttering influence of the laughing eyes of young maidenhood. But, alas! it is the lot of some to possess eyes that never laugh. The muscles and mind combine heartily enough, but those cold, grey eyes still stare in vacancy, never so fixedly as now.

Man has been defined at times as the animal who cries, and again as the laughing animal, (though the "*l'homme que sit*" of Hugo was, for this reason, a monster rather than a man.) These definitions, whatever of exactness they may have from a zoological stand point, at least contain enough truth to show men that they are pre-eminent in either of these functions; and who can estimate the power of either? A laugh of derision, or a tear of entreaty, has worked as much for woe or weal as any other action of mankind. It is indeed true, as some one in effect has said, that a single drop of water is capable of influencing mankind more than the dread thunder-crash, should it be in the form of a woman's tear. And yet the man of mere material science mutters, "It is nought but a lubricator for the eye." Indeed, like Æsop's tongues, the eye is a power for good or evil; to lead men to places of high renown, or sink them to the deepest depths of despair. It is a thing of beauty, a joy forever; an instrument of power without a peer; an assistant to ruin without parallel.

ZEB.

OUR OLD PHYSICIANS—VAN DERVEER AND SUYDAM.

IN 1840, filled with youthful enthusiasm, I came to settle in Bedminster, Somerset County. I had then just graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. From that date until 1863, I was intimate, and associated much with Drs. Henry Van Derveer and Cornelius C. Suydam. DR. VAN DERVEER lived near Pluckamin, and practiced in that vicinity; Dr. Suydam near the Lesser Cross Roads. Their respective patients loved and admired both, carefully studied their characters, each physician. I, as the successor of and esteemed them as men. My intercourse with them, socially and professionally, was of the most intimate nature To embalm their characters, as men and physicians, in some feeble way, and to present them to the public as they appeared to me, form a sacred duty and labor of love.

When I first met Dr. Van Derveer, he was upward of sixty years of age Tall, fine looking and remarkably neat in his personal appearance, he had also the courteous manners of a gentleman of the old school; he kept good horses and was a handsome rider. Said an eccentric medical friend to a young physician, who was riding in a sulky: "Do you wish to live as long and be as healthy as I am?" "Yes, I would like to find out the panacea." "Then, young man, get out of that sulkey and ride on horse back." Dr. Van Derveer lived to a great age, was a remarkably healthy person, and rode much on horse-back.

He had some of the finest old colored servants I ever knew. I must pay a tribute of respect to those noble old blacks of Somerset County. They served us faithfully and took good care of our bodily wants. Doctor's old cook was one of these nice people; always neat, clean, happy, ready to meet you with the pleasantest face and the merriest of laughs. When she died, Doctor wept many tears, as if he had lost the best of friends. A little while after, calling to see him, he apologized to me. He thought his table did not look as neat as usual. "I do miss my old cook so much. That young girl is good, but she does not know my habits." Old Harry, his farmer, was a splendid fellow, a most faithful servant. His smiling face and graceful bow, particularly when a quarter touched his hand on Christmas morning, I shall never forget. The attention of these servants did much to make Doctor the able physician he was. He had no trouble about his farm and domestic affairs. Thus he could devote his time and energies to his noble profession. Old Harry was a kind of king among that sable race. He ruled with a lordly sway. Woe to the young urchin that disputed his authority! His hand was large, and there was much muscle in his uplifted and descending arm. Alas for the young scamp that felt its weight! Farm work was never neglected as long as Harry lived. Doctor, possessed of an ample fortune, and a fine library of books, never had to struggle like young physicians. He was an inveterate reader, retained much, and applied it skillfully. His ideas were original. In conversation with me he always expressed them freely. As a rule he was a reserved, reticent man. But where the barriers were broken down and he gave his confidence, he was perfectly over flowing. Very much secluded, I was his connecting link with the outside world. He read and studied books. I, busy in my profession, studied diseases and man. Alone he could act and see where the failings were. With such a man, we must improve. With youthful daring, just

like Young America, I disputed his conclusions, but time and again, in narrow straights and difficult cases, I would remember some instruction given me, which I then thought erroneous, but, acting upon them, they brought out the safest results. This practical experience gave me great confidence in the skill and foreknowledge of this remarkable man. Within the last twenty years, there have been wonderful progress and discoveries in the physical sciences; in none more than in medical chemistry. Our large and ponderous doses of bark have given place to the finer chemicals. Power, strength, efficacy, are concentrated in small, pleasant doses. Doctor, in all his readings seemed to have been anticipating this time He always preferred those active, powerful medicines. To my narrow vision at that time it seemed like a daring innovation, but it was the true genius of the man, bursting through the clouds of doubt. He was fore shadowing what did actually happen. An older man now and knowing these things, I can admire him whose genius was thus ahead of his time. Doctor's sister was once very sick. A lady friend was nursing her. He had administered some of those powerful medicines. She seemed sinking, and alarmed the nurse. Doctor was aroused, and came into the room. "Will she die?" was the first most natural question. "No, no, but it was *rather much, rather much.*" She recovered. He used medicine that I knew nothing about in those days. I consulted him once about a lady who had a cancer in the roof of her mouth. "Doctor," said he, "you send to New York and get some terchloride of carbon—a medicine then unknown. With much difficulty, and at only one store in an out-of the-way place, I purchased the medicine. What do you suppose it was? The *chloroform* of the present day, thus anticipated and used by Dr. Van Derveer, years and years before it was introduced into general practice! He was a fine botonist, a careful observer of plants and their medical properties. He knew just the right time to gather them, when their virtues were the greatest. We discussed those plants and roots, and on his recommendation I often used them, with marked success. I still think that as physicians we too much despise those plants which a wise, over-ruling Providence has placed at our disposal. I remember a child who had one of the troublesome eruptive diseases. It had baffled the skill of several physicians, and finally came into my hands. I tried the usual remedy and failed. I spoke to Doctor V. about the patient. "Go," said he, "and gather some clover blossoms; have them nicely cured; make a bath of them. Put the child in this bath every day; let him drink clover tea." I did so. The old skin came off, and a new, clear skin took its place. The person is now living and is a fine-looking gentleman. Dr. was fond of the use of sanguinaria (blood root), in croup, the pleurisy-root in colds, and polk-root, roasted in ashes and mashed, as a discutient in various tumours. He was convinced that he could cure *hydrophobia.* Patients came to him from all quarters with that terrible disease, and I *never knew any to die.* They considered themselves cured by his remedies. I conversed with him on these points. He told me his remedy was equally efficacious in persons and animals. He once purchased some materials which failed him, but, when properly cured and gathered at the right season, "*the cure was certain.*" As the Doctor never deceived me, I am forced to take his testimony on this point, and he was positive in his declaration.

At times there was a good deal of drollery, almost waggery about him. In

those days fees were very low. For pulling a tooth the price was twenty-five cents. A certain wag lived not far from the Doctor, by the name of "Billy Britton." He was a blacksmith by trade and attended to all the "wolf's teeth" among the colts. Doctor pulled a tooth for this man, and charged fifty cents. Bill took a wolf's tooth out for the Dr. and charged fifty cents also in the blacksmith's bill. Doctor commented: "Well, I see Billy has not forgotten the tooth I pulled out for him. We will quit even."

My friend very, very seldom went to church. The tale is a sad, but instructive one. Doctor was one of the committee to build the Reformed Church of Bedminister. He honestly thought there was some error in the money account of the other member of the committee. When he rose to explain, the minister, *ex officio* moderator, told him to take his seat. The Doctor persisted. The command was now peremptory: "*Take your seat.*" The Doctor walked out, and was an enemy of the Church to the day of his death. He owned all the ground around the building, but persistently refused to sell any for a burial ground. The clergyman called a few days after and apologized. Doctor remarked: "I like to see a man a gentleman, *from the stump up.*" He always paid a small annuity in order to keep a burial place for himself. In my religious conversation with him, he acknowledged the Divinity of the Savior, but seemed to believe in universal salvation. This want of a true religious belief was a sad blot on otherwise a noble character. While we must all acknowledge his worth and distinguished skill as a physician, yet it is sorrowful to think that so fine a person could not have been truly a Christian man. How much, with his talents and fortune, he could have accomplished! We are all ready to pay homage to his talents; how preciously we would have embalmed his memory, if he had been a pious, exemplary physician.

In speaking of Dr. Cornelius C. Suydam, let me bring clearly before the mind of the reader the Township of Bedminster, Somerset County, as I knew it in 1840. It was an agricultural community, and had no large villages. The farmers ruled things. The farms were moderately good, the price of land low. We had no Bank in the County, and were all delighted when we saw an old Bank of Brunswick note, with Peter Spader's name to it. "Behold this twenty dollar bill," said one from the hill country—"I sold a one-horse load of corn for this money. I never did such a thing before in all my life." We did not need *much* money. We had credit at all places; at stores, blacksmith shops and vendues. We gave barter, set our notes afloat, and after a while the notes coming back were paid. All were honest—all notes were good. Nobody stole, because there was nothing to steal. Nobody was a rogue because there was no need of it. We paid our taxes, but they did not amount to much. We went to church and gave small salaries to the minister. We raised enough to eat and keep our stock; did not spend much for dress, either men or women. We got along with a common-school education. Men and women were both a stout, hearty race. An old lady of seventy would walk to the store, load up twenty-eight pounds of nails in a bag, shoulder them, and take them home, the distance travelled being four miles. A smart young cradler felt insulted to have a woman reap and bind after him. He worked his best and she kept close behind. "I never was so tired in my life," would be his testimony on the evening of that day. They made honest apple spirits in those days. People lived to old age, and got fat on it. Said an old toper

to me once: "I got drunk, and was all right the next day; now it takes me a week to get sober." Coffee and tea were not used in those times to injure nerves. "Pshaw!" said an old lady, whose daughter complained of being nervous—"I am glad I was born before nerves were in fashion" The old men and women were all rugged. An old couple once lived together, until they were over 85 years of age. They had a small, iron spoon in the house. That spoonful was the measure of their coffee. You may be sure *they* were never nervous.

In this community, among this honest, hardy, rugged people, Doctor Suydam commenced his practice. He was a finely developed man, six feet four inches in height, and weighed from 250 to 275 pounds. His father at one time weighed over 300. There were tall men in Bedminister in those days; sons of Annaek. "Hallo, old white hat, let me measure with you," said an excentric man among a company of 3,000 at a political gathering. Bedminister carried the day; he measured six feet, five and one-half inches. Doctor C. had a soul as large as his body, a finely developed head and a clear mind. With an iron constitution and an indomitable will, he was just the man for the place. Yet this great, stout man had many of those finer qualities which belong to the delicate female. He was one of the most sensitive and honorable of men An only son, he inherited property, received a good education and graduated in Medicine from the University of Pennsylvania. Brought up on the farm and among horses, he was one of the finest of riders, and a most splendid horseman. He always owned and rode the best of stock. He had some of those good old blacks that I have referred to before. His colored boy "Tom" was noted for his care of a horse, and well it was so, for the Doctor, when in full practice, was a hard rider, and left the care of his horses to his groom.

Doctor Suydam entered upon a large practice at once. Dr. Van Derveer was getting old, and Suydam was young, popular, beloved by all, and belonged to one of the best and most influential families of the Township. The people were proud of him. He practised far and near. The amount of work performed and the riding he accomplished, would astonish a physician of the present day. He went through by-ways, across fields, jumped fences and ditches here and there, all in short spaces of time. The Doctor was an advocate for bleeding, and he used it freely. In medicine, Doctors then gave *quantity* as well as quality. The doses, when mixed with syrup, filled a large tablespoonful. It seemed to be requisite. Men worked, ate and drank hard. We bled and dosed them accordingly. To follow the same methods now we would soon be relieved from our practice; we would *kill* our patients. But the practice was useful, and Doctor Suydam was successful. A continued dropping will wear out a stone. This hard life told upon him. His young, iron constitution succumbed, and in 1840, when I first saw him, he was laid aside from active practice, and I, as the son of an old family friend, took his place.

We now reach a dark and sombre period of Dr. Suydam's life. He at that time resided on his paternal estate. The house was secluded at quite a distance from the road. A running brook of water was in front of the house. Mother, sister and the colored people constituted his family. He, like Dr. Van Derveer, was a bachelor. Like him at this period of his life, he was a very eccentric person. Giving up the practice of his profession, he became dark and gloomy in mind. He read and studied the Bible closely, but his attention was mainly directed to

the spiritual passages. Doctor S., as I said before, was a superior horseman. Being a large, powerful man, he never feared to drive or ride any colt. Once mounted, no horse could throw him. He owned a horse and bolster wagon without springs, and had a board without cushions for a seat. Driving fast around the country, he now never recognized, or spoke to his former friends. He also rode a chestnut horse, the best animal I almost ever knew. This horse he would canter up and down hill very rapidly. (I knew another physician's horse, that passed over the same roads. This horse, to my knowledge, travelled 75,000 miles, or three times around the globe, during its ownership by a Somerset physician. The horses owned by the older physicians of the County at that time were like the people, not much *fancy*, but very tough and enduring.) Doctor Suydam at this period of his life would often bleed himself freely. With his arm carelessly bandaged up, he would then go a-fishing. This would start the blood running again and he would thus lose a large quantity. He once requested me to bleed him. A tin wash-basin, holding about two quarts, was brought. I bled it half full, and wished to stop. "No, let it bleed more." To please him, I bled it almost full. He fainted. After this bleeding, he did not seem so anxious to repeat it. When riding along the road he would be talking to himself, and you would often hear him say, "*I won't! I won't!*" Time passed along. His good old mother died. His sister moved away with a married sister. The old blacks were worn out, and the younger one left. Doctor was now an inmate of his house, *all alone*. At that time, happening to meet him, he said: "Doctor, I have six spirits in my chest, three on each side. I have named them. They are my enemies. They raise the trap door and talk to each other. They tell me to do all kinds of evil things, but *I won't! I won't!* And there is one spirit, the worst of the whole. He tells me to get *married*, but *I won't! I won't!*" His house, as I said before, was at a distance from the road, but you could hear him shouting as you passed along. An old friend remained several days with him. The house was full of rats, over-running all parts. "Hear them, hear them! they are *spirits*," said Doctor Suydam. "Doctor," said his friend: "you are a man of too good sense for that. You *know* they are *rats*." "They are spirits; I hear them every night!" was his reply. He milked his cow, cooked his food, set his table, and washed his dishes. His house-keeping was peculiar. A number of plates, dishes, cups and saucers were purchased at the same time *with a large two-bushel basket*. The plates as they became dirty were put in the basket, and as the basket became filled, they were taken to the brook in front, and one general washing given them. He always was careless about his accounts. He had a large number, because he had practised much, and credit was extended. While in this state of mind, he tore up, burnt, or destroyed his papers. In after years he settled several, but the loss was great.

Thus for many years the mind of one of the ablest physicians of his time was a perfect wreck. The cause was his over taxed system. He worked too hard, and broke down. Being a bachelor, with no pleasant wife or children to greet him, his surroundings could not lift him up from the pit into which he had fallen. When left all alone, the triumph of the powers of darkness was complete. He once sought an outlet from his troubles. Spiritually diseased, he applied to the pastor and consistory of his Church. They, not understanding his mental condition, rejected him, and turned him adrift upon the world. It is sad to reflect what

misery and torture this noble mind suffered during these trial periods. But brighter days and higher aspirations were to be re-acted by him. During this time, though often applied to by old reliable friends to prescribe, he generally refused. He felt that his mind was not in a proper condition, and thus expressed himself. Time and rest at last effected a cure. This noble man was again to come upon the stage of action. Again many were to be relieved by his skill, and to thank a kind Providence that he was once more fitted for an active life. During all this long, dark period, his mind never became vitiated; he never used an improper word. His character was always of the purest order. It was a splendid brain succumbing, because the body was overtaxed and overworked. It is a pleasure to speak of this noble man, thereafter; his light no longer obscured, but his soul shining brighter and brighter, to the perfect day. After this he was one of the best of friends, and the wisest medical counsellor I ever knew. Time and again I tested him thoroughly. The clearness of his mind never failed him. Together we travelled Life's road, until he was called to his higher Home, above.

Let me compare him with Doctor Van Derveer. The one was fastidious in his appearance and dress; the other careless. The one was the fine classical and medical scholar; the other the close observer of disease at the bed-side of the patient. The one was ever ready, but preferred the *richer* patient; the other also ready, worked as much for the poor as for the rich. How popular this made Suydam! How it endeared him to the people! If Van Derveer was more scientific, Suydam was more practical. They were both most admirable instructors to a young man like myself. I think Doctor Suydam was the most persevering physician I ever knew. By this perseverance, more than one valuable life was saved. I think we sometimes say too soon a patient is *incurable.* A physician no abler but more determined is called, the patient recovers, and he gets all the credit. I do not think any patient died in those days from want of doctoring. More than one is alive to this day, owing to a skillful persistency, and the lessons left behind by Doctor Suydam.

Suydam was a careful, but bold practitioner; never was afraid to use his medicines, and he used them with consummate judgment and skill. He had a clear discernment and an evenly balanced mind. After his recovery, he did not work as hard as before, but practiced chiefly as a consulting physician. He also did a wise act. As part of his troubles came from an unmarried life, he provided the remedy by marrying a most estimable lady. She made his home pleasant and surrounded it with many comforts. She exercised a wise and judicious oversight over him. His future success in life proved the wisdom of his decision. After his marriage, he sold his farm and removed to Liberty Corner. From this period, the current of his life passed smoothly along. He was the popular consulting physician for myself and others. He was called far and near. The people admired, loved, respected him. During this time, his mind was often exercised on the subject of religion; but he never came forward again to offer himself for church membership. He was the purest, most consistent of men; despised a mean action from the bottom of his heart. Not a single relative or friend ever doubted that he was a true Christian man. He was a firm believer in prayer, more than once praying for a sick person. On the patient's recovery, he ascribed the praise to God, and considered it an answer to his prayer. His father died of a kidney complaint, and he said that would be the cause of his death. For years he suffered from that incurable

disease, diabetes. His skill and knowledge of himself long kept the disease at bay, but it told sadly on his bodily health. From being a large, fleshy person, weighing 250, he was reduced to one of 150 pounds. He looked prematurely old, and became thin. He predicted his own death in these words: "I have used this medicine for some time. It has kept the disease from killing me. Now it has lost its power; my stomach refuses to retain it. Without medicine my system will *hold out for one week.*" He died on the eighth day. His mind was clear and discriminating to the last. He departed this life, Dec. 27th, 1859, in the 60th year of his age. I was one of his pall bearers. The Rev. Mr. English preached the funeral sermon. He commented on his religious character, and gave it as his opinion and the sentiment of the community, "that Doctor Suydam, though not a church-member, was truly a Christian man." And we all that knew him well, said *Amen.* It is pleasant to think of such a character, noble, generous, disinterested; always ready to spend and be spent for others, going about doing good, healing the sick, binding up the broken-hearted and causing those who had sick friends to rejoice at his presence. "After life's fitful dream is o'er, *he sleeps well.*"

A. W. McDowell.

A DEDICATION.*

O BOY at peace upon the Delaware!
O brother mine, that fell in battle front
Of life, so braver, nobler far than I,
The wanderer who vexed all gentleness,
Receive this song; I have but this to give.
I may not rear the rich man's ghostly stone;
But you, through all my follies loving still
And trusting me . . . nay, I shall not forget.

[* The above was enclosed to us by Mr. Miller in a note from London, England, accompanying the Poem, "Have Faith," elsewhere printed (page 202). About it he writes: "Here are the first lines of a book of poems inscribed to the memory of my brother, once your friend, which you are at liberty to publish if you like." As this new book, which we believe is to be called *Olive Leaves*, has not yet been issued from the English house, where it is in press, we gladly print this "Dedication" in advance of its appearance in England.

Dr. John D. Miller, of Easton, Pa., to whose memory this "Dedication" is inscribed, died a year and a half since, of that blighting disease, consumption, in the prime of manhood, much beloved by a small circle of intimate friends, and highly esteemed by all who knew him; but by none loved more than by his brother, the poet, who had always entertained for him an unwavering brotherly affection. If, in truth, the dying man said to his brother,

"'Mid all your songs for men" [sing] "one song for God,"

then we understand why *Olive Leaves* has been written, and why the above "Dedication" is the prefatory poem to this collection of *religious* poetry.—Ed.]

A failing hand in mine, and fading eyes
That look'd in mine as from another land,
You said: "Some gentler things; a song for Peace.
'Mid all your songs for men one song for God."
And then the dark-brow'd mother, Death, bent down
Her face to yours, and you were born to Him.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED MINISTER.*

Editor of OUR HOME: You have again applied to your old pastor to furnish for your Magazine a sketch of his life and adventures during the more than three score years and ten he has spent on this sublunary sphere; and, to save my modesty, you have promised I shall be kept in countenance by the example, or at least by biographical sketches of the other old pastors of our County. So, as you are one of my own boys, and the son too of my old friend and family physician, I have concluded to try my hand in endeavering to produce something which may be of interest to your readers. It is, however, a new occupation for me, as during the last fifty years I have "written for the papers" only a single article. And then, too, old people are apt to be prosy in their stories. A trembling hand and an easily-wearied brain, may, however, prevent in a *writer* these errors into which we are apt to fall when we have only to use the *tongue*. So I shall proceed to answer your queries.

I was born in the city of New Brunswick, the metropolis of the Reformed Church (formerly called Dutch), on the 23d day of June, 1800, and baptized by that truly godly and excellent man, Dr. Ira Condit, then, and until his death, twelve years afterwards, the pastor of the Dutch Church in that city. My father was one of three brothers from Rockland County, New York, all of whose names, I believe, are in the catalogue of the graduates of Rutgers, then called Queens College. Of these brothers, one became an ordained minister and pastor; another was licensed, but lived to preach only a single sermon. This sermon, as I long ago heard, and I have had it since confirmed on the spot, was the means of conversion to one man, who was living some time since near Tappaan, N. Y.

My father settled in New Brunswick, as the editor and proprietor of a weekly newspaper, the *New Brunswick Guardian*, having also a printing office and bookstore. After keeping bachelor's hall a few years, he married a sister of the late Col. J. Warren Scott, who was for many years among the magnates of the New Jersey Bar. Of this marriage, there were five children, who lived to grow up—all of them sons. Two of these became physicians, one a lawyer, the other a classical teacher, and all of us, save one, graduated at the same *Alma Mater*, with our father and uncles.

[* A request by us to the writer of this paper to answer certain questions respecting his long and useful life, chiefly relating to his earlier years, to be used by another writer in the preparation of a biographical sketch, has met with this response—a very different, and to be, we doubt not, a far more important and extensive one than we anticipated. We are sure the public will be grateful for it. The personal address and allusions we desired to omit, but on that point the Dr. is inexorable.—ED.]

My father was soon elected a trustee of the College, and took a very active part in its first revival, and in the erection of the present College edifice, as a solicitor of funds, and as chairman of the building committee. He died in 1838, surviving my mother twelve years.

I entered the grammar school at the early age of six. The College building then occupied the site of the Second Presbyterian Church. After the erection of the present College edifice, it was removed a few rods, and used for a public school. Perhaps it is still in existence. Our play ground, now all built over, was a field of four or five acres, where I greatly enjoyed myself, and perhaps for the first two years got more good than in the school-room, where the matter of chief interest was the whippings which nearly all of us received, some daily, and even oftener. For these I long ago forgave my venerable preceptor. It was an error of judgment, not of heart. He, like many other teachers of that day, perhaps without being aware of it, may have adopted the notion of some modern scientists, that mind and matter are one and the same substance, and that therefore, by operating on the backs of his scholars, he would best succeed in quickening their intellects. As far, however, as my own experience went, this theory was not verified; and I think it was the same with many of my school-mates. We were whipped much, but, alas! we learned very little.

At the expiration of two years, our preceptor resigned, his other engagements claiming the whole of his time. His successor soon put a new face on things. The rod indeed remained, and was used occasionally to preserve order, but the worthy Scotchman understood his work and loved it. Well do I remember how the definition and rules of grammar were made to be to us something more than a mere jumble of words; how we were taught to read with meaning and force, and to declaim weekly before the school and twice in the year in the old Dutch Church on exhibition nights; and then the mythological and other stories he told us to illustrate our studies; and how, when, after having the whole school engaged as one class in some interesting matter, and perceiving we were beginning to feel dull, he would start us out, with directions to run to the farthest point of the campus, from which we would return refreshed, and so resume the subject in which we had been engaged, with renewed zest.

But now the College was to be revived, and although in our State boys usually enter College two years advanced, yet as Princeton always had a small Sophomore and Freshman class, it was determined that Queen's College also should have them; and for this purpose the two higher classes were taken from the school. It was a real injury to us to be removed from under the charge of so able an instructor, and placed under tutors of no experience, who were preparing for another profession. There was one thing about the change, at least, that pleased us boys,—we were no longer liable to be whipped. It is said, however, that that prince of College disciplinarians, Dr. Nott, of Union College, Schenectady, would occasionally take a naughty student down into the cellar, and give him a good whipping, concluding the matter by telling the sufferer that it would never be known, unless disclosed by the culprit himself. And surely this was far better than sending the boy home, and thus deprive him of an education. And would it not be better to whip naughty *men* too? as I have seen done in New Brunswick, at the Whipping Post, rather than to send them to the penitentiary, and have them speedily pardoned out and to re-

sume their evil courses? Little Delaware is not so very far wrong. The system of whipping criminals works well there, as it would here; and it would be just the thing for the city of New York. The abuse of the whip is no argument against its use.

It was, I believe, in the beginning of my Sophomore year, that we took possession of the new College edifice, then finished only in part. I never, however, recovered my interest in study until I came under the instruction of our Mathematical Professor, Dr. Robert Adrain. Dr. Adrain seemed to understand the mind of a boy; knew how to give him help when it was really needed. He dealt much in oral instruction, and so excited a desire to learn. Dr. Livingston confined his labors to the Theological Seminary. As President of the College, all that he did was presiding at the Commencement, conferring degrees, and addressing the graduating class. These addresses were always interesting. I well recollect his inaugural address, the original manuscript of which is now in the possession of one of my kindred in Jersey City. He frequently preached in the church, and his majestic form, noble countenance, clear, strong voice, striking elucidations of Scripture and affectionate manner, would hold me enchained for more than an hour. Even his gestures, which, as I saw them afterwards imitated by a preacher of very different calibre, were perfectly ludicrous, in *him* seemed not inappropriate. We College boys, however, were not under his charge, but under that of the Vice-President, Dr. Condit, who in a few years sank under the pressure of his double duties. Well do I recollect the funeral of Dr. Condit then when, a few weeks afterwards, his only son, who was one of our instructors, died also, a most promising young man; and then after another very short interval, his daughter, leaving behind only the widow and a daughter recently married. Cotemporary with the death of the minister was the pulling down of the Old Dutch Church, and the laying of the corner stone of the present edifice by Dr. Livingston, Dr. Condit being then sick, or having previously died.

In the Fall of 1814 our class graduated. There were eight of us, the largest graduating class since the revival of the College. Somewhat to my surprise, the faculty appointed me valedictorian, and so I had the saying of "farewell" to the trustees, the President, the faculty, my classmates, and the public at large. It was rather a grave task for a boy. However, like very many other graduates, I did not write my speech. It was given to me by one of the College officers, having, as I suspect, been used on one, or perhaps more similar occasions. It was so dull that I was not sufficiently interested in it to commit it well to memory, and had to be prompted pretty frequently, which, when I came to the pathetic part, rendered the thing somewhat comic. However, I got through, and thus at the age of fourteen obtained the right, if I chose, to append A.B. to my name. Since the death of Dr. Van Derveer, I am probably the oldest living graduate of Queen's, *alias* Rutger's College.

By way of explaining how I graduated so young, it may be proper to remark that both at New Brunswick and Princeton the course of study at that time was far shorter than what it now is. Of the many *ologies*, which I understand are at this day taught, professedly, at least, even in Young Ladies' Boarding Schools, we knew not the names. Metaphysics was neglected, and Chemistry not thought of. Our venerable President, some years afterwards, remarked in my presence: "The chemists talk of their oxygen and nitrogen and hydrogen. Fools, fools! what

do they know about it? After all it is nothing but *matter*." This aged father found it difficult to admit that there had been any advance in science since the time when, sixty years before, he completed his course at the University of Leyden, in Holland. Well, we young men smiled to ourselves, but we were careful not to contradict him. And, as an old man, allow me to tell youngsters that this is the right way for them to act towards us. They *must not* contradict us, for we are sure that we are right and cannot bear contradiction; and they ought carefully to retain their gravity, at least until they are where we do not see them laughing at our antiquated notions.

W. W. Blauvelt.

A DREAM.

SUNSET:—I am not looking toward the west, but the giant elm, standing with solitary pride in an open field over the way, tells me just how near the great red disk has come to the horizon. Years ago, when life was young and the years long, a kind gentleman had interested me by teaching how this great tree was a sort of clock, which would tell the time to a little girl like myself with much less ado than did the mantel ornament within doors, with its puzzling signs and head-over-heels clatter. For days I never wearied of consulting my new time-piece, its accuracy proving an unfailing source of gratification. The bright light would lie all around on the grass beneath it, unflecked by any shadow, and then, scampering to the house, I would say: "Its noon, isn't it?" and it was always noon. Will I ever again be in my own estimation so wondrous wise? It seems to me now that increasing knowledge only serves in the end to convince us of the impossibility of *knowing*.

There is beauty all about me. I feel its presence, but do not court its influence. The air is glowing with color, yet my eyes seek out the shadows, and that which may be a glorious cloud panorama I do not turn my head to witness. I am seeing with an inner vision. Just now the light was reflected brightly from the windows of my home; even those nestling under the overshadowing roof caught some of the radiance. They were tightly closed, yet I saw within them as clearly as I could have done had I been sitting in the old rope swing that is tied to the rafters yet, there, near the corner window. I rarely go up to the garret now, but then it was our Arcadia. What though the days were August ones; we were quite content to be happy and hot there, rather than comfortable in body elsewhere. Was it Winter?—then with our "things" on we could run and keep ourselves quite warm enough if our mamma would only say "Yes;" poor little things, destroying all hopes of such assent to our plans by thus openly declaring our intentions—for we never ran like mice.

But in more seasonable times we played in this chosen spot to our hearts' content, until one day my playmate tired. We had been more favored than usual; left undisturbed for an afternoon. Several times we had turned to the swing, a sign that for the time being other amusements had been exhausted, but evidently that, too, had lost its attractions for one of us, since my turn left me in full possession. Eddie had gone to his favorite outlook, where, perched upon a chair, he said his head could be with the birds.

Rocking idly to and fro, I watched the motes dancing in a broad band of sun-

shine that fell athwart the room, counted the bunches of seed-corn, thyme and rosemary that hung from the beams, lazily, happy, waiting for the summons to tea. When it was heard I said to Eddie, "Let us go." I had seen him get down from the window and expected him to follow me as I ran down stairs, but he did not come. "Eddie, "Eddie," I called. Still there was no answer. Fearfully, yet quickly enough, I went back, and found him fast asleep, with a roll of carpet that was neither soft nor smooth for a pillow. But both little hands shielded his face from contact with the rough surface. How pretty he was! I thought I must call mother to see him. She always kissed him softly, and looked pleased as she bent over him sleeping; and now, with the brightest roses blooming on his cheeks, the vivid scarlet of his baby mouth matching their tints, I thought I had never seen him so beautiful before. But another call awakened him. Jumping up, he said, "Tisser, we'll go to bed now like good children"; and hand in hand we left our play house, and never went back again together. Afterward we were both sick a weary while, and Eddie died.

Within a year my sister left us. She was my father's daughter by a former marriage. I rebelled periously at this and my aversion to the gentleman who took her away was uncompromising. What right had he to my own sweet Maggie, whom I loved next best to my mother? Desolate, lonely and grieved, I refused to be comforted. They told me she was coming back soon to live in the beautiful house just a little way off from our own; that I would have another home then; but I knew better; knew that she would never be all my own again, just as she had been. Hardly had I become reconciled to the change, when she went away from us altogether, to be with Eddie and the angels.

Thus sorrow and loss first mingled with the hitherto unclouded brightness of my child-life. Thus a window in my soul was opened, and some light shining from beyond defined the shadows that inevitably lie behind earth's fairest hopes.

I have other brothers and sisters now, but these lost ones will never be forgotten. I had felt a keen pang of disappointment upon learning that the house which had been vacant for years, ever since my sister's death, was soon to be occupied by others, even as if some sacred trust had been betrayed. How we cling to the material tokens that speak of those who, having been with us, have passed away! Ah, well; there comes a time when all the Past shall be Present, and until then we live by faith!

Here my reverie is broken in upon by some-one saying,

"My dear Miss Agnes, I remonstrate"—

"Why sir?" I ask, rising quickly from my almost recumbent position.

"Because the ground is generally supposed to be a damp sort of couch, and I happen to be fully conversant with the evil effects which may arise from imprudence; and because," he adds, "the day is passed when we must needs shut our eyes in order to dream dreams, or see visions. You slight the powers of yonder evening star when you refuse to let its softly shining beams guide you through Fancy's most intricate paths."

"You are quite mistaken," I reply, "since I was not dreaming in any sense of the term." I am somewhat piqued at the imputation, for Dr. Noyes is considerably older than myself, and I am not free from the suspicion that he may think himself aware of more difference between us made by such distance than I can exactly appreciate.

"No?—why, what else does a young lady ever do when she seems to be thinking?"

"You mean to infer, perhaps, that in such exercise they are limited by necessity to the building of air-castles, and that the results thereof are without definite value. To my mind, at least, such an opinion is no complimentary index to your own forms of discernment."

"We'll cry 'quits,' Miss Agnes, and you'll walk with me to the gate, will you not?—although you have so decidedly turning your face toward an opposite direction."

I would rather go with him than not, and see no reason for disguising the inclination. The evening is pleasant, and he is by no means a disagreeable companion. Besides, he may know something concerning this family, destined to be our near neighbors, and I am curious, therefore, in things concerning them. So together we walk down the avenue, at the end of which his horse and buggy await his coming. It is perfectly natural for me to step to the horse's head and pat his face Every one does so, I believe, under similar circumstances; and I learn in consequence of the petting that his name is "Duke," and that his master finds in him a faithful servant, a kind and gentle friend.

"Your profession, Dr., has at least one merit in my estimation"—

"And that is"—

"The good excuse it gives to be constantly on the wing, driving about the country."

"You like this employment, or rather, in your case, this pastime."

"Yes, decidedly; it is such an agreeable way of being lazy. Sitting in a room with one's hands folded for any length of time, has a tendency to awaken a guilty feeling in one's breast. You are sure to hear busy bees humming without, or have your attention attracted by the noisy operations of some other equally busy individuals. And these busy people about you will look inquisitive. But while riding you can enjoy the same repose, free from the realizing sense of being an idler. The fact that you are getting over ground, and seeing all that is to be seen in so doing, relieves you from the imputation"—

"Why not drive with me this evening the short distance I have to go? Get a shawl, Miss Agnes,"—this last in a very persuasive tone.

"Very well," I say, "I will run in, tell mamma, get the shawl, and be out here again in two minutes."

'The Dr. likes me,' I soliloquize, as I pass hastily back to the house. 'I know he does, although why I know I can scarcely tell; certainly not from any special attention that he pays me. How then? Ah! do not we all know when any other "likes" us? Is there not a delicate balance adjusted somewhere, in our heads or hearts, which would weigh these "likings," and tell us their true value, if we would accept its decisions and not cavil at its estimates, neither allowing selfishness to overate nor timidity to decrease our impartial confidence, for mistakes lead to disappointment, sometimes to unavailing sorrow, for knowledge that comes to late?'

Almost within the time specified I am back again, and Dr. Noyes assists me to a place at his side. The moon is in "full bloom," and her soft light, which is sunshine and shadow mingled, sifting through the air, falls in tremulous brightness about and around us.

"This beautifies Avoca, does it not?" I say, looking toward the place as we pass by. The pines and low shrubs scattered over the lawn do not hide the silent house

beyond, where no yellow home-light offers to contrast with the moonshine which reigns amid the gloom.

"Yes. Do you know aught of these persons who are coming among us?"

"No," I answer, "do you?"

"Somewhat."

"Ah! tell me about them." Perhaps a little too much of the involuntary satisfaction I feel at having come to a subject which I have been desiring to approach, without having been obliged to ask questions savoring too strongly of curiosity, betrays itself in my tone and manner. At any rate, Dr. Noyes whistles softly, then turns toward me with a slight laugh, looking down into my eyes as though he would discover how long this under-current has had it way, under the surface of ordinary conversation. I try to look unconscious, showing only a momentary surprise at his demeanor, but feel nevertheless that he is not entirely deceived in consequence of the effort. A moment's musing on his part, and then the conversation is resumed:

"Once I might have been called by that comprehensive term, 'a friend of the family,'" (reference being made to the Atley's,) "but that was several years ago. Whether I may retain the title upon renewed acquaintanceship remains to be seen. A father, two sons and three daughters comprised its members."

"The next item of importance enabling me to form some conception of the identities of these sons and daughters would be their respective ages, and I should not object to hearing their names."

"Can I meet your demands? Let me think. Not accurately, perhaps, but satisfactorily nevertheless. The matter being left to my judgment, I should say that Henry, the youngest boy, must be twelve or fourteen, Frank, the elder, twenty-three years of age, Ella, Louise and Madeline, eighteen, twenty and twenty-five, respectively."

"You violated that which is customary by beginning with the youngest in your enumeration, going to work in what might be styled a contrary way."

"Commencing with her brother and ending with Madeline," he repeats carelessly; and then in a slightly changed tone, as if the remark contained some peculiarity which no intention of his had placed in it, he continued after a short pause: "Ah, well! perhaps it was best so, closing with Madeline. What say you, *ma belle*, tell me, was it well?—yes or no"—and he turns toward me awaiting my answer.

"I don't know," I say crossly; "it seems to me a matter of very slight importance at any rate." Somehow I feel that he has been talking to himself rather than me, previous to the putting of this question.

"But I insist just to please me. Say, is it yes, or no?"

"Why yes, I suppose it was just as well," wondering now at his persistence, for there seems to be a spice of earnestness below the playfulness of his manner.

"I think so, and am glad you do, likewise. Are you anything of a prophetess, Miss Agnes? Sometimes I think you might be one by the light I see in your eyes."

"Of what are you talking, Dr. Noyes? I suppose it is not presuming in me to ask the question, since you have been speaking aloud in my presence."

"Of the Atleys, were we not?" he answers, laughing. "Well, a few things more and I have done with them. They have position and wealth; you will doubtless find their society agreeable."

"I hope so. Living so near each other, friendly intimacy would be pleas-

ant, and yet I'd almost rather have Avoca left vacant—that name had something prophetic in it—does it not seem so, Dr. Noyes? My sister gave it to the place because from some points there are fine echos given back from the mountains. Soon it became to us literally a "Vale of Echos."

At length we reach the place where I must wait for a time. The Dr. hands me the reins, and then ties the horse—good, kind Duke, who wouldn't carry me off any sooner than I would direct him to do so. I muse upon the precaution while my friend is away. Is it not the way of the masculine world in general, with all pomp and ceremony, with surprising defference, to give us all power in theory, none in practice?

We return home by a somewhat different route, and pass by a pond where water-lilies abound; for the one reason that I might then have found some of the beauties, I wish it were day instead of night-time. I saw some this morning. My companion says: "They are very beautiful; but so much more so in their own home among their floating leaves, that I wonder at your desire to transfer them elsewhere. You rarely find a perfect lily; one that will bear close inspection. At a distance they all seem so, and in this one instance, is it not quite as well to believe in the seeming?"

"I think it must be the selfish desire of possession, that makes us want to grasp every goodly thing which our eyes behold. Even children exhibit it my crying for the moon. We are not wise enough to realize that we have taken the one gift which their Creator bade them offer freely, when we have merely perceived their beauty."

"And perhaps in this case your sense of the beautiful would be more fully gratified by a memory of these lilies blooming under a Summer sun, and left there to live other days, than it could be by seeing them wither and die in your shaded parlor."

"Perhaps so."

"Nevertheless," Dr. Noyes adds, "some day I may bring you a posy."

Good-nights are exchanged some afterwards, and I go in, passing the lighted apartments where the family are gathered, up into my own room.

Moonlight and the perfume of honeysuckle flowers greet me as I enter this retreat; and, throwing the shutters still wider open, I seat myself on the broad, low window-sill, to enjoy all these sweet influences. I do not meditate upon realities, past, present, or that, for anything I know, will be to come. Neither do I build air-castles, for I am not at all certain that I have any desire to inhabit such as might be constructed out of materials present to my thought; but I am conscious that Dr. Noyes' allegation made earlier in the evening could more appropriately be urged now.

During the next week the movable possessions of our prospective neighbors arrive. I watch all proceedings relative to their coming with interest. We do not lack society, but novelty in this, as in everything else, has its charms. But though all signs have heralded, they do not announce their appearance. It is more than a week since the evening of our drive, when Dr. Noyes, calling of a morning, brings me the promised lillies, and tells me an item of news, which he says he can certainly promise will be interesting if not satisfactory. The Atleys will not arrive before another week has elapsed.

Dr. Noyes' visits are half professional, my mother being something of an invalid, and half friendly. We have not known him long, but have all become very much prepossessed in his favor, for personal reasons not only, but also on account of

the kind sympathy shown, and the skill exhibited during the recent severe illness of my little sister.

I have arranged the lilies in a shallow saucer, with their leaves carefully intertwined among them to hide defects, and around the whole there is a fringe of blue violets and vines. The bouquet is pretty enough, but of course has a "made" look, not to be disguised; and when I appeal to the donor for his approval, he says:

"Was I not right? Were they not lovelier in their own home than you can possibly make them appear here? See! the leaves are coarse and rusty in this light. Floating on the wavelets of the brook, they were of a dark, velvety green."

"Why did you bring them away then?"

"For what was to me a sufficient reason—the belief that you would be pleased thereby."

"Thank you!—you are very kind."

I do not mean to make such a prosaic acknowledgement, and it has the effect of a large stone placed in a narrow but smoothly-flowing stream. The waters must take some trouble to get around the obstacle before they can regain their wonted ways. And ere the course of our conversation has fairly recovered itself, Dr. Noyes has taken his leave.

"Agnes, my dear, you say it is too warm to sew in the afternoon, and the morning is going rapidly," my mother remarks, as she passes by.

"And I have so much to do," I exclaim immediately, determining to profit by this timely reminder. For the next few hours I am very busily engaged, and think my diligence has fairly earned the privilege of freedom for the rest of the day, when the clock is upon the stroke of four. Taking a book, I go out with the intention of finding some quiet spot within the home grounds, where I may compose myself to its perusal; but reaching their bounds, almost before I am aware of so doing, my inclination leads me beyond them. At no great distance a brook finds its way through a wooded belt of land, offering in Summer shade the idea of coolness, suggested by its rippling waters, if not almost the reality. I have two favorite places of resort by its side, and on this afternoon I hesitate for a moment which to choose. One is in no close proximity to Avoca. Hitherto I have always crossed its lands to gain it. The other is a longer way off, rather farther than I care to walk; so I decide in favor of the first, thinking meanwhile that some new path must be found by which it may be reached. Although the family have not yet come, there may be others around the place, and I have no desire to be found trespassing. Having gained the spot, I find a temptation lying in wait for me there, whose suggestive influence I cannot resist. Before, this side, where I now rest only temporarily, has seemed quite as desirable as the further bank, although there the ground rises higher, and the trees, being nearer together, their interlacing boughs make the shade somewhat more dense; but to-day a narrow plank has been thrown across the brook by some unknown hand, and the chances of falling over into the water, if I attempt to cross, with those of succeeding in accomplishing the feat, seem so equally balanced that I cannot refrain from deciding the matter by actual experiment. I am pretty clear-headed and sure-footed, but the plank is so surprisingly narrow that my skill is taxed to the utmost; and when I do regain the firm ground, looking back on the way I have come, I determined to find some other means of return. There used to be a sort of bridge made of stones a little farther down. I think I will go and see if it will be of avail, before I com-

mence to rest and read. But I find to my great disappointment that the waters cover the stones entirely, the brook being somewhat swollen by recent rains. Returning to the point of my first crossing, I pause in doubt, hardly knowing what course to pursue. I can scarcely feel quite free to devote myself to ease when I am uncertain by what means return home must be effected. I notice that the plank has been pressed farther down by my weight and unsteady poise while passing over, so that its hold upon the yielding soil is precarious. Yet if this fails me, a long walk must be taken, as the consequence of my caprice, and the idea of such a pedestrian tour is so unpleasant that I reject it summarily. "At least I'll attempt to go back as I came, trusting to Fate," I add in an audible tone, as I turn to seek a pleasant seat, preparatory to banishing any uneasiness which I might have experienced had I committed my case to a Deity any less sure and certain.

"Would such trust be removed were I to be Fate's personification?" is the unexpected reply my invocation receives; and I see before me a gentleman, having more physical beauty than often falls to the lot of any man. It is not surprising that I comprehend this fact at a glance. It is doubtful if many persons under any conditions of place would have failed to note his advantages in this respect; and our surroundings, with the circumstances attending our meeting, did not of course detract from this good gift to my own mind. A novel affair, inasmuch as making the acquaintance of strangers under such favorable auspices is not an ordinary occurrence to such an one as myself; and besides it has about it something of an air of romance.

I have made some affirmative answer to the assistance so gallantly offered, as he descended the bank to make his improvised bridge more secure. Evidently we have been actuated by similar impulses in seeking the shade of the woods for an afternoon's sojourn, because he also carries a book, which he at length presents to me, opened at the first blank page, upon which is written the owner's name, "F. E. Atley." I had conjectured as much. This, then, is of a certainty the "Frank aged twenty-three," whose name Dr. Noyes had mentioned in recounting the members of the family who were coming to Avoca. He tells me that he expects to find his home there, designating the locality, for the Summer; of course if I am not a stranger in the vicinity I know the place. He had been commissioned to oversee some necessary repairs that were being made, and he had performed his mission earlier in the day, but had concluded later that this could be done to his own satisfaction in no better way than by over-looking the work entirely. I have also made known my identity to the extent of giving him my name and place of residence, by which he discovers that we are to be neighbors during the season, which fact does not serve to check the friendly frankness of his demeanor, nor my equally favorable reception of it.

But I have abandoned my first intention of remaining for a time in this retreat, and he does not apologize for being the cause of this change, his interference having been obviously unavoidable, and not of his own seeking. When the plank has been re-adjusted, I re-cross in safety, and accept Mr. Atley's escort on my homeward walk. This is somewhat extended, that the new-comer may note one or two local attractions which I am able to point out to him. One of these is a spring, where the water wells forth sparkling and cool. I tell him prosaic people calls this the "Meadow Spring," but others have named it the "Dew Drop Foun-

tain," and he immediately declares himself to be an adherent of these 'others.'

"A draught of those clear waters would be exceedingly refreshing; but how is it to be obtained?" he asks. That exceedingly rusty tin cup is not to be thought of for a moment. Heretofore, in such an emergency I have always kneeled at its side, and taken the water fresh from the spring itself, but such a solution of this mutual difficulty I will not offer now. I say:

"I have heard of cups being made of leaves, but never could understand how such manufacture was practicable."

"Surely it would not be for us, since no larger ones than these are at our service," says Frank, plucking some from a maple-tree near at hand, and endeavoring to twist it into a cornucopia. He succeeded in making one of very small dimensions, and fills it with water, but in offering it to me the tiny cup breaks over, emptying its thimble-full of contents up his sleeve.

"Why did you lead me into temptation?" he cries; "a drink I must and will have" Then, after a moment's thought, he adds: "Ah! I know;" and taking his watch from his pocket, he opens it, and the lid of its "hunter's case" being deeply concave, we take the water from it in swallows, and are content: for who can say our laudable determination has been defeated? And here we both conclude that the moral of this little adventure lies in the fact, thus demonstrated in our experience, that success in name is better than no success at all. Upon reaching it, I invite Mr. Atley to enter the house, and he does so. Summoning my mother to welcome him, she extends my invitation, by asking him to remain our guest, since he is alone in their newly-acquired home. But he says his stay at present will only be prolonged until the next day, and in the evening he has business in the village. Until then, however, he will be very happy to enjoy our kind hospitality. When this has been determined, I leave mother to act the part of hostess unaided, while I retire to rearrange my dress, improving and enhancing the effect of the change to the best of my ability Pray, wherein was I to blame?

Other members of our home-circle receive impressions equally as much in the gentleman's favor as my own have been. He has only to improve these first prepossessions to become a prime favorite with all. Dr. Noyes has already been supplanted in my little sister's good graces; she lisps that "this man is prettier, and has promised her the dearest little dog-rides on the sweetest little pony; and oh! ever so many things." Certainly he is very affable and agreeable. When tea has been disposed of he turns to me, his oldest acquaintance where all are new. We stroll out among the flower-beds, and over the turf, aimlessly as people may, when—

> "Moonlight stealing o'er the scene
> Is mingling with the light of eve."

There is a boat-swing near the house, erected for the children's benefit, but very often serving the purposes of their elders. It offers a convenient seat for the time being, and we avail ourselves of it, my companion regretting the while that it is not in truth a boat, launched upon the waters of some one of the many beautiful lakes and rivers upon which in his life-time he has sailed.

I tell him that the privilege is one we cannot expect to enjoy, since to my knowledge there is no stream in the neighborhood, to give us the opportunity; information which he declares to be very unwelcome, since yachting and boating have always been with him favorite pastimes. He is not untravelled,

and the subject upon which we are speaking calls up many pleasant reminiscences, which I enjoy hearing recounted. Being well entertained, for me, the time passes quickly, and when, ere we rejoin those gathered on the portico, he says: "I have spent an exceedingly pleasant evening—may I—shall we hope that it is only the forerunner of many others equally delightful?" It is the implied interest in my answer which the tones of his voice are intended to convey, that makes me audacious in adding to the conventional "You may" an unequivocal "We will." Afterward I am somewhat disturbed about the propriety of such unreserve, but it cannot be recalled—therefore, let it pass.

Henceforth anticipations lend a glow to the present, and forecast happy influences that will abound in the "coming time."

My summer wardrobe is looked over with added interest, conjectures as to when and under what circumstances they will be worn are folded away with dresses and ribbons, and I wonder if they will please me then as much, seem quite as pretty then as, in their almost unworn freshness, they now appear.

To be Continued.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE numerous readers of this Magazine noticed a change last month (announced on the cover), in its editorial management; a change which, this month, is more fully developed. To answer the numerous inquiries made to us respecting it, so far as they are proper, we simply state that Mr. Cornell's time and health being unequal to the task of assuming any editorial responsibility in the conduct of this enterprise, his co-laborer has agreed to relieve him of it. We are happy, however, in having Mr. Cornell's consent to co-operate with us according to health and opportunity; and also the pleasure of adding to our staff for as much work as his professional duties may admit, another friend of the Magazine, whose name is duly announced on the title page.

—Since our last publication, the General Railroad Law has passed both Houses of the Legislature, received the sanction of the Governor, and will be printed in the statute-book. The people heartily rejoice at this. It may not put an end to Railroad monopolies; but it will prevent the annual recurrence of those particularly degrading scenes at Trenton which try the manhood of every legislator, and, through the sure fall of official virtue which follows, put the blush of shame upon every man who otherwise might pride himself upon being called a Jerseyman. The New York and Philadelphia, and also the New Jersey Railway Company, have filed the requisite papers for the building of their proposed two roads from Bound Brook to the Delaware River; more properly, from Jersey City to Philadelphia. Which will actually construct a route, or whether both will, cannot at this time be determined. Of one at least we may be sure; and this the people want as badly as they want any public improvement to be named (reformation in public morals always excepted).

—The Legislature adjourned without doing anything to meet the wishes of the Temperance men throughout the State. The "Local Option" law was slain, as was the law making liquor-sellers responsible for the damages resulting from any imprudent sale of intoxicating drinks. It may have been for the best, since it gives another year for all good citizens to reflect upon the best method of preventing the promiscuous and unlimited sale of alcoholic liquors, and to mould public opinion in its favor. That there is so much variance among Temperance advocates respecting the kind of legislation really needed, proves the want of both further deliberation and agitation. True, our citizens are supposed to have long had the matter under consideration, and to have resolved, each for

himself, what stand to occupy. Ever since the great Washingtonian wave of public opinion, which swept the country in 1840, the question has been agitated more or less in every school-district. But, then, our people lose sight of some of the arguments; or, in the absence of new legislation, grow lethargic in will; at least they do not now know fully how certain experiments will result, which is, after all, what they most want to know.

Our License system is certainly wrong; morally and criminally wrong. If the public sale of liquors is at all a legitimate business, no State authority has the right to interpose to prevent A. and B. from engaging in it, simply because a hotel a short distance away needs the exclusive trade of a large radius of country to support it. As well may exclusive privileges of trading in merchantable articles be given by the State to merchants, the licensing body having regard to the number of merchants fancied to be needed, or likely to be sustained in every Township, or village. On the other hand, if it is not a business such as the State, having regard to the welfare of all its citizens, should permit to exist, then to put the official *seal of propriety* on *any* places for intoxication, and to accept a revenue therefrom in the way of a special annual assessment, is to crown wickedness with honor, to barter away public virtue for money. Whichever way then we examine them, the License laws are faulty, and worse. They disgrace our statute-books. They stultify the common-sense of the age.

Of the right of the State to legislate upon the matter at all, we entertain no question. Of the policy and duty of it there is in our mind equally little doubt. Intemperence is an acknowledged evil—in fact one of the long-recognized blots upon this Western World. If the State has any authority to legislate against any evil it has against this. It is in part the purpose for which the State is created to repress crime of every sort. The only question therefore really to consider is: Shall the State endeavor entirely to prevent, or only to regulate this evil? It attempts entirely to prevent theft, arson, murder, prize-fighting, and all other crimes of a similar, or even of a much less heinous nature, by affixing heavy penalties to their commission: shall drunkenness, which leads to these crimes, which makes men thieves, which leads them to burn buildings, which induces them to shed human blood, which is the cause of fights and brawls, which, in point of fact, murders innocent women and children with a worse than immediate death, and the soul of the drunkard with the damnation of all eternity, be also suppressed by law, or not? One of our neighbor-newspapers said this editorily, a week or two since:

"We lay down a few truths concerning this matter which are as immutable as the everlasting hills. In the first place, alcohol will continue to be produced by the will of God as long as the laws of nature remain unchanged. In the second place, men will continue to gather alcohol and store it so long as they can make use of it and it possesses a market value. In the third place, more or less men will continue its use as a beverage, while men remain on the earth. Now if these propositions be true, how vain the effort to abolish its use. From these propositions the logical conclusion is, that a trade in spirits will always continue. Is it not then the part of wisdom to perceive and acknowledge this fact, and control this business in the interests of temperance, by the enactment of strict license laws?"

We answer these "immutable truths" by saying: Suppose we change the evil spoken of from intemperance to murder, and then our neighbor's argument, practically is:—Murder will continue to be committed so long as the laws of human nature remain unchanged. Men will continue to do it while any supposed advantage or revenge can accrue therefrom. Therefore, "how vain the *effort* to abolish" it! Is it not the part of wisdom, perceiving this fact, to control and regulate it by laws permitting some murders only to be committed by a few licensed to murder? We consider the two arguments of parallel worth, logically and morally. They are both sophistical. They handle the matter with kid gloves. To broaden the reasoning, it is like saying to the Christian Church:—You preach and work against sin, but as sin *will exist* while men are born with their present sinful nature, you had better give up your preaching of a perfect manhood, demolish the God-man standard, and in lieu of it preach the union of a partial regeneration and a partial life of vice as the true idea of the highest-type Christian man. The theory won't do. It strikes at the foundation of all determined "*efforts*" to reach a standard of manhood, of religion, of law, which shall repose under the shadow of the Eternal Right.

Our own idea, of course, of the final disposal of the Temperance question, is Prohibition, and, as a stepping-stone to it, responsibility for damages after the fashion of the Illinois law. The latter is the best substitute for the former of

which we know, and far better in our judgment than "Local Option." This last is good in so far as it makes Prohibition possible in localities; but the certainty that "License" would be voted, and not "No License" in at least three-fifths of the voting districts of the State, materially reduces the prospective advantages to accrue from it. On the other hand, a statute making liquor-sellers responsible in damages to the drunkard, or his wife, or children, or to others injured, in the same way that lawyers, doctors and other business men of every kind are responsible to those with whom they do business, is, in more than one point of view, putting the trade on a fair basis. It says to it:—"We limit you as we limit other trades—to so operate as to effect good, at least not to work evil to your customers. With life, health, and the pursuit of happiness you are not to interfere; or, if you do, you must pay for it in such damages as a jury of impartial men may determine." The real effect of such a law is to shut up the retail shops in small places, and in cities to confine the selling to very limited quantities and to sober persons. So it is said to work in Ohio, Illinois, and wherever else it has been tried. As better than "Local Option" it may be well for our good citizens to advocate it this year, and to get it made a law next Winter. The extreme of Prohibition cannot come at once. No Legislature will pass such an act unless a most radical change in the Temperance complexion of that body takes place, for which we may hope but cannot expectantly look. The next best measure is, therefore, the one to be adopted. Let it be prudently, but firmly pushed. Then, eventually, Prohibition will come. We say, with Patrick Henry, "Let it come!"

—OUR READERS have most likely heard of the act which passed the Legislature last Winter a year ago, enlarging the effective powers of the "New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." It should be brought from time to time to the notice of the public. We take pleasure in doing it here, because we have yet heard of no instance of the enforcement of this wholesome law in either Somerset or Hunterdon Counties. Perhaps the neglect is owing to the law being imperfectly understood. To go back a little, let us state that in 1868 the Society before named was incorporated. Its object was set forth to be "for the purpose of the enforcement of all laws which are now or may hereafter be enacted for the protection of dumb animals." Ten individuals first composed the Society, whose headquarters, we believe, was in Newark. As these ten alone could not well "enforce the laws" over the whole State, in 1872 it was enacted "that any person who shall cruelly treat or torture any mule, horse, ox, *or other animal*, shall forfeit and pay the sum of *twenty dollars*, to be sued for and recovered in an *action of debt, with cost of suit*, by *any person or persons* in the name of 'The New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' before *any Justice of the Peace* in any County of this State." This is sweeping. Anybody is authorized to sue; the Justice is bound to hear the case; the twenty dollars goes, the one-fourth to the complainant, and the balance to the Society. There are other important and stringent provisions. "Any member, officer, *or agent*" of the Society "may take into custody *without warrant*" any person "who, *within his view*, shall cruelly treat or torture" any animal, and take him to the nearest Justice. Or, on affidavit filed, the Justice may, in his discretion, issue either a summons or a *warrant* against the offender, and bring him before him. Surely the "dumb creation," if they could speak, would ask no better law than this, unless it were the law of perfect liberty, which they cannot get. But it must be put in force to be of value. When you, dear reader, see horses beaten, or fire put under them to make them "start," or loads attached to them which it is cruel for them to draw, just go to the Justice near you, and have the offender cared for. It is your duty, and if you can feel for sufferers, it ought to be considered by you a privilege.

—SPECIAL Societies for the enforcement of any law ought not to be needed in communities where every citizen knows it to be his duty to watch after it. But human nature, ever adverse to exerting its better powers for the maintenance of the well-being of society if thereby somebody be offended, or if it require much thought and time, is far from attaining to that standard which will not allow it to flinch from duty. Consequently, while stealing, arson, and the higher grades of felony, are in disrepute, and the general public, for purposes of protection to life and property, takes means to bring the offenders to justice, other vices and immoralities are winked at, and the laws for their suppression become a dead letter. We are all too engrossed in making money, in carrying on our businesses, in "trimming" our principles to suit imaginary *policies*, to give heed to these "slight matters." Well, it *may* not be

the duty of good citizens to attempt the eradication of public vices in any more practical way than the preaching of the Gospel, and in private solicitation to individuals to lead better lives. But, then, why do we at all have statutes against the breaking of the Sabbath day, drunkenness, profanity and gambling? Why have passed any laws for the abatement of nuisances, and the suppression of evil practices? Surely these are mistakes of our Legislatures! No. The laws respecting these evils are right so far as they go. And until we get better, let us *enforce* what we have got. Let us have Societies, if necessary, for their being effectually put in practice. Take profanity, for example. It is one of the sickening vices of the age. Infidelity is not half so bad in its influence. To speak with oaths is not the denial of God's word, but blasphemy toward Himself. It saps manhood to its core. It teaches children horrid lessons of morals. It puts a blight on society, hardly second to intemperance. The law-book makes every oath finable. Shall we now, as good citizens, enforce the fine, and thus materially crush the evil, or let it all alone? Shall the strong arm of the law, ready to our bidding, be invoked in aid of the Third Commandment and the promotion of public decency, or shall the Church alone battle for these things? But this opens up a subject into which we propose to go farther next month.

—WE ARE glad to announce a series of semi-autobiographical sketches from the pen of Rev. Dr. Blauvelt of Lamington, the first of which appears in this issue. A host of personal and "reputational" friends will peruse the "Recollections of an Aged Minister" with great interest. The short poems of Joaquin Miller, contributed directly from the author, are a not unimportant feature of this number. Everybody will carefully read them. Dr. McDowell also does the public a service in relating what he knows of Drs. Van Derveer and Suydam, formerly of Bedminster Township. But these are only the foreshadowing of the good things in store for the next, and succeeding months. Lest we awaken too great an interest in advance of their appearance, we forbear particularizing the articles yet to be printed. Look out for them. In the meantime, aid OUR HOME all you can in your neighborhood, by getting your friends to subscribe to it. We solicit your warmest encouragement because such an enterprize as this *needs* it to succeed.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE YEAR-BOOK is but another name for Almanac. Considering the disrepute into which the majority of "free gratis" Almanacs have fallen of late years, we do not wonder that some good men, in publishing Almanacs for a price, think best to change the name. Perhaps, however, it is but a matter of taste, not of conscience, that gives us our various "Year-Books." At all events this one (*The New York Observer Jubilee Year-Book.* New York: Sidney E. Morse & Co., p. 194), is entirely worthy of its more aspiring name. We know of nothing better of its kind. The book contains the portraits of the founders of the *New York Observer*, a fac-simile of the first number of that newspaper, an "Astronomical Department," which includes the usual calculations and data of an Almanac, a "Civil Service Department," "Ecclesiastical Department," "Department of Church Work," "Educational Department," "Agricultural Department," Miscellaneous Department" and an "Appendex." The "Civil Service Department" gives all the present officers of government in the United States, with information about salaries, date of expiration of office, etc., from the President down through the Judiciary, Congress, the Department Bureaus, Generals of the Army, Admirals of the Navy, and Ministers Plenipotentiary to Governors; also the Internal Revenue and ordinary Custom Taxes, Rates of Postage, Imports and Exports, Public Indebtedness, Bonds of the U. S., Railroad and Cotton statistics, Population according to last Census, Comparative Prices of Produce, the Officers of Government elsewhere throughout the World, etc., etc. The "Ecclesiastical Department" gives, first, general statistics about Christianity; then specific tables about each denomination; then, what we do not know where to find elsewhere, and which in itself makes this *Year-Book* invaluable, the name and address of almost every Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Reformed and United Brethren minister in the United States. The "Educational Department" contains detailed information relative

to the Colleges of the United States, male and female, and the Law, Medical, Dental, Pharmaceutical, Agricultural and Scientific Schools of the country. The "Agricultural Department" has full statistics of Agriculture for the year 1871. It is but necessary to name the contents to show the real value of this work, which may be purchased at the book-stores. It is also a subscription-premium of the *New York Observer*.

—THE PRESBYTERIAN Board of Publication of Philadelphia sends to us a Sabbath School book published some considerable time since, written by a Somerset County lady, whose name does not appear upon the title page, (*The Old Parsonage, or Recollections of a Minister's Daughter*. 236 *pp.*) It is stated to be "a plain narrative of truth," or what few Sunday School books are. This fact, together with the earnest, practical piety pervading its every page, makes these *Recollections* worthy of a larger circle of readers than the children of our Sabbath Schools. As the principal parties to it—the minister, "Mr. Thorn," and his wife, and also the authoress—have all, since the book was written, gone to their Heavenly reward, we may, without impropriety, state who they are. "Mr. Thorn" was the Rev. Isaac Van Doren, who was born at Griggstown, Somerset County, and was settled as pastor, at Hopewell, New York, at the time when the scenes in these *Recollections* occurred. He died a few years ago, aged about 93. His wife, Mrs. Abby Van Doren—"Mrs. Thorn"—was like her husband, well known by many among us. She died also very aged, about two years since. If ever any couple of people, man and wife, lived together, until past ninety years of age, and led purer lives than these two parents in the Church; were truer to each other, to their children, to the best religious interest of their neighbors and friends,—in short to all the duties enjoined by God, we have never heard of them. Some little reflection of their exalted Christian character—as much as can be—may be found in this book. The affectionate daughter who wrote it—Mrs. Margaret Davidson, wife of Rev. Dr. Davidson, formerly of New Brunswick—gathered up what she thought most fitting for the instruction of those who might read the story of *The Old Parsonage*, and it is abundant to do much good to such folks, young and old, as are willing to exchange light Sabbath School fiction for solid religious facts, clothed in a truthful story-dress.

—ONCE in a while an advertisement confers a material benefit upon the public as well as upon the advertiser. We cannot better explain what we mean than by immediately naming the advertisement, which is in the shape of a book. (*New Jersey: Its Cities, Towns and Railroads, Together with Descriptions of Real Estate.* By A. D. Mellick, Jr. & Bro. New York: March 1st, 1873. 200 *pp.*) Of course the Messrs. Mellick in the publication of their *Description of Real Estate* expect to "turn an honest penny" in the line of their business, but we believe them to be actuated by other motives as well. From the articles in the front part of the book signed "A. D. M. Jr.," we see the manifestation of an earnest desire and an honest endeavor to have New Jersey take advantage of her position between Philadelphia and New York, as the true Metropolitan Parks of both, and become the just pride of her citizens in architecture, business, wealth, and all that pertain to her material and social advancement. We welcome the effort and the wish. It is something in which we are all interested. Every man in Central New Jersey needs to be impressed, first, with the importance of our geographical position, and, second, with his duty to do all he can to forward the work now going on—the building up of our railroads, towns, cities, and even rural retreats, with magic speed. Let us invite here the refinement and wealth of the city; its business men at least, for they are its true wealth. We want them. They desire to come. We only need to say *come*. If this book leads any to purchase and make homes among us, as it undoubtedly will, it will have served the mission first stated,—that of conferring upon the public a benefit, beyond that to its compilers. To show something of what this and similar real estate firms have actually accomplished for New Jersey, we clip the following from page 41, at the risk of further advertising Mellick, Jr., & Bros'. business:

"During the comparatively short time that our firm have been engaged in developing the New Jersey suburbs, we have made sales of over 3,000 different parcels of real estate varying in size from a single lot to hundreds of acres, amounting in value to many millions of dollars. The amount of capital that we have diverged from Manhattan Island to the west side of the Hudson is beyond computation, and the number of commuters traveling daily on the different railway lines has through our means been far more than doubled. To accomplish so great results in so short space of time, we have expended, in advertising New Jersey lands, the

sum of seventy-one thousand dollars. This has had a marked effect in benefiting New Jersey lands in general, and has reaped advantage to every real estate holder in the State."

An admirable article in the book, entitled "Spare the Old Names," has the following pertinent remarks respecting the attempted change of Pluckamin a year or two since:

"These ideas" [some previous remarks] "were suggested by the recent, and what seems to us foolish action of townspeople of Pluckamin, in Somerset County. The New Jersey West Line Railway makes a survey through the village, and hardly have the surveyors left it behind in their march of 'Westward, ho!' when, straightway the residents, fearing that the first traveller on the new road will not be pleased with their homely old name, call a meeting; and, after much talk, the fiat goes forth: Pluckamin is to be Pluckamin no more, and the great city of the future rejoices in the name of 'Linwood.'

"These good people have taken the very steps to defeat the object intended by a change of name; the old one, Pluckamin, was at least peculiar, and for that reason would have been remembered by the passers-by and sojourners; its very strangeness would have provoked remark, and passengers on the railway that is to be might have evinced some curiosity in a town whose name was so unusual. But Linwood no one can care about; it means nothing, and at best suggests only one of the young villages of New Jersey, of which there are so many struggling for popularity, and which for the first few years of their existence are so interesting."

We should like to quote more from this chapter, and from other parts of this book, but have no space. Our readers can get it for themselves by addressing A. D. Mellick, Jr. & Bro., No. 6 Pine street, New York city, and enclosing ten cents for postage.

In Mr. Mott's book (*The Resurrection of the Dead.* By Rev. George S. Mott, author of "The Prodigal Son." New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 230 *pp.*). the author, who is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Flemington, N. J., has done the Christian public a great service in bringing an important doctrine before the mind of the Church in such a clear, scholarly and popular way. The style of the writer is a most happy combination of easy naturalness and cultured grace. The work evidences extensive and careful reading brought under the control of a disciplined and logical mind. The subject is treated exhaustively and yet concisely. Everything is said that could well be said, and without the weariness of common-place details. In fact the whole work is described by the word *completeness.* Clergymen will find it a convenient aid in the study; and the thoughtful Christian will discover as he reads that the author has perfected his own thoughts, answered his questionings, and explained his difficulties respecting the resurrection *body.* The first chapter, on "The Human Body," contains the "Development Theory" stated in few and fair terms, which Mr. Mott demolishes in these common-sense observations:

"If this kind of development be a law of nature, *how is it that nature has now ceased to obey that law?* Why are there no specimens in these times of this progressive advance in the same species from lower to higher grades of life? On the continent of Africa, where this pretended development has reached its highest point in the gorilla—nearest of all brutes to man—how is it that nothing nearer to man than this brute has ever been discovered?

"Again, if physical progress be the law of humanity, *why has not man improved?* Why has not the pressure of this law carried the Hottentot to a tolerable degree of physical perfection, if not of civilization? Is it not rather a rule that the degraded remain such, or only sink to lower depths of deterioration? There is no self-recuperative power in fallen human nature. * * * The Esquimaux and the Hottentot are no farther advanced as a race than they were when first known to history. No! the teaching of history is rather that men grow worse when left to themselves,—become dwarfed in intellect and deteriorated in body. Seeds of vice are inherent in his heart, which sap the power of his soul and the vigor of animal life."

The fifth chapter—"Philosophical Objections to a Resurrection"—and sixth—"Nature of the Resurrection Body"—are parts of the work upon which the writer has bestowed the most careful study and deep research. The ninth and last chapters, on the "Care of the Dead," is a most interesting digest of all the literature bearing on this subject. We may add that Drs. Hodge and McGill of Princeton Seminary speak highly of this book, and its importance in supplying a felt want in the Church, where this cardinal doctrine of Christian faith is by many so illy understood.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

"MORE LOCAL HISTORY—NEW GERMANTOWN."

[WE do not know that the following letter was written for publication, but print it nevertheless. It will interest many acquaintances of the writer, and be received by others as a supplementary note to the article above named.—ED.]

Editor of OUR HOME:—The pleasure which must have been given to many in reading the finely-written article, entitled "Local History of New Germantown," in the March number of your excellent Magazine, I must express, as one of those who claim this ancient village as their birth-place. The associations of happy years, the warm, kindly hearts which have still a welcome for me there, the hallowed memories of departed friends who sleep in the ancient churchyard, or in the tasteful Cemetery, prompt these lines. As I read of the old-time dwellers, whose names have perished from the fair lands they once called their own, I could not but recall Emerson's "Song of the Earth," in which it is made to speak of its own stability, and to boast that of all who so proudly trod it as lords and owners it had at length made a prey. But the old Earth shall not always be a conqueror! "Life, and immortality" shall one day "be brought to light."

I would speak of one of the faithful pastors who have taught this, and the other doctrines of revealed truth. The Rev. James N. Keiser, the immediate successor of Rev. Dr. Pohlman, only last October fell asleep in Jesus. I esteem it a privilege to say that he was indeed a faithful minister of God, having "an eye single to His glory." *Long* pastorates have been the rule of the people of the ancient Zion Church. Of the twenty-three years of the Rev. Dr. Pohlman's ministry, and of the nineteen of Rev. Mr. Duy, as these beloved pastors still live, I cannot speak. The record of all these years is on high.

As one of the children, who, in days before your correspondent's school life, tried in old Barnet Academy to climb the very steep ascent to the Temple of Knowledge, as indicated in the frontispiece of Webster's Spelling Book, the central figure in recalling this must be that of our old perceptor, who held it his duty in guiding our infant steps up this acclivity, occasionally to quicken them with a means advised by the wise Solomon of old. At *this* distance of time we, his old pupils, confess his wisdom. For many years Mr. Chapman held rule in the old Academy. Deep and strong he laid the foundations of future attainment, and many a grateful thought sent back to our old teacher proved that what he had secured to us was fully valued at last by the objects of his care. His white hairs are revered by many an old pupil, as he still lives to look back upon honorable years of faithful toil. It has been our pleasure in latter years, in revisiting the old worn school-room, to find that, under the genial sway of Mr. Noll, also for many years a teacher in the self-same spot, there had crept in many an aid to study for the children who sat in our old seats. We counted those little ones happy in their "Arithmetic made easy," and in the restful, gleeful song, which in our day would have been counted quite out of place in a school-room.

With garrulity we are afraid to cherish, it being counted a sign of unwelcome age, we could write of many a friend familiar to our childhood. A kind word from our pen we must give to good Dr. Honeyman, who should not be omitted in the records of a village where he has for so many years actively ministered to suffering humanity.

Let me in conclusion express the hope that some pen will soon record the history of the heroes of our village in our late War, which has so graven its memorial in faithful hearts. Your historian of New Germantown was not among the least of these heroes, whose names we, though now no longer dwellers in scenes dear to childhood, are proud to cherish.

Congratulating you on your success in your Magazine, which is a welcome visitor to my home, I am, Respectfully Yours,

M. M. P.

Albany N. Y., March 24th, 1873.

PICTURE GALLERIES OF NEW YORK.

Editor of OUR HOME: To those readers of OUR HOME who have indulged in foreign travel, and visited the Art galleries of Europe, it may seem absurd to designate even the largest collection of pictures of which our city can boast, a *gallery*. In comparison with those of Rome, Florence, Dresden and Paris, where one may wander for days amid Titians, Reubens, Michael Angelos, Guidos and other old masters, not to speak of scores of more recent date, ever finding something new ours seem the veriest pigmies.

Very true. But be it remembered that back in the centuries Art was cradled in Europe, and has passed from infancy to childhood, from childhood to manhood, and from manhood to old age, while in our country it is yet in swaddling clothes. But it gains strength. With the increase of wealth, Art-patronage is growing to be a pride and fashion among us. Our people having cultivated tastes, and fine discrimination, appreciate and demand good pictures.

Very few, if any *genuine* "old masters" find their way to this country, owing to the enormous prices placed upon them, which none but princes and potentates can afford to pay. But the best works of modern foreign artists are to be found in our public and private collections. Nor are our native artists neglected. Thanks to the semi-annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design, and the occasional "Artists' Receptions," the public are made familiar with them, and the works of Church, Bierstadt, Kensett, Tait, and many others of like ability, find ready purchasers at good prices.

The galleries of Goupil and Schaus alalways offer attractions, and these gentlemen are doing real missionary work in the cause of Art. These cosy, little nooks, one on Broadway the other on Fifth Avenue, free to all, are ever welcome to the shopper, or sight-seer wearied with the tumult of the streets. Here they may rest in quiet, and at the same time feast their eyes upon lovely landscapes, charming figures and tempting fruit pieces. Thousands from north and south, east and west, as well as our own people, who would otherwise most probably never get sight of paintings of rare excellence, visit them every year. The prices asked and readily obtained for some of these pictures are a matter of surprise to the uninitiated. Ten thousand dollars was the value set upon a painting by L. Jerome, exhibited at Goupils not long since and entitled "After the Crucifixion;" and five thousand for the "Sixth Day of Creation" by Gustave Brion. This latter, although possessing much merit as a work of Art, is not pleasing in subject, the attempt to paint God in the act of creating the world seeming almost blasphemous. "Desdemonia" by Calearel is beautiful in expression and coloring. Price twenty-five hundred dollars.

For figure painting and flesh coloring the greatest living artist is Bougereau. He has on exhibition at Goupil's now a "Mother and Child" perfect in the flesh tinting. The child—a boy—is seated upon the mother's lap, her hands clasped about him, and where the fingers overlap it seems as if the blood can be seen pressed into their tips. Ver Coeckhoven, the celebrated painter of animals, has also a fine representation of sheep-grazing, while a shepherd's dog lies upon a rock watching them.

GOTHAM.

New York, April 4th, 1873.

SHALL WE HAVE FREE SCHOOLS?

[As we have opened this Department expressly for the people, we can not cruelly reject the communication which follows. The author did not conform to our rule which requires that the name of the writer should accompany every article or letter, but we waive its enforcement this time for "Somerset's Best Writer" (the signature to a note enclosed, which has, unfortunately, been mislaid or lost.) We print the letter as written, leaving blank, however, the name of the teacher whom the writer so laudably and fearfully exposes. But we shall be happy to give this name to Mr. Rarick, if, as Superintendent of Public Schools, he deems it his duty to look after a "lazy fellow."—ED.]

SHALL WE HAVE FREE SCHOOLS.

NUMBER ONE.

Free schools is a useful and needful thing. If we wish the world to become enlighted and Educated we must give it a chance. We must throw of the heavy yoke of responsibilty. that rests upon our Public schools. cast it away. into the depths of *old ocean*. and have free schools. that we may give those who cannot afford to pay the heavy charges of our public schools. an education but give the poor as well

as the rich a chance to gain a useful and sound Education. We ought not to take away from the poor their education. they will need all they ever get. May the day soon come when the. Nations shall cry out. in their loudest voice. Free Schools. It is a glorious thing to see so many school houses and colleges. but it would be a far more glorious thing to hear that they were free But if there was a law that every child should go to school so many days in the year then we would feel contented. The schools are a getting to be a place of educating our children. or at least they ought to be. but I am sorry to say that the———School is a falling down into shame. but it shall be remembered by the scholars that it is not their fault. The teacher they have now. is teaching because he is to lazy to do anything else. Free schools is needed more than (rum.) If we were to take the money that is spent for that vile stuff to make free schools we would undoubtedly have a great list of free schools.

To be continued.

ABOUT MILFORD.

Editor of OUR HOME:—As far back as my acquaintance runs (forty-five years), Milford, Hunterdon County, N. J., was a small village, not more than one-fourth what it now is. It was then sometimes called by a former name—"Burnt Mills," and by many people "Lowrey-town."

The "Burnt Mills," had existed in the last century; and when Thomas Lowery, Esq., sold his property, consisting of one thousand acres for £8,000, to Paul H. Mallet Prevost, Esq., a French gentleman, that place assumed the name of French-town. Mr. Lowery then bought the old site of "Burnt Mills" in 1798, and from that time to A. D., 1800, he erected the first permanent buildings of the place, which was then called "Lowrey-town," and continued to be so called for several years. The name was afterwards changed to Milford, by which it will no doubt continue to be known.

I called to-day on an aged gentleman, John Duckworth, Esq., perhaps the oldest person in the village. Certainly it is longer since he first came to reside here than any other of its present inhabitants have lived in the town. In giving his reminiscences of the place, he repeated to me from memory the following scrap of poetry from the pen of Mr. Thomas Paterson (said to be a brother of our old Governor Paterson), who taught school in this vicinity at that time. It is a description of the place very early in the present century:

"Surrounded by Mountains on every side,
On the banks of the Delaware not very wide,
There stands a small village, and Milford's its name,
One grist-mill, two saw-mills of very great fame,
Three dwelling houses, a merchandise store,
Composes this village, and not any more."

This Mr. Paterson was a well-educated gentleman, doated on his calling, was free and easy in his manners, and, while taking a little leisure between quarters, blank Saturdays, etc., and enjoying himself, for his own amusement and to vary the tedium of the routine "boarding around," which was common in those days, wrote scraps, etc. His poetry was generally descriptive of events, places, men, and manners. Any attempt by any one to undervalue his calling, or any gross insult offered either to himself or his pupils, would bring down upon the head of the insulter such a flow of irony from his pen as would make them regret that they ever began the war. I have, many years ago, heard reported in families, where he "boarded around," various things which I wish I had gathered up and preserved, but it is too late. Much of *our* "local history" is lost. Time flies. Mr. L. says, "Your work is done, Sir." So is my letter. DRIB.

Milford, 28th February, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

MARCH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

5th.—North Branch: John Delaney, a track-walker of C. R. R. of N. J., killed by coal-train near the Station.

6th.—North Branch; Peter Brady, brakeman on a freight-train on C. R. R. of N. J., killed near Station while coupling cars.

8th.—Somerville: Presentation of purse to Rev. Nathaniel McConnoughy by his friends.

11th.—Somerville: Elias W. Rarick appointed County Superintendent of Public Schools by the State Board of Education.

17th.—Neshanic: St. Patrick's day made the occasion of a row at McKinney Stevens' hotel, in which Mr. S. was badly beaten by drunken roughs.

25th.—Somerville: Arrival of new steam fire engine, costing with hose nearly $5,000; the first steam engine purchased by the town.

30th.—Pluckamin: Robbery of Samuel Condit at night of $190 in money. Bound Brook: Robbery of Store of Archibald Mollison of $100; also of Post Office; also of mill of Jacob Shurts. Harlingen: Blowing down by a gale of a liberty pole, the gilt ball of which crushed into the house of Abram L. Stryker.

31st.—Raritan: First meeting of Building and Loan Association, No. 2. A. J. Farrand chosen President, and J. L. Haines, Secretary and Treasurer.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

3d.—Sergeantville: Burning of barn of Samuel Butterfoss, the supposed work of an incendiary.

11th.—Flemington: Rev. C. S. Conkling reappointed County Superintendent of Public Schools by the State Board of Education.

12th.—Flemington: Lecture by Rev. J. T. Crane of Newark on Temperance.

16th.—Frenchtown: Resignation of Rev. H. Shermer, as pastor of Baptist Church, to accept a charge at Clinton.

17th.—Bloomsbury: Four Irishman, intoxicated, killed by the cars.

23d.—Lambertville: Resignation of Rev. A. D. Willhfer of First Baptist Church.

24th— Lambertville: Col. A. W. Angel confirmed by U. S. Senate as Post Master.

25th.—Flemington: Meeting of the County Lodge of Good Templars. Carpenterville: Michael Dolton killed on B. D. R. R., while walking on the track.

26th.—Delaware Township: Run-away accident of Samuel Hartpence and Samuel Reading while on their way to a funeral. Reading died afterward from his injuries.

27th.—White House: Injury to Peter A. Alpaugh by stick of timber falling on him, fracturing his jaw, and otherwise seriously injuring him.

28th.—Ringoes: Pupils of High School gave an entertainment in the evening in the Kirkpatrick Memorial Church.

WEATHER FOR MARCH, 1873.

[*Reported by Isaac Crater, Esq. Time of Thermometer record, 5 A. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1....	28°	Clear.
2....	9°	Clear; snow in afternoon.
3....	24°	Hazy, but cold.
4....	10°	Hazy, windy and very cold.
5....	6°	Clear and very cold.
6....	Zero.	Clear and very cold.
7....	8°	Clear.
8....	17°	Clear.
9....	31°	Clear.
10....	30°	Clear most of the day.
11....	34°	Rainy and cool.
12....	28°	Clear and pleasant.
13....	23°	Clear.
14....	26°	Clear.
15....	30°	Cloudy.
16....	41°	South-west wind; cold.
17....	28°	Clear.
18....	34°	Hazy.
19....	40°	Clear; afternoon cloudy.
20....	34°	Cold; rainy.
21....	25°	Cold winds.
22....	30°	Squally winds.
23....	22°	Clear and warm.
24....	24°	Cold winds.
25....	24°	Hail and rain.
26....	28°	Hail, rain and snow.
27....	20°	Clear, with cold winds.
28....	24°	Clear and cold.
29....	44°	Rainy.
30....	40°	Very blustery.
31....	40°	Rain in the morning; variable temperature.

General average, 25.5°

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.*

FROM FEB. 15TH, 1873, TO MARCH 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Bowlby, Thos. E.	Mary C. Lott	Feb. 22	Somerville	Scarlett
Brokaw, Peter S.	Ritie H. Stryker	Mar. 12	Griggstown	Stryker
Cassedy, Edmund E.	Ella J. Conklin	Feb. 22	Somerville	Scarlett
Young, Wm. P.	Mary L. Bellis	Mar. 10	Raritan	Davis

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Bacom, James	Rebecca J. Britton	Feb. 19	Ringoes	Harrison
Butler, Wm. C.	Anna J. Stryker	Mar. 5	Frenchtown	Shermer
Creveling, John	Isabella Anderson	Feb. 22	Sydney	———
Hixson, Lemuel	Sallie C. Bellis	Mar. 6	Ringoes	Harrison
Heirgesheimer, G. S.	Martha Parks	Mar. 5	Frenchtown	Clark
Jolin, Alfred	Hannah M. Wolverton	Mar. 1	Cokesburgh	Belles
Martenis, Ralph A.	Mary E. Shurts	Feb. 20	New Hampton	Kugler
Naylor, George	Jennie Cronce	Feb. 18	Barbertown	Soule
Parse, John E.	Sallie A. Servis	Mar. 6	Ringoes	Hewitt
Potts, Henry	Matilda Miller	Mar. 8	Frenchtown	———
Robinson, Samuel	Abigail E. Sheets	Mar. 5	Flemington	Winans
Savacool, J. D.	Emma Eversole	Mar. 12	White House	Lacey
Trimmer, L. S.	Margaret Templeton	Feb. 27	New Germ'twn	Diener
Weller, Geo. W.	Dora Pickle	Feb. 19	Mt. Pleasant	Aller
Young, Wm. P.	Mary L. Bellis	Mar. 10	Raritan	Davis

* Clergymen in both Somerset and Hunterdon Counties are specially requested to send to us on the first of each month a record of marriages and deaths in their congregational limits, covering the whole previous month. From such reports we can construct much more complete and accurate tables than from the newspapers, on which thus far we have had to rely. As these lists are for perpetual reference, too much importance cannot be attached to their correctness and fullness. Any one noticing errors will please write to us about them, that they may be corrected at the close of this volume of the Magazine.

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM FEBRUARY 15TH, 1873, TO MARCH 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Amerman, Daniel	Roycefield	March 13	—
Crater, Polly	Lesser Cross Roads	March 15	83
Ermette, Anne	Bound Brook	March 13	36
Faten, Albert	Harlingen	March 6	24
Garnsey, James H	Raritan	February 21	61
Garnsey, Mary	Raritan	March 9	28
Gano, Samuel, Jr	Raritan	February 21	39
Hope, Jennie S	Somerville	March 1	6
Smock, Henry G	Bound Brook	February 18	87

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Blackwell, Charles	Ringoes	February 27	21
Case, Chrissie C	Mt. Airy	February 21	2
Case, Mary	Hampden	March 12	75
Tell, Wm. H	Stockton	February 21	34
Johnson, Susannah	Asbury	March 11	89
Lair, Elizabeth	Kingwood Township	March 5	68
Pyatt, Margaret	Flemington	March 5	25
Reading, Elizabeth	Sergeantsville	February 18	80
Search, Amos M	Kingwood Township	February 25	Infant
Wright, Edward	Frenchtown	March 7	30
Warford, John	Lambertville	March 15	7

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

Vol. I. JUNE, 1873. No. 6.

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

After Bryant.

THE LOVELIEST, brightest days are come, the gayest of the year;
The blue-bird heralds their approach with music soft and clear;
The south wind kisses th' fair cheek of the young blushing Spring.
And in her ear his welcomes sweet is lowly whispering.

Sweet Spring! with eager joyfulness I hail thee once again,
And bid adieu with lighten'd heart to Winter's sombre reign;
I gladly catch his parting breath, and mark his closing eye,
And am as happy as a child to see Old Winter die.

Thou comest with thy gifts to deck this Eden-home of our's;
The streamlets smile at thy approach, the Earth grows bright with flowers
They creep along the water's side, and make their toilets there,
And don the robes most gracefully, which Nature gives to wear.

The violet just begins to ope its pensive, azure eye.
Too modest e'er to raise its head and gaze upon the sky.
I love its simple beauty, its fragrance soft and mild,
And ah! I love it *now, because I loved it when a child.*

The columbine is swinging its little silver bell.
And moss-cups meet for fairy-lips are springing in the dell
Mid lilies delicately white; and there are sunny spots
Along the river's bank, all bright with wild forget-me-nots.

The sweet-voic'd rivulets, the birds, the many-fingered breeze,
Harping upon a thousand strings among the leafy trees,
Wake such heart-stirring music in Nature's glorious fane,
As earth-built dome, or vaulted roof, ne'er echoed back again.

How beautiful a home, how fair a dwelling-place is Earth,
When Spring puts on her garniture and gives her blossoms birth!
E'en when she weeps, as oft she will, tho' surely not for grief,
Her tears are turned to diamond-drops on every shining leaf.

Who would be sad when ever on is singing in his ear
The voice of merry-hearted Spring, the favorite of the year;
When she will lead him gently forth e'en in his heaviest hours,
And sweetly teach him happiness from her bright books—*the flowers.*

MEMOR.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[SIXTH PAPER.]

JAQUES, or Jacques Cortelyou, sometimes written Cortilleau, arrived in New Amsterdam in 1651, or '62, with Cornelius Van Werkhoven as private tutor to his children. In 1654 Van Werkhoven returned to Holland to procure settlers for his tract of land on the west end of Long Island, leaving Cortleyou to manage the property in his absence. Van Werkhoven died shortly after his arrival in Holland. January 23d, 1657, the Governor and Council appointed Cortelyou surveyor of the Colony, and in that same year he laid out the village of New Utrecht, the settlement of which commenced in 1661. His time appears to have been occupied in surveying Long, Staten and Manhattan Islands, and other parts of the Colony. He also laid out the village of Schenectady, and lots and farms on the Delaware. His wife was Neltje Van Duyn, and both were of French extraction. His children were Jaques, Peter, Cornelius, Helena, Maria and William.

Hendrick the first, son of the second Jaques, was born April 11th, 1711, and settled on lands which were owned by his father in 1704, containing 300 acres, situated on the south of, and adjoining the tract of 10,000 acres purchased by Peter Cortelyou and others of John Harrison in 1701. This 300-acre tract is at present included in the farms of John Baker, Jr., Daniel Steele and Henry Rule, and the Church and village lots extending from the main road at Six-Mile-Run to the Middlebush road. Hendrick was succeeded on the homestead by Rœloff Voorhees, who died thereon in 1811.

Hendrick the second, son of Hendrick first, married Antie Coerte Van Voorhees, August 3d, 1731. He had twelve children:—Jaques, born August 20th, 1732, married Maria———, and resided at Six-mile-Run—no issue; Albert, born November 17th, 1734, married Maria Black and lived at Cranbury; Hendrick, born October 10th, 1736, died October 31st,

1800, married Sarah Stothoff, and lived at Ten-mile-Run; William, born September 5th, 1738, died 1740; William (second) born September 5th, 1740, married Eva Terhune, died 1813; Antie, born September 16th, 1743, died———; Adriana, born March 21st, 1745. died———; Harman, born January, 1747, died October, 1818, was married December. 1766, to Catherine Van Dyke, resided at Three-Mile-Run, and for sometime kept a public house in that place; Altie, born February 18th, 1749, died———; Helena, born February 8th, 1751, died———; Maria, born December 20th, 1753; Johanna, born August 23d, 1756, died February 27th, 1775.

Hendrick the third, born August 8th, 1761, married, first, Ann DeHart, November 11th, 1787; second, Elizabeth Voorhees, July 8th, 1795, and, lived at Ten-Mile-Run. William was born May 21st, 1763, died January 28th, 1838, and married Maria Voorhees; Sarah was born January 16th, 1767, and died young; John was born April 4th, 1772, died March 15th, 1843, and married Ellen Voorhees; Harmon was born December 5th, 1774, died June 10th, 1849, and married Sarah Garretson; Aletta was born January 28th, 1776, and died young; Jaques was born July 25th, 1778 and married Johanna Van Tine—no issue; Abram was born October 12th, 1780, died June 17th, 1854, and married, first, Dinah Garretson, second, Johanna Polhemus; Albert was born December 16th, 1786, died December 29th, 1825, and married Ida Durling; Peter was born December 16th, 1786, died July 6th, 1828, and married Margaret Fry—no issue.

Hendrick the fourth son of Hendrick third, was born November 5th, 1789, died 1856, married Maria Voorhees. There was a Mary next. Peter was born September 27th, 1796, first married Mary Ann Gulick, September 23d, 1820, and afterward Julia Beekman, November 21st, 1844. He resides at Ten-Mile-Run. His children are Elizabeth, born August 25th, 1821, first married to Van Cleef Voorhees December 8th, 1847, then to Garret Q. Brokaw; Henry P., born December 6th, 1823, married Margaret Hagamen; Peter, born January 28th, 1848, married to Annie Voorhees November 22d, 1872.

Jaques first, the great ancestor of the Cortelyous in this country, seems to have been a man of unusual energy and enterprise. In 1650 he made the first survey of the City of New York, containing at that time 350 houses, and prepared a map of it. He was accused by the heirs with not having dealt fairly in the management of the Werkhoven property, but stoutly asserted that he was innocent, and had faithfully and honestly performed his duty.

In 1671 Capt. James Hubbard, Richard Cornell, Capt. Elbert Elbertson Stothoff and Capt. Jaques Cortelyou were appointed and acted as Commissioners to settle the disputed boundary line between Buswick and Newtown, from which we learn that he held a military commission. He also was the surveyor on that occasion. His son Jaques and Peter were also prominent land surveyors. Jaques the second (or third) surveyed the Harrison tract in 1703, and received from the company as compensation a tract of 280 acres, extending from the Middlebush road to the Mill stone River, adjoining the Six-Mile Brook, and on a part of which John J. Voorhees now resides. Jaques first is represented as having been somewhat singular and eccentric in his ways. An incident occuring in the life of one of his descendents may, in some manner, illustrate a peculiar trait of character similar to his ancestor:

Rev. Dr. C., the minister of a congre-

gation in one of our cities, the limits of which extended several miles into the surrounding country, often repaired to the houses of his parishioners to perform religious exercises, after which, as was the custom of the pious mothers of that day, because of the kind regard they entertained for the ministry, they would not let him depart from the place until he had partaken of a country meal, consisting of good rye bread and other provisions to correspond. The Dr. from the bracing air and his ride, frequently partook of these provisions with a well-sharpened appetite, doing thus ample justice to the entertainment, and sometimes causing the remark to be made 'that he was a hearty eater who enjoyed good health, agreeing with the assertion, "a sound mind can only exist in a sound body,"' On one of these tours into the country, the Dr. came to the house of a Cortelyou, who was reported to be given to the habit of intemperence, or the use of strong drink. On this occasion Dr. C. reminded him of his besetting sin, and its evil consequences, saying that 'it was reported he was sometimes intoxicated.' To which Cortelyou replied: "'Reported!' *'reported!'* there are many things 'reported' in which there is no truth. Don't you believe there are many things 'reported' in which there is no truth, Dr?" "Yes," was the answer. "You are exactly right," said Cortelyou, "and you need not believe what you have heard 'reported' about me. I have heard it 'reported' that you sometimes over-stomached yourself with good victuals, but I don't believe it. I don't believe a *word* of it."

The Cortelyou families in this section have been uniformly distinguished for industry, economy, peaceful demeanor as citizens, and their friendship to the prosperity of the Church and her institutions.

The early settlers located as near to water-courses as possible, and especially by springs. This often led them to build at a distance from the main roads. Their buildings generally fronted the South, and, if destitute of a compass, they ranged them by the North Star. Many old residences seen at the present day are thus situated.

The material of the first houses usually consisted of logs. A new-comer in the place, by the aid of the older residents, would complete such a house in a few days. These log-houses were succeeded by frame ones, which had one, low, single story. The ceiling was composed of the boards which constituted the upper floor, and these were laid on broad, heavy beams. The apartment above served as a granary, or was divided into one or more sleeping apartments for the children and visitors. Some of the roofs extended beyond the building in front, so as to form a piazza beneath; and, descending near to the ground in the rear, furnished a suitable place for weaving and other employments, and sometimes for sleeping rooms. Their fire-places were usually very large, without jambs, and would accommodate the whole family with seats by the fire. When there were jambs, they were often set around with glazed tiles imported from Holland, and ornamented with various scenes, some of a Scriptural character, beautiful to look upon, and affording both amusement and instruction to the children.

The children were brought up to regular habits of industry. Almost every son was taught some mechanical art, similar to the custom of the Jews, who had a proverb that "he who was not

bred to a trade was bred for the gallows." The farmers would do their own weaving, *shoe-making, carpentering, etc., occupying their time in Summer in out-door work on the farm, and their spare hours in Winter at mechanical work in-doors. Their daughters were early made acquainted with all affairs connected with housekeeping. They would preside at the spinning-wheel with as much grace and dignity as those of the present day do at the piano or organ, and take steps as gracefully and nimbly in spinning a thread at the woolen-wheel as some of our modern belles do in spinning *street* yarn, or dancing "round dances" in the ball-room, or parlor. Such industrial habits never interfered with the matrimonial prospects of the young women of that day. They were considered instead as among their best recommendations. Doubtless the important question was oftimes propounded, or "popped," and the engagement entered into accompanied by the music of the spinning-wheel.

We have an account given of a minister of former times who had the misfortune to lose a good wife. In due time his affections centred on another lady, in his congregation, whom he was led to suppose would well supply the place of the deceased. He sought Divine direction, and the affair was, in his own mind, brought to a favorable conclusion. On the next Sabbath he found it difficult to prevent his eyes resting on her while performing the church services. Monday morning, feeling he could no longer resist the temptation to visit her and make known his desire, he early repaired to her home, and found her at the wash-tub. "Oh! la!" said she, "in what a predicament you have caught me here—all in the suds. Walk in the other room." "Never mind, my dear," he replied, "I have an interesting and important secret to disclose. You have become the object of my affections. I have sought direction from above, and am satisfied if you will condescend to form a matrimonial union with me. My usefulness and future happiness will be promoted by it." "Oh! dear," said she, "you have taken me altogether by surprise. What shall I do? You have given me no time to consider. You have sought direction and obtained an answer. I never undertake anything of importance without seeking Divine guidance. Let us pray. Will you please lead in prayer?" Guidance in her behalf was implored. Prayer ended and, their difficulties removed, they both represented themselves as of one accord. So in the olden times happy unions were often made without the aid of silks or satins.

The mothers took *pride* in such of their daughters as excelled at the spinning-wheel. The skeins of yarn they spun were hung on separate hooks, and they were increased until they formed very large bunches. When company came it was customary for the mother to take them into the apartment containing the results of her daughters' industry. Pointing to the different hooks from which the bundles of yarn were suspended, she would say: "That is Sarah's. That is Jemima's. That is Mary's." etc.

Their courtships were conducted in quite a different manner from those of the present day. Instead of many short calls they were made more seldom, and then each seemed to "mean business," making matrimonial advances at each visit. If it were known that a young lady received the visits of her "beau" as often as once a fortnight, she would be

* As the English government prevented the establishment of manufactories by heavy penalties, there existed the necessity of the colonists manufacturing woolen, linen and other similar goods in their own families.

looked upon by others with about the same eye that a purchaser looks upon mortgaged property, and they would be as ready to shun her. Young women then commenced to make early provision for matrimonial life. But they were not, however, considered as suitable candidates for matrimony, until they could exhibit blanketing, sheeting, linen and other similar articles necessary to commence housekeeping, spun and prepared by their own hands. (Cupboards well-filled with sheetings, linen, etc., left by parents, were much appreciated by their heirs in the distribution of their estates.)

Christian parents were the most inveterate enemies to all kinds of dancing and card-playing, never allowing them in their houses. To engage in them their children had to steal away from home, and then keep it a secret for fear of correction and parental displeasure. They were only tolerated in families of comparitively low reputation. The Church condemned the practice. In 1819, when Rev. Dr. John Ludlow was pastor of the Reformed Church of New Brunswick, a dancing school was formed and taught in that city. The Dr., in alluding to dancing in one of his discourses, made use of the following language: "Ye votaries of the harp and of the viol—where will ye stand in that day when God strikes the dividing line between the sinner and the saint!" The sentence was uttered in his usual energetic manner, and struck *dismay* into the hearts of those "evil-doers" who heard it.*

The sons of our ancestors were early trained to filial obedience. The fathers were noted for the exercise of parental authority, in which, however, they may have been sometimes too rigid. Both fathers and sons were also distinguished for regular and industrious habits. Such of the latter as were not put to trades demanded no pay for work performed by them while remaining with their parents, where they usually continued to labor after their majority up to thirty years of age or more, and generally until they got married. In the distribution of their estates, the parents usually so arranged it by will as that one of the sons would possess the homestead; thus securing it as far as possible in the family from generation to generation. When able to possess a more convenient building, for their log house they substituted a frame one. This was constructed to contain a narrow hall—or entry, as it was called—a dwelling-room for the family, with a bed in it to be occupied by the parents. A parlor, or carpet was then an unheard-of thing. With the main building a small kitchen was attached, and the oven for baking was located some distance from it. The floors of the house would be scoured till they appeared as white as their tables, and white sand neatly spread over them served as a substitute for a carpet. As soon as their circumstances would admit, still another addition would be made to the house, resulting in quite a large and commodious building, in which the parents spent the evening of their days in plenty, enjoying the comforts that usually result from a life of industry and frugality. As circumstances required, portions of the large tracts of land would be set off by fathers to their sons, improved and built upon by the latter, and again subdivided until, as at present, there were many farms where previously there was but one.

A public sale took place recently in London at which a copy of Smith's *His-*

* Dr. Ludlow might truly have been called a *Boanerges*—"Son of Thunder." He was pronounced by many to possess the strongest and most powerful delivery of any speaker in this part of the country in that day.

tory of Virginia, 1627, was purchased for the extraordinary price of $2,615, and it was not entirely perfect. It had been preserved in an old, country-house library, and will now take its place among the gems of the great New York Library of American books, founded by Mr. Lenox. We have through this another strong argument for the preservation of books and papers belonging to the past. In proportion as they grow old by time they increase in value, and many of them which have been transmitted to the flames by our ancestors might have brought a small fortune to their descendents.

The earliest record connected with the history of New Brunswick was found only a short time since among cast-away papers and rubbish in the garret of an old dwelling in that city.

RALPH VOORHEES.

SCIENCE IN COMMON THINGS.

INTRODUCTION.

SO MUCH has been said about Scientific Education and Scientific Schools during the past few years, that many thinking men, whom circumstances have not thrown into actual contact with either the arguments or the facts, are perhaps puzzled to see the *why* of all this oratory and essaying, and these new schools of science. All are ready to admit the great need for trained engineers to meet the great and rapidly-increasing railway interests in the country, the proprietors of the various metalurgical and chemical industries all acknowledging the need of men trained in science as assistants in their work. In fact, the need of men who are expert in all the various branches of Technology is generally admitted. But this does not answer the question, because, since men have lived in collected settlements, they have applied themselves to various occupations, becoming more adept in their own branches of industry than their neighbors who are engaged in something else; division of labor which has become more divided as cities have increased in size, and civilization—consequently the wants of mankind—has advanced. The technical education is merely to supply a need, and pertains but to a class of men, who become laborers in one department of industry. But this is not the whole aim of Scientific Education. The old Collegiate courses are remodelled, or entirely new courses, intended merely for the general information of the student and for mental drill, are adopted. Wherein lies the superiority? Were there not great thinkers, profoundly-wise men, yes, even great scientists, before these innovations? Certainly; but herein lies the difference: The realm of Natural Science has grown to such gigantic proportions that it is impossible for one to encompass it all; at the same time, and perhaps in equal ratio, the mind of the people is demanding the *why* of the many lights and sounds continually around them. To the furtherance of this two-fold object, *i. e.*, to prepare the mind of a student so that he can devote himself to special science in any of its departments, and to put the men of education on such a basis as to be able to read understandingly the *whys* of Nature's doings, Scientific Schools are well adapted.

Whether it is a better method of training or not, is capable of debate, yet it seems evident that that culture which will exclusively put a man in close com-

munication with Nature would be better than if he were cognizant only of the figures of speech of by-gone authors, or the inflexible logic of Mathematics: of course the best good can be obtained by the proper mingling of the various ingredients.

But this second indication in scientific training—the discovery of the *why*—exhibits itself more widely than in Scientific Schools. It is a result of the habits of the thought of the age, and it is well when the desire can be gratified. But here as elsewhere one man cannot accomplish everything. A farmer would fain know of many of the phenomena so common that they seem integral portions of his every-day life, and yet were he to devote himself to the investigation of these phenomena, seed-time and harvest would pass—without either the planting or the reaping; and so of the other industries. And yet these men would gladly know the results of other men's thoughts, whose seed-time is the investigation, and the harvest the result. A desire to thus bring the results of Nature's students to those whose time and energy are otherwise employed, will be the active agent in the preparation of such articles as shall from time to time appear in OUR HOME, and of which the following is the first. It is hoped that in all scientific points they will prove accurate and in explanation clear; and should they appear pedagogic at any time, remember the calling of the writer is of that nature. And as hard as it is to turn aside a river from its channel, so hard is it to trench aside one's manner of discourse.

I.

ABOUT WATER.

Perhaps there is no tangible article around us more common than water. And perhaps there is nothing in Nature's dominions which would make a better theme to develop her laws and show forth her beauties. It will not be an unprofitable task for any one to review a few of the many known truths concerning it, and, by thus clarifying and arranging, see a symmetry in the whole.

We can take for the starting point the old statement, that water is tasteless, colorless, inodorless. And yet at this outset we may fall into a great mistake. Water tasteless? Why, certainly not. Do I not speak of the pleasantness of neighbor A's spring, or the bad-tasting qualities of friend B's cistern? True, you may say all this and more; you may speak of the blue expanse of some lake you have seen, or the sea-green appearance of some other piece of water. You can tell, and truthfully, of many spring-waters having an odor such as sadly-neglected eggs would have; and in spite of all these assertions, the truths of which are fully admitted, the first statement can be again mentioned, this time however with an additional adjective to prevent any misapprehension

Pure water is tasteless, colorless and inodorous. The taste and smell, which you affirm to exist, belong not to the water, but to impurities. As to its color, it may be due to its impurities or certain optical phenomena, which we will study at some other time. What is called water ordinarily, is therefore not water simply, but water with the addition of certain impurities which are either dissolved, or suspended in it.

Here we might consider what are the chief impurities of water. But let it be premised that many of these impurities are not deleterious. They are rather beneficial to water for our ordinary uses. For instance, in most chemical laboratories pure water is abundant; yet no one ever thinks of using it as a beverage, since it is not so palatable as many of the more impure varieties, nor is it so refreshing.

That impurity in water whose influence shall first be discussed is *carbonic acid.* Any one can, by a very simple experiment, determine the part played by carbonic acid. Take any specimen of spring or well-water, and taste it before and again after it has been boiled. It so happens that boiling expels all the pure carbonic acid; and the difference in taste is due to the presence of carbonic acid and air in one instance, and the lack of these in the other. Boiling frequently works another change upon the water, as can readily be seen by examining the tea-kettles in any limestone district. It is there evidenced that an incrustation is formed, even although the kettle may never have been allowed to boil dry, and the water introduced been always clear. The reason of this can easily be explained. If one were to take some finely powdered chalk and pour over it some pure water in a clean vessel, so little would be soluble that unless special pains and delicate apparatus were used, it could not be told that any was dissolved. If now some vinegar be added, there is quite an effervescence, and soon the chalk is materially dissolved. Why is this? Evidently the vinegar has a greater solvent power on the chalk than the water has; but vinegar is composed chiefly of a dilute acid. Should we treat chalk with any other acid, we should obtain similar results. Thus it is with chalk; and by a few more experiments and some generalization, a general principle would be set forth, to wit: that among mineral substances the various acids are helps to dissolve them. Now ordinary limestone, having a chemical composition similar to chalk, is a mineral substance, and in it there is carbonic acid; a very weak acid to be sure, but still an acid. It here follows the law; and, while the water is flowing through the rock, it dissolves some of the limestone. But the process of boiling dissipates the acid to a great extent, and the greater portion of the limestone (or other mineral) becomes separated, forming the incrustation. But how does the water become charged with carbonic acid? Easily enough. It washes it out of the air, and carries it through the various courses until it tells its story by the incrustation on your tea-kettle; the air meantime being supplied with fresh carbonic acid from the many sources which are continually producing it.

Referring to the fact that limestone is sometimes found dissolved in our waters, naturally leads to the question: Hard and soft waters, what are they? how are they caused? and interrogatories of that nature. Hard water may be defined as that which will produce a curdling with soap, and not a lather, as does the other variety, or soft water. This is caused by its composition, which contains compounds of calcium and magnesium. These compounds combine chemically with the fatty matter of the soap, form the curds, which, being insoluble, render all the soap added inert The boiling of hard water will frequently make it soft, for the reason given above; if this will not, the addition of something making an insoluble compound with the calcium or magnesium, *e. g.*, borax, or sal soda, will cause it to be precipitated, and the water to act like soft water.

Common salt is uniformly present in our river and spring waters. I quote at random from analyses of water from different parts of the globe to show the universal presence of this great condiment, and, since the water obtains its supply from the soil and rock, of the omnipresence of this article in the mineral world. The waters of the Hudson contain 0.36 grains of salt to every gallon. The Thames (England), contains but twenty parts of salt in every million. The Rhine off Dorat has twenty-five per cent. of its

solid residue, salt. A well at the Hague shows thirty-five per cent. of its solid residue, salt.

There are various other mineral substances found frequently in water, but never of sufficient quantity to claim our attention, since their presence in such proportions would place them among mineral waters.

Perhaps the most important class of impurities remains to be noticed. It has excited more discussion than all the others, and concerning it we have but little positive knowledge. I refer to the influence of organic material upon drinking waters. This organic matter must be, of course, the refuse or decaying matter from vegetable or animal life (and upon this distinction great stress is laid, as it is believed the animal organic material is more prejudicial to the health of the persons using the water than that containing matter of vegetable origin).

This influence depends greatly upon the extent of change that has taken place. If it is exposed to sufficient air, and for long enough time, all the organic matter becomes inert. Since so many conditions must be taken into consideration, and since in most large places the water supply is derived from a neighboring stream, into which factories, slaughter-houses, sewers, etc., discharge their refuse matter, this influence has become a question of great importance, and attracts the attention of men of science.

How can it be told that water contains injurious organic matter? has been asked again and again, and never answered satisfactorily, except to those who are supplied with laboratory conveniences, since all of the so-called popular means do not answer in every case, and are thus liable to mislead.

Pages could be written upon the subject of pure drinking water, its importance to health, and the dire disasters that have happened from the use of water containing organic poison. But it would be of little practical importance to go into greater detail here, since he who lives in the country with a pure spring, or well, or a properly cemented cistern, is in little danger, while the water supply of large cities is being examined more carefully every year; yet should any one ever detect an unpleasant odor, or a strange, peculiar taste in their water, it would be well to have those competent to judge to examine it. Here, as elsewhere, "an ounce of prevention is worth pound of cure."

CHARLES MCINTIRE, JR.

SPANISH SONG AND TRANSLATION.

SOLO Y TRISTE.

SOLO y triste en ti pensando
Paso la noche en dolor;
Mi vigor se va pasando,
Yo no pienso, sino en tu amor.
Yo no pienso, etc.

Ah! si lagrimas pudieran
Dar alivio a este mi ardor,
Fueran pues como el rocio
Que cae en marchita flor.
Como el rocio que cal, etc.

[TRANSLATION.]

LONELY AND SAD.

LONELY and sad while on thee still musing,
Pass I the night in fruitless pain;
All my strength its aid refusing,
I only can think, Dost thou love me again?
I only can think, etc.

Ah! if my tears had but the power
This flame to allay in my bosom that glows,
Then would they be as the soft summer shower
That falls on the withering rose.
The soft summer shower, that falls, etc.

J. A. T.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

I.

CAPITAL punishment signifies the infliction of death upon one adjudged guilty of crime. The term itself does not designate the nature of the crime. The question which now agitates the public mind in reference to this species of punishment, is, whether it shall be abolished, or whether it shall be retained as the punishment of a single crime—*willful murder*. The question is not whether that penalty shall be instituted, and now for the first time tested. Therefore those who advocate its repeal ask that a law, which has prevailed in all ages from the days of Noah, shall cease to bind us. It is equivalent to the demand that we shall try an experiment, which, if unsuccessful, will be most disastrous; because one that shall endanger human life. Hence the question becomes exceedingly practical and personal; because it relates to personal safety. Society has no higher obligation than to protect person and property. As these reformers propose an innovation in seeking to remove a safeguard, so long recognized as indispensable for the protection of human life, the weight of proof belongs to them. We who oppose this measure are required merely to meet the objections urged against capital punishment. All we do more is a matter of choice, not of necessity.

The pleas which are urged against the death-penalty may be classed under two heads. 1. The *humanitarian*; which comprises all those considerations that arise out of pity for the *murderer and his friends*, not for victim and his family. We admit that all punishments should be *humane; i. e.*, their severity should bear a proportion to the nature of the crime, and should be free from torture When Blackstone wrote, there were one hundred and ninety-six different offences punishable by death. During the reign of Henry VIII, which lasted thirty-six years, seventy-two thousand persons were executed. Such legislation awfully failed to regard the sacredness of human

life. But punishments have another aspect just as important as humaneness. They should be sufficient to deter from crime. Pity unwisely manifested fosters the very evils it desires to prevent. No more surely can you perpetuate beggary than by indiscriminate alms. And it is not different with crime. When society treats criminals as unfortunates, to be tenderly cared for; just as parents commiserate the blind or lame child, it virtually shows more concern for sin than for goodness. It virtually declares to evil-doers, "Do try and behave yourselves, but if you do not, we shall not be hard on you." A recent essayest,* says: "There is one thing which this age has learned to do, it can pity." Yes, but how, and whom? Pity is fast becoming a mawkish sentiment, devoid of reason, discrimination, justice. A man fiendishly murders another. Almost superhuman efforts are made to secure his acquittal, by every ingenuity that money and legal quibbles can create. Failing in that, respectable and influential men move heaven and earth to cut down his sentence. But let honorable, serviceable men be brought into suspicious circumstances; they are pounced upon with the ferocity of a lion; they are torn limb from limb. Not a sigh of pity is heard. All their former integrity, maintained through years of trial, counts for nothing. Such misplaced pity is making rogues on every hand.

But, it is urged, *remember the poor felon's wife, parents, and children.* They are indeed deserving of the deepest commiseration. And yet, how can society relieve them? It cannot restore the murdered to life, and thus heal the wound. Their husband, or their child, has committed murder. That deed constitutes the crushing grief. That crime has brought shame upon their innocent heads. The gallows does not constitute the real shame. Abolish the gallows; you do not remove the disgrace. When the jury justly renders its verdict of guilty, the stigma is affixed; and whether the condemned is hung, or pines away in a prison, he is the same guilty man, and the same disgrace covers his friends. And all the sympathy society may express cannot atone for the crime.

Again, it is said, *why will you take away the husband and father from his family, when that will not benefit the murdered?* But this plea asks too much, because it would require that we should not even imprison, for imprisonment is a living death. It utterly removes the criminal from all services to his family. He cannot provide for them any more than if he were in his grave. Such sympathy requires more than is just, more than is safe. It would put a discount on virtue, and a premium on crime. Imprisonment can be of no use to the murderer's victim. Consequently, for such a reason, you would abolish all punishment worthy of the name.

It is claimed that in the death-penalty, you punish one crime *by committing another; and society has no right to take human life.* The plausibility of this plea arises from confounding the guilty with the innocent, and claiming for the criminal that which belongs exclusively to the reputable. So long as I comply with all the just laws of the State, I must not be harmed. But when I violate any of those laws, my relation to the State is immediately changed. Adam and Eve came into another relation to God when they sinned. They were subject to the infliction of penalties. So, when I become an evil-doer, I expose myself to punishments. And if punished, I have no cause of complaint. Wilfully and with open eyes I rush against the

*North American Review, January, 1873.

bayonets, wherewith society protects the rights of others; and if I am hurt, it is my own fault. The bayonets are not to blame. It is absurd for the man who has in malice sent his fellow out of this world, and thus committed the greatest outrage against society, to claim that society has no right to take his life. The truth is the murderer has forfeited his existence as a member of society. And the arm of the law in hanging him does not commit murder. If we hold that the punishment of crime by the State becomes itself a crime, then we knock the sword from the hand of justice, and insert in its place a wisp of straw. Society bears no malice toward the murderer; it only utters the deep abhorrence with which it regards the crime. The murderer was impelled by hate, or personal gain. He set at nought the public good. But society in punishing him is animated by no considerations of that nature, and therefore commits no crime.

It is further objected that *innocent persons have been put to death, and that such a possibility is so horrid that it is best never to hang a criminal.* This is a consideration which diverts our mind from the question at issue, which is, Should a *murderer* be put to death? The accused should have a fair trial, and it should be clearly shown that he was guilty of murder. And wherein the laws may be defective to prevent mistakes, there should be requisite changes. But an "exaggerated impression is commonly produced in relation to the number of such cases. Many are given, and in such a manner, as to leave the reader to infer that they are only selections from a vastly greater number which might be cited: whereas they are all, or nearly all, that the most diligent ransacking of the annals of criminal jurisprudence has been able to furnish. The most of them are given in Phillip's *Treatise on Evidence*, and they constitute the stock in trade of the prisoner's counsel, in all murder trials. Whoever will examine these cases, will find in almost every instance—except in those in which the body was not found, and it appeared afterward that no murder had been committed—the real culprit has taken away the life of the innocent prisoner by perjury; or, which amounts to the same thing, by arranging and directing a set of circumstances so as to implicate him." * The fact that some innocent persons were hung in past years, when a jury convicted on evidence that would not suffice now, and when there were not so many safeguards to protect the accused—is so set forth as to make us believe that some innocent person is in great peril of being hung. This is like the objection urged by an old lady, (probably the grandmother of Mrs. Partington) against capital punishment. 'She lived,' she said, 'in constant fear that she, an old woman, would be hung in her innocence.' In these days we have more cause to fear that we shall be murdered.

We are also told, it is better that ninety-nine guilty go free, than that one innocent person should suffer. I cannot see that this is correct, or possible in this world, where fallible men must administer justice, surrounded by others equally fallible, and, what is worse, depraved. And if occasional mistakes are to prevent us from inflicting punishment, we must altogether abandon penalties for crime, and dismiss judges, and convert our court-houses into poor-houses. The Great and Wise Ruler, in administering His laws, permits the innocent to be involved in the ruin which overwhelms the guilty. These things must be in the circumstances by which we are surrounded

* Princeton Review, 1842, p. 344.

in this life. We must either abandon all attempts at punishing the wicked, or run the risk of occasionally injuring the righteous. But the reply returns, "If you hang the innocent, you cannot retrieve the mistake" And the same applies to any other penalty. All punishment, so far as it has gone, is remediless. Done is done. When a man has been imprisoned ten or twenty years, and it is discovered that he is innocent of the crime for which he was condemned, we cannot make amends for that loss of those blank years. And because such cases of false imprisonment are possible, and have actually occurred, shall we advocate that upon no crime shall be inflicted an imprisonment of more than two or three years? If we allow ourselves to be hampered by such considerations of possible error, the whole system of graduated punishments must fall to pieces. We should flatten down all crimes, and punish the less and the enormous by trivial penalties. We should degenerate to the same *principle* of the old English law, which hung a man for stealing a sheep as well as for murder; only we would reverse the application, and *imprison* a man equally for murder and for sheep-stealing.

The other objections urged against capital punishment may be gathered under the head of a false view of the design of punishment.

1. It is claimed by many that *the true reason why we punish is to reform the evil-doer.* Certainly, in dealing with the culprit his reform should be kept prominently in mind. But the welfare and security of the community are weightier considerations than his possible reform. Where penalties can be so adjusted as to aim at the reform of the criminal, while society is protected, and fair justice rendered, the effort should certainly be made. Upon this principle juvenile offenders should be sent to a reform-school, rather than to jail or prison. A similar provision might be made for those adult criminals who are guilty of petty larcenies, many of which are committed under intoxication. But the murderer constitutes a totally different case. The advocates of the abolition of capital punishment desire that imprisonment for life shall be the penalty for murder; and for this reason, among others, that there may be an opportunity for reform. This, however, would amount to nothing, unless at the end of a term of years the murderer were liberated, so that his reform might be tested. Without such proof you could never tell whether he had reformed. Now, are we prepared to adopt such a theory as requires that murder shall be punished by imprisonment for ten years? What would human life be worth under such a law? Do we not see the strength of the temptation presented to anger, malice, revenge to slay its victim, secretly hoping the perpetrator may not be discovered? But, even if he be brought to light, the penalty is not so very much to be feared. Murder is one of those aggravated crimes, about which we are bound to consider more the prevention of the crime than the reformation of the criminal. To do otherwise—to think more about the murderer than about the murder—would be to cheapen human life, and lower its value to the estimate we affix to property. It seems to me that, at the very threshold of this subject, we are compelled to look upon it from a different stand-point from which we regard other crimes; and that some sympathies, which have a place in the consideration of some other crimes, have no right to influence us, when we reflect what shall be the penalty for taking human life.

2. Others hold that the only purpose of punishment is *the prevention of crime.*

This is one of its main ends, but this does not constitute the great right of society to punish. What right has society to make a man suffer *for fear* he will do the same thing again, or that somebody else will? This would be like the sentence the old English Judge pronounced on a horse-thief. "You are to be hung, not because you stole a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." If you punish an offender on the ground of prevention, he may pertinently ask, "Are there not other men likely to hurt society as much as I? All rogues are not in prison. Ought we not arrest on suspicion as well as on commission, on this principle? "Men do not, and ought not to be taught to feel that they suffer either as benefactors of mankind, simply for the public good; or as victims of society, simply by the right of the public power; or as victims of fate, simply in consequence of an unfortunate natural, or social organization." * But they bring down upon their own heads the just and inevitable consequences of their own conduct. Sin merits punishment, because it is sin.

It is asserted by the opposers of the death-penalty, that imprisonment for life is as adequate to deter from murder as is capital punishment. This we deny. We appeal to the strong and almost unconquerable love of life, which exists, and has always existed. Even so long ago as Job's day, it was a proverb, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Is a case known where a man, condemned to death, has been unwilling to have his sentence commuted? Why are such strenuous efforts made, in almost every murder case, to have the sentence changed to imprisonment? Why do counsel plead so pitteously to spare the culprit's life? Why do they try to move the jury, by appeals to their love of life? Is not the reason of all this, because men dread death more than any other natural evil? When the murderers now in the Tombs in New York City heard that Gov. Dix refused to commute Foster's sentence, they became very "silent and thoughtful." It is not true that murderers dread imprisonment more than hanging. The most powerful motive known to man should be employed as a preventive to murder; and confessedly no motive is so strong as the love of life. But the reply is made, that the fear of being hanged does not deter a man of low organization from committing murder, because when he commits the crime he is so intent on the deed, that he never thinks of the penalty. But if he does not think of being hanged, much less will he think of imprisonment. So that, if this doctrine be sound, there is no use in any penalties; and our whole duty in reference to crime should be to keep men out of its way. Men rob although they are sent to prison. Notwithstanding all these objections, it is very plain that a penalty does have a good effect. Criminals run away and hide themselves when their deed is done. And hanging is a grim monster which the criminal population fears. When Reynolds, who deliberately shot a man dead, calmly delivered himself to the officer, saying, "Hanging is played out," he expressed the mind of the roughs of New York: *viz*—there was little danger that a murderer would be hung, and *therefore they did not fear to murder.*

But, further, society is bound to announce its estimate of the *gravity of offences*; and the only well understood way is, the enactment of penalties for different crimes. If a man breaks into a house and gags its inmates and then robs, he is sent to prison for almost his life. If, however, he proceeds to the easier mode,

* Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. IV, p. 274.

and silences them in death, and we serve him in the same manner, only increasing the term of years, do we make that difference between robbery and murder which we should? Are we not rather saying to the burglar, "It makes little difference whether you rob or murder?" But do the advocates of life-imprisonment really understand to what that punishment amounts? If they suppose it means that the condemned murderer will remain shut up in his cell until he dies, they are greatly deceived. "A life sentence in Massachusetts, in which prison management is better than in any other State in the Union, is seven years. We have before us a Medical Report, made in 1868, on the Auburn State Prison, which has for fifty years been one of the glories of New York. Between 1818 and 1868, two hundred and fourteen persons were committed to that prison under life-sentences. Of these, thirty-four died from natural causes; eight went mad; two committed suicide; one escaped; and ten were transferred to other prisons; leaving one hundred and fifty-nine to be accounted for. Of these one hundred and fifty-nine, twenty-five remained in the prison at the date of the report; and one hundred and thirty-four had been pardoned. Perhaps, however, they were pardoned after long years of suffering, and were discharged when age, or confinement had made them harmless. Nothing of the kind; their average period of servitude was six years and six months. In other words, when a man is sent to jail for life in New York, he has over sixty-three chances in one hundred of liberation inside of seven years. In Massachusetts, fifty per cent. of the life-prisoners are pardoned; in Ohio, forty per cent.; in Wisconsin, thirty-three per cent. Imprisonment for life is an unknown punishment in this country. * * * What, in point of fact, is the effect of this sentence on the mind of criminals now? On this point, we shall quote another report, not yet printed, now lying before us, and we ask for it the attention of all thoughtful men. 'The unanimous testimony of the wardens of the State prisons is, that the hope of pardon is well-nigh universal among convicts. This occupies their thoughts by day and fills their dreams by night; to the attainment of it their best energies are given, as well as the greater part of the money they can earn by overwork, or can command; for the race of pardon-brokers is not yet extinct. A person convicted of murder in the second degree attended by the most aggravating circumstances, who has powerful friends, and is well supplied with money, has tenfold more chance of pardon than a poor wretch found guilty of petty larceny.' So that the argument of uncertainty, which is so strongly urged against capital punishment, can be urged with still greater force against imprisonment for life. Against the former, the prisoner has the chance of escape from arrest, and that of the failure of evidence and of the disagreement of the jury: but if he is hanged there is an end of him."* While against imprisonment, the accused has all these chances of getting clear, besides the additional consideration that *even if* imprisoned he has a good prospect of getting out in ten years.

We close this part of the subject by quoting from the *Nation*, of January 2d, 1873:

"This country now contains, or is likely for half a century at least in every part of it to contain, the most enterprising and audacious men of the most enterprising and audacious breeds of men on earth—men whom opinion influences little, on whom habits sit lightly, whose roots strike slowly into any soil or society,

* Taken from a number of the *Nation*, March, 1873.

and whose fierce will finds a ready minister in a strong and cruel hand. There are thousands of such in every city in the Union; and there will be thousands on thousands of them whom we cannot reach by school, or church, or any other civilizing influence, and who will plague us until a change has come over the country which nobody now living will ever see. We could not give their fierce passions a stronger stimulus, or do more to rouse their unbridled imagination, than by making formal proclamation that they might kill their enemies, and kill all who in any way gainsaid them, without any fear of being killed in turn, and without exposure to worse consequences than temporary imprisonment."

We have thus briefly touched upon the *objections* to capital punishment. We reserve for another time the arguments in its favor.

GEORGE S. MOTT.

SOME SKETCHES OF THE McDOWELL FAMILY.*

IF YOU will visit the Lamington church-yard, you will find a tombstone with this inscription:

"To the Memory of
EPHRAIM McDOWELL,
Who died, 1762."

This monument was erected by a worthy descendant, proud of his ancestral name. The family have now existed for more than one hundred and fifty years in this community. This Ephraim McDowell was of the old sturdy Scotch Presbyterian stock, and our ancestor. The landed property belonging to the family originally consisted of four hundred acres, now divided into the farms of John and A. W. McDowell, George Stevens and Isaac Van Duyne. Two hundred acres still remain in the family. The original papers were written on parchment, and recorded at Perth Amboy, then the capital of East Jersey. They were paid for in pounds and shillings. The line fences stand upon our farms as surveyed by John Blair in 1807. The old family mansion, weather-boarded with cedar shingles, stood for seventy-five years, and was in good repair when taken down. Old Mr. Robert Little, who died some years ago, said: "When I was a boy, I saw them building that house." All the nails were wrought, cut nails being unknown at that time. One room was the birth-place of successive generations. The mothers considered it a religious obligation, and thought that good fortune would attend them, if they occupied this room. In this sacred old room I have often mused. And I of the fourth have welcomed the fifth generation to their ancestral home. The four hundred acres passed into the hands of two brothers, our immediate ancestor, and great uncle. At that time we had no schools or colleges. Our great uncle went to Edinburg, in Scotland, and was educated in that celebrated University He became a preacher of the Church of Scotland. Considering them too strict in their forms of worship and in adhering to the Psalms of David, he emigrated to Ireland, and was one of the founders of the Irish Presbyterian Church in Ulster County, Ireland. Benjamin McDowell, D.D., is found noted in the annals of that Church. His descendants are living in Dublin, one of them, a distinguished physician, was a long life correspondent of Dr. John McDowell. Their two hundred acres passed out of the hands of the family.

[* Written at our special request.—ED.]

My grand-mother was a remarkable woman, noted for her purity, exemplary conduct and good education. She wrote an excellent hand, a wonderful accomplishment in those days. Woman's rights were not yet even discussed. She strongly believed in keeping the Sabbath, reading the Bible, the efficacy of prayer, and teaching the old Westminister Catechism. Three sons and several daughters were born to this worthy mother,—John, Benjamin and William. The daughters died young. Benjamin, the second son, was a farmer, who lived and died in Somerset County.

The old Dutch and Scotch stock invariably produced noble men and women; men who stood up strongly for truth and honesty. To that class Benjamin McDowell belonged. His judgment was good and much relied on by his brothers. He had the confidence of the community to a great extent. He was largely trusted by his political friends, and for a number of years was Justice of the Peace. His decisions were judicious, commanded respect, and were seldom appealed from. He was executor of several valuable estates, and was rigid and exact in all his accounts. As an elder, he exercised an unbounded influence. He had the love, respect and confidence of the whole Church. He was several times sent as delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly, and, along with his brothers, was for many years Trustee of Princeton Seminary. He was liberal in his donations, and a warm and consistent advocate of all the noble Missionary Societies of the day. He was for many years one of the managers of the Somerset County Bible Society for Bedminster He did much to start the old Lamington Church upon that good road which she follows to the present time. He was a true and consistent friend, never failing you in time of need; one of the safest and wisest of counsellors. At times somewhat harsh and rugged in manners, yet under this rough exterior he carried a noble and honest heart. His loss was felt greatly in that community. His memory is cherished as a most precious legacy by his family and numerous friends.

John and William, well-educated and more widely known, have made an abiding impression upon their country and the Presbyterian Church. They were early taught by their mother, and always spoke of her with profound veneration. Like Samuel of old, from their youth they knew the Lord. They both went to the best schools of the country. School-teachers at that time were somewhat peculiar. Learning was not held in the highest estimation. When a man became *good for nothing else*, they made a teacher of him. The salary was very meagre. Many of them were drunkards, and wandering about at night, they were sleepy in the day. Their pupils would do pretty much as they pleased. The teachers then believed in flogging, and *doing it well*. They would throw their ruler —their weapon of punishment—at the *offender's head*, or, making him hold out his hand, they would use it without mercy. It is well that hands were tough and spinal diseases unknown, or our forefathers would have been obliged to give up climbing the hill of science. Such was the school my uncle and father attended. The school-house, an old, deserted stone-church were used by the school-children in the day time, and by the rats and bats at night. For benches they had the soft side of a slab. Desks were scarce. With all these disadvantages, some of these men far exceeded the scholars of the present time. They felt the importance of education and studied hard. From these schools, the McDowell brothers went to Princeton College. Thus commenced their intercourse with that insti-

tution, which continued through long and eventful lives. Princeton, Athens of New Jersey, too long neglected, is now munificiently endowed by her children. With this old College and Seminary, Dr. John McDowell was associated as Trustee for over thirty years. He continued his connection with it until his death. He never neglected a single meeting of the Board of Trustees. These old fashioned men believed in honestly performing *all* their obligations. Good old Dr. Woodhull, of Monmouth, was the expounder of Presbyterianism in those days. A valuable library he supposed he had: the Bible, a few old sermons, and from fifteen to twenty books. He preached extempore. The texts were different, but the Eclesiastical vehicle was very apt to run in the same rut. He was a worthy, honest, respectable gentleman. He was the instructor of both the McDowells in theology. They took all he could give, and gathered much more for themselves. John never attended any Seminary. Princeton was not founded then. William spent one year with Dr. Woodhull, and one year (together with Dr. Thomas Skinner), studied with the celebrated Henry Kollock, D.D., of Savannah, the "Whitfield of America," whose memory is very fragrant in Savannah, after a lapse of fifty years. One year was spent with Drs. Alexander and Miller at Princeton Seminary. He was a graduate of the first class. It was thus the intimacy of the McDowells and Alexanders, which continued through life, commenced. Dr. John McDowell by request preached the funeral sermon of Archibald Alexander, D.D. The Doctor, true to his nature, had modestly said: "Preach my funeral sermon, but say nothing about me." Said a preacher once to Dr. Alexander, after a long effort for a revival: "Have you no religion at Princeton?" "Not much to boast of," was the calm reply. Dr. James Alexander, D. D., first Professor, then pastor of Fifth Avenue Church, and James Addison Alexander, D. D., the Colossus of preachers, were warm personal friends of the brothers McDowell. Dr. Addison Alexander, familiar with ten languages, a perfect writer, a fine poet, died at an early age. He was rather eccentric about ladies. Said my father to the venerable John McLean, D. D., at that time Vice-President of Princeton College: "What is the news?" "Something remarkably wonderful," said McLean. "Addison Alexender has called to see Mrs. Professor Dodd; had a long conversation with her. Such a thing has never happened before. Dr. Addison was called to a church in New York city. 'We will give you a handsome salary and will add more, if you will bring a Mrs. A. with you,' was told him. The reply was: 'Your proposal received. The *last* clause of it, is the *poorest* offer I ever had in my life.'" Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institute, of Washington city, the scientific head of the profession in America, was the life-long friend of my father. Both he and Dr. John McLean always made our house in Philadelphia their home, when on a visit to that city. He said recently to me, that he owed his place in that Institute to him. "When, as Professor at Princeton, I was on a meagre salary, your father, as Trustee, was the means of raising my salary, fixing my house, sending me to Europe, and thus kept me at Princeton until called to Washington."

The Hon. Samuel L. Southard, Judge, Governor and Senator from New Jersey, Secretary at Washington, Trustee of Princeton, and one of Somerset's noblest sons, was an intimate, personal friend of the McDowell brothers. Frederick Frelinghuysen, Senator, and President of Rutger's College (the ancestor of that distinguished family), after being con-

verted, had a long conversation with Dr. John McDowell, and told him he thought he would become a minister. "No," said Dr. John, "we need good, pious lawyers. You had better continue in your profession." He received favorably the advice of the family, and thus rose to the head of his profession. Mr. Caleb Green, the father of Chancellor and Caleb Smith Green, was an intimate friend of the brothers. William Boylan, who went from Pluckamin and made a fortune at the South, remarked: "I have made money, but I would rather be Dr. William McDowell than any body else, for then I would be sure of a safe passport to a better world."

The brothers were men of great executive ability, and as such made a lasting mark upon the theology of the country. It has often been remarked, that preachers have no business talents, but the brothers were bright exceptions. John solicited money, and was very successful in endowing Princeton Seminary, and William collected fifty thousand at the South, and endowed Columbia Seminary, South Carolina. From these two Seminaries the Presbyterian Church was largely supplied. On a late visit to the South, after an absence of forty years, I was kindly received wherever I met a Presbyterian minister. Being the son of Dr. William McDowell, who endowed their Seminary, I found the Bible always true: "A good name is better than riches." During Dr. John's travels in New England, an incident occurred illustrating things at that period. He travelled on horse-back, and staid at the house of the minister. He had a good meal, his horse well provided for, and all things very comfortable. In conversation together, the good ministers compared notes. The New England pastor lived well, entertained his friends, paid the schooling of his daughters, educated a son in College and had a salary of $400 a year. The other was at Elizabeth on a salary of $1,000. The thoughts of the latter ran thus: "How can a clergyman on $400 a year, keep house and educate a family?" The other thought: "How can good Brother McDowell manage to spend the large sum of $1.000 a year?" What simple, honest, good men, these old-fashion clergymen, our ancestors, were." Each clergyman from these Seminaries has converted many. The aggregate will tell strongly in the heavenly world. The rills started from Princeton and Columbia have become a mighty river, overflowing our American land.

The brothers' pastorates were at Elizabeth and Morristown. John went to Elizabeth, William to Morristown. These were the most important places in East Jersey. The Churches were large and influential. Each had over six hundred members. The Church at Morristown covered Morristown, Madison and Liberty Corner. While William was at Morristown it was proposed to increase his salary. It was vehemently opposed by a certain person, who made a long speech against it. After he had finished, a member arose and asked if the treasurer was in the house. "Yes," was the reply. "How much salary does this person pay?" "Seventy-five cents a year." "If the salary is raised, what will his proportion of increase be?" "*Just ten cents.*" No more speeches before the question was decided! The finance question has *settled* more than one election. William, though small in stature, was a very decided person. There had been a great revival in his Church. Fourth of July was approaching, and it was proposed by some of the reckless people to have an old-fashioned eating and drinking celebration, formerly customary on such an occasion. A dissipated young man was appointed to be the orator of the occasion.

The day before the Fourth, he was taken ill and suddenly died. "What shall be done?" For a slur and mortification they invited my father. He showed the letter to his favorite physician. "You do not intend to go?" he said. "They wish to mortify you." "For that reason I will accept." Behold the pastor and physician walking at the head of a motly crowd. In place of an oration, the pastor gave them a good *temperance lecture.* Mark the result. Several of the leaders wrote him a note: "We admire your *courage.* believe in your goodness, and are ashamed of ourselves." These men became true Christians, and excellent citizens. "Trust in the Lord and your ways shall prosper." The physician was Dr. Whelpley, father of our late able Chief Justice Whelpley. The revival in Morristown was pungent and powerful. Seventy-five at the first, fifty at the second communion, joined the Church. There was a person present—a proud man. He paid his debts, and was just and honorable in all his dealings; in fact, felt much holier than many, who belong to the Church. He was present at the first communion. An old, bald-headed man was baptised. The proud man remarked: "When I saw your hand come down on that bald pate, I said if that old sinner can go safely through, it is time for me to think" He did reflect, reformed and became a most exemplary church-member.

The pastor was a rare judge of human character. Years after he was at the old Church. The report was made: "Not one of the one hundred and twenty-five have back-slidden. They all remained true and faithful followers of the lowly Jesus.

His influence over his former charge continued long after his removal South. There unbounded hospitality was bestowed upon him. Large audiences always greeted his arrival among them.

Dr. John McDowell at Elizabeth was a very faithful and successful pastor. For over thirty years he lived there. Revival after revival followed his preachings. His Bible and Catechetical classes were large and interesting. The Church became stronger, year by year. The people admired, almost worshipped him. He was the principal, the ruler, of the town. His word was law in Church and State. There was no travelling on Sunday in those days. A daring individual, not having the fear of Doctor McDowell before his eyes, attempted to pass through Elizabeth on that sacred day. The Doctor came out, planted his cane, and forbid him to proceed. The people sustained their beloved pastor in it, and the man had to turn back and seek another road. He recommended the purchase of property and the improvement of the village. It was done as he wished. Once a lady came to establish a Female School. It was the height of impudence to educate females in those days. The Doctor, remembering his mother, said: "I will make that school *succeed.*" It was a great success. It continues a flourishing school to this day. His wise forethought secured much ground to the First Presbyterian Church, and made it wealthy. That Female School has educated some noble women, among the best in the land. He lectured during the week in the surrounding neighborhood, for this Church covered much territory. He always fulfilled an appointment. Once he appointed a meeting. A heavy snow had fallen, and the good old deacon thought: "Well, this snow will bother the Doctor. I do not think he will come. To prevent disappointment, I will make a fire in the school-house." In the mean while the pastor was plodding along. The road was bad; he was behind time. The deacon met him. "I hardly expected you." "Do you not know I *always* fulfill an appoint-

ment?" This was his character to the end of life. Six persons were present at that meeting; wild young men. They *dared* each other to go, and all dated their conversion from that period. They all became influential Christians; one a distinguished Presbyterian minister.

An important event once happened to both John and William. They found wives in Elizabeth. Shepherd Kollock was an old Revolutionary soldier, and for thirty years Post-Master at Elizabeth; also printer and proprietor of the New Jersey *Journal*, among the first papers published in New Jersey, and still continued. He had several handsome daughters; all superior women. John was married first. He was some years older than William. William often visited the parsonage after this, and met a beautiful sister-in-law there. When he came, he would inquire for sister Jane. John remarked: "Abraham called Sarah sister." "And Abraham *loved Sarah*," was the quiet reply. The two brothers thus married two sisters, the handsome Kollocks.

John was afterward called to the Old Brick Church, in New York city. Governor Tompkins, then Vice-President of the United States, was sent by his Presbytery to prosecute the call. He met the Presbytery at a social gathering at the Parsonage. Mrs. McDowell, in all her radient beauty, presided. The Vice-President was a polished gentleman. Wine, freely provided, had been freely imbibed. The Presbytery felt happy. Mrs. McDowell was toasted by all the assembly. On that occasion there were weaker vessels, like other poor simple mortals. Doctor declined the call.

William, in company with John, met General Lafayette at Elizabeth. The General had a most tenacious memory; never forgot any person introduced to him. A few months after he again met William in Charleston, South Carolina. William was at that time pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of that city. Lafayette immediately called him by name, among a large crowd. "You must have mistaken me for my brother," said William. "Oh! no," said the General, "I went with your brother to the tomb of our friend Caldwell." (Caldwell, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, was a hero of the Revolution. Elizabeth has honored herself by erecting him a noble monument.)

The tree is known by its fruits. Many years have passed away, and a Jubilee year has come. It is the fifteenth anniversary of the great revival at Elizabeth, under Dr. John McDowell. Dr. Kempshall, a worthy successor, is now the pastor. The proclamation has gone abroad. An old folks' gathering has taken place. John and William have passed away. Mrs. John McDowell is dead. Mrs. William McDowell, an old lady, still survives. Why this mighty gathering from far and near, of all the old members of the Church? It is to do honor to the memory of a noble man. It is a tribute to the moral worth and Christian excellence of Doctor John McDowell. The McDowell is a proud name on that occasion. Says a lady: "I think I might have some attention, for my name is Henrietta McDowell Fundy; I am a McDowell too." A portrait of Doctor John McDowell, covered with ever-green laurel, is in front of the pulpit. Great and good men are there. Drs. Cox, Skinner, Cuyler, and many others, do honor to his memory. Many of the subjects of that revival, old people, stand up and speak of their beloved departed friend. His Bible-class scholars testify of him. At last only five minutes is given for speeches. They are so overflowing. Speak of Doctor McDowell in five minutes! We can act. We can give. We will raise him a monument,

to show to the world our appreciation of his Christian worth. "I give $100.' "I give it also." "I give $50." "Secretary write fast." Everbody is anxious. The money flows in like water; and now a splendid monument perpetuates the scene. There were happy hearts and tearful eyes on that memorable occasion.

I have visited Elizabeth and Morristown, two of our delightful suburban cities, and beautiful places, and have felt a proud satisfaction. The labors of the McDowell brothers laid the strong foundation. Without noise or hammer the foundation was laid, and beautiful temples raised to Almighty God adorn the places. The converts under Doctor John McDowell's ministry amounted to *seventeen hundred;* under Doctor William's, *thirteen hundred;* making *three thousand* in all. What a happy meeting these brothers McDowell and their converts will have in that beautiful heavenly home!

A. W. McDowell.

HAP-HAZARD PAPERS.

II.—I's.

If A profound philosopher and student of man of the present time should be asked what word in the English language was considered by the people at large to be the most important, in all probability he would answer "I;" and if he did not, the reason would simply be that he was too modest to express any thing that would seem reflexive.

That we are an egotistical nation collectively, the spread-eagle orations, with which we have been so long and so abundantly afflicted, amply testify. Indeed, so long has this egotism put us in a self-complacent mood, that this very self-satisfaction has become onerous, and any thing relating to "This great and glorious country of ours" is apt to be received with a sarcastic smile, rather than a feeling of thankfulness, and a determination to make, at least our individual portion, better. But while the great American Eagle has been the chief object of praise to ourselves, by ourselves, the "I" in capitals has held its own in the estimation of every U. S. A. individual, however humble.

"Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" is the sentiment of many a man who lives in this country where all are kings. And these modern Babylons frequently do not leave even ruins such as bear any ratio to those on the river in the East; though we should take the comparative merits of the two kings into account, and write the proportion as we were taught in school days, thus:—King Nebuchadnezzar: The prince on America's soil: : The ruins of Babylon: The ruins of the mad fancy of the modern monarch.

But without the second term is made a mere zero (which certainly is not complimentary) the proportion in no wise holds. Such puny ruins might seem to indicate that the edifice in all its gilt and glory consists of dim phantasm and vain imagination. Not so however. The boy's soap-bubbles show a glorious iridescence as it floats in summer sunshine, and it is real substance as well. A power has been exerted to combine the elements into this substance which seems almost incredulous. And yet it bursts—a little spray—and it is indistinguishable from the matter around it. But is it really

an evil that this vowel—so greatly emphasized, it ought always to appear in italics—is so magnified? Is not man a better man—does he not take better care of himself and his, by leaving the shade of egotism cast over him? Of course when we look at it thus we must remember that man made not himself, and that he is but a steward of God during his sojourn on earth. But will he not make a better steward by this care of the *I*, than if careless of it: witlessly squandering his pence without even the shadow of a return, or even the dim consciousness of rusting coins in a buried napkin? "Look out for number one," is one of the old adages which has been used to point the moral of what should not be done. Take it, however, in a just sense. He who properly looks out for number one must do it in the best way. To do it thus is to secure the best happiness, the most joy, the greatest comfort, and to place one's mind in the state of least anxiety and in most secure repose. A person who thus looks out for number one will get not only in the angel's list, along with Abon Ben Adhem, who loves his fellow men, but likewise in the just list of those who regarded God as well.

III.—AYES.

All who are in favor will give the usual sign of assent. How hard! how easy! how much of real, earnest, hard-working thought! how much of frivolous carelessness—is frequently the precursors of this momentous word. How much has frequently depended upon it! Money for charities; money for frivolties; money for life; money for death! A single aye may determine the life of thousands; a single aye plunges a nation in war or gives it peace.

Mankind is apt to view with careless eye that with which it is frequently thrown in contact. It is true that "familiarity breeds contempt." Who are those that are more frequently injured by machinery of various kinds? One need observe but a short time to see that they are those who should be best acquainted with the working of the machinery. More expert swimmers are drowned annually at the various bathing places than those who can not swim a stroke. As in the physical world so in the psycical. So does the person, who *ayes* and *noes* day in and day out, become progressively more in danger of being caught in the machinery, and either killed outright, or so maimed as to be but a mere wreck of what once was noble, and just, and true. One need not read far back in the history of his own country to see the truth of this. ZEB.

LOOK UP! STAND FAST!

LOOK up, brother,
Although the way is dim!
Look up, brother,
And fix your eye on HIM,
For in Life's dreary passage,
In wanderings through storms,
HE sends you this good message,
And to you hope returns.
In light, in gloom,
In hope, despair,
Or night, or noon,
Mid joy, or care,
This message bear:
Look up! Look up!

Stand fast, brother,
The flood is rolling on!
Stand fast, brother,
For Life will soon be gone!
Now, while the flood is raging,
And the storm is beating still,
With holy thoughts engaging
Let the mind resist all ill.
Though lightnings flash.
And thunders roar
With awful crash,
Fear thou no more.
Keep this in store:
Stand fast! Stand fast!

MAC

A WITCH STORY.

PART II.—SEQUEL.

THE CALF died. The ball was well pounded, then scorched and burned to ashes. The annointing lard was not obtained, yet the old woman did not suffer from the burning. She lived nearly twenty years, and then died of old age being nearly eighty. Is that not strange? Why did *she* not succumb at once to the awful ordeal, through which the "witch-ball" was made to pass? Did ever so good a witch story come to such a miserable termination? It is not likely the old woman ever even dreamed that her life had been in imminent danger from such a source. She was in indigent circumstances; was a widow of three score years, residing with a married daughter, who was also poor and had a large family of children to support. The grand-mother had been from home for a month to visit other relatives. On her way home, her pathway led near Mr. L——'s residence, by a long row of beautiful peach trees, well laden with fruit. We did not have peach *orchards* in those days. The trees were planted along fences, among the small stones picked from the fields, and many of the trees grew very old and large—some I have seen being over forty years old and eight inches in diameter. Peaches were abundant. The old woman stopped to rest under the spreading branches, and feasted on some of the delicious fruits which had fallen, and was no doubt attracted by the *two* beautiful calves, very fine young heifers. They had been reared together, and seemed to have great attractions, as appeared by their continuously licking each other, so that the hair from the ears had almost disappeared. Does not that account for the "witch-ball?" When grand-mother came home the children were delighted, and, after a family consultation, it was decided to have some peach pie baked for her. But alas! the lard pot was empty; and how could they have peach-pie without lard, (or butter, of which they had none?) Where could they get lard? At the three neighbors mentioned? They had large families, and they never sold lard. A happy thought occurred to one of the little girls! Mrs. L—always had a good supply of the article. A few pennies were then hunted up from the children's tills, and two of them were sent off to buy some lard, with orders not to go in the house on Mrs. L——'s nice, white floor, but to hurry home with the needed lard for the peach-pie. So they obeyed mother's orders, and did not step over the broomstick. And notwithstanding this and many other witch-stories of which I knew or heard in my earlier days, I still remain an

UNBELIEVER.

THE SEARCH.

HER eyes were fixed upon the ground.
Her tread was cautious, sure and slow.
She thus pursued her weary round
Disturb'd by neither friend nor foe.
In wintry wind she walked alone—
This poor cat, searching for a bone.

H.

HH

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED MINISTER.

CHAPTER II.

Editor of OUR HOME: You ask for another chapter of reminiscences, and I proceed to gratify you; perhaps also to gratify myself.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

My topic will be the *politics* of those days, in which, boy as I was, I took a very deep interest. I had the advantage of seeing the numerous exchanges of both sides, which came to my father, as editor. These I read, as I have hardly read newspapers since: documents and long speeches of Congressmen, as well as the current news. And now these things are as fresh in my memory as when they first occurred; far more so than recent events.

The two parties, as your readers know, were the Federalists, originating, as they claimed, with Washington and Hamilton, and the Republicans, or, as they afterwards called themselves, Democrats, who professed to be followers of Jefferson. Party spirit ran high. The Federalists advocated limited suffrage and a strong general government, and charged the Republicans with being disorganizers, communists, and favoring Bonaparte who was then pursuing his career of conquest. The Republicans insisted on universal suffrage, and State Sovereignty, denouncing the Federalists as aristocrats and English tories. I find many at the present day who believe that the Federalists were actually Tories. An intelligent gentleman told me recently that he had been taught to think so, and did. So easy it is for a slander to stick. Its falsity is readily perceived, if we consider who belonged to this party.

The Federal party included the great majority of the statesmen and Army officers of our Revolution in the Northern and Middle States, and of course their sons and grandsons. In our State were the names of Vroom, Stockton, Wall, Frelinghuysen, Neilson, Scott, Veghte, Ogden, Pool, Schureman, Suydam, Stothoff, Howell, Van Deursen with most of the clergy and lawyers. Dominie Studdiford, of Readington, I was told forty years ago, often presided in the Somerset Federal caucuses. The late President Buchanan was a Federalist in early life. In the other party were; Bloomfield, the Governor, Judge Pennington, of Newark, Henry Southard, father of Samuel L., James J. Wilson, of Trenton, the Randolphs, and the editor of the New Brunswick *Fredonian*, (my father and the uncle of the ex-Governor.) Somerset and Middlesex counties were strongly Federal; also Burlington and West Jersey. But Essex and Hunterdon gave overwhelming majorities on the other side. Hence, only for a single year did the Federalists succeed in regaining the Legislature, when Ogden, father of the late Judge Ogden, was elected Governor, and escorted from Elizabeth in a kind of triumph.

In those days, there were no stump-speeches, nor torch-light processions. The Democrats had their Tammany Societies in some towns, and the Federalists their Washington Societies. In New Brunswick, the Washington Society was very large. The Rev. James Spenser Cannon, then the minister of Six-Mile-Run Church, and afterwards Professor in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, was the chaplain of the Society, and took part in the public processions. These occurred on Washington's Birth-Day, and the Fourth of July, un-

der the escort of Capt. James Neilson's large artillery company, and Capt. J. W. Scott's company of light infantry The large Dutch Church was filled at such times with an enthusiastic crowd. After the services, there was a public dinner, where the wine flowed freely. Those were great occasions for the boys, although there were no fireworks, save a few crackers, and such other articles as we ourselves extemporized.

There was one parade of special interest. It was when "the Dutch took Holland," shaking off the French yoke. When the news came, the Federalists mounted orange cockades, and "*Oranje Boven*" was the cry. The farmers for many miles around came into our city, and there was a grand procession to the Dutch Church, where Dr. Cannon, by his eloquent oration, fired our Dutch hearts with love to our forefather's land, and indignation against the tyrant who had so long oppressed that country, at the same time pouring out the pure federal doctrine. His speech was printed, but I doubt whether a copy can now be found.

The War against England, with the privations resulting, greatly increased the bitterness of party. The Federalists, together with some leading statesmen of the Democratic party, and, as is now understood, President Madison himself, were opposed to the War. The Federalists admitted that we had been greatly wronged by England, but they said that England was fighting for her very existence, and was in self-defence compelled to place the same restrictions on our commerce which Bonaparte had previously done, and that England had pledged herself to repeal her orders in Council, when Napoleon repealed his Berlin and Milan decrees.

In fact, England did repeal her orders in Council, just before we declared the War, but there was no ocean-telegraph in those days to bring the tidings, and thus prevent the effusion of blood. Another objection of the Federalists was, that war with England at such a time, was virtually aiding Bonaparte in his march of conquest, and thus endangering ourselves. For how could it be expected that the man who committed such outrages on Spain and Portugal, and had subverted the Republics of Holland and Switzerland, and who had already confiscated all of our merchant ships on which he could lay hands—that this man, when he had subdued England, would respect *our* rights? A third objection was, that the policy of Jefferson, opposed to our having an Army or a Navy, and relying solely on starving England by non-intercourse, had left us without means either of attack or defence.

On the other side, it was replied that, although France, too, had wronged us, yet that these wrongs were not so great, as she had not impressed our seamen; that France was our friend, as she had been in the Revolution, and England our irreconcilable enemy; that if we had but few ships of war, there would be an abundance of privateers, and, as for an army, the army which we had, aided by volunteers, "would conquer Canada in six weeks," especially as the Canadians were disaffected towards England.

Such was the talk in Congress and out of it, and so, in June, 1812, war was declared. A terrible disappointment followed almost immediately. Mackinaw was at once seized by the British, the commander of that important post having been left unapprised of the war. Canada was not subdued in six weeks, but in less time our army, which invaded Canada, were made prisoners, and Detroit surrendered to the enemy. Our few ships of war on the ocean did what they could, and did nobly, and Perry on Lake Erie, and MacDonough on Lake Champlain

achieved important victories. But our commerce on sea was swept off. Articles of foreign production, including clothing, crockery, hardware, as well as groceries, rose to an enormous price. Soon, too, our ports were all blockaded, and our militia were called out to defend them. The New Brunswick uniform companies, mostly Federalists, volunteered, and were sent to Sandy Hook under the command of Col. John Frelinghuysen. Shortly, also, a large British fleet occupied the Chesapeake Bay, making raids on the country around. Hampton and Havre-de-Grace were burned. The city of Washington was taken and the public buildings destroyed. Our Banks suspended payment, and the government found it difficult to obtain small loans at high interest. And now after two years, England, disengaged from her long war with Bonaparte, was bringing her whole strength against us.

Such was the state of things when, in December, 1815, we in New Brunswick were returning from the Sabbath afternoon service. As our family passed into Albany Street, a sleigh appeared in the distance, driving rapidly, from which shouts proceeded. At length we caught the sound. It was "peace! peace!" They brought the intelligence from New York that a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, and at once men cried out "peace! peace!" all wild with joy. No one knew the terms of the peace; nor was the treaty yet ratified by our Government; but all rejoiced that there was to be peace, and on the next night New Brunswick was illuminated. And when at length the treaty had been ratified and published, and it was found that in that treaty no mention was made of "free trade and sailors' rights," the causes for which we had declared the war, and no promise was given by England that she would refrain from a repetition of the same wrongs, should a similar occasion occur, still no one complained; all was joy. The town was again illuminated more brilliantly than before. It was enough; there was peace. Our ports were again to be opened; our merchants and mechanics again to resume their occupations, and, with the farmers, to receive a recompense for their labors. There was nothing in the peace of which to be proud, but for all that it was *peace*, and we rejoiced over it.

And now the War proper was over, but alas! there was no telegraph to convey the tidings to New Orleans, and thus prevent the horrible and useless butchery which took place near the city on the 8th of January, seven weeks after the treaty had been signed at Ghent, and two weeks after it was ratified by our Government. It was a butchery indeed. I received my information shortly after, from an intelligent gentleman who was present in the ranks of our army. He said that there was no possibility of the attack of the British troops being successful, for they had to march over a level, open space, exposed constantly to the fire of Western marksmen, who were sheltered behind intrenchments that could be scaled only by a very agile person. The British commander paid the forfeit of his rashness with his own life, and the lives of more than one thousand and two hundred of his veteran soldiers, consisting, probably, as to the rank and file, chiefly of poor Irish Catholics and Scotch Highlanders. As to the glory of the victory, there was and could be little more than in shooting into a flock of pigeons. It had, however, important results in our domestic affairs. It made Jackson President, and thus disappointed the hopes of Clay and Cal-

houn, the two great leaders of the Democratic party; and furthermore, it led to new organization of parties, in which many Federalists, like Buchanan, obtained the name of Democrats, and many old Democrats found themselves deprived of that name, which in our country is always a tower of strength,—for, as Mirabeau justly observed, "names are things."

W. W. BLAUVELT.

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITIES.

IV.—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE left the specific subject of woman's *education* until this last paper. It may be classified as the third insistment respecting the manner in which she may occupy a higher social status; but it bears an equally important relation to all that has been said about the higher departments of female labor. Education in its broad sense is the root, the basis, the substratum of every great achievement in every age. When made the handmaid of religious faith, it is the grandest lever in the possession of humanity for the moving of the world. Without this faith, it is still great, like the Coloseum in its ruins, but chiefly as exhibiting by what it is the possibilities of what it might be. For man, the faculty of education is the second fortune bequeathed him by the Creator. Is it so for woman? With him it is the beginning and the end of an active and useful life. Is it so with woman? That's one of the questions to be met and settled.

According to the past and, in many communities, the present order of things, young men become more highly educated —are made so by their parents—than young women; and this as a *matter of course*. As Miss Phelps puts it: "Josiah plunges into calculus and Descartes; Mary subsides into custards and dishwater." The reason is easily found in those divergent necessities of the two sexes, which were fixed by and dependent upon the imperial and yet-lingering customs of the Dark Ages. Woman, as the household servant and slave of man, needed little mental culture to make her effectively perform her duties; in fact, she would be more likely to perform menial services uncomplainingly if her head were ignorant, than if she were awakened to a sense of her higher and nobler capabilities. Man as the "lord of creation," as the conservator and promoter of the greatest possibilities of the mind in the arts and sciences, needed, desired, and hence obtained the beautiful processes and results of education. However this may have done for the past, when people knew no better, it will not do now when the race is wiser. Human liberty at this time means more than the right to vote. It means more than a good republican form of government. It means more than well-executed protective laws. It means more than safety to property; more even—not in the sense of greater but other—than the liberty of conscience. It means the right of every one to enjoy life, and follow after the pursuit of happiness, by means of such a full cultivation of the whole mind as the individual man or woman has the time, means and inclination to obtain. It is the right to intelligence irrespective of sex; the facility for the acquisition of knowledge without barriers of class. It means *equality of opportunity* among both sexes and for all humanity, to fan into flame that inner spark from the fire of God, dropped by Him into every

soul. It means the right to know whatever can be known; whatever the intellect can grasp or the imagination reach. The immortal mind was created chainless. No human being, prejudice, custom, or self-neglect can bind it down and be guiltless of a crime. It must at least be *permitted*, better *stimulated* to progress along that infinite scale of intelligence which stretches from the earth of the infant to the throne of God. Now we educate a girl less because she is a girl. We fetter a woman's mind because it is the mind of a woman. We set up an aristocracy of sex in this matter of mental attainment because the male is physically the stronger. To one farmer, or even professional man, who has given his children an equal education regardless of sex, there are perhaps seven who have not. The ideas of the seven about it are, I hold, those which centuries of ignorance have enforced and exemplified, but which are bound to give way under the present, or at least the next century of justice. Not long since, one of the leading magazines in New York City, *Scribner's Monthly*, contained the remarkable statement that a 'limited amount of education was just as good for a woman as more.' Of course the genial, courteous, common-sense Dr. Holland, who edits *Scribner's*, did not write this, but a *man* did; and it is, unfortunately, the opinion of the majority of men.

It seems to be also true that men as a class are even *averse* to educated women. If "school-marms" are not now held in contempt, it is not because they have not been so for a hundred years past. Superior womanly ability rarely gets credit for other than self-assertion. It is cried down on principle and denied in fact.

Now, if all history and experience fail to sustain the proposition that woman *may* rise in mind equal, if not, in cases, superior to the average man, then we own we are wrong in disbelieving that Providence made radical and fundamental distinctions in the capacities of the human intellect, and denoted them by sex. If it be clear that the wives of Ethelbert and Clovis, who were the instruments of the conversion of the early Anglo-Saxons to Christianity; Aspasia, of Greece, to whom Socrates, the philosopher, Pericles, the orator, Phidias, the sculptor, Damon, the musician, Euripides, the "king of tragedy," and the wise Plato resorted for instruction, and of whom they obtained their mental inspiration and ideals of high art—she, who "was felt as a soul of beauty going through every department of Athenian life and society"; Myrtis, also of Greece, who taught Pindar to sing his lasting odes; Carmina, five times the bearer of the prize of poetry in contests with male Greek competitors; Madam Guyon, whose learning, genius and fame drew the great Fenelon into her confidence to the extent of making him her open apologist before her persecutors; Joan of Arc, whose inspired eye quailed the armies of all France; Madame Kruder, whose genius influenced, even moulded the life of the Czar Alexander of Russia; Lady Jane Grey, who, besides her other attainments, corresponded at an early age in Greek; Queen Elizabeth, not only ruler of England, but master of Latin, Italian, French, Spanish and Greek; Mary, Queen of Scots, who wrote and spoke six different languages; Madame De Stael, whose words as read even now have burning eloquence; or, to come to later times, Mrs. Somerville, Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Child, Lady Byron, Mrs. Sigourney, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Harriet B. Stowe, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Mary Clemmer Ames, Anna Dickinson, George Eliot, Gail Hamilton, Harriet Hosmer, Miss Muhlbach, Grace Greenwood, and the host like them—if, I say, it be precisely clear that these were created as "dumb, driven cattle," that

they went "out of their sphere" in performing their life works, and prove *woman's incapacity* for *any high training* of the mental faculties, then we may cease to advocate a sex-equality in education; but not before.

The crying down of woman's mental abilities; the teaching her by precept, and the force of circumstances men help to make, that the limitations of her intellectual powers are, first, the meagre training of the common-school, and then the four walls of her home, have their effect to-day on multitudes whom we know and hold dear. To prove it, do as I now do: think over the list of your lady acquaintances in country and city, and place them all in the positions they have reached, or are likely to reach on the ladder of *useful* knowledge. Do the same with all your male acquaintances. How do they compare? Ah! that girl left school with vivacity of mind and culture of power only equalled by her graces of heart. She married perhaps a farmer whose lack of education and desire for dollars made him not the master but the *slave* of body-work, and he made her the same. To-day she has some of her heart-graces; but her mind is far less prepared to enjoy the wondrous revelations of knowledge in books, Art or Nature, than when she was a school-girl. She has receded; she will, when she comes to die, press the threshold of the eternal world with less inclination and less power than she had in her childhood to learn the alphabet of the higher mysteries of the second life. Another and another have done the same. Others are unmarried and destitute of usefulness to anybody, perhaps almost a nuisance to themselves. Or, if they are useful, it is chiefly in house-work, and *not* in the building up of a robust, vitalizing, influential, ennobled womanhood. The brothers of all these, however, progress, unless there be in them no elements of progression. If they are brutes they will stay so. If they are men, they warm with the friction of the world, they grow knowing, acute, wise. Thus they grow, even if they are farmers. And if they try other occupations, and enter the law, the ministry, the newspaper office, the insurance business—anything of that kind—they get far out of sight of their sisters in that life-*desideratum*, the training of the mind. For what woman might readily, but has not the courage to accomplish, her's is the blame. For what is impracticable by custom in any of its ramifications, yet right and necessary, she is intitled to our sympathy and relief. In this great matter of education, fathers and husbands and brothers must reach out a helping hand, and as far as money will go, and time, and schools, and colleges, and books, and lectures, and good society, woman must have them, in abundance.

As heretofore stated, woman has now enlarged powers of civil and business entity. That is to say, the State permits the exercise of larger powers in these spheres. To meet the demand of these powers, or "rights," she needs much more wisdom than formerly. When she could own nothing, practically speaking, she needed not to know how to keep it. Now that she can own property, she must have wisdom even to retain it. Not a few men are grasping, selfish creatures, cruel to the widow and to woman-kind in general in the matter of money. They keep all they get of their own and get all they can of her's without shame. Masculine chivalry don't come into play often when a woman has dollars which craftily-disposed man by superior intelligence can pocket. It may be a humiliating reason, but it is a just one nevertheless, that woman needs some business education to prevent roguery—in short, to preserve her own. But she needs education also to enter any of the lucrative business em-

ployments. What can womanly ignorance achieve amid masculine shrewdness and superior knowledge? If she wants to exhibit her capability to make herself useful in any department of art or science, she can only do it through the same door which men enter to do it—that of an educated mind. As a mother, to whom God has primarily entrusted the mental as well as the moral growth of her children—that wonderful germ of the race, the flower of her bosom and of her hope—she has responsibilities ignorance will not cancel. The obligations of educated maternity are vast as humanity. And the wife who will please, elevate, instruct, ennoble her husband, can only do it if cultured. She cannot make the higher-type home but by educated thought.

I have now given but a few surface-thoughts upon this great subject of woman's opportunities. They were written not to exhaust, scarcely to discuss the theme; but rather as prefatory ideas which will lead to a more thorough and more practical survey of the subject by every intelligent reader of this Magazine. It is a mighty problem—this one of our human life-work, and sex has nothing to do with the necessity for studying it, and but little with its solution.

Upon the greater question still, that of the religious education of women, for which she seems to be more susceptible than man, I say nothing, because it is not within the scope of these articles. Nevertheless, I believe its importance paramount to everything else, whether we consider its bearings upon her welfare, or that of the race, which, from the birth of individuals up, she influences for good or evil, in their moral character, more than man. Christian wifehood, sisterhood, motherhood, *womanhood*, bear relations to the most golden opportunities known to woman-kind. V.

A DREAM.

CONTINUED.

A WEEK passed and then, as Dr. Noyes had said, the Atley's took up their abode in our midst. The elder brother was not with them upon their first arrival. When he came we were not long left in ignorance of the fact. Calling upon us he begged permission to abridge any volume of ceremonies that might have a premeditated existence. "Leave the ladies to themselves" he said "and there was a probability of their spending months saying 'How-do-you-do'"

"And there positively must be a gentleman or gentlemen in someway implicated to pursuade them to forego 'les convenances' so dear to their hearts"—it is my Father who vouchsafes this assertion; "in a word"—he continues—"to make them at all anxious to hasten the time when intercourse shall be entirely friendly and social." Such an insinuation must of course be rebuked, and it falls to my mother's lot to refute it since Mr. Atley laughingly admits—"You should know best Mr. Lowell—you have had more experience than the rest of us,' while I maintain a strict silence, having no positive disclaimer to utter which would bear the stamp of truth.

We return with Frank Atley to Avoca, to find it peopled with shadows no longer—for light and life and music have latterly routed them. Some changes have been made and the house wears

a most habitable aspect. I am almost surprised that so much has been accomplished towards this and in so short a time. Even the hanging baskets, filled with graceful vines, and hammock swings have dropped into their appropriate places.

Through the lace-draped windows I see a lady at the piano, and, as our footsteps approach, she ceases playing to listen, as one is apt to do; then rises to meet us when, in a moment more, we enter the room. It is Louise, and Ella is also present. I recognize them immediately, guided again by Dr. Noyes, who has mentioned "Ella, Louise and Madeline," but Madeline is not yet with us. Louise is more particularly my companion during this first call, which she is also destined to be as our acquaintance progresses. For in all society, intercourse between individuals, associated for any purpose whatsoever, general as it may seem, gravitates inevitably toward that which is at once the simplest and most perfect form—the dual, composed of one and another; foreshadowing, setting forth may we not believe, some perfected union of souls, or the two in one which He has ordained from the beginning.

Ella, sitting opposite myself while she converses with my mother, is strikingly pretty, from her head, wreathed with yellow hair, to the feet, of which we catch occasional glimpses, (since there is no sort of repose about her manner,) and concerning which we have an intuitive certainty that they are exceptionally small and dainty. The sparkling steel stars in her slipper rosettes proclaim this latter fact not less, perhaps, than does the otherwise symmetrical form confirm it. She is totally unlike her brother. Louise is his sister more especially by reason of family resemblance. She is larger, more stylish than Ella, handsome, rather than pretty. But Madeline, surpassed by both of her sisters in merely physical beauty, attracts me more than either of them. She is mistress of the house, and has more cares than they, which abundantly excuses her for not coming to us immediately. Her father has also been detained for similar reasons, but he enters while she is speaking. Our visit is a very agreeable one, and upon leaving I think that Mr. Atley's first, or rather second efforts to effect an abridgement have been successful. I have foreseen that Louise will be my friend in the usual sense of the term. I would have chosen Madeline; and yet not so, for we cannot choose our friends, and have them by virtue of such choice. When mutual, unless it be followed by an harmonious development of thought and feeling that demonstrate the existence of a true basis for selection, the act itself is evidence of a passing fancy —nothing more. And I come to know that Madeline may not be my friend; there is too great a distance between us. I am a girl, and she is a woman. Years have not made the difference; what is it, then, that *has* caused it? By what way has she come? What hand has guided her, leading her to thread intricate ways, which to me remain still untrod, unknown labyrinths? That she has good sense I know. I read it in the confident calm of her manner, in a self-trust that is neither self-consciousness nor self-conceit, and, more plainly, in the spirit that looks out of her dark eyes, and speaks in the even, musical tones of her voice.

We will not seek each other's companionship, but my admiration for her is not diminished because of this. I still am pleased to follow her graceful movements, to listen for her voice, to be glad when she addresses me. Frank calls her, 'Sister.' Louise is always 'Louise.' Ella is 'Miss Mix,' 'Kitten,' and has a

thousand and one other names by turns.

Croquet, at first, is the foster-mother of our intimacy. Morning and afternoon we roll balls, becoming acquainted in the meantime. Afterward it gradually slips into the background; we become less interested in our games; and, when the weather gets very much warmer, we abandon them entirely.

"There are no lakes, neither rivers hereabouts, but there are mountains, yonder. At all events a brook glides peacefully by on its way to the sea, just below here, on whose wooded banks, as you have heard, Miss Agnes and I first made each other's acquaintance."

"Well, what of all that?" says Louise.

"Let these be made the objective points of some excursions," continues Frank, dramatically. "My friends, we are not doing our duty by ourselves. A summer in the country, without picnics, without mountain climbing, entirely destitute of sunrise views, preposterous! Young ladies, you have no enterprise."

"But you have, Frank," Ella answers persuasively, "and it would be so nice; not to have very large parties you know, only two or three other gentlemen besides yourself. Arrange it, won't you?"

"Let me see," says Frank. "Miss Agnes and myself, Louise and one gentleman, Ella and some other gentleman,—two gentleman to be invited. Why can't you be exact—a party of six?"

Louise does not exactly approve of such an arrangement, and therefore modifies it, making the number to be required larger, some other ladies being included. I am able to inform them concerning the places usually visited on such occasions, and am glad to say that our mountains do not lack picturesque beauty.

Our first expedition is a noted success, and others follow in its wake. Indeed, we become earnest suitors of the goddess Pleasure, and are constantly wooing her smiles. Nor is our mistress over-coy; on the contrary, she continually bestows upon us the light of her countenance, and we are delighted to bask in her gracious sunshine.

My cup of life—physical life—seems full to overflowing. Each day is a joy in itself, with a glad looking-forward to the morrow. Breathing in with the morning breezes a glad, buoyant inspiration, the after-day brings delicious languor and repose, which the Summer heat partly induces, and therefore excuses. And, in the evening, renewed vivacity seeks and finds its varied outlets. Companionship suited to the time and circumstances adds its paramount charm, while ever at my side, in walks and drives, I have a cavalier, handsome enough to satisfy the most exacting girlish demand, always kind and attentive, at times something more than either. It is the life of a wood-nymph which I fully and freely taste; but wood-nymphs have no souls.

The brightest days are liable to be invaded by showers. Such an unforeseen circumstance brings to nought our plans for one afternoon and evening. The flowers and trees are refreshed by the abundant waters of the storm, and it may be a little dust of sameness is also disposed of to the benefit of our social health. Disappointments act as tonics occasionally—when they are not of too frequent occurrence. When the clouds disperse, the evening that follows is beautifully clear and cool. Yet I remain within doors. A lady wearing what she is pleased to consider a pretty summer-robe does not care to venture out soon after a shower, but others may come to her. Sometimes she confidently expects them to do so. Perhaps I was not free from such an expectation, yet could scarcely say that it was fulfilled when in my visitor I recognized Dr. Noyes. Not that he is unwelcome, oh!

no—did I not say disappointments are sometimes tonics? and in this case the fact may have a demonstration. The unfamiliar sound of his greeting words, "Miss Agnes! and alone! Why I am glad," is peculiarly pleasant. Unfamiliar, I repeat; for does not a friend's voice, when intended for your ear alone, take new tones that adapt themselves especially to yourself? and of late I have not often heard them thus addressing me.

"I am tired," he says, taking possession of an easy chair, and disposing of himself in a position confirmatory of this last remark. Some previous conversation has taken place, when he asks,—

"Won't you favor me with some music?"

"But I would rather talk," I answer perversely.

"Maybe that was the music I wished for most—the sound of your voice. Whether it sings or speaks, what matter? So talk, Miss Agnes, tell me everything you know which I may care to hear."

"A well considered clause was that last, since without it your request might not have been considered strictly modest; with it my powers of discrimination are taxed to their utmost. Indeed, I do not care to exert them to such an extent. I'll sing therefore, Dr. Noyes. What shall it be?"

"Anything and everything you may choose. I will not tire."

Though employed with his entertainment, my thoughts are not all for my friend. They wander, and it may be he has noted their tendency. At anyrate, he says, when my song has ceased:

"Miss Agnes, once I was young and impressible; now I am neither in any extreme sense of these terms. Sometime I would like to tell you what were the dangers of that former state, as taught to me by experience." He speaks seriously, and I feel anxious to hear that which he has it in his thought to communicate. So I say:

"Why 'sometime?' let it be now"—but here we are interrupted. Frank Atley enters, and some others join us, and our special intercourse is at an end. Nor do we have an opportunity in a long, long while, to take up again the broken thread of our converse; and then, when I refer to it, Dr. Noyes does not yet see fit to make the 'sometime' now. I feel that the indefinite period is farther off than ever; farther, perhaps, than he had thought of its being, when he at first made known his desire to give me his confidence.

Summer has given place to Winter, five months having intervened between these two interviews. Unexpected events demanded his attention elsewhere, and, in consequence of them, he has been away from his home during this time. I do not exactly understand his reserve, but he shows no disposition to throw any light upon its cause. Otherwise his manner toward me has not suffered any change, and I am quite my old self, although, as people say, "things have happened" since our last meeting, and we are both aware of them. I sit and think over these "happenings" when I am left alone; go over them as they transpired. They are not unpleasant recollections. The first takes me back to that Summer's evening, after the rain. The perfume of roses is now, and will always be mingled with it. Two, perfect after their kind, filled a vase of the centre-table, one a damask, the other a delicate cream-colored beauty. Placing them there I had noticed a likeness in their difference traceable in the shape and arrangement of their leaves; also in the blending shades of tints that in themselves were dissimilar. We—Frank and I—have come together at the table, and he draws the roses toward himself, saying:

"'Who knows the secret of the rose?
Deep in her silent heart it glows.'"

while with gentle touches he tries to force apart the tightly-folded petals of the fairy flower.

"Don't," I say, "that is sacrilege."

"And unnecessary sacrilege, for"—his voice sounds tender and low—"I think I know the secret of the rose. Agnes, darling, may I tell it you? Will you speak with me of its revelations sometime?"

And this the second of two 'sometimes,' which in one evening I have been told to anticipate, soon realizes itself. A night and a day in which its possible revelations are constantly present to my thought, and then they take positive form. Frank seeks me again, and leading me to the roses that are not yet withered, says:

"Their secret, it is *Love*. I have learned of it; have you?" and with my cheek leaning against his I make my answer:

"I think I have."

"Have I found my wife?"

"It may be even so"—and I am thus betrothed, and become perfectly content forthwith. That which has been vague and unsettled is now more clearly defined. How much better it is to be able to look one's destiny in the face, rather than be obliged to speculate concerning we hardly know what My 'Fate' has come to me; my future is quite satisfactorily disposed of. How pleasant it is, relieved from thoughts connected therewith, in the Present to "eat, drink and be merry!"

My mother tells me, when this comes to her knowledge:

"You are dealing with serious matters, Agnes. Do not treat them lightly." And listening to her advice I would give them due heed; therefore I reflect. True, the growth of my love has not been realized through pain and serious thought, nor has it brought rapture and peace unknown before. It is hardly the ideal *Love* of which I have dreamed. Yet I have little doubt that it is real and true, nevertheless. At anyrate, I do not care to fathom it with such scrupulous exactness. Like Phœbe Cary I *hate responsibility*. Alice Cary said of her: "Could she conscientously have done so, Phœbe would have been a Catholic, that she might have given all her doubts into the keeping of an Infallible Church." Less enlightened than she, I am quite ready in this emergency to take Society's conscience for my own; and I hear no warning voice in all its congratulations which goes to convince me that I am favored of Fortune Surely so much experience could not be at fault. Moreover, had I not heard a good and wise man say, "Natural affinity is born, Spiritual affinity is made?" And again, "The illusion of Youth is the deliberate sagacity of God; monstrous forethought is out of place." Surely I was justified in dismissing all doubts as rain. Who cares to question the sagacity of God, even when it speaks through the dubious mists of a 'youthful illusion?'

S. M.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

THE OLD HOUSE.

GLADDEN'D by birds
And song of a rill;
Shaded by trees
On a little hill,
The old house stands.

Cov'red with moss
For many a year,
Under its eaves
The birds, without fear,
Rear'd their young.

Deserted its halls:
But *where* are the feet
Which made them glad
With their music sweet?
Where have they gone?

Under the sod,
By daises crowned;
Some are hidd'n
Beneath the ground.
But are they *there?*

Singing the songs
Which angels sing,
In the glad choir
Their voices ring.
Yes, they are *there.*

The old house stands
Dreary and lone:
The last foot has crossed
The old door-stone:
But the old house stands.

VIVUS.

TEA-TABLE TATTLE.

TIMOTHY TACKTUTOR, the Tewksbury tanner, took Tabitha Totten, the talented tapestry trimmer, to the town Tallahassee, to try Tobias' Therapeutics. They traveled the turnpike to Toledo, then the tree-tops to Tennessee, then the tow-path to the Tombigbee; then two temporary two-horse teams took them to Tuscaloosa; then the telegraph to Tallahassee. Thoroughly tired, they turned to the "Trambone Tavern," to take their tea. Thinking the turnips tasted too tart, Timothy told the tavern-tender to take them to the toads. Thereupon the tavern-tender took Timothy's things, thrust them through the toll-gate; then turned to trounce the tanner. This terrified the travellers They took to their trampers, travelling the town through, trying to take the tavern they thought tarty. Thus they took to themselves tremendous trouble; tiring their tongues talking together, till the telegraph told them to turn their thoughts to the time. Twelve! "Truly," thought they, "'tis time to think."

Then Tabitha took the toothache. Timothy told the tourist to take twenty thimble-fuls tobacco. Tabitha trembled that Timothy thought thus. Thereupon, Timothy took two tumblers turpentine, trickled them through two thicknesses tangled tobacco twist; then, tying two tarred turnips to the tongs, trampled the tar, turnips, tongs, tobacco, turpentine, thoroughly together; then, taking the toothache-tormented tourist, the thoughtless tanner thrust the total trash through Tabitha's throat. This took Tabitha's temper. Taking the tongs, the termagant trounced the Tewksburian terribly, threatening to turn Tallahassee topsy-turvy, to tangle

Tim's top-knot, to tear the tanner's trousers to ten thousand tatters, to thrust Timothy's thoughtless thinker through the tin tea-pot top.

Thus threatened, Timothy, terrified, tremblingly turned toward Tewksbury, taking the through train to Tennessee. Then the tanner's thoughts turned to Texas. Thither the tourists traveled. Then the trumphant tanner took to tinkering tin tea-pots, to tickling tree-toads, to trying to teach the Texans to talk the Turkish tongue. To Tabitha, too, the tables turned. The toothache terminated, thanks to Timothy's tobacco tincture. Then Tommy Thompson, the telegrapher, tried to turn the tourist's thoughts to telegraphing. This temptation triumphed. Tabitha turned telegraph-tender.

Thus terminates this tearful tale.

G. F.

SORROW.

I CANNOT tell thee as I ought.
Be quiet: let thy tears not fall.
O father dear! the word I've brought
Is fraught with sorrow to us all.
Yet trials must come e'en on thy head:
O father dear! our old Uncle's dead!

H.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

WE HAVE now had a half-year's experience in conducting a home Magazine, with precisely what hope for the future it is difficult to determine. The enterprise seems to have earned many warm-hearted friends, but has lacked that more substantial encouragement which it must have to succeed. That our list of subscribers has more than trebled since we started out with the first number is a matter of gratification, but—we say it frankly—that it must yet be increased largely ere the close of the year, before we will be warranted to enter upon the second volume. The subscription price for a Magazine, in book form as it must be, is low, and the expenses great. We might with much justice complain that our business men do not patronize its advertising pages as they should, but our chief cause for discouragement has been in the untrustworthiness and scarcity of agents to obtain subscribers. It has been impossible up to this time to make a canvass of certain quarters of Somerset and Hunterdon Counties, either because agents could not be secured, or, after promising faithfully, they have failed to act. As human nature is at present constituted, men need to be induced by reasoning face to face, to spend money for literature. Other things will promptly call forth from their pockets their spare dollars, and those they have not to spare. But to get them to put their names down for a newspaper, magazine, or book, they must be personally "interviewed," and are then often captured only by skillful lassoing. We are sorry that so few who take and delight in OUR HOME will not express their admiration by sending us the names of their neighbors. If

every present subscriber would send *one* name more, *our success would be guaranteed.* Of course we understand how "hard" the times have been; how little money is afloat, etc. But a harvest is to come to the farmers. It is promised; if not this year, then the next. And we venture to say that in ten years from this time no one who now thinks he cannot support a home Magazine by giving two dollars per annum will know the difference. *Some* of the reasons against subscribing urged by those whose financial ability and position in society should have made them promptly respond to our first call, strike us as having a soft and sometimes ludicrous side. Let us see how they look in print; that is the best test of their weight and value. As instances, we give the following, all from men *able* to subscribe:

A. says: "I am about to move, and would rather wait till we get to rights. I don't want to put you to the trouble of changing my Post Office address."

B. says: "The price of grain is so low." [Our agent answers: "Pay in three months. You are good; I'll wait for your new harvest."] B.: "I'd rather pay the cash; don't like to subscribe without it." [Pretty sensible, perhaps, after all, if it were not an *excuse.*]

C. says: "It is now coming the time of year when we can't read. Next Winter I'll think of it."

D. says: "A paper once started here [Bound Brook], "and broke after the publisher got his money. We'll see you on, first, and be sure you'll survive."

E. says: "I am not interested in history. Excuse me."

F. says: "It is too dear. If it were one dollar I'd take it."

G. says: "I take too many papers now. Can't think of another."

H. says: "A literary enterprise of this kind cannot live in Somerville. It must die. I can't help you."

I. says: "My oat crop was a failure last year. I can't do it."

J. says: "My peach prospect is bad. I may have none. Can't subscribe."

And so we might go on summarizing from the reports of our agents and from our personal knowledge. But there is a brighter picture. Others take and stand by the Magazine; have done so from the first. We wish we had space here to give the testimonials we have received. Of course most of these have been by word of mouth from men and women as we have casu ally met them; yet we have many others which were put incidentally into business letters. They all run much as the following three or four samples, which happen to be at hand. We do not hunt up more because we have not such faith in testimonials as to believe they alone will accomplish great results. For, after all, every publication must stand or fall on its own intrinsic merits.

Rev. John A. Todd, D.D., of Tarrytown, N. Y., wrote: "I am very much pleased with OUR HOME, and think it does you great credit. I wish you a great success."

John Blane, M.D., of Perryville, Hunterdon County, writes: "I approve of the HOME, wish it success, and will do what little I can for it."

Mrs. Mary M. Patton, of Albany, N. Y., said: "I will rejoice in the success of the enterprise."

A. J. Mellick, Jr., of New York City, wrote: "I beg to acknowledge . . . . the pleasure it gives me to see established in one of our smaller New Jersey towns a magazine of so much literary merit."

Rev. Geo. S. Mott, of Flemington, said: "It is so much a home production as to appeal to our aid. The idea of the Magazine is good. I think it is worthy of patronage."

Rev. Chas. H. Pool, of Bedminster, said: "I like the first number; hope your enterprise will be a grand success."

These, as we have said, are but a sample. And putting all the written beside the spoken words, we take some courage, and almost dare to hope good things of the next half-year.

—OUR NEIGHBOR, New Brunswich, has an Historical Club," with Garnet Adrain, Esq., President. A short time since they had their annual meeting, at which various entertaining topics were essayized and poetized by those appointed to treat them. More lately, they had a dinner in honor of Prof. David Murray, of Rutger's College, who is now on his way to Japan to take charge of the educational interests of that Empire. Prominent guests from abroad were present, and it was a happy day for that staid old Dutch city. A Club of this nature is precisely what we need in Somerset and Hunterdon, (and, for that matter, in every County in New Jersey.) Who will start in the project? Or is there not public spirit enough in our people—enough of veneration for the past, and love for the present, to induce them to gather up the fragments of

history which may otherwise be lost? We are doing what little we can to accomplish something in an historical direction; but a Club can do more, and our columns we will cheerfully open to everything new that may be brought to light.

—THE Board of Chosen Freeholders is an institution which ought to be abolished, and the sooner the better. This has been the opinion of sensible people for some time; the difficulty in the way of its abolition being simply the want of a better substitute. It is composed generally—not always—of the most ignorant business man in each Township, and the one who has the most axes to grind in the way of performing, and getting personal friends to perform work for the County. Large bills are paid by committees of two or three who do not examine closely into them; the same committees do most important work without any record of it being made; honest bills often are delayed payment for months, and bad ones are promptly passed upon; no system of paying the bills of the County officers prevails: and so we might enumerate a page of evils traceable to the institution known as the "Board of Chosen Freeholders," or to the loose laws regulating its conduct, or to both. The best substitute we do not know. Whether the Board should be larger or smaller, or whether it should remain as it is, with reformatory provisions in the laws governing its action, and, in addition, a stated salary attached to the office of Freeholder instead of a per diem, are questions worthy of immediate attention. Something can be said in favor of either plan. But the chief difficulty seems to be in getting good men to serve in the Board. We opine that the secret lies much in the parsimonious pay. A man of good business qualifications cannot afford to become an officer of the County for two dollars per day. It is almost an insult to ask it of him. But make it five, and we will secure him. And had we not better pay this premium—if you choose to call it that—on first-class business men and secure their services, and *feel secure* as to the expenditure of our public moneys, than to pay five or ten times that premium out in extravagant outgoes—the result of stupidity and corruption? Singularly enough, one of the many funny ideas which people have about our public officers is that a Chosen Freeholder must be a mason by trade, or carpenter, and understand exactly the construction of bridges. Which is the same as saying that a man who deals in wagons must be a blacksmith, wheelright and carriage-trimmer. Nonsense. As a rule, the less masons and carpenters we have for Freeholders the better. Experience has taught both Somerset and Hunterdon Counties that. A good, common-sense business man can sell a bridge, and bind the constructor to build it in a strong and durable manner as well as a mason; and he is far less likely to put his own finger into the pie of work and pay, and thus do precisely what the law says he shall not do. Let us have then, we repeat, some change in the institution of the Board of Chosen Freeholders which will be radical. But almost any alteration in the present system will be acceptable.

—ANOTHER crying evil, of which every one is cognizant, but which no one tries to remedy, is the present manner of working our public roads. Whoever travels upon them at all will call up to mind as he reads this paragraph reminiscences of "chuck-holes," mud, ruts, stones, etc., running through all his path-way of life, checkering every Spring day, and many Winter and Summer ones. Only look at it. Many people spend half the hours of every day on the road. Others a quarter. All use the roads more or less, for convenience, for necessity, or for pleasure. In fact, we don't go up stairs in our houses, the most of us, oftener than we travel upon the road. Yet our stairs are smooth, free from impediments, clean How would it be to have a cart-load of stones sprinkled over them, and through all the house? Just the same, it seems to us, as to have stones on the road, to say nothing of ruts and chucks. Seriously, indeed, we believe travelling by carriage is robbed of more than half its pleasures by bad roads. And *why* are the roads bad? Because, under the present laws, the overseers of the highways may work them as they please, when they please, and in the manner they please. In the Spring, when the frost goes out of the ground, seed-time is at hand, and to planting the overseer and farmers at once go, as if Providence scanted their time for it. That lasts, say, till the middle of May, or first of June. If previously the overseer attempts to do anything to the roads, the farmers say, "You must wait. We can't go on the road now, nor our teams." As they have the right by law to "work out their tax," of course the overseer goes home, and waits. In the meantime wagons break their springs, horses are subject to wear and tear, (and drivers too), and everybody goes in mourning over the "condition of the road." To illus-

trate, we know of no less than four important thoroughfares* in Somerset and Hunterdon, and we presume there have been four times four, which the past Winter and Spring have been in a condition well described as "awful." It ought to be lucky for the overseers of these particular four roads if they are not yet indicted for their responsibility, but that thing seldom occurs. And when these roads are "improved," it is by throwing on them stones of the size of a man's head, covering them up with sod ploughed up from the gutter and turned upside down! So we make the roads in the country. (We tell this for the benefit of city people; and of course, on learning it, it will be an inducement for them to come and live among us.) Now what ought to be done? Clearly a law should be passed containing *these* provisions, among others:

1. As soon as the frost is out of the ground in the Spring the roads *must* be scraped and worked.

2. Stones cracked to the size of a walnut shall be used, and none larger. They shall be covered with gravel, and not "dirt."

3. Every week throughout the Spring, Summer and Fall, the overseers shall go over the roads with hands if necessary, and fill up every chuck-hole; and, in Winter, except when the snow covers them, do what can be done to keep them from washing.

4. Spring and Fall the roads shall be cleared of all loose stones.

5. The overseers shall in the Spring, first call upon the tax-payers in his district to aid him; and if they, or any of them refuse, he shall secure the services of anybody in or out of his district, and pay them the lawful road wages.

6. Neglect or refusal of the overseers to comply with the law shall be punished with a fine of one hundred dollars on complaint of anyone.

We hope that next Winter some one will introduce such a law into the Legislature; and its passage must be but a question of time.

—SOME prefatory remarks on the question of how to deal with a few common vices, which sap the morality of communities, were made last month. We referred particularly to Sabbath breaking, profanity and gambling. Drunkenness seems to be an evil so great in itself as to demand what it receives—special attention from all temperate classes. But the other vices named the public have chosen to wink at to a large extent. Of course, where public sentiment is really in favor of allowing, for instance, *profanity*, that abominable crime (and nuisance), is bound to become rife. A few men cannot put it down. But if the case is, as we believe it is in most towns and communities, that the majority do not wish to tolerate disgraceful words from the lips of half-grown boys and some men, then we think there is a remedy. It is, in lieu of something better, in the formation of a Society for that purpose, each of the members of which will see that offenders have some slight legal justice meted out to them. We live in a land of laws. Why then shall not the laws be carried out? They forbid gambling, profanity, and other common vices under penalty of a fine. Individuals are *afraid* to enforce them. Who ever heard of a man bringing his neighbor before a Justice for blasphemy? No, he *will* not. Why, then, shouldn't a Society take it in hand—a *collection* of individuals, comprising the aggregated good sense and morality of a village or township—and enforce this penalty? To our way of thinking, whatever good may accrue from Masonic, Odd Fellow and other beneficiary Societies—granting they accomplish some good, of which we are not absolutely certain—a far greater amount of good would result from Societies for the enforcement of wholesome laws against the common vices. The duty of men to help special ones in business or through sickness *may* be all very well; but the duty of every citizen to wage a fight against evil, to repress wickedness in low as in high places, is as imperative as any duty in this world can be. The Church may be relied on to make a spiritual reformation, but it cannot be, and it is not her province as a Church to war with every day evils by the laws of the land. Special organizations, having in view solely the good of the community, its quiet, good order, the use of decent language on the street, etc., etc., have a right to exist—that is clear. Then, ought they not? The necessities of the case, and the beneficial results to flow, warrant it, in our estimation. As to this particular matter of profane swearing, it may be urged with truth that the present fine is ridiculously low. But twenty-five cents an oath, with costs, would run into dollars pretty fast, if offenders were brought to

* From Griggstown to Rocky Hill: from Clover Hill to Ringoes: from White House to North Branch; from White House to New Germantown;—the last the worst that any enemy of enjoyment in travelling could possibly devise, or, we believe, ever known outside of Virginia.

JJ

justice. We should like to see a thorough experiment tried in Somerville for at least a week, and then audit the account of the treasurer of the poor-money, and count up the results. Both pecuniarily and morally Bridgewater Township would be advantaged. The same experiment will do as well elsewhere.

—WE are glad to announce some Cuban sketches for the next two or three numbers, by a Jerseyman, who spent last Winter on that delightful Spanish Island; also another sketch of travel—into Arkansas; also some "Fireside Traditions," by Rev. Wm. H. Van Doren, author of a very extensive Commentary on the Bible, now being published in London and New York, simultaneously. Mr. Mott will conclude his remarkably succinct argument of the Capital Punishment question,—which may be followed by a reply, as we are at present advised. There will be other good things, including a poem or two of much merit, and continuations of the regular serials in our next.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE STATE did a good thing when it ordered Adjutant General Stryker to complete the work which he seems to have originally commenced for his private use, viz:—the compilation of a complete "record of Jerseymen who took part in the military service of this country during the Revolutionary War," which may "perpetuate the names of the soldiers who fought in that early struggle." The result is a large book (*Official Register of the Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War.* By authority of the Legislature. Compiled by William S. Stryker, Adjutant General. 874 *pp.*) Our early struggle for liberty has now faded out from the actual memory of all. None, or at most one or two, now survive who were living at the time of that bloody conflict. The main facts of the struggle may be still fresh enough in our minds; and the results come home to us every day: but the details of *what* Jerseymen "fought, bled and died," or fought and survived, we have not until now known. No table of the commanders and soldiery was ever heretofore constructed and published. And now that we have this, how precious a legacy it seems to us! Here are enrolled the names of our ancestors—our grand-fathers, or great grand-fathers, and their friends! It is truly a *roll of honor.* Every name, nearly, has had its record of anguish and starvation, of fire and blood, of imprisonment and death. Grand old heroes! If you fought, as most of you did, for the glory of rescuing your country from tyranny and planting in its soil a tree of Freedom, under whose boughs your children could sit unmolested, and whose roots God would water with the rain of His special Providence—we honor, we *love* you all. To record your names in a book is the least we can do for you; but we shall do more: we shall honor you, one by one, while Time lasts, and liberty for person and conscience in America endures! The arrangement of this *Official Register* is good, each general organization being separately given, with subdivisions from Major Generals to Privates. Even the Wagonmasters' and Commissary Departments are fully detailed with their degrees of office, and names of men employed in each. We are sorry there is, in addition, no summary of Officers and Privates from each County, and statement of the killed and wounded. These, with perhaps other simple addendas, would have enhanced the value of an otherwise most precious book. The Legislature in directing this *Register* to be published also authorized the Governor, Treasurer and Comptroller to publish, if they could be prepared, similar lists of the soldiers of New Jersey in the war of 1812, and in the Mexican War. We hope this will be done, not that the cause of patriotism was materially enhanced by either conflict, but that they will be useful now and hereafter in various ways. The same should be done for the late War of the Rebellion. New Jersey's 40,000 soldiers should be enrolled in a volume to be transmitted to posterity; and that can be done better now than years hence.

—THE *Report* of the Commissioner of Agriculture, which appears every year, is becoming annually of more interest to all who read it. In the one last printed, (for 1871,) and just published, we believe, there are besides the Report of the Commissioner himself, five other Reports

of subordinate officers, all bristling with important information to farmers, and those who would study the agricultural interests of the country; and also twenty-six separate papers upon seeds, fruits, weights and measures, irrigation, industrial education, fences, etc., etc. The paper on the "Progress of Industrial Education" is exceedingly interesting. It contains summaries of the present aspect of the Agricultural College system, together with some well-arranged independent facts. Occasionally the writer is extremely practical on the woman-labor question, which he takes up in this paper on educated labor. Witness the following:

"Of the six-hundred millions of pounds of butter, [annually made] worth $180,000,000, how much comes from the labor of women in milking and churning, and all the cares of dairy management! Of two hundred and forty millions of pounds of cheese, worth $36,000,000, how much is manufactured by the wives and daughters of farmers! The eggs and poultry, amounting to many millions more, are due to an industry in which the farmer's wife has by far the larger share of skill and labor. The sweets of the hive are largely collected under the directing care of women. Millions of dollars, many more than those appearing in the census of market-garden products, are produced in kitchen gardens by feminine labor. No inconsiderable amount of small fruits, both for home use and for the village and city markets, is grown and picked by feminine hands; and the quantity and value of wild berries—strawberries, raspberries, whortleberries, blackberries, cranberries, and other kinds—would annually aggregate far more than the fortune of one millionaire. Then if the casual or regular labor of women, in assistance volunteered or required in planting, weeding, cultivating, haying, harvesting, and even the care of live stock, be computed at its true value, and its percentage of our total farm production calculated, how would the figures swell the sum, and magnify the proportion of the wealth wrought from the mine of the farm by the hand of women!"

We also notice that this *Report* holds up the same idea which is set forth in another part of this Magazine by the author of "Woman's Opportunities." Incidentally, (while on this matter of female industrial education,) it goes on to say:

"Throughout Europe the facilities for female education are increasing, and its standard rising to a higher elevation. Great progress in this direction has recently been made in Russia, and England and France are also advancing. It is fitting that the last relic of feudal inequality, in the comparative opportunities for the highest education of both sexes, should disappear in the United States."

—We have four other documents or pamphlets of a nature similar to that last above named. One is the minutes of the Agricultural Convention at Washington last year. (*Proceedings of the National Agricultural Convention*, held at Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, 16 and and 17, 1872. Pub. Doc. 84 *pp.*) Another is the report of Rutger's Scientific School. (*Eighth Annual Report, for Agriculture and Mechanic Arts*, for the year 1872. 39 *pp.*) From this it appears that in 1872 there were fifty-three students in the Scientific School, five of which were from Somerset, and one from Hunterdon County. The Appendix, which gives the experiments in the School and on the College Farm, is the most valuable part of this pamphlet. Prof. Cook's Report for 1872, (*Annual Report of the State Geologist*, 1872. 44 *pp.*) is worth the study of our mineralogists and others. We learn from it that New Jersey stands fourth among the States of the Union in the value of her iron mines, as at present estimated. The last work (*Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture*, for April, 1873. 72 *pp.*) is the most valuable of the four. We often wonder why it is that so few farmers take the pains to secure these *Monthly Reports*, which must do them incalculable service if they will study them. Science can do much to lighten the burdens and increase the profits and pleasures of the tillers of the soil; and all her latest discoveries, or inventions, are lucidly written out for the public by Government authority, and published at Government expense in this shape of *Monthly Reports*. There may be farmers who believe the way their grand-fathers farmed to be the best which can possibly be devised—to such we have no word to say. But to others we say that if they are alive to their convictions about enlightened farming, they will send for these *Reports*.

—Custom-House literature has no charms for us; not half so much as Agricultural has—which, also, is not vast. Consequently, we cannot take time to read what we thank Senator Frelinghuysen for sending us, and which may be of value sometime—say when we get to Congress! (*Report of the Committee on Investiga-*

tion and Retrenchment on the Alleged Abuses in the New York Custom-House. Pub. Doc. 146 *pp.*)

—If we ever get to the Valley of the Yellowstone, we shall be more familiar with it than we would, had we not read another pamphlet sent us by our Senator, which well describes that region, with its curious Geysers—or hot springs. (*Engineer's Report of a Reconnaisance of the Yellowstone River in* 1871. Pub. Doc. 44 *pp.* with map.)

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIRST TEACHERS' INSTITUTE IN SOMERSET COUNTY.

Editor of Our Home:—Your writer in the March Magazine was right in saying that the *first* Teachers' Institute in New Jersey was held in Somerville, in 1850. It was decided to be successful by those who attended it. So much so that arrangements were made for holding the Institute for Somerset County there the next year also. *It* was, I think, esteemed by those who attended it, and who have attended numerous others since, the best ever held in the State.

The conductors were: Camp, of Connecticut, and Fowle of Massachusetts: both eminent instructors, and admirably qualified for such a position. Dr. C. C. Hoagland acted as President, and *seventy-two* teachers were enrolled, fifty-six male and sixteen female, representing *five* Counties of the State, though *fifty-four* were teachers in Somerset County. I have the names and residences of all, but it would be too long a list for this paper.

The lecturers during the week were: Hon. Henry Barnard of Connecticut; Horace Greeley of New York; Rev. Dr. Davidson of New Brunswick; and our highly esteemed conductors, Camp and Fowle. Many long remembered—and perhaps do yet—the admirable recitation of Poe's "Raven," by the latter, as an illustration. I remember well, though more than twenty-one years have elapsed, how many in the audience (in the Court-room), turned their heads to see the raven, which the speaker, by voice and manner, represented as perched above the westerly door, as you enter the room. And I have never since been in the Court-room without looking there, and thinking how vividly Mr. Fowle represented the raven as perched above that door, and how he caused half the audience—the writer among the number—to turn around to see it. He was a good reader, and actor. Gov. Fort also looked in upon us and gave us encouraging words, one afternoon. My record of the Institute held in November, 1851, further says: "The house was crowded during the lectures, and large numbers of the citizens attended during the exercises of the day. Teachers and members of the Institute were boarded gratis by the citizens of Somerville and vicinity."

The Executive Committee, who arranged for the Institute, procured lecturers, and, by their energy and tact, did much for the success of the meeting, were Messrs. M. H. Upson and J. B. Thompson, then teachers in Somerville, and Wm. H. Jelliff, then teaching at North Branch.

It was indeed a week well spent, and among the beginnings of good things for the educational interests of our State, and as such I wish to give it permanent form.

Henry P. Thompson.

Peapack, N. J., April, 1873.

FAIR HAVEN, NEW YORK.

Editor of Our Home:—On a beautiful September morning of last Autumn, after resting for the night at Owego, N. Y., I took the Southern Central Railroad for Fair Haven. This Road passes through one of the most delightful valleys I have ever looked upon, traversing the counties of Tioga, Cortland, Tompkins and Cayuga. Well-cultivated farms, convenient and tasteful dwellings, winding streams and beautiful landscapes, kept me in a succession of most

pleasurable emotions. After passing through Auburn and Weedsport, I soon came to the end of my pleasant journey, where I was met and welcomed by the Rev. James L. Southard—a son of New Jersey, and pastor of the Reformed Church—and his spirited young wife, from Somerset County. These occupants of the Fair Haven parsonage once stood in such intimate and pleasant relations to the writer and his family, that delicacy prevents a description of those never-to-be-forgotten days of my visit, so filled up by almost filial affection and cultured hospitality.

Fair Haven Harbor, or "Little Sodus Bay," as it was formerly called, is the northern terminus of the Southern Central Railroad. This is one of the finest harbors on the south shore of Lake Ontario. It is only fourteen miles from Oswego, and has at least ten times the capacity of the harbor of that flourishing city; which fact, with other considerations, make it certain that Fair Haven will become, in a few years, the first business centre on the Lake. Several Railroads now projected and in course of construction, will either terminate here, or touch points a short distance from the harbor. This magnificent harbor has been truly described as lying "in an indentation of the Lake; and, being in the south-east angle of the Lake, is well located, geographically and practically, with the Southern Central Railroad, to connect the commerce of the Lake with the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and, of course, all intermediate points. It is two and one-fourth miles in length, is two hundred miles wide, and from thirty to forty feet deep, and of easy access in storms—the entrance being protected by the adjacent highlands. It has excellent anchorage, and ample capacity to shelter the commerce of the Lakes: with bold shores, and no difficulty in arranging the wharfing and railroad track, the freight can be transferred directly from the cars to vessels in the harbor."

The entrance to this harbor is defined by two piers—one on the west, one thousand four hundred and forty feet in length, and one on the east, three hundred and thirty feet, to be extended and finished the present season. The west pier is locked to the main land by a substanial break-water and sand-bar; the east pier is to be finished in like manner, leaving a channel of two hundred feet in width, and with ample depth for any craft floating on Lake Ontario. One hundred feet from shore seems sufficient depth for dockage. Two immense trestles have been erected, at great cost, for handling coal. One contains several capacious pockets, for shooting coal into vessels. Thus thousands of tons can easily be handled in a day. The other trestle is for stocking coal through the winter months, from two to five hundred tons being deposited daily. The foundation of an extensive elevator and freight-house has been laid, and the superstructure is now in course of erection. A large hotel is nearly completed, and will be opened for boarders and visitors the present season. The scenery is charming along the shores of the Bay and Lake. The purity and salubrity of the climate is unsurpassed. It is a fact that, although the village is of considerable age, it does not yet support a doctor, or a grave-yard.

Several years ago the place was laid out by the New York Land Association; and many of the streets were graded. This was done in view of the probable rapid growth of the village, when the railroad should be completed and the harbor improved. For several reasons these great enterprises were delayed until recently. Just now, every thing is most promising. Prominent and influential men are connected with the business and real-estate operations of the place. The Reformed Church edifice, under the judicious and successful pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Southard, was last year substantially and tastefully repaired and refurnished. The Methodists have a neat Church and a growing congregation; a fine building for school purposes is now going up: also four dry-good stores and groceries; two steam saw-mills; and a large planing mill, with a full compliment of machinery, in connection with a wholesale and retail lumber-yard, under the proprietorship and management of G. P. Knapp, Esq. A number of dwellings are being built this season, but they are far short of the demand.

This is but a mere outline of this pleasant and promising village; and I left it quite reluctantly for a long journey to the West and South, promising myself that when worn down with *professional* labors, and languid with the heat of a New Jersey Summer, I would hasten to spend a few weeks in that most pleasant climate, and amid the noble hills that skirt the beautiful waters of Lake Ontario.

OUR STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Editor of OUR HOME:—There is not a public institution upon which New Jersey may look with more pride than her State Normal School.

It is located in the north-eastern part of Trenton, on Clinton street, a short and pleasant walk from the Railroad Depot. It is designed for the special professional training of its pupils in the science of education, and the art of teaching. The buildings are beautifully located, tasteful and symmetrical without and within. The grounds fronting the School are handsomely laid out with trees and shrubs. Opposite the School are the boarding-halls, which will accommodate over two hundred pupils. These halls are under the direct care of the principal, and assistants, who are lady teachers. The School at the present time numbers two hundred and seven pupils. It is most ably conducted by the present worthy principal, Professor Johnson, and under-teachers of large experience and ability. Professor Johnson (successor of Dr. John Hart), is good, upright, conscientious, often performing special kindnesses to the pupils. He does not let his left hand know what his right hand does. The School hours are from 8:30 A. M., to 2 P. M. The School is opened with devotional exercises; then commence the duties of the day. We are afforded many pleasures as well as restrictions. The pupils are drilled every afternoon in Calisthenics. For this they are divided into two classes, the hour for the first class being from four to five, for the second from five to six. They have also an hour set apart for walking. Every evening is devoted to study from seven to nine. The pupils take turns in furnishing flowers for the School, which give it a bright and cheerful appearance. A Reading Room is opened to all who wish to instruct themselves in that way. On Saturdays the pupils are allowed to visit each other's rooms, from 9 A. M., to 8 P. M., with the exception of two hours in the afternoon (2 to 4), when they are to remain in their rooms exclusively, and devote their time to pleasure or work. From 8 to 9 they are required to study their Sunday School lessons. The pupils are required to attend the Church of their own denomination. Unless that liberty is withheld from them for good reasons by the Principal, most of the pupils attend the Fourth Presbyterian Church—a short and pleasant walk from the Hall. Dr. Richardson, the pastor, takes charge of the Bible-Class connected with the School. Sunday evenings, before service, teachers and pupils form a pleasant circle in the reception room, and devote their time to singing making the evening pass both pleasantly and profitably. The boarders are not allowed to go out at night for any purpose, nor to go into town by day except on Saturdays, unless permission is granted by the teacher. One of the boarding halls is being enlarged, and will soon be able to accommodate one hundred and fifty more pupils.

The aim of the School is to prepare students to become first-class teachers, and also to furnish it with the best advantages for the proper education of those pupils. It is sending forth every year a constantly increasing number of trained and educated teachers, who have been well drilled in the best method of instruction, and in whom have been implanted a love for their profession, and a high sense of its duties and responsibilities, which must tell in their employment in after life.

MINX.

Trenton, April, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

APRIL, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

5th.—Somerville: President Grant, wife and daughter passed through on the Central Railroad, and shook hands at the depot with some of the citizens.

15th.—Somerville: Opening of the April term of Court, Judge Dalrimple presiding. Abraham Coriell foreman of the Grand Jury.

19th—Somerville: Another attempt at night to rob the store of John Ringleman. Thief unlocked the back door, but a shot from the clerk sleeping in the store made him beat a hasty retreat from the premises.

28th.—Middlebush: Jacob P. Congar, of this place, sitting down on C. R. R. track at Evona, was struck by a passing train and injured, perhaps fatally.

29th.—Somerville: Trial of Daniel S. Rocka

fellar of this place, for entering the Post Office, and stealing letters in October last, was concluded at Trenton before the U. S. District Court, Judge Nixon presiding. Verdict: "Not Guilty." Trial occupied four or five days.

30th.—Pluckamin: Ordination of Rev. Samuel Parry, and his installation as pastor of the Reformed Church, *vice* Rev. Thomas Carter, resigned.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

1st.—New Germantown: Rev. John B. Kugler gave a Temperance lecture in the evening in the Lutheran Church.

5th.—Bloomsbury: Daughter of O. D. Day burned to death while lighting a fire with kerosene oil from a can.

6th.—Frenchtown: Rev. Wm. H. Shermer, of the First Baptist Church, preached his farewell address.

8th.—Flemington: Opening April Term of Court.

14th.—Lambertville: City election. Asa H. Heath, (Dem.) elected Mayor by 36 majority over McDowell, (Rep.)

17th.—Frenchtown: Suicide of John L. Brink, aged 61, by hanging himself in his garret.

19th.—Frenchtown: Store of Warford & Moore entered by burglers, safe blown open, and some money and jewelry taken. Milford: Robbery of office of W. & E. Thomas. Riegelsville: office of John L. Riegel & Son entered.

25.—Bloomsbury: Scott & Creveling's store and Post Office burned down. The mail and also a large part of the store goods were saved.

26.—Prallsville: Martin Fennel, a lad of sixteen, was killed by a falling guy-rope from a derrick, at the quarries of Kessler & Co.

27th.—Clarksville: Re-opening of the M. E. Church. Debt of $1,700 cleared off the same day.

28th.—Junction: John Case and A. Probasco, Jr., had a serious run-away accident. Flemington: Commencement of trial of the Pattenburgh rioters for murder and riot. Chamberlain and Allen for the State; Bird, Voorhees, Kuhl and Hoffman for the defendants.

29th.—Musconetcong River supplied with 20,000 young salmon. Dr. J. H. Slack, of Bloomsbury, had charge of the undertaking.

30th—Clinton: Little son of Herman Altemus, fell from the upper iron bridge into the South Branch River, and was saved from drowning by the bravery of Lorenzo D. Manning.

—Lambertville: Rev. A. D. Willifer, who had resigned charge of the Baptist Church, withdrew his resignation, at the earnest request of his congregation.

WEATHER FOR APRIL, 1873.

[*Reported by Isaac Crater, Esq. Time of Thermometer record, 5 A. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1	42°	Clear and pleasant.
2	46°	Rainy.
3	36°	Clear.
4	44°	Clear.
5	33°	East wind. Shower at night.
6	40°	Cloudy.
7	40°	Foggy. Cold east wind.
8	46°	Foggy and warm.
9	49°	East wind and cold.
10	42°	Clear.
11	32°	Clear.
12	40°	Snow and rain.
13	38°	Clear. Cold winds.
14	38°	Clear. Cold winds.
15	36°	Clear.
16	35°	Clear. Cloudy and east wind in afternoon.
17	36°	Hail and rain-storm.
18	39°	Cloudy.
19	38°	Pleasant; afternoon rain-squalls.
20	34°	Clear. Cold winds.
21	40°	Rain and snow; clear in afternoon.
22	37°	Rain.
23	34°	Snow in morning.
24	34°	Clear.
25	29°	Clear at times.
26	32°	Clear. Cold winds.
27	30°	Clear. Cold winds.
28	29°	Clear.
29	52°	Cloudy. Rain at night.
30	46°	Clear and pleasant.

General average, 38.2°

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM MARCH 15TH, 1873, TO APRIL 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Anderson, Fred	Eliza Dennaker	Mar. 20	Somerville	Messler
Conover, Jesse	Jane Van Derveer	Mar. 16	North Branch	Doolittle
Davis, Charles H	Maggie Staats	Mar. 29	Raritan	Le Fevre
Manning, Alex	Kate Van Nest	Mar. 19	Bound Brook	Rodgers

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Ammerman, Albert	Frances Howell	Apr. 2	White House	Bailey
Aller, Trimmer	Sallie M. Case	Mar. 20	Flemington	Winans
Anderson, Lewis R	Susan L. Lewis	Mar. 20	Spruce Run	Kline
Peer, Larison	Catherine Sutton	Mar. 29	Towksbury	(Esq. Hoffman)
Trumbower, Peter S	Emma Duckworth	Apr. 1	Clarksville	Ewing

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM MARCH 15TH, 1873, TO APRIL 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Cory, Zachary T	North Plainfield	March 21	24
Cross, John H	Bloomington	April 1	60
Codington, Reuben	Mount Horeb	March 24	55
Davenport, Sarah A	Pluckamin	March 29	64
Francis, Rachel	Somerville	March 25	95
McDowell, Elizabeth	Lamington	March 28	89
Messler, John C	Somerville	April 6	Infant
Olcott, Augustus	Millstone	March 17	49
Symonds, Samuel	Bound Brook	March 26	60
Taylor, Olivia S	Somerville	March 26	12
Ten Eyck, Abraham	Lamington	March 26	74
Van Derveer, Cornelius	Franklin Park	March 17	80
Van Derveer, Abram	Rocky Hill	April 1	84
Van Doren, Charles S	Somerville	March 19	Infant
Wortman, Sophia	———	March 26	68
Wyckoff, Montie	Somerville	March 20	7

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Bray, Emma R	Lambertville	March 30	—
Cooney, Mary	Lambertville	March 18	26
Dalrymple, Sarah	Kingwood Township	March 19	30
Ewing, Oliver H	Stanton	March 17	29
Holcomb, Edward A	Lambertville	March 28	Infant
Heimbold, Charles H	Lambertville	March 26	13
Poulson, John	Flemington	March 18	63
Pickett, Lilian	New Hope	March 22	6
Robinson, Martha	Lambertville	March 16	66
Streeter, Elizabeth	Pattenburgh	March 24	97
Sibbett, Ann	West Amwell Township	March 24	67
Schomp, Sarah A	Locktown	March 31	4

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. JULY, 1873. No. 7.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[SEVENTH PAPER.]

THERE is, perhaps, no family from Holland whose genealogy can be so reliably traced as that of the Voorhees'. Numerous letters of correspondence between the first settlers here of that name and their friends in the Old World have been collected and preserved by Hon. Tunis G. Bergen, of Bay Ridge, Long Island, to whose researches I am much indebted for the genealogy of this family.

According to a custom prevailing in former times of adopting the Christian name of the father as the surname of the child,* the great ancestor of the Voorhees family was an Albert of Holland, who was born probably in the early part of the 15th Century. His children were Stephen, Courten, Hendrick, Jan, Hilbert, Wiavil, Gertian, and Mergin. Stephen Courten Van Voorhees, or Voorhuysen, son of Courten Albert, settled in Flatlands and married Wellimpie Roeliffs, whose father was the great-great-great-great grand-father of the writer. Stephen Courten emigrated from Reinen, in the province of Drenthe, in April, 1660, in the ship *Bontekoe* (Spotted Cow), Peter Luccasson, Captain. Van Voorhees means "from before Hesse." Hesse is a place about fifteen minutes travel south of Reinen, in Holland, from which the name Van Voorhees is derived. His children were Mergin, Hendrick, Lucas. Jan. Albert, Abram, Alche and Janetje.

Lucas Stephen Van Voorhees, son of the first emigrant, and an elder in the Church of Flatlands, had children named Elbert, Jan, Stephen, Janetje, Wellemtje. Anna, Catrinche, Elsha, Albert, Roeloff, Minna, Abram, Rensche and Lucas.*

Minna Van Voorhees, son of Lucas Stephens, was born in Flatlands, married, April 25th, 1717. Antie, daughter of Garret Pieterson Wyckoff, and removed to New Brunswick, N. J., about the same year. He afterward was married to Lemitje Stryker, widow of Jacob Wyckoff of

* In Norway until four years ago the inhabitants had no surname! But then the Government compelled its adoption.

* Anneka Jans, after the death of her husband, Dominie Bogardus, went on a visit to Holland, and while there one of her daughters, who accompanied her, married a Voorhees. Surely *we* have a title to old Trinity!

Six-Mile-Run. Three of his brothers removed with him—John, Roeloff, Albert; also two sisters—Catrinche and Wellemtje. The four brothers were all members of the Reformed Dutch Church in that city at its organization in 1717. Minna lived in 1723 in the vicinity of New Brunswick, owning a large tract of land on the south side of that city, including the mills on Lawrence's Brook. His residence was on what is now known as the College Farm. His descendents intermarried with the most prominent families of the city, viz:—the Neilsons, Abeels, Bennetts, Schuylers, Van Deuersens, Hazards, Pools, etc. His children were Lucas, Garret, Minna, John, Abram, and Katrina, as found in his will, made September 20th, 1733, and recorded at Trenton.

Minna had so extraordinary a memory, I have been told, that, after hearing a sermon, he could retain it sufficiently well to repeat nearly the whole of it. He was a "helper" of the pastor as a catechist of the children. When the Reverend Theodorus J. Frelinghuysen, from hard travel and fatigue, after a journey to a distant field of labor, was so indisposed as not to be able to proceed with his lecture, even when the people had assembled to hear him, he was known to say: "Minna, *you* perform the services." Minna would then conduct all the exercises, including the lecture.

One of Minna's sons, Abraham, married a daughter of Abram Van Doren, Sheriff of Somerset, and at an early date removed to Ohio.

Garret, brother to Minna, lived and died in Middlebush, in the house where John P. Smith now lives, and was the owner of the farm of 183 acres connected with it. A part of the house was built of and now contains some of the timber of the old mill of Lucas Voorhees, which stood on the Six-Mile-Run Brook. He was born, May 13th, 1720, and married, first, Neltje Nevius, daughter of Petrus Nevius of South Branch. She died, Dec. 9th, 1780. He married, second, Sarah Stothoff, of Six-Mile-Run, in 1783, and died a short time after. Minna, son of Garret, born Sept. 30th, 1745, lived at Neshanic, and died June 8th, 1779. Roeliff, born Feb. 11th, 1748, married Maria Suydam, lived at Six-Mile-Run, and died, July 23d, 1811.

Garret, son of the first Garret, was born, March 4th, 1750, married, Feb. 8th, 1776, Matilda, daughter of Rem Ditmars, of Millstone, lived at Middlebush, rendered good service in the Revolutionary War, when his premises suffered much from the depredations of the British army, removed to Six-Mile-Run in April, 1820, and died Oct. 18th, 1823. His widow, Matilda, died March 21st, 1827. The other children of the first Garret were: Ann, who was born July 10th, 1752, married Abraham Beekman, May 3d, 1776, lived at Griggstown, and died May 25th, 1817; Catrinche, who was born Dec. 27th, 1754, and died Nov. 26th, 1764; Peter, who was born May 7th, 1758, married Margaret Boice, was a ruling elder in and a liberal supporter of the Reformed Dutch Church in New Brunswick, lived in Middlebush, and died on the old homestead; Neltje, who was born in 1760, and married Brogun Van Doren, (an elder in the First Reformed Church at Somerville, who lived at Pluckamin, where he died, and was the father of Mrs. John Hardcastle of Somerville, and William Van Doren of North Branch, both late deceased;) and Catalina, who was born May 21st, 1764, married John Van Doren of Millstone (father of Dr. Garret Van Doren), and lived at Bound Brook.

The children of Garret Voorhees and Matilda Ditmars were the following: Garret, born Nov. 22d, 1776, died March 23d, 1777; Lena, born March 11th, 1778, married Peter Voorhees, lived at

New Brunswick, died Jan. 28th 1827; Nelly, born May 27th, 1780, never married, died at Middlebush, Feb. 18th, 1810; Jane, born Sept. 13th, 1782, married Richard Manley,* lived at New Brunswick, and died Sept., 1845; Garret,† born Nov. 5th, 1784, married Sarah Whitaker, lived at Mine Brook, Somerset County; Dinah, born May 11th, 1787, never married, lived with her brothers at Mine Brook; Ann, born Sept. 24th, 1789, married Samuel W. Scott, lived in Yates Co., New York; John G., born Jan. 17th, 1793, married Rebecca Van Derveer, lived at Fairview, Illinois, died March 31st, 1859 ‡; Ralph (the writer), born June 20th, 1796, married, November, 1819, Sarah Van Cleef, daughter of John Van Cleef, of Six-Mile-Run; and Maria, born October 20th, 1798, married Daniel Polhemus,§ lives now at Fairview, Illinois.

Maria, a daughter of Peter Voorhees, (son of Garret, first,) and widow of Frederick F. Van Liew of Middlebush, is residing with her daughter, Eliza Ann, widow of William Cracken, at Batavia, Illinois. Minna, her brother, owns and resides upon a farm in the same vicinity, and Dennice, her son, is at Aurora, Illinois. Ellen, an elder daughter of Peter Voorhees, married Isaac S. Miller, who owned and conducted a manufactory with his brother at Little Falls, this State, subsequent to the War of 1812. John A. Miller, one of Isaac's sons, lives at Prospect Park, Newark, N. J., and another, Ezekiel, at Champaign, Illinois.

Could all the names of the descendents of the first Voorhees emigrant to this country be collected, they would be very numerous. Besides being in New York and New Jersey, they are in Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. To the three first named Western States many families emigrated prior to, and at the commencement of the present century.

Albert Voorhees, recently a Judge of the Court of Appeals, and also Lieutenant Governor of the State of Louisana, is the great-great-great-great-grand-son of Cornelius Voorhees of Middlesex County, whose son, Daniel, died from exposure in the American army during the War of the Revolution.

Daniel W. Voorhees, a recent member of Congress from Indiana, is the great-grand-son of Stephen Van Voorhees of New Jersey, who married Margaret Van Dyke, March 25th, 1762, and whose son, Peter, married Lemma Van Arsdale of Kentucky, in 1796, and removed to Butler Co., Ohio, about 1800. Peter had three children: Stephen, Jane C., and John. Daniel W. is John's son. Jane C. Voorhees was never married. When a child she was thrown from a horse and had one of her limbs broken, and never entirely recovered from its effects. She remained small in stature, and died at Bethany, Ohio, April 22d, 1873, aged 71. In her will she donated $6,000—the greater part

* Their deceased son, John, labored for thirty-five years as pastor in the congregations of Manheim, Saddle River and Passack, N. Y. Ellen married Rev. Cornelius Wyckoff, of White House, now deceased. He was pastor of the Reformed Church in Rochester, New York, from 1841 to 1865, and was stationed for a short time at High Bridge, N. J.

† One of his sons, Samuel, resides on the homestead, and Nathaniel, Cashier of the Clinton Bank, and one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Hunterdon County, is at Clinton.

‡ His widow died April 1st, 1873. One of their sons, Matthew, served as Captain in the late War. John G. was one of the most active founders and ruling elders of the Reformed Church at Fairview, of enlarged liberality, and a true friend to the poor.

§ He now ranks as one of the neatest and most practical farmers in that section of the State—a reputation possessed by nearly every Polhemus who is an agriculturalist.

of her property—to benevolent institutions, and her precious Holland *Dutch* Bible to Delaware College, Ohio. Her brother John is a farmer, lives in the same neighborhood, and owns a part of his father's farm.

Mary, daughter of Stephen first, was the grandmother of Silas Williamson, of Bethany, Ohio, to whom I acknowledge my indebtedness for that part of the foregoing description of the Voorhees family which pertains to that section of the country.

In the *Historical Collections of New Jersey*, page 455, we read that "the first Court House in Somerset County stood about twelve rods west of the old bridge in Millstone." This is evidently an error. On the 20th day of February, 1730, Elbert Stothoff and Antje his wife conveyed by deed a lot of land to Isaac Van Zandt, for the sum of £3, 10s, "beginning at the easterly corner of the Somerset County Court House, standing in the road that leads from *Inian's Ferry to Rocky Hill;* bounded south-east upon the said road, easterly upon Mrs. Fleet's, northerly upon said Stothoff, and southerly upon said County Court House, containing one-half of an acre of land." June 8th, 1758, in a survey relating to a quit-claim from John to Wilhelmus Stothoff, a small lot was passed by them in the survey, described as "commonly called the Court House lot."* In the earliest deeds this lot was called "The Point," it being the most southerly point of the Harrison tract of 10,000 acres.

The original Six-Mile-Run was at the Brook. The first Six-Mile-Run Church stood, in 1750, in the grave-yard, now Elm Ridge Cemetery. After the second Church was erected, on the site now occupied by the present one, that place was called Six-Mile-Run.*

Tradition states that the *old* Court House was used by both Somerset and Middlesex Counties. This may have been at a time antecedent to that when Middlesex first built a Court House for herself, and when she was entirely destitute of one. A part of the foundation of the *old* Court House is still to be seen at old Six Mile-Run, opposite the house of Captain Beardsley.

It is right that the error named above should be corrected, so that old Six-Mile-Run be not further deprived of her due honor of being the first County seat of Somerset County.

The Somerset Courts were early distinguished for the administration of strict justice, protecting the rights of the innocent and properly punishing the guilty. From the *New York Gazette* of Dec. 4th, 1754, I quote: "We hear from Somerset County, New Jersey, that about ten days ago, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery held there, three men were tried, found guilty and condemned to die, one for horse-stealing, the others for burglary." A half century ago the officers of the Court were, as I remember, Andrew Kirkpatrick, Chief Justice, Samuel Swan, Clerk, John Frelinghuysen, Surrogate, Martin Schenck, Sheriff; and the lawyers of Somerset, Jacob R. Hardenburgh, George MacDonald, Richard Stockton, Joseph W. Scott, Samuel L. Southard, Peter D. Vroom, Theodore, John, and Frederick Frelinghuysen, and Thomas A. Hartwell. At one of the terms of the Court, Southard, after having put forth all his ability and skill to convict a man for horse-stealing, a part of the sentence for which was thirty-nine lashes at the whipping-post, made,

* The Court House was at Millstone prior to that time, however.

* In 1872 it was changed to Franklin Park.

immediately after the pronouncing of that sentence by the Court, a most powerful appeal in behalf of the convict for the commutation of the whipping. He urged that from the manly appearance of the prisoner the public exhibition would only produce an unfavorable effect in the community. His appeal was granted. George Wood, much distinguished as a lawyer in his day, was a student under Stockton. They were brought in competition soon after Wood's admission to practice, in the great trial about the boundary line between the States of New York and New Jersey. Wood surprised his competitor and the Court by suddenly presenting an old document, before unknown to exist, bearing directly against the side of his opponent. "I see," said Stockton, "that I have been training up a bird to pick out my own eyes." "No, sir," said Wood, "not to pick them out, but to pick them open."

At the commencement of the present century the recreations of the young at their social gatherings in the country were various. In the evening the young men would assemble, without card or invitation, where the young ladies might have collected to quilt, or to do something similar, and afterward gallant them to their several homes. Their joint amusements, were of various kinds, as the singing of pleasing songs, with tunes correspondingly pleasing, the playing of games, etc. One of their most popular plays, in which they always took delight, was called "*Pawn*," and in this one of the party was simply required to perform a certain act commanded. This was frequently to *kiss* some one of the opposite sex, which was always done with a will, and considered most agreeable. Now-a-days it would be deemed a play inappropriate, vulgar and abandoned. Sometimes the requirement would be to "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best," a custom which survived longer than the other. Kissing in public by young people, in former times, was sanctioned by good authority, and what might be considered *lawful* example. The minister, after uniting a pair in matrimonial bonds, according to the long form required by the Reformed Dutch Church, every word of which had to be deliberately and distinctly read, and after the groom had saluted the bride according to an order given, would advance, congratulate the married couple and kiss the bride. The parents of the married pair would follow, and the privilege of congratulating them and kissing the bride would be extended to all present—failure to accept which implied invitation by any one would be considered a lack of proper respect.

In the country, the voluntary wedding fee was from two to three dollars, which was considered a respectable sum for that purpose; and five dollars was something extraordinary. Jacob Van Dyke, of Middlesex County, on the occasion of his marriage to his second wife, presented Rev. Dr. Cannon with *fifty* dollars as a marriage fee—an amount unheard of at the time, and which produced quite a sensation throughout the community. A story was told of a negro of former times who stipulated with a minister as to the amount he would give the latter for a marriage "like the whites were married." After the ceremony was over, and the wedded couple were about to leave, the groom was reminded by the minister that he had not paid the promised fee. He replied: "You promised to marry us as you do de white folks, if I paid you, and you haven't done it. You haven't kissed de bride, nor wished us joy. Now you see de bargain is broke." The entertainments given on marriage occasions in provisions and drink were very abundant and sumptuous, generally corresponding with

the abilities of those who gave them. On the day following the wedding there was held what was called the "infare," to which the party of the first day, and others, were invited. This was at the bride's residence. The entertainment would be similar to that of the previous day. Weddings were sometimes attended by those who had no invitations, and who were called "privateers," or "volunteers." As all the friends could not well be invited, such as were not, if they came, were as welcome and kindly treated as those specially invited.

The first mill on the Mile-Run Brook appears to have been erected at a very early period of the settlement of New Brunswick. It was built and owned by a Voorhees, and located near the bank of the Raritan opposite the former residence of Abram Voorhees, and, more recently, of his son-in-law, Lewis Carman. It was taken down previous to 1765, when the road by Voorhees' house is described as passing "over the old mill dam," (which was thus called *old* at that early date.) At the same date, 1765, a mill existed on the Raritan, above the landing-bridge, nearly opposite the site of the former one, which was on a Brook. It was called "Voorhees' Mills," and was doubtless a large mill, having all the waters of the Raritan to supply its power. Tradition states that in his early life, Capt. Henry Suydam was engaged in running this mill. It was yet in operation in 1780, and when it was taken down is not known. Thus three of the mills in the vicinity of New Brunswick, including the one on Lawrence's Brook, were owned by the Voorhees' family.

Robert Hunter, Governor of the Province of New Jersey, prior to 1720, was informed by a correspondent writing to him in England about the year 1730, that "New Brunswick had grown very rapidly, for the reason that the country back of this had improved quite fast. The farmers principally raised wheat, and the facilities of the *large mills* in the vicinity rendered this an important flouring mart."

RALPH VOORHEES.

COLLEGE PRIZE POEM.

WHEN envious Time, with unrelenting hand,
Dissolves the union of some little band:
A band, connected by those hallowed ties
That from the growth of lettered friendships rise,—
Each lingering soul, before the parting sigh,
One moment waits to view the years gone by.
Memory still loves to hover round the place,
And all our pleasures and our pains retrace.
The student is the subject of my song.
Few are his pleasures, yet those few are strong:
Not th' gay, transient moment of delight;
Not hurried transports, felt but in their flight.
Unlike all else the student's joys *endure*—
Intense, expansive, energetic, pure.

Whether o'er classic plains he loves to rove,
Midst Attic bowers, and through the Mantuan grove;
Whether, with scientific eye, to trace
The various modes of number, time and space;
Whether, on wings of heavenly truth to rise,
And penetrate the secrets of the skies;
Or, downward tending with an humbler eye,
Through Nature's laws explore a Deity :—
His are the joys no stranger breast can feel,
No wit define, no utterance reveal.
Nor yet, alas! unmixed the joys we boast;
Our pleasures still proportion'd labors cost.
An anxious tear oft fills the student's eye,
And heaves his breast with many a struggling sigh.
His is the task, the long, weary task t'explore,
Of every age the lumber and the lore.
Need I describe his troubles and his strife—
The thousand minor miseries of his life?
How application, ever-posing maid,
Oft mourns an aching, oft a dizzy head?
How th' hard toil but slowly works its way—
One word explained the labor of a day?
Here forced to thread some lab'rinth without end,
And there some paradox to comprehend;
Here ten hard words, fraught with some meaning small,
And there ten folios which have none at all?
Or view him, meting out with points and lines,
The land of diagrams and mystic signs,
Where forms of spheres, "being given," on a plane,
He must transform and bend—within his brain?
Or as an author, lost in gloom profound,
When some bright thought demands a period round,
Powdering and polishing? Ah! what avail
The room oft paced, the anguish-bitten nail?
For see, produced 'mid many a laboring groan,
A sentence much like an inverted cone!
Or should he try his talent at a rhyme,—
That waste of patience, and that waste of time,—
Perchance, like me, he flounders through one line,
Begins the next—then stops.———

Enough—no more unveil the cloister's grief;
Disclose instead its sources of relief;
Say how the student, pausing from his toil,

Forgets his pain 'mid Recreation's smile.
Have you not seen (forgive th' ignoble theme,)
The finny tenants of some haunted stream
Feed, eager, busy, all the wave beside—
Then wanton in the cool, luxurious tide?
So the wise student ends his busy day,
Unbends his mind, and throws his care away.
To books, where Science urges toil severe,
Succeeds th' alluring tale, or drama dear;
Or haply in that hour his taste might choose
The easy warblings of the modern Muse.
Let me but paint him: Void of every care,
Flung in free attitudes along his chair,
From page to page his eye swiftly along
Glances, and revels through the magic song.
Alternate swells his breast with hope and fear:
Now bursts th' unconscious laugh, now falls th' pitying tear.
Yet more: though lonely joys the bosom warm,
Participation heightens every charm,—
And should the happy student chance to know
The warmth of friendship, or some kindlier glow,
What wonder should he, eager, run to share
Some favorite author with some favorite fair!
Then, as he cites those treasures of the page
That raise her fancy, or her breast engage,
He listens while her frequent, keen remark
Discerns th' brilliant, or illumes th' dark,
And, doubting much, scarce knows which most t' admire,—
The critic's judgment, or the writer's fire.
While reading, oft he glances at that face,
Where gently beams intelligence and grace,
And sees each passion in its turn prevail—
Her looks the very echo of the tale;
Sees the descending tear, the swelling breast,
When vice exults, or virtue is distrest:
Or when the plot assumes some aspect new,
And virtue shares her retribution due,
Sees the gay, grateful smile, th' uplifted eye,
Thread, needle, 'kerchief, dropt in ecstacy—
Say, can one social pleasure equal this?
Yet still e'en here, imperfect is the bliss—
For, ah! how oft must awkward learning yield
To graceful dulness, the unequal field

Of gallantry? What lady can endure
The shrug scholastic and the bow demure?
Can the poor student hope that heart to gain
Which melts before the flutter of a cane?
Or of two candidates, pray which can pass,
When one consults his books, and one—his glass?
Ye fair! if aught these censures may apply,
'Tis yours alone to effect th' remedy.
Ne'er let the fop the sacred bond remove,
That links the Paphian with the Aonian grove.
'Tis yours to polish, strengthen and secure
The lustre of th' mind's rich garniture.
Such is the robe that lends you heavenly charms,
And envy of its fiercest sting disarms:
A robe, whose grace and brightness will outvie
The woof of Ormus and the Tyrian dye.
To count one pleasure more indulge my Muse:
'Tis friendship's self: what cynic will refuse?
Oh! I could tell how oft her joys we've shar'd,
When mutual cares those mutual joys endear'd;
How oft, relaxing from one common toil,
We found repose amid one common smile;
How arm in arm we've linger'd through the vale,
Listening to many a time-beguiling tale.
Yes, I *could* tell—but, oh! the task, how vain!
'Twould but increase our fast approaching pain—
The pain, so thrilling to a student's heart,
Couch'd in that talisman of woe—"*We part.*"

MEMOR.

CUBA IN WINTER.

I.—FROM NEW YORK TO HAVANA.

LATE ONE afternoon on a cold dreary day in the latter part of November, 1872, I stood leaning against the taffrail on the quarter deck of the steamer *Crescent City*, of the Atlantic Mail Line, watching the confusion and hurry on the dock that preceded the sailing of the ship. By four o'clock the last carriage had rolled down the wharf with its anxious, belated contribution to our quota of passengers, the last trunk and box had been swung up over the vessel's side, the mails were tossed on the deck, the final letters delivered from the Company's office, and the only link remaining—the ship's hawsers—were cast off, and hauled on board. The harsh escape of steam from the funnels, which had been trying our nerves and adding to the tumult and noise, was hushed. *Clang!*

sounded the bell in the engine-room. A tremble and spasmodic shiver passed through the ship's timbers, from stem to stern. The peculiar, spiral, grinding *thump! thump!* of the screw commenced, and slowly we moved out of the slip, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, and the loud good-byes of friends on the pier, which were answered as we rounded into the stream by a sharp report from the lusty throat of a brass six pounder on the fore-castle deck. Quietly we steamed along through the crowded thoroughfare of the Hudson, picking our way amid thronging steam and sailing craft, passing stately Men of War, anchored in the harbor, trim clipper ships, lazy, deeply-laden lighters, avoiding great turtle-shaped ferry-boats, that plowed through the waves black with happy souls, whose faces were turned Westward and homeward. Presently, *clang!* went the bell again. The water dashed from the ship's bows in merry showers, the wake under her stern broadened and rolled away in great white waves, we were under full headway in the clear waters of the Bay. Behind us was New York, with its towers, steeples and shipping, its hurrying multitudes, and daily-grinding business mill; before us were the coming night, 1,200 miles of the deep blue sea, and beyond it, the soft intoxication of the Tropics, with its laughing skies, rich verdure and balmy breezes, and, best of all to me, a month that was to be filled with new impressions, absolute rest, nothing but pleasure, constant delight.

It was a sudden determination of mine, this trip to Havana. I had felt the need of a change after a specially fatiguing season. To travel over the beaten tracks South or West in this country would bring nothing new, and offered few attractions; and Europe was the more enticing, because impossible for want of time. While walking down Broadway one morning, still undecided as to where I should wander, the magical word, "*Havana*," suddenly stared me in the face from a Steamship Line's poster on a board fence surrounding a new building. I was decided at once—why had I not thought of it before? Here was a goal for an ignorant and ambitious traveller. I knew nothing of Cuba. It is true I was moderately well read in its discovery by Columbus in 1492, its subsequent occupation by the Spanish, its capture by the English about one hundred years ago, and the re-occupation by the Spanish after the treaty of Versailles. Its recent history, too, the daily papers kept fresh in the minds of every one, and I had my own ideas about Cespedes' chances of success, and the inhumanities of the volunteers. But of Cuba itself, its flora and fauna, mountains and valleys, towns and cities, the life and customs of its people and the *peculiarities* of the country, I was as ignorant as if the Queen of the Antilles lay far away in the Indian Ocean, rather than at our very doors, only 160 miles south of the Florida peninsula.

So for Cuba I started, and on this cold, dreary day in November, as I walked the deck wrapped in a great coat, and bent against the raw salt wind that blew in fresh from Sandy Hook, I looked back over the lower Bay, on the hills of Staten Island, already bare and grey, and congratulated myself on the choice which was to exchange the rigours of a December in New York, for a month in a clime where it was always Summer—where roses bloomed the entire year.

By the time supper was over we were fairly out to sea, with the steamer's bow pointed down the coast. Slowly the evening fell upon and darkened the waters, which now the fresh night wind was causing to swell and fall in black, rolling waves. The sun had gone down behind the Neversink Highlands, leaving little

streaks of gloaming glow through the rifts in the murky clouds that were banked in the West, giving only a doubtful promise for a fair morrow. Soon the engine bell gave warning that the *Crescent City* was stopping, and on the port bow could be seen a trim little schooner, bright with green paint, that swept by under full sail, the large figures "18" on the foresail, showing her to be the pilot boat. A little yawl had put out from her side. The seas tossed it like a cockle shell. Now it struggled on the crest of a wave; then, rushing down its stem would be buried in the trough of the sea, dashing the water over the two men who were slowly pulling her toward our vessel. Out from the wheel-house came the pilot, a little, old man, with a long grey beard, who, going down the side of the ship by a perpendicular ladder, and holding on with one hand by the deck rope, dropped just at the right moment into the boat as it went dancing by, and away they went out into the night, the red light in the bow of the yawl showing its position to those on board the pilot boat, which was now lying-to, half a mile under our stern.

Well, the breeze freshened, the night covered the sea like a pall, leaving nought to be seen save the white that rolled away under the ship's lea, the stars came out one by one, and looked down upon the few occupants of the deck, who, wrapped in shawls and rugs, were seated behind the deck cabin watching the Highland lights drop farther and farther astern.

The passage from New York to Havana occupies from four to five days, just long enough to give one a thorough insight into the pleasures of sea-life, without growing wearisome. A Winter voyage is especially enjoyable because of the agreeable transition from Winter's cold to Spring-like warmth, from Spring-like warmth to Summer heat. And in my visit to Cuba by no means the least pleasant hours were those passed on the steamer.

The second day out, however, was disagreeable enough. A south-east wind made a sea that tossed the ship like a cork, and the rain came down in a steady fall. By mid-night of the second night, we were off Cape Hatteras. The wind had increased to a gale, though the clouds were clearing away, and the quarter moon, low down in the West, lit up a sea wild in its fury, with fierce waves, chasing and rolling over each other white with foam. But the next morning brought fair weather, and a warmer atmosphere. For the first time most of the passengers appeared on the after-deck—a motly crowd, some thirty in all, mostly Spaniards, with swarthy faces, small feet and peg-top pantaloons. The few English-speaking portion of the party soon assimilated, a Mr. and Mrs. B., quiet Connecticut people, whose dry humor contributed not a little to the amusement of the voyage, a young Englishman, who, like all of his race, was a great traveller and a good talker, a Mr. H., who, having resided twenty-eight years in Cuba, was more of a Spaniard than an American. The latter was decidedly the wonder of our company, and the strange and marvellous stories he told, would need a larger work than this Magazine to recount. The brightness and sparkle of the party was contributed by a lovely little woman, a bride, who, with her new husband, was starting on that long voyage, which was to last as long as life. He was a quiet sort of a fellow, mostly given to stretching on the deck settee, and smoking cigars, but she, with her soft brown hair, *petite* figure, and lovely blue eyes, was the star round which for the next four days we all revolved. This little one, with sunlight in her face, music in her voice, and rippling laugh, and intelligence in every gesture—for her were the softest cushions, the cosiest

nooks; for her would the young Englishman wax eloquent in his glowing accounts of the Moorish wonders and beauties of Seville, in Old Spain, and for her would the dark face of old Mr. H. grow soft and tender as he recounted new tales of personal experiences, each more wonderful *more improbable.* As for the pegtopped Spaniards, they were fain content to worship from a distance, and quietly stare with their black eyes through clouds of cigarrette smoke emitted from their lungs. One presumptuous little Spanish wretch having imagined he detected a glance of interest for him in the blue eyes of *La petite*, was much given to walking very near our party, and bestowing conscious glances, to the great amusement of her husband, and to the several and joint indignation of the rest of us.

In enumerating the passengers, I must not forget our black cat, a wise feline, who had belonged to the burned Missouri, but had deserted that ship on the eve of her sailing on her last and fatal voyage. "Our cat" made her home on the wharf until just before the *Crescent City* got under way, when she walked on board and took up her quarter in the dining-cabin.

Charming days were those passed by our little Saxon coterie on the Steamer's deck. By the third day it was June weather. The gentlemen's heavy coats and the ladies' bonnets were left below, and under the shade of an awning we lounged and laughed, read, talked and smoked. Always there was something to amuse and make the hours pass pleasantly. Now it would be a school of porpoises that would follow the ship,—queer grey fish, about six feet long, with snouts like a pig; active fellows, that would scud just under the water like a shark, and then, springing five feet in the air, give their bodies a quick twist and dive deep into the sea, only to come up again and repeat the performance like so many children at play. Now it would be a distant sail away off where the heavens meet the waters, which would set us to surmising and deciding whether it were steamer or ship, schooner or brigantine. We could watch the great white gulls sail lazily aloft in broad circles, and then swoop suddenly down upon some luckless fish that might venture too near the surface, and bear it off to their nests on the shore, some thirty miles away. We had always the blue waves rolling and tumbling one upon the other, the sunlight on their white crests making them appear as if laughing in very glee. And if we grew tired of all these had we not Mr. H.? who, if his stories were to be believed, is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. Imagine a tall, portly man, with a nose, moustache and imperial, *a la* Louis Napoleon, swarthy complexion, black eyes and hair, and a voice deep and melodious. It was only necessary to ask him questions to bring out stories and revelations only equalled by the tales told before the wicked king in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, or in Marco Polo's accounts of his own travels in Asia. He had crossed the Ocean twenty times, and sailed to Havana twice that often; had been shipwrecked twice, and another time was only saved from such a disaster by tying up the Captain and taking command of the vessel himself; had been blown up on a Mississippi steamer, and limped from a bowie knife wound received in Mexico; had in his home in Havana manumitted slaves, that bathe every morning in Florida water, that they may smell sweet in serving him; had a daughter in Cuba owning plantations worth more than a million, and another in Paris married to a Prince; had himself dined with the Emperor at "*La Petite Trianon,*" in Versailles, and had been offered a noble title, which he declined; had a wife who refused to

live with him for the past five years because he would not live in Paris, this same wife being gained to him in the first place by nursing him after the explosion on the Mississippi. This wonderful person was born in Louisiana, and was a born-blower but I have no doubt in the goodness of his heart, he manufactured half of his strange tales for our amusement.

By noon of the fourth day we sighted Jupiter light-house on the Florida coast, the first land seen since the night of sailing, and soon the shore was but three miles away. The morning had been very hot, but the gentle trade winds had cooled the atmosphere, and the sea was as placid as New York Bay in a Summer afternoon. Quietly we floated along between the Bahama Banks and the main land, each one of us intoxicated with the soft beauty of this almost tropical sea. On we floated, watching the blue waves roll shoreward, and break in a white surf on the sandy beach, watching the flying fish skim over the water like so many sparrows, now we saw an orange grove just back from the shore; then a flock of pelicans with their long beaks and legs and wide-spread wings hanging low over the sea. Every moment brought some new delight, and increased the beauty we were enjoying.

The next morning the southermost point of Florida was far behind, and on every side was an unbroken extent of azure sea, ruffled by a balmy Southern breeze, causing the little wavelets to dance and gleam in the warm sunlight.

"You will see," said the Captain, as he came from the chart-room at twelve o'clock, after establishing the ship's position, "you will see the Cuban coast about five o'clock."

"Hurrah!" cried the "little one," clapping her hands, "I shall be the first to cry 'land ho.'"

Human nature, never satisfied with a happy present, is always wanting a change, something new. Here we had been passing on the steamer three days of almost perfect pleasure and beauty, leaving, one would suppose, nothing to be desired; yet we all looked forward with pleasurable anticipations, and no regrets, at leaving the ship. Five o'clock found us keeping a bright look out over the bows for the first view of the Spanish country.

"There is land," called out Mr. H., "the Monte del Pan, or Bread Mountain."

"Where?" cried we all, peering over the ship's side.

"There! Don't you see that high hill breaking the horizon? That is just beyond the city of Mantazas, sixty miles east of Havana. We shall be off the 'Morro' by ten o'clock; too late to land to-night, however, as the Captain General allows no vessels to enter the harbor after sun-down."

Yes, we all saw now, apparently rising out of the sea, this beautiful Venus of islands, the pearl of the West Indies.

Over the golden waters, red in the sun's decline, the ship sailed nearer and nearer to the enchanted land, each moment bringing more clearly to view the outline of the coast. Soon could be seen the verdant valleys, as well as the swelling hills; and by and by, royal palms, banana trees and tropical vegetation were discernible. The golden waters changed to grey as the soft twilight covered the sea, and the darkness of night closed around our new found happiness; but through the lattice of my state-room on deck, as I sailed softly into dreamland, came the evening land breeze, laden with the fragrance of flowers, the delicious odors of a southern clime.

During the night the ship steamed up the coast, and lay off the mouth of the harbor, waiting for six o'clock in the morning to come. At half-past five the

passengers were on deck, which was as wet as if rain had fallen, because of the heavy dew. In the West Indies, where sometimes there is no rain between October and May, the dews are as great, in the amount of water that falls, as many of our Summer day showers. Thus vegetation is daily revived. The sun came up over the Island, a molten ball of intensified heat; its first rays above the hill-tops sending us all to the shade of awning and cabin. Through the early morning mists, as we lay two miles off shore, we saw the beautiful city of Havana sitting on the very edge of the sea. The aspect of the city at the port entrance is acknowledged to be the most picturesque, north of the equator. Its situation is on one of peculiar beauty, having really three fronts. The first is on the sea, old ocean's surf breaking on the outer edge of one of her main thoroughfares—the Calzada de San Lazro. The second front is on the narrow strait connecting the outer sea with the inner bay, upon which Havana has its third front. This bay is trefoil in shape, about three miles wide, and as a harbor is unequalled for beauty and safety.

It is impossible to describe the peculiar delight one receives on first seeing Havana. It is as if you had gone to sleep, retaining on the retina of your eye, the image and recollection of cold, practical, perpendicular New York—so devoid of coloring and artistic combinations—and awake to find yourself on the southermost coast of Italy, or, what is more like it, the old peninsula of Spain, with its mellowness of light, its brightness of hue and soft dreamy languor of atmosphere. One must experience this remarkable transition to understand it all, and appreciate the deliciousness of the new impressions we were constantly receeiving this lovely morning, as we sailed slowly in, under the guns of Morro Castle, an immense fortification built on the edge of a rocky headland at the mouth of the strait, opposite the city. It is hoary and grim with age, and looks to be a mere outgrowth of the moss-covered stones upon which it stands. Far above the water it towers, crowned at its highest point with a graceful round tower. From the parapets, amidst the grim dogs of war that glowered down upon us, came the challenge: "What ship is that? From what port did you sail?" Both questions being satisfactorily answered by Captain Curtiss, our Yankee skipper, we sailed on, and into the narrow entrance to the harbor—a passage way only about fifteen hundred feet wide. Adjoining the Morro, is the Castillo de la Cabanas, the strongest fort in the world, having been built by Charles III, in 1771, at a cost of $40,000,000. Mr. H. told us the story that when the King was informed that the fortifications were completed, he took his sea-glass, and commenced scanning the horizon. "For what do you look, your Majesty?" demanded the attendants. "For the Castillo de la Cabanas," replied the King. "Your Majesty, the fortification is thousands of miles away; how can you expect to see it?" "Because I think it it cost forty millions, it ought to be seen at any distance."

Opposite the Cabanas, (across the strait) is the Castillo de la Punta, a fortification built in 1589, by Phillip II.

Our little bride, her husband and myself, were the only ones of our ship's company who were visiting Havana for the first time; so while the rest were busying themselves in getting together their effects, settling their fee scores, and generally preparing to go ashore, we sat on the after-deck, enjoying to the full the strange scenes as the *Crescent City* passed through the narrow channel. The water was as quiet as a lake, and as blue as the cloud less sky it reflected. Strange craft, manned by a strange race floated along, apparently

with no object other than to add to the beauty of the picture. From behind a solid sea wall of huge yellow blocks of stone rose a quaint old Moorish city, with towers and domes and belfries, apparently crumbling with age; great buildings of stone, but one and two stories, yet rising high in the air, in form a succession of lofty Doric corridors, painted the brightest yellow, blue, red, and brown. Between the buildings and along the sea-walls, which as Howells says of Quebec, "made the city clean to her very feet," were little gardens, from which waved the graceful palm and spreading banyan-laurel. Tropical plants and flowering shrubs in boxes often lined the parapets of the houses, forming an agreeable contrast to the dull red tiles with which all the roofs were covered: and from over the walls and house tops came the hum of two hundred and fifty thousand souls, Spanish, Cuban, African, Chinese, whose talking and sobbing, laughter and anger, rejoicing and repining, floated out to us on the early morning air—a low murmur of welcome.

Slowly our steamer moved along into the little land-locked Bay, till, just beyond a Spanish coaster—the "*Jose Barro*," —and a quarter of a mile from the Custom House Landing, she let go her anchor, and swung around to the tide.

Immediately on every side were swarming the boats peculiar to the West Indies, heavy, lugger-like yawls, whose stems were half covered with a white circular awning spread on hoops, presenting in appearance a cross between a Venetian gondola and an old-fashion, covered New Jersey-farm wagon. Each was manned by lithe Spaniards or negroes, dressed in linen pants, and an open shirt; the negroes, many of them, being stripped to the waist, all smoking cigars or cigarettes. How they gabbled and screamed and gesticulated, pushing against each other's boat, each striving to get the nearest to the landing platform at the foot of the stairs by the steamer's side. As they caught glimpses of the different passengers on the deck, they would scream out, pointing to their boats: "*Buen bote, buen bote, Senor, Senorita, lo triago a ustred a tierra cuondo venga el permissa.*" Which, being interpreted, meant, "See my good boat; may I take you ashore when the permit arrives?"

No one was allowed to board the vessel, nor could any of us leave till permission was obtained from the Captain-General, who is the autocrat of Havana. His agent, the Health Officer, soon arrived in a little boat, flying the Spanish ensign. He obtained the health report, and all our passports, and returned ashore, and we had nothing to do but wait till he returned with the required permission. Whether the Captain-General was asleep still, or at breakfast, I do not know, but it was two hours that we waited out there in the sun all ready to disembark. You may be sure, however, we found plenty to amuse us in watching the strange city, the passing boats laden with oranges, bananas and other tropical fruits unknown to us, the barges of the Men-of-Wars-men, that were constantly passing, and did our eyes tire of all this, we could always return to the howling dervishes at the vessel's side for fresh excitement.

At last ten o'clock brought with it the permits to land, and Babel was let loose. The boatmen were like New York hackmen in their most crazy moments. Spanish gentlemen came on board, and embraced and hugged their newly arrived friends like so many school-girls, pouring out Spanish with a volubility that was crazing to our American ears. The decks were crowded with hotel and mail agents, and clerks of business houses. Amid the confusion, the Captain of the ship introduced me to the interpreter of the Hotel el Telegrafo, whose first act of

kindness was to present a large black cigar, and I took my first smoke of a prime Havana, that had never paid duty. Our trunks were soon slung over the ship's side, and piled in the Telegrafo boat, and we three Americans following, were rowed ashore, to the Custom House Landing.

A. D. MELLICK, JR.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

II.—CONCLUDED.

IN THE former article it was stated that one error of the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment is, their erroneous views of the *nature* of punishment. They hold that the only reason why punishment should be inflicted is for the reformation of the offender, and to prevent crime. We admit that these are *objects* to be kept in view, but deny that they constitute the right of society to punish. The two steps leading to punishment are, as put by God, "Sin is the transgression of the law," and, "The wages of sin is death." A law without a penalty would be a dead letter. This principle of the Divine government God has infused into the human heart, in the universal feeling of mankind, that the evil doer only gets his deserts when he is punished. The overthrow of the wicked man meets our approval, because the demands of justice are met. If he go unwhipt, we assert that he has escaped justice. Through the soils of humanitarianism and expediency we dig, until we strike this rock:—*the criminal deserves to suffer, because he has broken law.* On this rock we plant the gallows.

I put the inquiry now before us, What should be the penalty for murder, a penalty that shall be both just, and best adapted to prevent the crime?

1. I reply, first, *God himself has spoken on this matter.* When Noah and his family came out of the ark, and the earth was to be repeopled, God laid down laws respecting the new state of things. These are recorded in the ninth chapter of Genesis. Among them was a law regarding human life. "And surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man: at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso shedeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man." Genesis IX: 5, 6. "Surely *your* blood of *your* lives," by which He draws a marked distinction between man's blood and that of animals. 'Their blood you may spill, but human blood you must not: if you do, your own blood must be shed.' Language could not convey a more distinct command. These words may be stretched and twisted, as has been done, but you can get nothing else out of them, other than that the murderer must be put to death. It does not defer the matter to the judgment day of the race. The penalty is to be inflicted in this life, and by the agency of man. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, *by man* shall his blood be shed." The only way to avoid the application is to claim, as has been done, that this law was designed for those early ages, and for a ruder condition of society, and is no longer needed in these enlightened times. But the circumstances under which this was given forbid such a conclusion. God was laying down first principles, which related to *mankind*, not to one nation. The other commands and blessings are uni-

versal, and co-eval with the continuance of the earth, viz:—man's ownership and use of animals; the promise that no other deluge should come; that cold and heat, winter and summer, day and night should follow without an interruption of their regular succession. With what fairness can it be argued that the requirement to take the life of the murderer was only local and temporary? All these requirements and permissions go together, and if you limit one you restrict all. And the assertion that this enactment was for a rude condition of society, is based on the self-glorification of our age, which regards all other ages barbarian. When this law was made, all the society in the world was in Noah's family. I do not suppose that family was semi-savage. It is true Noah was overcome with wine, and one of his sons did not treat him with filial respect when he was in that condition. But many talented and refined men have lost themselves in the wine-cup. And the sons of our best families are sometimes vulgar. Steam and telegraph have made us conceited, so that we think too much of ourselves, and underrate hoary antiquity. The essentials of man are the same in all ages—life, liberty and happiness; and these this command is designed to protect. In the bosom of the first family there was a murder. And now when the race is reduced to one family, and again sets out from that, God would prevent the repetition of that crime by the most fearful penalty. *And it was effectual.*

We are told that "hanging is a relic of barbarism." It is easy to call things by hard names, but opprobious epithets are not arguments. If it be meant that we should put the murderer to death by some other mode than hanging, I have no objection. But if the expression means that taking the life of a murderer is barbarous, that is the very thing to be proven: and we want to know why God instituted it. Would he originate and command a "barbarous" thing at that early day, when society was first taking shape? But, it may be replied, did not God sanction slavery and polygamy? Allowing that He did, that argument does not apply here. For it is one thing to control by legislation evils already existing; but a very different thing to enact laws which shall originate such evils. If God had sanctioned slavery or polygamy in this ninth chapter of Genesis, the argument would then be legitimate.

And now let us consider how God applied this preventative of murder, when He framed a code of laws for the civil government of his people Israel. "He that smiteth a man so that he die shall be surely put to death." Exodus xxiv: 12. "If a thief be found breaking up, and be smitten that he die, there shall be no blood shed for him." Exodus xxii: 2. That is justifiable homicide. And now note how carefully human life was guarded, for if the slayer bore malace toward the thief and avails himself of the opportunity to kill, when there was no necessity, he becomes a murderer. "But if he thrust him of hatred, or hurl at him by laying in wait, so that he die; or in enmity smite him with his hand that he die, he that smote him shall surely be put to death, for he is a murderer." Numbers xxxv: 20. "Moreover ye shall take *no satisfaction* for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death; but he shall be *surely put to death.*" Numbers xxxv: 31. To like effect is that passage in one of the tragedies of Æschylus:

"Lavish all wealth for blood, for one man's blood,
'Tis all in vain."

So peremptory was the command to put the murderer to death, that even the city of refuge was not to protect him. He

was to be delivered into the hand of the avenger of blood. "Thine eye shall not pity him, but thou shalt put away the guilt of innocent blood from Israel, that it may go well with thee." See Deut. xix: 11-13. No spot, however sacred, was to shield the murderer, even though he had fled to the court of the tabernacle, and there clung to the horns of the altar of sacrifice. "If a man come presumptuously upon his neighbor, and slay him with guile, thou shalt take him from mine altar that he may die." Exodus xxi: 14.

It is contended thatthe forbearance, forgiveness and love inculcated in the New Testament require that we should moderate the severity of these Old Testament rules: and that we are to imitate Christ rather than Moses. But there is no conflict between them as to general principles. The law about murder is older than Moses, as much older as Noah lived before Moses was born. This law did not originate in Moses' day. God only repeated to him an old law. God did not on Sinai make a new penalty; he only defined more clearly what constituted murder. And when our Lord, in the fifth chapter of Matthew, speaks of violating the decalogue, and refers to this sixth commandment, he says not a word to indicate that the law was too severe; he only defines yet more clearly than he did to Moses what really was murder, showing that anger, abusive language, and an unforgiving spirit were the abettors and even the authors of that crime.

But, we are told, all this bear an air of vengeance, which is foreign to Christianity. Vengeance belongs to God. He should be left to settle this matter hereafter. The funny part of this argument is that the men who urge it do not have much faith in future punishment, nd are those who cut down future retribution to the smallest point. Said one* holding such sentiments, in a recent sermon against capital punishment: "Consider what your malefactor is—a poor, untaught, uncared-for creature, growing up in vice, badly nurtured. Is such a creature as that a fit subject to take vengeance upon? It would be as sensible for a child to attack the stone against which its foot struck." Now such talk is absurd, and would be unworthy of notice did it not secure so many listeners. There is no wretch, save an idiot, so ignorant or uncared-for who does not know that it is a great crime to murder. His own natural instincts tell him as much. Besides, a large number of murders are committed by men who have enjoyed the advantages of education, of moral and religious training—men for example like Foster and Stokes. But so far as this plea has any force, it bears more against other crimes than against murder. A man commits forgery, makes counterfeit money, steals your horse: for these he must be shut up for years in prison. But is not that cruel? Does his crime bear such a proportion to his punishment? Is not that taking revenge? Is that carrying out the Gospel principle of forgiveness? Now, every plea of this nature which is urged against capital punishment can with more force be employed against these other punishments. Shall we then be misled by such specious arguments, which would tear down the penitentiary as well as burn the gibbet? How does the command to love our enemies, and return good for evil, forbid us to hang the murderer, if it permit us to imprison him for life? Murder is the only crime to which God has affixed a specific penalty, to be inflicted by man. And we can see the reason. Murder is

* Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of New York.

especially a crime against God. For it takes from him that which is exclusively his—the right to dispose of human life. Man's life is not his own. God gave it. God alone has the right to recall it. Hence God appends the reason why the murderer must be put to death; for "in the image of God made He man." Gen. ix: 6. Murder therefore is a marring of that image. For by ruthless hand the murderer separates that union of soul and body over which God himself should have exclusive control.

To take the murderer's life is a positive injunction laid on man by the Being who had a right to do it. If a man prove recreant, God himself will punish the delinquency. Again and again He declares in the Old Testament, that he is looking after innocent blood. He asserts that one of the reasons why He should overthrow Jerusalem, was for the innocent blood that Manasseh shed, "*which the Lord would not pardon.*" And what more emphatic than these words, which close the statute to Israel respecting murder:—"the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, *but by the blood of him that shed it.*" Numbers xxxv: 33.

2. I claim that capital punishment *is perfectly just.* It is so equitable that the murderer has no cause to complain that he is too severely punished. When God began to lay his requirements upon Pharoah, He announced the principle that *punishment should be in the line of offences.* "Thus saith the Lord. Israel is my *son*, even my *first born.* And I say unto thee let *my* son go that he may serve me; and if thou refuse to let him go, behold I will slay *thy son*, even thy *first born.*" Exodus iv: 22-23. That is, if you will not let me have my first born, I will have yours. And this principle pervaded the Mosaic legislation as that by which punishment was graded to offences. And this much misunderstood *lex talionis* is a correct principle upon which to administer civil justice. It does not mean, if I am struck, I must deal a blow in return. It does not approve private retaliation. It simply proposes a standard by which punishments are to be graded according to the nature and enormity of crimes. And all just penalties must be based upon this principle. Otherwise we lessen the distinction between grave and petty offences, and make men reckless about enormous crimes. We would be the most merciful toward the greatest offenders. And that is precisely the direction toward which society is drifting. An atrocious criminal will secure almost heroic defense.

Apply the principle we advocate to murder. An individual has been deprived of life, by the hand of another. What more precious than life? Is it any more than equitable that the one who took that life should forfeit his own? Do not justice and equity demand that life should pay for life? The murderer should be willing to take what he gives. He sends death to another, he must not complain at the rebound which brings death to him. Let him take the consequence of his own logic. He believes in the death-penalty. He has inflicted it upon his enemy. He did it without warning, or waiting for benefit of clergy. He granted his victim no space for a prayer, or a farewell to his family. He plunges a circle of kindred into the depths of anguish. And having done all this shall he be permitted to skulk behind the notion that it is unfair to hang a man? Shall he have any claim on the mercy of society? Was it not more cruel for him to kill another than it is for society to hang him? Wherein consists the severity and inhumanity of capital punishment? Conscience declares it is right. The sentiment of all the past is expressed by the

Roman poet, that no law is more equal than that the murderer should die in consequence of his own act. Aristotle recons the punishment of murder by death among the unwritten laws, universal in man's heart. Empedocles, the old poet, declares, that the punishment of murder by death is not the law in one place or in another, but the law indeed everywhere. And I doubt whether this sentiment can be eradicated by any refinements of philanthropy, or cultivation of an unheathy pity. If the laws do not meet this just requirement of the human mind, it will be found to assert itself by personal avenging. The man who kills will be slain by some near of kin, and we shall go back to the old "blood revenge," with all its horrors. We see this sentiment, that the murderer should die, burst forth with uncontrollable power, when the perpetrator of some atrocious assassination is found, and the appeal at once is with wild fury to "lynch law." Men take the law into their own hands when that law protects the guilty more than it does the innocent. And

> "Passion then will plead
> In angry spirits, for her old free range,
> And the wild justice of Revenge prevail."

I therefore hold that it is just *to put the murderer to death, and that we have the Divine command to do it.*

We must now meet the statement that where capital punishment is abolished fewer murders are committed than in those communities by which it is inflicted. We have been able to gather only a few facts on this point, because, as was stated at the beginning, the abolition of the death-penalty for murder is an experiment. And it has not proceeded far enough to furnish satisfactory statistics, much less to warrant the boasts of its advocates.

Capital punishment was abolished in Tuscany for some twenty years about the close of the last century. There have been general statements of its happy effects, but no proof, in the way of statistics, has been furnished. There is, however, this fact very much against its success. The death-penalty afterwards was restored. But the Grand Duke Leopold, who ruled over thirty years, never re-enacted the abolition, although he was one of the most amiable and liberal minded of all the princes of Europe. In Russia there is no capital punishment as a law. It is inflicted occasionally at the express command of the emperor. But other punishments are substituted, barbarous, excruciating, and accompanied by protracted tortures from the effects of which the poor victim dies. The banishment to Siberia to work there in the mines is as bad as death, and frequently soon produces death. The sentiment of the Empress Catherine is often quoted: "The punishment of death is rarely anything but a useless barbarity." But what is that worth as coming from a reckless woman, an adulteress, who reigned because she murdered her husband? In Belgium, capital punishment was abolished in 1829. In six years after, the Minister of Justice, who may be assumed to know something about the matter, in his official report, declared himself against the expediency of the abolition judged by its practical results. During that period the annual average of murders, as compared with the previous five years, had increased from thirty-two per cent. to seventy. The penalty was restored by 1840. But the royal clemency is exercised in all except the most aggravated cases.

Now let us examine, on the other side, the full statistics of the State of Massachusetts, from 1800 to 1840. This State is said to have administered capital punishment with "a stern and unrelenting vigor, not elsewhere known in Christen-

dom." During those forty years the increase of population was thirty per cent., the increase of murder eight per cent. Certainly that unparalleled severity did not increase murders. On comparing this State with Belgium we find that in Belgium there was, up to the year 1850, one murder to every thirty thousand inhabitants, while in Massachusetts there was one murder to every forty-five thousand inhabitants. In other words, the habitual vigor of Massachusetts diminished the number of murders fifty per cent. as compared with the leniency of Belgium.*

Michigan abolished capital punishment in 1846. In 1852 the Grand Jury at Detroit declared: "The increase of the crimes of murder and manslaughter since the abolition of capital punishment, not only among us, but throughout our State, has become most manifest and alarming. The records of the courts of this County show that, at each of the four terms, there has been at least one aggravated case of murder. These facts we regard as proof of the alarming disrespect for, and undervaluing of human life, referable to a change of the legislation upon this subject." †

The latest attempts at statistics for our country have been by Martin H. Bovee, a gentleman who has taken an active part in the effort to abolish capital punishment, and who has for several years written for the *New York Tribune* on this subject. But in these attempts he utterly fails to satisfy our inquiries. We want to know whether the number of murders has increased or decreased in those States which have abolished the death-penalty. He gives us only the opinions of certain officials. For example, the State Prison Inspector of Michigan replies to his inquiries: "I can only say that it is the opinion of the undersigned, that it will be found, on comparison with States of equal population, where the death penalty is in force, that ours will compare favorably with them. The agent of the State Prison at Jackson, same State replies. "I am unable to give you a comparative statement of the decrease of capital offences since the abolition of the death-penalty. I am fully convinced in my own mind, however, that society has not suffered in consequence of the abolition of capital punishment." The warden of the State Prison in Rhode Island assured him that the crime of murder had not increased since the abolition of the death-penalty; that, on the contrary, considering the increase of population since 1852, it had diminished." But he does not give a figure, nor state *how* he knew this. In Mr. Bovee's own State of Wisconsin, the Prison Commissioner declares that "the abolition of the death-penalty has been productive of great good, rendering convictions more certain, and thus diminishing those crimes which under the old law could scarcely ever be punished." But we cannot accept such a statement unaccompanied by proof, as conclusive evidence on so vital a point. And especially when these opinions are challenged so directly as they are, by a correspondent of the Chicago *Evening Journal* of March 27th, last. He accuses Mr. Bovee of misleading his readers by creating the impression that in Iowa the most beneficent results have attended the abolition of the death penalty; whereas the truth is that "murder and brutal outrages have multiplied in fearful proportion. And yet with all the increase of crime before them, the Courts have doomed to imprisonment for life *only one murderer*, since hanging was abolished."

* For an extended statistical argument see Bibliotheca Sacra, 1847, 456, 466.

† Plumber's *Law of God*, p. 427.

He also states that, as the result of all this, there is a growing feeling in favor of the revival of capital punishment. And a determined effort was made in the last Legislature to restore the gallows, which, however, was unsuccessful. In Wisconsin, "the pardoning power has for a long time been grossly abused, and convictions are slowly secured, and by no means with certainty. And in respect to Illinois, of which State Mr. Bovee had declared that hanging was practically abolished, this correspondent asserts that three had been hung within a few weeks; and that the Governor had given the public every reason to believe that he would save no murderer from the gallows, and that the press and people of the State were almost a unit in demanding their execution.*

But we are not left to the light human experiments throw on this subject. God himself has shown us the result of sparing the life of murderers. During the first sixteen centuries of the world's history capital punishment was not inflicted. God made a great experiment with Cain. He guarded that murderer's life. Cain became a fugitive on the earth. A mark was set on him recognizable by all. Yet this did not deter others from murder. Lamech quoted the case of Cain, as a reason why he should be exempt from punishment. "I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt. If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold." And what was the result? Men went on from bad to worse until God said: "The end of all flesh is come before me; for the *earth is filled with violence* through them, and behold I will destroy them from the earth." Such was the result when murderers lived. Therefore, no sooner does Noah come out of the ark, than God enacted that murderers should be punished by death. Maybe this alone would prevent a second deluge. In God's judgment this was necessary for the protection of life. And He gives the law in such plain, pointed language, that none can mistake the meaning. This law was based, as we have seen, on general principles, and was made with reference to the wants of the race. He not only declared that the murderer should be punished, but he appointed the kind of punishment. This He repeated in the civil regulations enacted for Israel, his chosen people. He did not change the penalty to imprisonment for life: although such an imprisonment could easily have been secured in the cities of refuge. With awful distinctness He declares, "The land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it." Numbers xxxvi: 33.

When, therefore, the Creator of man and Ruler of all the earth gives so decided an expression to his judgment, there should be the most cogent reasons for a departure from His counsel, and the clearest proof that such a law was only for that time, and not for all generations. But what are the reasons urged against this law of God? Such as spring out of pity for the murderer, to the utter forgetfulness of his victim. What are the reasons? The mere theory that imprisonment for life is as effectual to prevent murder; a theory, which, so far as a few short-lived efforts go, is a failure; a theory also which is contrary to the common experience of men. What are the reasons? Some of them no reasons at all; only a flinging out of opprobitious epithets, such as: The death-penalty is a relic of barbarous age. It is a stain upon the nineteenth century. It is cruelty, vengeance, the manifestation of a blood-thirsty spirit.

* From the Nation, April 3, 1873.

And let us thoughtfully ask, what has been the result of all this talk against capital punishment, which has continued during the past thirty years? About the year 1840 the question of the abolition of the death-penalty was discussed in different parts of the land, and came up before the Legislatures of several of the States. Is it not evident that a mental and moral confusion has been created about the crime of murder? Is it held in that abhorrence by this generation, which it was by our fathers? Has not popular sympathy been transferred from the victim and his family, to the murderer and his family? Has it not become all but impossible to get juries to convict in capital cases? Has not the public become indifferent, almost blind to the importance of the great principles of justice, as they should be administered by our courts of law? What better proofs of demoralization could be offered than the strenuous efforts recently made to rescue Foster from the gallows; which undoubtedly in a few years would have been followed by similar efforts to obtain his pardon, and release from imprisonment? And is not the inquiry pertinent, if the *agitation* of the repeal of the death-penalty produces such consequences, what will its abolition end in? Then ought not every lover of law, order and personal safety seriously consider on which side of this question his influence is cast? If on the side of the abolition, should he not carefully consider his ground, inasmuch as a mistake is fraught with such direful consequences?

GEORGE S. MOTT.

REMINISCENCES OF HOLLAND.

SEVENTEEN years, and no notes for reference, leave but slender grounds to hope for much of interest in a record of travel.

The first thing that one notices approaching Holland from the south, is the sandy desolations, which are so wide as to remind one of the fringe of the Nubian Desert. This is explained by the hypothesis that the Republic of Netherlands was established on made-land outside of the shore of the Zuyder Zee. It is my only solution, and Dr. Darwin tells us we must believe a theory if not proven, if it explains most satisfactorily any knot.* The second thing which attracted my attention was the slight depth where water could everywhere be reached—say about four feet—and this is the best water the Dutch can find for culinary purposes, unless they gather rain. I greatly astonished several Oriental antiquarians by telling them that throughout the Desert of Saharah water could also be had only

* The reader will pardon me for quoting even derisively such a stupendous humbug as this creature. It was nothing more nor less than an insult to the French Academy to propose him as a member; one who could write seriously in a book of science the following sentence, and others like it: "No one doubts that these faculties" [the intellectual] "are of the utmost importance to animals in a state of nature. Therefore the conditions are favorable for their development through natural selection. The same conclusion may be extended to man; the intellect must have been all important to him, even at a very remote period, enabling him to use language, to invent and make weapons, tools, traps, etc." (*Descent of Man*, Vol. II. p. 373, Appleton's Ed.) How profound! This is so utterly astounding a discovery that we may well feel humbled in the dust because the French Academy did not admit him by acclamation; nay, even vote him a resolution of thanks for consenting to join their lowly Society!

four feet under the barren sand. "But how then," they asked, "do so many travellers suffer, and not a few perish from thirst?" Alas! the Desert water is five times as salt as the ocean.

The fact last above stated shows that Holland is a vast morass, or meadow. Where the people thus dwell from childhood, amid such wide-spread, water-soaked counties, from which mighty windmills are ever pumping the gathering pools and discharging them into the ocean, we might look for a diseased, dark-livered and amphibious race. "Now," said my friend, "we will have the *black Dutch*—our brothers, who remained when their ancestors left." But note our surprise. From the babes in arms, the children going to school and the adults, even down to old age, everybody had a complexion as clear, and as rosy as the Saxons of merry Old England.

The cattle interest of Holland is one of its principal sources of wealth. In May I saw their cows and other animals nicely and warmly blanketed, after the manner of the Fifth Avenue fancy poodles. I presume that during a course of ages a very delicate constitution may be superinduced. But these blankets must be intended to render the beef tender and luscious for the dainty nobility of London. And I freely accord to Holland farmers the palm of producing incomparably the finest joints and roasts that I ever found in the four quarters of the world.

I visited Amsterdam, and found another Venice without a gondola, or Bridge of Sighs. There was the inevitable water filling all the canals; and nearly all the streets were dug out to make these canals. The carrying of all heavy merchandize by boats was the rule—on a wooden sled the exception. But you may ask, "Where were the carts and drays?" The answer is that fifteen years since these vehicles were tabooed, and a sled was used, with two small firkins filled with water stuck upon the top of each runner. Down through these runners from the firkins percolated a small stream, which lubricated the wood and made it glide smoothly over the pavement! Immortal Dutch—all hail!* The heavily laden carts would jar these streets and cause the lofty brick houses and stores—now nodding perhaps to fall. The reader will scarcely believe me when I state the actual truth that hundreds of three story edifices of brick standing on the same line on a street are, nearly every one, tilted either forward or backward, from a few inches to four feet out of plum; yet the people dwell in them as securely as though they were founded upon a rock a hundred leagues broad. Having dwelt near a railroad crossing in the city of Chicago for years, I am prepared to prove that prairie soil trembles under the heavy freight trains as though a small earthquake was heaving it. But no such disastrous tottering of houses are seen in this "Burnt City." Yet in the Hague and Amsterdam many piles are driven deeply in the morass as the foundations of the buildings. I believe the Stadt House, built of white marble, rests on twenty-five thousand of these immense piles.

The rural city of Brookville, (so called, I presume, from a ditch that carries off the result of wind-mill pumps) near Amsterdam, is a quiet spot selected by the wealthy burghers for its seclusion from bustle. One might imagine that the canals and sleds and general absence of wheeled vehicles would make the silence even of Amsterdam quite profound. That is so; but "mine Dutch relatives" of the pipe and silent thought memory

* I of course cannot vouch for any changes and improvements since that time.

desire greater stillness. In the streets of Brookville, of, I think, some 40,000 population, no horse, no carriage, nor no wheel is ever heard. I believe the midnight cheery crowing of the chanticleer is not allowed, as it was in Jerusalem. Happy dwellers! There is but one place, beyond, where a deeper silence reigns. And I honor a people who, when they want a certain innocent comfort, have the pluck and perseverance to obtain it! Around our New Amsterdam, where is the village, the rural district, which the everlasting rush of a restless generation does not invade? Echo answers, where?

In Brookville the door of the house through which the bride and groom enter at the marriage ceremony is closed, and never opened until their coffins are ready for their last home. The birth of a male heir is denoted by a small white ribbon in the form of a bow, (and that of a female by a pink one) attached to the front door to save any unnecessary ringing of the bell, or disturbing the servants. For the same object the physician posts on the door a daily bulletin stating the condition of each patient who is specially sick.

The writer, being a stranger to the Dutch tongue, and keenly alive to learn what he could of the state of the Church, when calling on one of the Protestant clergy in Brookville, was compelled to use the Latin language in conversation. He was of the Evangelical class. He described the evils of the union of Church and State, and mourned over the fact that, out of thirteen hundred clergy, eleven hundred were semi-Arian in creed —in common speech, Unitarians. But two hundred only received the Heidelberg Catechism in its honest sense. A sad comment this on the work of folly commenced by Constantine and continued for the last fifteen hundred years! More ruin has resulted to the cause of truth from that source than the imagination can conceive.

The Hague, the political capital of Holland, contains the palaces of the reigning King, and is a city of beautiful parks and residences of relatives of the great officers of the crown. The drive through the Royal Park to the King's villa, embowered amid the oaks of a thousand years, is the lovliest I have seen.

When I was in Smyrna a banker dressed like a Turk, but a native of the Hague, looked on my letter of credit, and inquired if I knew the author of a work for young men called *Mercantile Morals*. I answered: "That was my youthful progeny." He said he had seen it reviewed in a Hague paper, and must, of course, have been translated and published in Dutch. He added 'that the Van Doren name would introduce it into a large circle.' On further inquiry I learned that three generations since a Van Doren had emigrated to the Dutch Demarara, and by raising coffee had amassed a large fortune. He gave his son a splendid education, and, having finished, he studied law. But, possessing a fine inheritance, it was not desirable for him to practice, and he naturally became fond of politics. The human mind has its wants, as clearly defined as hunger or thirst. And the interests of government are a sea of excitement, amid whose billows dazzling with foam many a noble youth gladly dashes. Thus he rose from one office to another until he became Prime Minister. How many years he held the seals I know not, but at length he died, and left his son filling the office of Lord Chamberlain to the King. This young man was twenty-eight years of age in 1856, and was married to a titled lady of Westphalia. His card bears the name of "Baron De Westphalia." I presume the young nobleman must have been partial to good

ham, that section having become as famous for its ham as Goshen for butter. All I know of the wife is the statement of her husband that she was a very accomplished lady, and had been educated in a London boarding-school. At the time of my visit she was an invalid, and thus I was prevented the only chance I ever approached of receiving the hospitalities of a nobleman. A small palace adjoining the Baron's was occupied by a sister of the King.

Our Hotel had every luxury that the most fastidious could desire. But the reader will be amused at the fact that on the first day when our dinner was near its end, and the *charlotte de russe* and ice-cream were passing around, a certain wonder appeared. About forty guests were seated around our table. My appetite suddenly failed me over begun cream, when a volume of tobacco smoke from a dozen huge pipes rolled its fragrance over the desert dishes! Presto! —I began to scold in English, and told those Dutch what I thought of them. They doubtless understood something of the tirade, as they in Dutch said I had no right to rail at Holland, since, from my name, they knew it was *my fatherland*.

WILLIAM H. VAN DOREN.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT PLUCKAMIN.

[FOURTH OF JULY, 185—, (shortly after the Presbyterian Church was built,) was a great day in the village of Pluckamin, Somerset County. We had an old fashioned celebration, by reading the Declaration of Independence, an Oration, and afterwards a good dinner upon true temperance principles. Col. Sutphen, an old member of the Legislature, and well remembered as County Surrogate, was Marshal of the day. The Declaration of Independence was read by Dr. Dilts, then practising in Pluckamin, The orator I will not name. The dinner for the people was furnished by James McCullough, then the hotel-keeper in the village, and a good dinner it was. The tables, well-filled, were spread under a temporary structure, erected upon a corner lot, at that time owned by Elias Brown, Esq. The life of the table was Jacob Losey, for a long time our post-master, and one of the best Justices of the Peace we ever had in Bedminster. His hearty, whole-souled, jovial laugh, no one can ever forget. He always was the life of the village. A young boy had often heard of Pluckamin. His imagination was much excited as his father had promised to take him there. He went, and was in 'Squire Losey's shop, then the post-office, when the boy said: "Father, will you show me Pluckamin?" The Squire looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye, and answered: "Why boy, you are in the very heart of Pluckamin." And then that merry laugh went ringing through the shop.

A. W. M.]

ORATION.*

WE HAIL with enthusiasm this day, the most illustrious recorded in our national annals; this Fourth of July; this birth-day of American Independence. It is right that we should celebrate this occasion, this glorious anniversary. It is fit that our thoughts should be carried back to the time when the struggling spirit of Freedom arose and bid defiance to the powerful assaults of tyranny and oppression. It is meet that we should remember our distinguished ancestry; that we should embalm them

[* We print this oration not because of any intrinsic interest or merit in it over similar proproductions, though it has merits, but to save from oblivion the old-fashioned style of "doing up" the Fourth of July. The celebration of this day, in the country, by adults is a thing of the past. About the last good specimen of it, hereabouts, was at this gathering, in the little village of Pluckamin—one of the historic grounds of the Revolution, where Washington's army was encamped a whole Winter—at which the following oration was delivered. It will be seen that it was well calculated to stir up the honest patriotism of the hearers, as were all the Fourth of July speeches of that past patriotic time.—ED.]

in the inmost recesses of our hearts; that we should emulate their virtues, imitate their patriotism, their strong love of country. Duty, patriotism, love of virtue—all prompt us to celebrate this occasion.

> "Then hail our country's natal morn!
> Hail our spreading kindred born!
> Hail, thou banner, not yet torn—
> Waving o'er the free!"

Welcome this well-dressed and orderly assembly, collected to do honor to this anniversary occasion! Welcome, ye aged men, who have long borne the heat and burden of the day; who have struggled manfully for your country's good! You do well to honor us by your countenance on this occasion. Welcome, ye young men of America, the hope of your country and the world! Upon you soon will devolve the duty of safely managing our noble vessel of State. May you this day learn lessons of virtue and patriotism. Welcome, matrons grave, and ladies fair—the mothers, wives and sisters of America's sons! We greet you here. Man needs woman's smile to encourage him along his toilsome pilgrimage, to enjoy with him the hour of triumph. Man needs her tear to preserve him from the paths of disgrace and turpitude. May the lips of the speaker on this occasion be touched with a live coal from off the pure altar of patriotism! May those that hear, receive the word! May we *all* renewedly consecrate ourselves and our best energies to the service of our common country!

On the Fourth of July, 1776, this American nation was born. Then was proclaimed the doctrine that this nation was, and of right ought to be free and independent. She had a right to make treaties, form alliances, and perform all duties appertaining to an independent commonwealth. This was a momentous day for us and the world. It required men of daring mind, of lofty patriotism, to conceive, to carry out such a project. In the eyes of the world it seemed a foolish and hopeless task. We, a few, weak, disjointed, separate Colonies, without arms, friends, or means, to contend with that mighty empire, whose boast is, "that the sun never sets in her dominion, and every ocean washes her shores," to separate themselves from friends, from those they held most dear, to proclaim themselves rebels in arms against their King, their lawful sovereign! Our ancestors were men just fitted for this crisis. They were descendants of those old Puritans, to whom, as Hume the historian allows, England is indebted for all her national freedom; who, rather than sacrifice the right of conscience, and bow to kingly dictation, prepared to abandon their lands, and seek a home in these Western wilds. *They* were ready to cast *all* upon the hazard of the die. The men of the Revolution were true, honest men, tried patriots. The crisis demanded, the country would have no other. They fought with a halter around their necks. They most truly pledged to each other their lives, fortunes and sacred honor. During the seven long years that followed, they went through a fiery furnace, seven times heated, and most successfully triumphed. At times hardly clad, poorly paid and fed, wanting many of the necessaries and all the luxuries of life, yet their faith never wavered, their patriotism never succumbed. The inducements held out by Great Britain were great and tempting. But to their honor, be it spoken, there was but *one traitor*, and his name will go down to posterity, loaded with infamy. Fellow-citizens, do I ask too much of you, when I wish you to love and cherish the memories of these men, to deify their virtues, to follow their example? They fought hard, suffered much, endured all things, to found this glorious Constitution, and pass it into our hands. Shall we refuse

the gift? Descendants of these brave and noble men, shall we be dastards and cowards? Children, grand-children of these illustrious men, who fought and bled for this glorious land, this noble heritage, shall we lift the impious hand to mar its beauty or impair its usefulness? Some may essay to do it, but be assured they will go down to posterity along with an Arnold and Burr, cursed of God and hated by man.

New Jersey, my own, my native State, how my feelings cluster around you! What bright reminiscences of the past your Revolutionary history brings before me! New Jersey was classic ground, during that long and eventful War. Some of the bloodiest scenes in that drama were acted upon her soil. Some of the noblest pages of our common history are brightened by the deeds, daring and sacrifices of her sons. Often overrun, overpowered, never conquered or dismayed, her sons always responded to the calls of our Revolutionary patriots. Situated as she was, between the two cities of New York and Philadelphia, she was peculiarly exposed to all the horrors and barbarities of war. Her fields were devastated, her people plundered, her towns and villages wrapt in flames. All that a tyrannical, over-powering foe could and would do, were fastened upon her. The stern realities of war she saw and felt. But the stern patriotism of our fathers never failed. They fought, bled and successfully triumphed. The Winter of 1776, and the Spring of 1777 were the eventful periods of the War. That Providence, who had hitherto led and directed us, seemed to have hid His smiling face. Dark clouds lowered, threatening to obscure forever the rising sun of our country's glory. The sternest souls were dismayed, the boldest hearts trembled. Man's help was unavailing. Dismay and disaster was close upon us. Happily, we had a man just fitted for the crisis. Washington, under Providence, was our all in all. He, with eagle eye and stern resolve, beheld the scene. He saw that the pampered minions of Britain, clad in the mighty panoply of war, were close upon him. Flushed with victory, elated with hope, filled with self-reliance, one more victory for them and the country would be conquered. One fight more and the tale is told, the work is done, America is conquered, England's Colonies are still preserved. Washington felt the necessity. He saw how desperate our fortunes were. One strong, bold, decided effort must be made, or that mighty wave, which was sweeping along, would engulf all in its ruin. What pen can portray the emotions that must have agitated his bosom? He, the true-hearted patriot, wishing to see his country rescued from the tyrannical grasp of the British soldiery, desiring to give his country a name, a standing among the nations of the earth! Love of country, love of men, ardent self-sacrificing patriotism urged him on. Inspired by his example, invigorated by his zeal, cheered and encouraged by his clarion voice, which they had often heard on many a battle-field, his troops most nobly responded. The river Delaware was crossed; the enemy was met and conquered. The glorious battle of Trenton was inscribed on one of the brightest pages of our country's history. Washington was sustained in it, applauded, admired by his grateful countrymen. The people from the abyss of despair were aroused and exhilarated. *The battle of Trenton was the turning point of our history.* From that day dark clouds disappeared. Heavenly light shone upon us. The battle of Princeton quickly followed; Princeton, the seat of learning, from whose classic halls have issued so many distinguished sons to ennoble her name and proclaim her worth. Her college halls were dese-

crated by a hireling soldiery, who, true to their instincts, rifled the libraries and plundered them, and also the philosophical apparatus, packed to be transported to England. Thus even the arts and sciences were not safeguards against these rapacious men. Cornwallis here felt sure of his prey. Washington was encamped on the opposite side of a small stream, with an inferior force, and the British General only waited for day-light to discomfit and annihilate him. Washington knew well the advantage of *time* in warfare. While his enemy was asleep in the dead of night, he stole his march; and when Cornwallis was awakened from his slumbers, it was by the booming of cannon in his rear at Princeton. The fight was short but brilliant. The troops, encouraged by the presence and example of Washington, fought bravely and triumphed. The British were driven out of the College edifice by the cannon balls of the enemy, and they followed its evacuation by a precipitous retreat. The advantages resulting to our cause from these battles in New Jersey can hardly be overestimated. They encouraged and animated the people, before that time almost overwhelmed with despair. They enhanced the character of Washington, and caused the country to put a greater confidence in his foresight and generalship. They enabled him to recruit his army, which was fast diminishing, and to raise a much larger force. They furnished us with the munitions of war, that were much needed. They encouraged the timid and desponding, and cheered and enlivened the patient heart with unwonted joy. Finally it proved to our soldiers that, hand to hand, they were more than a match for their proud and boastful adversaries. The battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, are written upon the pages of our country's history in words of living light, there to remain until Time shall be no more. Now the old warriors are all gone. They sleep their last sleep. The clang of arms, the trumpets' stirring call, the welkin shout of victory, will not reach them there. There they shall repose till Time's last trump shall shake the vaulted sky. These men need no monuments to perpetuate their virtues and proclaim their fame. Their monuments are all around us. Their monuments are men, women, this happy, smiling, joyful throng, and their children, and their grand-children, who follow their example, who imitate their virtues. This smiling landscape clad in the richest verdure of green; these fruitful fields, bearing these richest sheaves, the promise of an abundant harvest; these handsome country seats and splendid mansions—these, *these* are their monuments! The toil, the blood, the sacrifices of our ancestors purchased these for us. These schools, where the youth of America are early instructed; the Academies and Colleges, where the higher branches of the arts and sciences are taught; these noble and majestic churches with their spires pointing up heavenward; the tolling bell, proclaiming a quiet and peaceful Sabbath—these, *these* are their monuments! Free education, religious liberty, are the fruits of our Revolutionary War. Fellow-citizens, fellow-Jerseymen, need you, need I be ashamed of such an ancestry? No! ah, no! Let it be *our* boast and pride such men were our ancestors. Let us cultivate an ardent love of country, a true patriotism; let it be our dearest wish that these privileges, transmitted to us, may be handed down to our latest generation. That old Continental Congress was an illustrious body of men. Their praises cannot be too often sounded; their enconiums cannot be too eulogistic. Consider what they did, what they accomplished. Remember the wisdom and harmony of their proceedings, Drawn

from several different Colonies, widely separated, their enemies felt the strongest assurance they could not possibly agree. How sadly they were disappointed. History tells. On all public questions they were firmly united. The War was carried on with a unanimity seldom equalled, never surpassed. Though many checkered scenes darkened our prospects, many dark clouds obscured our horizon. Yet Freedom's sun, which arose with such brilliancy at Bunker Hill, shed an exhilarating warmth and brightness after Princeton and Trenton battle-fields, until finally it poured a full radiance of glory upon our country's arms at the surrender at Yorktown. From that day to this that sun has never set, but has continued to rise higher and higher in the political horizon, darting its beams and sending its warmth to other and foreign lands. Millions upon millions from down-trodden Erin, from brave and chivalrous France, from learned, scholastic Germany, have reached these shores, to bask in their sunshine and enjoy their general warmth. Millions upon millions yet unborn will bless the day which saw that sun arise; will celebrate this illustrious Fourth in songs of triumph, until the lofty jubilant notes, started from the Atlantic, re-echoed by the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains shall be lost in the soft murmurs of the Pacific Ocean.

"Hail, then, Republic of Washington, hail!
May star of thy Union never grow pale.
Hope of the world, may each omen of ill
Fade in the light of thy destiny still.
Time brings but increase and honor for thee,
Land of the Beautiful! land of the Free!"

A DREAM.

[CONCLUDED.]

RICHLY freighted with joyousness and mirth, the days passed on, the new relations in which I stood to the family at Avoca drawing me further within the inner circle of its life. They lingered in their Summer-house, until the trees had lost their foliage, and the last trace of its glory had departed; then went to wait for its return where Winter's desolation less obtrusively asserts its sway.

Of late I have been somewhat lonely; more impatient in fact at the slow flight of time than I have often been before. It seems to have lost its wings, and I am sincerely wishing it would find them again. I explain this desire to Frank, during one of his visits.

"You will be surprised to see what an extensive pair the old fellow has in his possession when you come to us, and that must be soon."

But I shake my head doubtfully, saying, "I am hardly so certain of that; a country girl does not always feel quite at home in the city."

"Pshaw! my little country girl would feel at home anywhere—*with me*—wouldn't she?" and I must needs answer "Yes." But still I insist I will be best pleased to see the Summer, and he agrees with saying, "So will I."

At length Summer *is* with us again, and we take up the old life that has gained some new elements.

Louise comes back to us fancy-free no longer. Ella is especially inclined in a particular direction, and necessarily our intimate conversation suffers some change in its complexion, yet loses none of its piquancy. Besides Dr. Noyes has promised that he will not again desert us so unceremoniously, and Madeline oftener

gives us her company; and these last considerations add more than I can tell to the character of our intercourse, giving it both depth and tone, at least so far as I am concerned.

Ella's head is full of "marrying and giving in marriage." "I expect Madeline and Dr. Noyes will make up their minds next," she says.

"Oh! no," I answer quickly, "I know that will never be."

"How do you know?" she asks.

And I have no answer ready other than the indefinite one, "that I had never thought of such a possibility before."

"Louise, you remember we supposed it to be more than a possibility—that Summer at B—?"

"Yes," Louise replies, "we certainly indulged in suspicions. They would not disgrace our flock of mated birds; that is, if their majesties would condescend to be counted, which I admit is not a point to be considered entirely established."

I follow the glance of her eyes as she makes this last remark, directed toward those of whom we speak. Dr. Noyes is about leaving us, and Madeline at his request has accompanied him to the gate, as I had done once before on an evening which the circumstance distinctly recalls. Certainly there is no incongruity in the idea that Ella has suggested; on the contrary, what could be more harmonious as far as others can tell, than such a union between Madeline and Dr. Noyes? Yet I turned away from the thought impatiently.

"What need have they to marry? Such people might be sufficient unto themselves," and then, with a sigh, "They have had more given unto them than many of us can claim—each may hold—the ten talents."

Graciously the new Summer developes her perfections. Soft winds and bluest skies, cloud-snows that are undiminished by the brightest sunshine, fruits, flowers, and all the fairest offerings of Beauty, crowd the courts of its Queen.

"Come let us walk abroad," Frank says, as we stand on the piazza, looking out through the evening's dusky light; "such favorable conditions of earth and sky seem to give us an urgent invitation."

"Wait one moment; and now I am quite ready." A temporary silence follows, which Frank improves (for my otherwise good boy smokes). Then I feel impelled to say: "Will we always feel thus peaceful and quiet when walking side by side—do you think we will Frank? Is it *sure* to last?"

"Why of course it is, dear," in a tone intended to be entirely convincing; "of course it will." And then, taking my hand as it lies on his arm, he continues, "Agnes, don't try to be a psychologist. In my opinion the novels of that ilk have a great deal to answer for. We won't worry ourselves with sentimental fancies. Do not we love each other, and is not that enough?"

"Quite enough," inwardly, "*if love* it is enough."

After this, certainly we are not at all sentimental, but enjoy our walk as any two rational people might, carefully shunning grass borders that are wet with dew, and liable to injure my dress and his boots. But at last, we risked all such injuries, and set them quite at defiance, when seized with a whim to have some ripe gooseberries. The bushes are laden, and it is fine fun gathering their fruit by moonlight, when the sense of touch must guide you almost entirely. It is so gratifying to thrust one's hand in at random, and to come to a full place and pluck all at once several clusters of the great white globes! Never have berries tasted sweeter, and we gather as many as we can hold, and carry them to the others whom we left in the parlor. Their separate portions are

rather small, but appreciated nevertheless, and when the distribution is finished Dr. Noyes says:

"Miss Agnes can testify to the truth of my statement. Most probably she has come to a like conclusion during her walk."

"What was the statement?" And Madeline tells me that Dr. Noyes had just remarked: 'How much Avoca had grown in beauty during the last year; that the place now could vie with any in the country.'

"Yes," I assent, "he is quite right; it has always seemed very attractive to me, and since Art has so effectually aided Nature in developing these attractions, of course they have greatly increased."

"You can appreciate all improvements more than we ourselves do, I suppose. You have been familiar with the place so long."

"It is connected with my earliest memories." I have already told them of my sister's marriage, followed so soon by her sudden death, with details as they have been related to me by others, my knowledge of the facts at the time being but slight. The story was full of pathos—one of those that always awaken sympathetic interest; because the mystery of Death stands out so clearly defined when all Life's budding promises, which seem so fair, so good for their possessor, are blighted by its untimely breath.

A short silence is broken by Ella's asking constrainedly, as if she dreaded to have her question answered:

"Where is your brother now—I mean your sister's husband, the former owner of the place?"

"He is living in C——"

"A widower still, I suppose," continues the questioner, rather nervously.

"Oh! no, he married again several years ago."

"I might have taken the fact for granted."

Madeline smiles at this. Evidently Ella was trying to discover an exception to a general rule, and was vexed therefore at the disappointment. Frank laughs outright, and says, "Never mind, little one; its the way of the world;" but Louise, influenced it may be by a 'fellow-feeling,' remains as grave as Ella herself.

"How do you read the riddle?"—it is Dr. Noyes who addresses Madeline—"Is love single-hearted and true—such love as we believe Camreus had for Catrine—a myth?"

With earnest eyes uplifted triumphantly to his, she exclaims, "No! a thousand times, *No!*"

"Then how can all these things be?"

And she says, "Ah! do you not know that marriage, so called, being of the earth is very earthy?"

"Most true; perhaps you agree with me in thinking, that the *heart* is never inconstant; that there never was a lost love."

"I do; the mistake made by those who mourn such loss lies in their cherishing the delusion that they have ever known of its reality."

"Take courage, faint-hearts, our 'Doctors' agree," says Frank, "and we may at least hope that our loves will never die any death—be it spiritual, or be it physical." With this he rises hastily from his lounging-place, as if, by such involuntarily expressed impatience at the turn conversation has taken, he would shake off all complicity in it.

Later, when other visitors are with us, we engage in that most irrational amusement for a Summer's evening—dancing.

I know that Madeline and Dr. Noyes, who keep aloof from our confusion, are talking of themes kindred unto the one before touched upon in our general conversation.

The under tone of their voices, unnoticed by others, falls most distinctly on

my ear, and sometimes in the tunes of the dance I catch Madeline's words, for the lowest tunes are resonant and clear.

She might be a sibyl, so intently does her companion listen to her speech. She may be one to him. Standing in the open window, her face shining with some kindling enthusiasm, with the outer dusk for a background that brings out vividly its spiritual beauty—who could not worship at such a shrine?

A woman among women, a diamond cut and polished where others, even if they be gems, still remain in the rough, their bright fires hidden by the thick husk of gross impurities!

The noise and heat of the room became insupportable, and the outer air fails to remove the oppression that has taken hold of me. Some indefinable weight crushes out my light-heartedness, and I do not regain it until the night has passed and another morning dawned. Then, in the broad sun-beams, *I am free again*, revelling in the 'To-day!'

Madeline is going away. Frank accompanies her. Their father is the originator of this plan, for Madeline's enjoyment and benefit. He thinks she is not looking quite so well as usual; may be a little overtaxed, and therefore must run away to some of earth's beautiful places haunted by travellers.

Louise insists I, in so far as it is in my power to do so, must relieve the break thus made in the family; and accordingly, for the period of their absence, Avoca becomes my home. This has been extended several weeks, when a letter comes foretelling their return—Louise is its nominal recipient, but its contents are equally interesting to all.

"Cousin Irene will return with us. We could not part with her yet. I never find its relinquishment an easy task after having for sometime enjoyed her society." Reading the letter aloud to us, upon reaching this bit of information, Louise particularizes it, by slightly elevating her voice during its perusal, pausing to give it immediately a moment's consideration, and then, after the remaining portion of the epistle has been hastily disposed, returning to it as a communication of principal importance. By reputation, at least, Irene Moore is no stranger to me. Indeed, I feel that I am quite intimately acquainted with her through this medium. She has been Madeline's companion during their present pleasure-trip not only, but on many similar occasions, ties of blood being supplemented by the stronger, purer bonds of true congeniality. For this reason—that she is Madeline's friend—if for no other, I would have a strong curiosity to see and know her.

"'Rene Moore is handsome and exceedingly stylish, I admit," Ella remarks, "but there are others quite as much so in my opinion; and it really is tiresome to dwell in the shadow of so much superiority, taking for granted that some estimates of her worth are correct."

"Of course Agnes must judge for herself," says Louise. "I am heartily glad she is coming to us; it will be invigorating. I like to *live* with her. One seems to get more out of life in a day, there, than one otherwise would in a week. She enjoys everything so much that you must needs enjoy it with her, even in spite of yourself."

"She has red hair. I never could particularly admire that."

"Such beautiful hair, Agnes," continues Louise, "rippling to her knees. Frank calls it her crown of glory; and does not mean to be extravagant, either."

"Frank is entirely at her service in all things and at all times."

"He calls her his 'comrade,' and that is just what she is to him; a comrade and

friend—never any thing more." Louise does not wish to have a foundation laid for any future misunderstanding.

When I come to know the subject of all these remarks, I certainly do not feel that I ever could have the power or inclination to cast blame on any one for claiming such 'comrade' or 'friend,' if she assents to the claim.

I recognize something more than beauty in her personal appearance. There is inherent strength and nobility in the tall, straight form, that is yet lithe and graceful in the fullest sense of these terms. There is not a flaccid muscle, not an undeveloped natural grace in her perfect body. She is a woman, and yet not weak. Even to think of Irene Moore following the usual womanly avocations exclusively, seems an anomaly. Sewing, fancy-work, piano-playing, suggest themselves as ridiculous absurdities, when proposed as occupation for this member of her sex. She is a child of the sun and air. As well cage an eagle and expect it to thrive, as bid her have respect unto the restraints of an ordinary woman's life and love.

An independent spirit reveals itself in manners that are charming, because sincere. No taint of affectation clings to her. We cannot imagine her guilty of any thing of the kind. No matter of wonder is it that Louise said she was "invigorating." I find her so, and her healthful influence inspires us one and all. Activity seems to be her motto, and since her energies find no vent in labor to a given end, she exerts them merely to find pleasure in such exertion. A glacier trip with Tyndall would have been a pastime after her own heart, but such an opportunity never having been afforded her, she becomes a disciple of Nature, in the more ordinary manifestations of her power.

The country around Avoca is near to Irene; therefore explorations in all directions to render it familiar are the order of the day. I say: "It must seem very tame to you," but she replies, "Oh! no, it is variety, good to in its way. I do not doubt that the inhabitants of this valley call it the garden spot of the world."

She has ordained that our excursions shall be made on horse-back, in the cool, earlier morning hours, and what glorious rides we have. The exercise in itself is delightful. Very quickly the time of her visit hastens by. Our resources, so far as our means of entertainment are concerned, develop into proportions which astonish us, for our guest's presence gives a soul and spirit to our every undertaking, whatever it may be, whether camping out on the mountains, impromptu dinners in the woods, or a walk to the village in the evening.

Frank enjoys Irene Moore's society exceedingly, yet I know that she is no more than Louise has said, "his friend," and as the time of her departure approaches, he seems to suffer some depression of spirits at the anticipation.

We are having our last pleasure party together. Already a sort of reaction seems to have set in after our unwonted gayety of the last few weeks. Generally we prefer to remain on the level ground at the foot of the mountain, rather than attempt its ascent, although a wider scope of vision might thus be gained. 'Rene and Frank are the only ones who take exception to this inactivity, I being inclined to side with the majority in favor of slothful ease. We are dispersed here and there, amusing ourselves as we may. Some wood mosses and ferns employ my fingers, which fashion them into tasteful groups, but my supply of these forest products proves insufficient for my wants, and the specimens I have are not as fine as I desire. The cliff that, at a short distance from us, arises gradually to a considerable height, descends perpendicu-

larly to a brook which flows through a sort of gorge in the hills. Among the crevices of the rocks forming its rugged sides, I have heard that beautiful mosses and ferns abound. A narrow path winds along the base of the cliff, if that can be called a path which affords a scant foot-hold. Even this at times becomes very uncertain.

Intentionally making my escape unobserved, I go in search of some better specimens, to find their attainment to be even more difficult than I had supposed. With great caution I am obliged to clamber among the stones, until the ledge widens, and my way becomes less difficult. Hence I am attracted by the sound of voices above me. Frank and 'Rene, doubtless, who have scaled the cliff, are resting at its summit. The projecting rocks with their scattered undergrowth hides me entirely from their sight, and, as I am about to call and make known my proximity, Frank's words attract my attention and I almost involuntarily hearken unto them:

"Irene," he says, "I am tired. I think I will soon be an incurable subject of *ennui*."

"Nonsense," is her terse rejoinder.

"Sense none the less. 'You cannot do away with a fact by denying its existence' Tell me of some remedy, 'Rene."

"I know of none other than self-help."

"Aye, there's the rub; how can one help one's self, not quite understanding his own case. No longer than two years ago—a shorter time perhaps—existence seemed to have gained an ideal beauty and interest, but now the bloom is brushed away, and the fruit it beautified is becoming stale. Will it always be so? Must realization ever lead to satiety?"

"Frank, you pain me. I feel almost stifled in this free air."

"And yet I love Agnes. She is a dear little girl. It must be that I am so fond of my freedom that the thought of bonds dismay me."

"Don't assume then—that's all"——and I detect in the answer an utter distaste for the subject, bordering on disgust which Irene can scarcely conceal.

Passing out of hearing, with my basket full of the ferns I came to seek, I returned to my companions. The bouquet resulting from their arrangement is a success. Every one admires it. Frank and 'Rene soon rejoin us, and laugh and jest flow in their usual channels. I talk with the rest and suffer no change to affect my demeanor.

But there is just one subject present to my consciousness, as if from afar off I contemplate it—looking steadily at something whose exact form I do not yet comprehend. Over and again I hear those words, "I am tired." There is some dreary dissatisfaction in every accent. And then, having repeated them so often that they become meaningless, they haunt me still. "I am tired, Irene; suffering from *ennui*."

It is as if a broad sunbeam had fallen across my eyes, while they were closed in slumber. Without seeing, I feel its light, know it is shining. Gradually its effects are manifested, mists vanish, sleep itself passes away, and at length passivity gives place to action, as the night has given place to the day. Even so from my moral sight clouds break away. Here likewise the process is gradual, but at last I see clearly, and then I tell Frank of my sleep and my awakening.

"Agnes," he says, "What can you mean?" entirely uncomprehending.

The truths I utter he will not recognize at first, but their light is penetrating. Falling upon his unwilling eyes, he may not turn away, cannot escape its influences, by averting them and looking to

the future revealed by its searching rays. He knows that therein separate paths awaith our feet.

This is all. Living now in the truth we are still friends, and would gladly sustain our friendly intercourse, even as of old. But others cannot quite understand, and therefore he must go away that the reality of our separation may become evident; and with his going, my DREAM becomes a thing of the past.

Madeline alone approves of our course, and I am comforted.

"It is better so," she says, "I am only glad that in dreaming you did not walk in your sleep as well, and in so doing have taken some terrible misstep.

Sunset again. All day, light clouds have been drifting over the sky, and towards evening they have combined to veil it completely. But, as if withdrawn by some invisible hand, the edges of this dun canopy shrink away from the horizon, rolling up to disclose the worlds of light and promise that lie beyond our cloud-encircled sphere.

Years with their varied experiences have not failed to bring to my lips waters both sweet and bitter. Sorrowful, doubting, at times almost dismayed, I have sought the light and found it, and I am happy,—grandly, gloriously happy; for I hold in my possession an immortal joy, that will increase through life, by death emerging into broader, deeper life.

"Yet this might never have been;" and even now I shudder, looking back to past possibilities. "Why are we ever permitted to walk on in our blindness? Madeline—Frank—You and I—"

"We cannot tell, Agnes"—it is Dr. Noyes who answers me thus—"but after years of waiting, even if Time had never realized their meeting, it *would have been.* My darling, our souls must have found each other for they are one."

"We are one."

S. M.

SONG OF THE HARVEST QUEEN.

THEY tell me of vintage bands,
Of their songs so wild and free,
That ring through the far-off lands
Of France and Italie;
Of their dance in vine-roofed bowers,
To the lute's low melody:
But dear to me in the evening dim
Are the sweet, glad strains of our harvest hymn,
And the breath of harvest flowers.

I've read that 'neath Eastern skies
The date-time a joy doth bring
To all, and with gladsome cries
Their flow'ry valleys ring,
While softly and low between
The maiden her song doth sing:
But sweeter to me the bold reapers' shout,
As they toss the yellow sheaves about,
Or hail me their Harvest Queen.

They in Southern lands may twine
The brows of their maidens fair,
With wreaths of the purple vine
That groweth so lovely there;
Or, where glide the Eastern hours,
They may braid their blossoms rare,
With a garland woven of palmy bands:
But let me be crowned by the reapers' hands,
With a crown of harvest flowers.

EURLIE.

AFTERWARD.

WHAT though the rosy brightness has faded from thy skies,
And in its stead dark, boding shapes in forms of terror rise?
The path through thickest darkness but leads to clearer light:
From out the depths of Error, Truth cometh forth more bright:
From out the darkest storm-cloud gleams the brightest ray,
And the darkest hour of all the night is just before the day.

The Summer's rose is sweeter for the depths of Winter's snow:
After the wildest tempest most brightly gleams the bow:
After the fiercest sorrows have torn the aching breast,
More gladly in the distance gleams out the promised rest:
The nightingale sings sweetest when its breast has pressed the thorn,
And the darkest hour of all the night comes just before the morn.

M. A.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE MONTH of June, which is the month of flowers, is the most fitting time of all the year for College Commencements. We have not yet outgrown symbols, and June, with her place in the seasons, well represents in metaphor that stage in a young man's life when he is to step from the class-room and dormitory of a College to the practical, growing, progressive life of a man of the world. Youth and the earlier College years are Spring, graduation is June, after-manhood is Summer, and Old Age brings Winter with its "sere and yellow leaf." June is the happiest of the months—if not so boisterously merry as May. It is a better than youthful pleasure when the Senior emerges from his four years' dreams and pains, and stands upon the threshold of an active life. The bouquets of flowers thrown at his feet are so many emblems of the beauty of his unfolded powers. Supposing him to have well-applied his mind, and to have also educated his heart during his College course, what is he now? A mere machine? An ordinary, grovelling, brute-man? No. He has that in his possession which is worth more than the world on which he treads, more than all the material wealth in the universe. His cultivated intellect, with its enkindled powers of judgment, reason, perception, imagination, emotion, passion, puts him upon a plane whence he can rise to any height of reason or fancy which it is possible for the human mind to reach. He has sown the seeds for usefulness, to himself, mankind and his God; and now, in the June of his life, his eye of faith sees the approaching harvest. Let the bouquets and the smiles be given to the College graduate without stint! Let mothers press their boys to their bosoms in love, and fathers grasp their hands in thankfulness, when they come home with their College honors! But let them also *pray* for them!—that the good Father, who watcheth all His own, may care for them tenderly, and lead them into virtuous, noble, useful paths.

Thank God, let us one and all say, for *Christian, educated* young men and women. They are the hope of the country, the age and the world. And we are glad to believe that the majority—at least a very large proportion of those who enter Colleges like Rutgers, Princeton, Columbia, and LaFayette—Colleges under Church direction to some extent—come from them regenerated in soul as well as elevated and instructed in intellect. We have now no data upon which to speak definitely on this subject, but think our statement correct. Surely we hope it is the truth. In view of public and private corruption in this country, the influences and power of both the irreligious and Roman Catholic world, and the yet-lingering tendencies toward war and murder and homicide, when was there ever a greater need for Goliahs to rise up in the land in the might of educated intellect and the daring of true soul-courage, than now? Surely never.

Somewhat, but not entirely out of the line of these remarks, is a subject we have thought of noticing for some time past. It is the reform about to be put to a practical test in one of the Colleges in this country—LaFayette—viz:—the abolition of the heathen and the substitution in its place of the Christian classics, where particular students are willing to it. It is a daring innovation upon the time-honored method of forcing *all* students, who wish to acquire Latin and Greek, to read and study the Roman and Athenian writers with their "lying fables and idle tales," too often alike indecent and unprofitable. But it will meet with success. We heartily endorse, because we believe in President Cattell's views on this matter, which has thus led to the introduction into LaFayette of the Douglass "Christian Course of Latin and Greek." Let the trial be full and fair, and the results published for the benefit of other Colleges as soon as they can be reckoned. They in this matter will then speedily follow the example thus set by one of the younger Colleges, which is now, however, the peer of any in the land.

—DECORATION day should not have pass by so slightly observed by Jerseymen. It may be all well to talk of "burying the animosities of the Past," but it is not applicable to Decoration Day, that we can see. We venture indeed to say that

none of the "Grand Army of the Republic" order, or private citizens, who strewed flowers over the graves of our patriot dead, thought resentfully or vindictively of our Southern foes. The time has passed when men of the North brood over these things. Party lines are not drawn as they were a few years since—for the very reason that it were useless to have it so. Those South who were unpunished by the War we are content to let alone. "If this be true, why do you yet celebrate the memories of those who, though dead, were among the victors in the struggle?" The reason is plain. These boys went out to fight for a cause which they believed to be their country's. Patriotism was the prompting motive—none other. Some may have had meaner, but most had that one, high motive. They fought, bled, died. And shall we not endorse and commemorate that spirit of patriotism? Shall we, who went not to battle, but staid at home and now reap the fruits of those who did go, not say to the dead—We honored your bravery *for our sakes* in life, and in view of the terrible cost at which you saved our country from disruption and ruin, and preserved us our homes, we still more honor you in death? and, further, shall we not teach our children unto the third and fourth generation, that patriotism is a flower to be nurtured, a virtue to be cultivated, an act of the heart and of the hand to be generously remembered by after ages? As flowers are the best emblems we can get to typify either our love for the living, or tender and reverential regard for the dead, let us by all means use them in profusion to decorate the graves of our heroes, as we do the graves of our friends. They will educate us to patriotism, while also ministering to our æsthetic faculties; and they may lead us to love the God who made the flowers, as well as honor those who fell in a sacred contest.

—We elsewhere print a Fourth of July oration. We are sorry the Fourth, too, as a holiday occasion, is going so fast "out of date." Its celebration by fire-crackers and other dangerous combustibles ought long since to have been prohibited by law. It would have saved millions of dollars to Portland, and millions more elsewhere, counting the fires occasioned by it over the country at large. But the dinners and orations and social gatherings ought yet to be kept up, if only for the good results flowing from a holiday in which all classes of people freely intermingle and are happy. We cannot, as a people, have too many national holidays, nor too much of the old-time, sociable patriotism about us. The latter helps the faith of even the higher classes of citizens; while the former are to the lower classes, who seldom read or think of their duties to their country, times for thought and meditation which may afterwards bear fruit.

—In the death of Rev. James T. English, of Liberty Corner, which occurred on the 16th of May last, Somerset County loses one of its veterans in the service of the religion of the Cross. "A good man has gone," said a brother pastor, in announcing his funeral, and those who heard it and knew Dr. English said *Amen*. A guileless man, unpretending, unassuming, modest, tender in his affections, loving and genial in intercourse, honorable in all his dealings, faithful to the Church and its Master, true to his family and his friends, he died, as he had lived, beloved by all. Thirty-five years in the ministry furnish an experience well worth possessing, it seems to us. And if through it a man comes out as from a fire, purged of all dross, clearer in his views of eternal life, more sincere in his belief in the truths which he, a third of a century before, undertook to proclaim to his fellow-mortals, more devoted in fact to the principles which he knows emanate from the Central Principle in the universe—a living God, a dying Christ and a Holy Spirit—how he must feel repaid for all the vexations and disappointments incident to his calling! A precious legacy to *us* was his life; a precious legacy to *him* must be the transition from affliction and pain below, to the eternal "Fountain of Health" above, where bliss is ecstatic and without end. So it is always when a good man departs. He leaves a work and name behind him which is precious, and he gets his tenfold reward in that life for which this is only a preparation.

—We intended also to have noticed at an earlier date than this the death of the Rev. John R. Willox, of Fairmount, Hunterdon County. He was of about the same age as Dr. English, being born in Oct. 1810. He died in February last, respected by everybody, and personally endeared to many, both in and out of his congregation. His charge was small, but his duties, from the nature of his field, arduous. We do not believe an under-shepherd ever watched over a congregational flock with more faithfulness, more zeal, more love for his work than good "Father Willox." He was only twelve years pastor of the Church of Fairmount, but his ministry extended over a period of near thir-

ty years. He was first a Presbyterian, then a Lutheran (he was a Lutheran when he entered upon his calling), and afterward he came back into the Presbyterian faith—the faith of his father, who was a Scotch Covenanter, the faith of his youth, the faith of his mature reason. A Calvinist by nature, he was an Armenian only by circumstances, and, when those circumstances were removed, his mind gravitated back to its first beliefs as naturally as the magnetic needle, when the disturbing element is gone, points toward the pole. He was another "*good* man," whose absence from here his friends mourn, whose presence in heaven as a faithful steward even the angels may deem an occasion for joy.

—WHOEVER heard Rev. Dr. Ormiston at the dedication of the James Suydam Hall in New Brunswick, at the late meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Church in America, heard a most forcible and truthful presentation of ideas bearing upon the work and duty of a Christian minister. We heard him with unalloyed pleasure, and have the hope that not a few of the clergymen present will take the truths to heart and apply them to their own pastoral ministrations.

—THE MOST important work which the Reformed Synod did at its late meeting was the appointment of a committee of fifteen to act with similar committees from the North, South, United and Reformed Presbyterian and Reformed (German) Churches in this country, in taking into consideration the feasibility and propriety of a general consolidation, or organic union, of all these religious bodies. We hail it as the advent of a better religious age. The old splits between the various ecclesiastical denominations have long been useless and even injurious to the cause of true religion, though doubtless the separate bodies had their several missions to fulfil in former times. The dropping of the "Dutch" from the Reformed Dutch title, the "German" from the German Reformed, and the union of the Old and New School Presbyterians, paved the way for a nearer union in name Catholicity and brotherhood of feeling among all these denominations, and others also, have been growing and deepening for a quarter-century past, and have prepared the Churches not distinct in doctrine for organic and complete union. We trust that next year, or the year following at farthest, will witness this wedding and welding of Christian religious sects, which will put into one grand Christian body nearly a million of Church members.

—IT IS with grief which cannot be expressed in words, that we here note the death of our valued personal friend and contributor, Col. R. R. Honeyman, of New Germantown, Hunterdon County. All of our readers will remember his excellent article upon the local history of his native town in the March number of this Magazine. It was his intention to supplement, or enlarge that work, by including the whole history of Tewksbury Township. But a few weeks ago he placed in our hands the first of two or three articles (without a title) descriptive of a trip to Arkansas. We believe he had concluded the others, but had not revised them before his death. We shall print the first one next month, and the successive articles (should they be recovered) will be read with melancholly interest. Aside from his intentions to aid us in this enterprize by his fluent pen, we shall miss that personal interest in the success of OUR HOME which he has displayed for several months past. A warmer friend in this matter we have never had, and fear his place will not be supplied. He planned with us, encouraged us, did everything in fact to make us feel that, if OUR HOME went down, it would be from no lack of labor and sympathy on his part. As a biographical sketch of his short life is in preparation for next month, we desist from further remarks at this time.

—POSTAL CARDS are useful in more respects than one. The man who used them for blotting paper, supposing them to be insurance advertising blotters, found them cheap enough for even that purpose.

—THE postage on OUR HOME throughout Somerset County will be twelve cents a year, on and after July 1st. (Do people thus pay for their postal cards, and for the abolition of the franking privilege?) We guess our subscribers can stand this government tax, for the next six months at least.

—THE trial of the Pattenburgh rioters at Flemington ended in a fizzle. Whose fault is it? We think the public ought to know. The money might better have been expended in building bridges—the old plan of using surplus revenue.

—WE HOPE soon to publish some sketches of the origin and progress of journalism in Somerset and Hunterdon Counties. It will be interesting.

—OUR August number promises to be one of the best issues of the Magazine.

LITERARY NOTES.

TWO RECENT works of fiction, already well known to the public through newspaper reviews, lie before us this month. Being fair representatives of two certain types of novel writing, equally popular and not really divergent in plan, we deem it a duty to notice them at some length, and at the same time express clearly our views on novels and novel reading.

The first, by George Eliot, (*Middlemarch: A Story of Provincial Life.* By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Bros., 2 vols., 452, 468 *pp.*), has already claimed the attention, not of the leading literary minds of America only, but of Europe also. Because of the hold the author had, through *Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss,* and other of her works, on the great critical pens of the world, this last book was certain to be widely circulated and read as soon as it should appear, and, its advent was also certain to be celebrated by long criticisms in magazines and newspapers containing only enraptured praise. Eulogy and commendation were, indeed, foreordained and predestined. *Middlemarch* could no more be spoken of slightingly, nor condemned, than could one of Tennyson's poems, or the life of George Washington. With this favorable, predisposing judgment, founded on former good authorship, we have no quarrel. Yet, after all, what business has a critic of literature to censure or laud a performance because the same writer has done ill or well before? In the matter of human conduct, past character may go for much. Unless we allow its weight, indeed, mistakes in judging the acts of an individual will often occur. But not so in book criticism. There can be no mistake about that, if we allow no prior bias to influence us in it. There *will* be a mistake in it, very, very often, if we do permit this bias to exist. Now, in the case of *Middlemarch,* we have as good an example as is possible of a book which is not worth half the praise bestowed upon it, which is barely of readible interest, and of no considerable mental or moral profit, treated as "one of the great books of the world," because—let us repeat and emphasize it, for we are *sure* that is the reason—*because* it was written by *George Eliot!* Had Mary Jones, or John Smith been the author, it would never have been heard of outside of England, nor would *Blackwood,* or the *Spectator* have deigned to so much as notice it. Such is fame!

While on this line of remark, we note, as an increasing evil, and one we are not likely to be rid of in at least this present century, the prevalence of *bribed criticism.* Dr. Holland has some admirable remarks on this point in the June *Scribner's,* and he does not overdraw his assertions one particle. In England more than in this country criticism is bribed. Here we are more independent because our critical thinkers are so many, so scattered and so dissociated from schools, or cliques, that it were impossible to purchase favor in this field by money or friendship. But in England, and in France too, and to a large extent in Germany, every book which appears from the upper ranks is predestined most absolutely to be approved or condemned long before it is published. "The interests of parties in Church and State, and of cliques and schools of literary art, seem to determine everything. Criticism is simply a mode of fighting. Mr. Blank, belonging to a certain literary clique, writes a volume of verses and prints it. He sends advance copies to his friends, who write their laudations of it, and communicate them to sympathetic journals and magazines. So when it is published, the critiques appear almost simultaneously, and the public is captured by the stratagem. The condemnations" [of the other school] "come too late to kill the book, and the clever intriguers have their laugh over the result." It may be as well for our readers to know these facts. They may read the English quarterly reviews, and magazines, or our *Eclectic Magazine,* or *Living Age,* which reprints many of the "book articles," and cannot be placed too much on their guard. They must remember that beneath all the brilliancy of dissection, all the keenness of perception, all the grand sweep of rhetoric, all the finish of periods, and all the fascination of the relation which the English writers of the Macaulayian school put into their critiques, there may be behind them but the ashes of private judgment. We do not say that English critics are always bribed; nor that, when they are, it is often by money But the bribery is frequent and is of *school,* and of *friendship.* Such we pronounce, without much hesitation, the late review of *Middlemarch* in *Blackwood,* (copied into the *Eclectic* of Febru-

ary last, and into the *Living Age* about the same time), which not only sees *no* fault of any kind in the book, but nothing which is not wonderful in thought, finish and moral, and makes it the pre-eminent novel of the age. This was one of the criticisms which appeared "simultaneously" with George Eliot's book.

The plot of *Middlemarch* may be scarcely said to be a plot at all. Perhaps this is not an objection, since it is "a story of provincial life;" but then, if it has not a plot of some importance, it must be otherwise interesting, instructive and faithful to life, to be successful. Now, wherein is it thus entertaining, useful, and *true?*

This is the "plot" of the story: A Mr. Brooke is the bachelor uncle of two sisters, Dorothea and Celia, who reside with him at Tipton Grange, in Loamshire, England. Sir James Chettam and Rev. Edward Casaubon are frequent visitors at his house, and both fall in love with Dorothea. She chooses Casaubon, contrary to her uncle's wishes, or her sister's desire, and, with little preamble, is married to him. Sir James is saddened, but soon marries Celia. The wedded life of Dorothea is hardly happy; that of Sir James is. In course of time Mr. Casaubon dies, and leaves a will that in case his wife marries a certain Will Ladislaw, she forfeits her right to any share in his property. With this Will Ladislaw Dorothea has long been in love, but dared not own, and hardly was willing to believe or suspect it. Of course in due time she did marry him, and then was *happy*. Between the chapters of this story two other love stories are interjected, each dissimilar from the other, and both bearing the same relation to *Middlemarch* that "supes" do to star actors on the stage. They occupy, however, as much room in the book as the Dorothea-Casaubon story. Still, the latter is the main one, and upon it hang all the law and nonsense of the rest.

We have said the plot was nothing. And now we add that the working up of it is neither entertaining, correct in doctrine, or faithful. Excepting Book VIII, where the Will Ladislaw courtship comes to a peculiar crisis, and where we acknowledge the story to be told with real if not consummate skill, there is no part of *Middlemarch* which is of even ordinary interest. The two or three stories drag their slow length along, like the Alexandrine of which Pope sings, through tedious verbosity and long-spun descriptions, until the reader is wearied, both in flesh and in spirit. As he reads, he expects the plot, or at least the characters, to develope easily and naturally; instead of which, some develope artificially, some not at all, and some as the genus *homo* would, if he went back to the genus *simia*—downward. From the first the characters are common-place, and, with an exception or two, unoriginal. Mr. Casaubon is original, but he is at the same time the dryest of dry bodies in the book. Mr. Brooke is hardly of a unique type, yet in a sense he too is original. George Eliot is as happy in his speeches and conversations as in anything else in *Middlemarch*—which is not saying much. Casaubon has but one whim, while Brooke has forty, and this is the only reason she is more happy in Brooke than in Casaubon.

The doctrinal faults of the story seem to us to be many. We notice two or three. First: the love between the rector of Lowick and Dorothea was genuine, so far as either knew, or had means of knowing. The conquest was complete, thorough, overmastering. The marriage, while disapproved by others, was adjudicated upon favorably in the court of their own conscience. The end was unhappiness. And the moral which the author seems to attempt to convey is that it were better for her to have acted upon the advice of an uncle, who, for political and other selfish reasons, preferred Sir James Chettam, or that of a younger sister, who was too young to fully understand what marriage meant, than to have sought as a finality the counsel of her own cautious and dutiful womanhood. Is this sound doctrine? Second: Celia's marriage was the result of Chettam's love for her sister, and was consummated because it seemed to be the next best arrangement to Chettam's marrying Dorothea. He could then be at least a brother-in-law! And Celia, "that placid and prosaic young lady, is much too rational to allow his passing preference for Dorothea to stand in the way of this arrangement." This marriage is most happy. *Ergo*, the most prosperous union in life is where there is no love at the root of it. Third: Will Ladislaw comes into Mr. Casaubon's household as a tempter of his wife. He dares to think it is "too intolerable that Dorothea should be worshipping this husband," and uses all his powers of inuendo to draw Mr. Casaubon down in Dorothea's estimation, and lift himself up. This form of courtship, antecedent to a husband's death, is honored by the writer with a

noble success. The two marry and are prospered. Therefore—says the moral—may the unmarried, who contemplate a wedded life in the future, seek one who is already wedded as well as one who is not. Then, again, Mr. Standish, another character in the book, is a profane swearer. He is brought quite often in the fore-ground and made to blaspheme—which may not shock the tastes of some readers, but hardly adds moral tone to the book, or edifies or pleases those who highly esteem purity in speech and writing. And Bulstrode, too, is blasphemous, if he does not openly swear. Such are a few of the objections we make against the story of *Middlemarch* on the point of its doctrinal and moral influence. Those against the sub-stories about Fred Vincy and Peter Featherstone, etc., might be put as strongly, but we have not room to state them. The reader of ordinary perception will himself discover plenty of the false philosophy of life throughout the whole book, including most sad and disheartening solutions of high soul-problems, which persons in real flesh meet and hopefully work out continually. Nor have we space to specify the many instances of unfaithfulness to nature in acts and incidents. The very first of the eight so-called "books" of which *Middlemarch* is composed, gives a good illustration, to wit,—Dorothea's practical taste in the very practical matter of building cottages conjoined with her most unpractical, and idealistic views of everybody and everything else.

But there are some, and, in places, great artistic excellencies in this novel. As in all her writings, so in this the author exhibits a wonderful power of penetration into motives, a wonderful facility of relating why this and that act is performed, which may be described as "going to the bottom of things." With this she has, additionally, a descriptive style most felicitous, when not wearisome. Her portrait of the characters of the Misses Brooke at the very outset betrays the hand of a master. It, and indeed all her choice descriptive passages, are too long to quote. Here, however, is a little *morceau* of picture-painting, selected at random, which fairly, though limitedly, shadows forth her powers in this direction:

"The ride to Stone Court lay through a pretty bit of midland landscape, almost all meadows and pastures, with hedgerows still allowed to grow in bushy beauty and to spread out coral fruit for the birds. Little details gave each field a particular physiognomy, dear to the eyes that have looked on them from childhood: the pool in the corner, where the grasses were dank and trees leaned whisperingly; the great oak shadowing in a bare place in mid-pasture; the high-bank where the ash-trees grew; the sudden slope of the old marl-pit making a red background for the burdock; the huddled roofs and ricks of the homestead without a traceable way of approach; the grey gate and fences against the depths of the bordering wood; and the stray hovel, its old, old thatch full of mossy hills and valleys, with wondrous modulations of light and shadow, such as we travel far to see in later life, and see larger but not more beautiful. These are the things that make the gamut of joy in landscape to midland-bred souls—the things they toddled among, or perhaps learned by heart standing between their father's knees while he drove leisurely."

There are also many piquant passages, like this, for example, about Casaubon:

"'He has got no good red blood in his body,' said Sir James.

"'No. Somebody put a drop under a magnifying-glass, and it was all semi-colons and parenthesis,' said Mrs. Cadwallader."

Here, in fact, viz:—in keen insight into human nature in certain of its possible, but not all of its probable characteristics, and in a vivid portraiture of these characteristics, lies *all* the power of George Eliot. She is not and never was a great story writer. Her constructive faculties are not much; her delineative powers are, however, very great. But in delineation she does not excel Walter Scott and his peers, while their grand constructive characterization and fascinating plot-powers, put her very far into the shade. Our readers must bear in mind we speak of her now as the author of *Middlemarch*, and without regard to her previous writings, which at this time we do not propose to review.

But, to return to the faults of *Middlemarch*, it must not be thought that we inveigh simply against the plot and "love doctrines" of the book. We have more than this against it. Were the plot simply common-place, and the errors of moral less apparent, it would nevertheless not command our higher respect. This is because the book is a mere negative book. It has no positive lessons to convey, no tangible good to accomplish, no great results, intellectual or moral, to work out: or, we may add, to better express our full meaning, there are no possibly good results to come from it *proportioned to the writer's powers*. From this latter standpoint of criticism, it is true, even a positive book may not be a satisfactory one, or one to be highly praised. And as this is emphatically a *negative* book, it is all the more entitled to condemnation. Like thousands of others written every year, it has, apparently, but one ob-

ject in view—that of reproducing on paper the common-placeness of common-place life. In this very respect we admit its superiority to the Charles Reade class of fiction, which deals in extravagant counter-plots and exciting perils, and acts on the mind much like rum on the bodily nerves; on which account it is to be shunned as a dangerous intoxicant. But, then, Charles Reade's novels, like Dickens'—which possess the virtues of Reade's without their glaring faults—aim at more than mere plot and interest. Reade and Dickens, and often Thackeray and Bulwer, have some definite end to accomplish, some particular lesson or moral, political or social, to be taught in their works of fiction. In this lies *their* superiority to this last novel of George Eliot. Which superiority, then, is really *the* superior? "That depends, you know," as Mr. Brooke would say. We think there is less danger of *Middlemarch* being read than, say *Foul Play*, and therefore more danger in the latter and its class. Surely *Middlemarch* will intoxicate no one, will enrapture no one, will take no lasting hold on one's memory or life. Thus it may be harmless. But is the production of a *harmless* book that for which God gave George Eliot her splendid intellectual faculties, her catholic insight into the motives of mortals, her easy, fluent language, and her world-wide fame?

Of poor novels the earth is full and drunken. Of good there are ample to supply any legitimate demand. Unless a superbly good one can be written, we see no necessity for any more to be written at all. If this is true as a proposition general, how emphatically true when applied specifically to the demands the world may lawfully make of the author of *Middlemarch*. Here is a book, or eight books, which it must have taken her two years to write. Have these two years not been wasted? "Ah!" but we hear some one say, "you forget that the great critics declare it so admirably depicts country or provincial life in England." Well, suppose it does—though in truth we feel no wiser now about real English life than we did before reading the book. *Suppose* it does. Who is better, happier, truer to his own best interests, or those of the race? "Then you are an utilitarian?" Yes, in its honest sense. We believe no one with abilities enough to write a novel ought to write one unless he or she uses it as his or her most happy media for the conveyance of useful lessons. These, in short, are the doctrines which we are not ashamed to nail to the masthead of OUR HOME, viz:—1. No novels have a right to exist and be read by the masses which do not serve in some positive way to excite to action the better passions, the higher emotions, the healthier and nobler sentiments of the heart; or—a lower but allowable grade—which fail to cultivate the intellectual faculties to think, and think on grave and important questions. 2. Those who put forth novels without one of these saving virtues, be their motives whatsoever else they may, commit a crime against their talents, of greater or less degree, according to the sub-merits of the books they write. 3. If any one seems so "made" to write novels of this condemned kind, that he cannot devote his talents to good purposes in any other literary direction, it were better he should follow the plow, or carry a hod; or, if a woman, to work in the kitchen.

We repeat, what has been already intimated, that novels which are not beneficial are so many narcotic drugs which quicken the nerves only to finally kill the spirit. Those who read them will grow dissipated in intellect, morals, habits, life. No greater fashionable evil exists to-day than indiscriminate, cramming novel-reading, indulged in by almost everybody whose time is not so taken up by other employments as to leave no room for it. Given, an American with nothing to do to occupy his mind or hands for fifteen minutes, and the problem of how he will pass his time is solved by a novel, almost inevitably. And this is undermining true literary taste, solid and useful knowledge, honest discrimination of right and wrong, moral greatness, everywhere. It is a sad truth. Life is too short, manhood and womanhood at too low an ebb, prizes of real culture of head and heart too near for the grappling, to permit this truth to remain true without more protests and better examples from critics of the press, and readers in *our homes*. And so our feeble voice is now raised in this matter, with the hope that some who read this may take it home to their consciences, and exert their influence for a better class of reading.

True fiction has its place. We have creations every year of art and heart which are worthy of study. Two or three *great* novels a year are all anybody should read; but they may read these with profit. All over that number will never, in our judgment, be to the average reader profitable. The time consumed in them may be set down as a cypher on one's account book with God, or with oneself.

With these lengthy remarks we are left little room to speak of the Rev. Edward Eggleston's last work. (*The Mystery of Metropolisville.* By Edward Eggleston. New York: Orange Judd & Co., 320 *pp.*) This aims at a correct delineation of low-down Western (American) life, just as *Middlemarch* does of mere common-place English life. It has both faults and virtues not found in *Middlemarch.* Its virtues over *Middlemarch* are that it is shorter and occupied less time in its writing. Its faults are that there is no powerful dissection of character in it, but, instead, the personation of individuals for whom we can entertain neither respect, sympathy, nor interest. It is slangy, with a love story interwoven with it to make it readable—which then it is not. Eggleston, in his *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, gave us a spicy and instructive, though hardly a model book. He struck an original vein which he worked with good effect. Now that vein is worked out. The metalic ore is gone. The dross only is brought to the surface. And so the *Mystery of Metropolisville* is a failure. If Mr. Eggleston made this book for children it will not interest them. If for grown-up folks—well, they will not read it. Another example, then, we have in this, of a waste of genius, which is as splendid in its strength as the noon-day sun. For Eggleston has powers of pen and heart which, if brought out fully and given freely to the American reading public, could accomplish a vast deal of good. We sincerely hope he will turn his attention to higher creations.

—STENOGRAPHY is a most useful art, and it is a pity it should be cultivated by only a professional few. The professional many—everybody who writes much—ought to take it up as something to be mastered, just like arithmetic, or grammar, or metaphysics. Not that everyone should be expert in it, like those who practice the art as an avocation, but that all should understand its principles, and be able to apply them to whatever extent may be convenient and useful. Phonography is more difficult than stenography, and may be chiefly useful to those wishing to report *verbatim* from the lips of a speaker. It is capable of a much higher speed of reporting than stenography, and has thus come into general use of late years. The systems of short-hand by Munson and Pitman are good. Better yet, we believe, for the masses, because simpler and easier, is the system of Scovil. (*A Short-Hand.* By Rev. W. E. Scovil, M. A. New York: W. E. Scovil, Jr. Fourth Ed., 126 *pp.*) We have taken pains to examine and study it, and are convinced that it deserves to be put into the hands of everybody, who wishes to write in characters. The testimonials in its favor are many and ought to be gratifying to the author.

—WE have from Senator Frelinghuysen the small octavo volume designed to commemorate the virtues of the late Hon. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky. (*Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of Garrett Davis.* Delivered in the Senate and House, Dec. 18, 1872. Published by Order of Congress. 47 *pp.*) It is handsomely printed, and a well-deserved tribute to a pure-minded statesmen.

—NEWARK being now the most important city in New Jersey, we ought to feel interested in its doings as reported from year to year by its officers. The report before us (*The Mayor's Message, together with the Reports of the City Officers for* 1872, *etc*, *etc.* Newark: *Daily Advertiser* Office. 418 *pp.*). is a volume sumptuously gotten up in morocco binding, and with that clear type in which everything in book form printed by the *Daily Advertiser* appears. It is accompanied by a most valuable map and new directory, which are copyrighted by John E. Rowe, of the *Advertiser.*

—THE La Fayette *College Catalogue*, for 1873, shows a total of 243 students at that institution, of which 34 are from New Jersey. We notice but two from Somerset County—Thomas C. English, of Liberty Corner, and Grover C. Lowe, of Somerville; but several from Hunterdon—Henry M. Struble, of Pleasant Valley; Henry A. Aller and Sylvanus R. Queen, of Mt. Pleasant; Elijah R. Case, Levi W. Case and John R. Williams, of Frenchtown; John W. Creveling and Clearfield Park, of Bloomsbury; Willis M. Hunt, of Clarksville, and William C. Stull, of Milford. Mr. Pardee, who had already given munificently to the College, has lately added a nice little gift of a scientific building to be *only about the size of the College*, to cost, exclusive of any furniture, about $200,000! We doubt not but that more small donations of *that* denomination will be thankfully received, either by rich La Fayette, or by Rutger's which, through much riches, is yet poor.

LOCAL ITEMS.

MAY, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

13th.—Somerville: Annual Meeting of the Board of Chosen Freeholders. C. M. Stryker made Director.

14th.—Somerville: Burning down of the hay-press of Rev. F. F. Cornell, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Loss large.

16th—Somerville: Entrance of the residence of William H. Thompson by burglars. Raritan: Entrance of Savings' Bank by same parties.

17th.—Liberty Corner: Death of the Rev. James T. English, pastor of the Presbyterian Church for over thirty years.

18th.—Raritan: Sunday School Anniversary of Third Reformed Church. Addresses by Rev. J. V. N. Talmage and others. Also re-dedication of St. Bernard (R. C.) Church, Right Rev. M. A. Corrigan officiating.

20th.—Somerville: Special meeting of the Classis of Raritan (Reformed) in the First Reformed Church, to dismiss Rev. Vernon B. Carroll from this Classis to another.

23d.—Neshanic: Accident to Rev. Dr. G. Ludlow, while crossing the Easton and Amboy Railroad in his carriage. Dirt-car struck and annihilated one of his hind wheels, but did him no serious injury.

24th.—Neshanic: Golden wedding of Harry and Lucy Schenck, (col'd.)

25th.—Somerville: Anniversary of Sunday-School of Second Reformed Church. North Branch: Similar Anniversary by Reformed Church Sunday-School.

29th.—Basking Ridge: Some man killed on the West Line Railroad, by the cars.

30th.—Decoration Day. No observance of it.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

1st.—Clinton: House of Jacob Miers entered at night and two gold watches stolen. Thief arrested. Flemington: Pattenburgh riot murder trials proceeded with. John Boyne and David College, indicted for murder, acquitted. John Coyle and John Kelley, indicted for riot, also acquitted. Bloomsburg: Meeting of the Hunterdon County Teachers' Association, President L. K. Strouse in the Chair. Lasted three days.

2d.—15,000 salmon eggs deposited in the head waters of the South Branch of the Raritan, by J. H. Slack, one of the Fish Commissioners of New Jersey.

4th.—Kingwood Township: William Heath horse-whipped by a Miss King for alleged slander.

6th.—High Bridge: Houses of W. J. Taylor and others entered at night by burglars.

7th.—Junction: A fire destroyed the house of David Berry, also consuming Mrs. Berry. New Germantown: Demolition of a shop of Richard Tunison by "an accident." It was attempted to raise it, and, from carelessness, it fell and was crushed to pieces.

10th.—New Germantown: Lecture in the M. E. Church by Judge Ralph Voorhees on "A Trip to the West."

12th.—Lambertville: Accident in raising a barn of Bray & Wilson by which two men were greatly injured.

13th.—Flemington: Annual Meeting of the Board of Chosen Freeholders. Jas. Bird elected Director. Bloomsbury: Barn of Abram Smith struck by lightning and consumed, with its contents.

21st.—Bloomsbury: Runaway accident to Mrs. John Chandler, and three other ladies, in which their wagon was dashed to pieces, but no one was injured. Lambertville: Concert in Holcombe Hall, under direction of C. P. Hoffman.

30th.—Decoration Day observed at Frenchtown and Lambertville.

WEATHER FOR MAY, 1873.

[*Reported by Isaac Crater, Esq. Time of Thermometer record, 5 A. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1	39°	Clear and pleasant.
2	46°	East wind and much rain.
3	40°	North-east wind; cold storm.
4	34°	Clear and pleasant.
5	40°	Clear.
6	44°	Clear.
7	44°	Hazy.
8	47°	East wind and cold rain.
9	46°	Cold and rainy.

10....43°	Cloudy, but warm air.	21....50°	Cloudy; rain in afternoon.
11....51°	Cloudy and rain.	22....54°	Warm rain.
12....45°	Clear.	23....56°	Cloudy.
13....44°	Shower.	24... 54°	Foggy; clear in afternoon.
14....51°	Clear.	25....56°	Clear.
15....37°	Clear.	26....53°	Clear.
16....47°	Clear.	27....54°	Clear. Ther. at 12 M. 88°
17....40°	Clear.	28....64°	Clear. Ther. at 12 M. 92°
18....40°	Clear.	29....60°	Clear. Ther. at 12 M. 88°
19....36°	Clear.	30....67°	Clear. Ther. at 12 M. 70°
20....44°	Clear.	31....46°	Clear and cold.
			General average, 47.5°

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM APRIL 15TH, 1873, TO MAY 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Anderson, Rev. Chas. T.	Josie B. Van Lieu	May 14	Somerville	Messler
Clark, Elias A.	Phœbe A. Peterson	Apr. 16	New Centre	LeFevre
Newton, Wm. P.	Lucy S. Young	May 1	Raritan	LeFevre
Stryker, Joseph S.	Mary B. Peterson	Apr. 16	Somerville	Cornell
Voorhees, Edwin S.	Margaretta Voorhees	Apr. 28	Rocky Hill	Berg
Vroom, George	Ann E. Baker	Apr. 27	North Plainfield	(Esq. Giles.)

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Akers, Thomas	Lydia A. Disbrow	Apr. 20	Lambertville	Willifer
Asay, Wm. H.	Sarah J. Housel	May 3	Flemington	Vassar
Hunt, Ralph	Ann Woodruff	Apr. 26	Milford	Randolph
Hall, John J.	Theodosia Chamberlain	Apr. 30	Readington	Smock
Kuter, John A. Jr.	Mary Hoagland	Apr. 1	Mt. Airy	Studdiford
Knight, William	Matilda Krymer	May 10	Annandale	Van Amburgh
Kitchen, Jonathan	Sallie E. Green	May 8	Sergeantsville	Dodd
Little, George C.	Mary J. Dalrymple	Apr. 18	Lambertville	Willifer
Starr, John	Sarah H. Hoffman	Apr. 16	Allertown	Van Amburgh
Wilking, Jacob H.	Mary F. Stewart	Apr. 29	Bloomsbury	Scott
Wilson, Charles F.	Mary Hoagland	May 1	Frenchtown	Golden

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM APRIL 15TH, 1873, TO MAY 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Bergen, Daniel D.	Somerville	May 3	25
Cross, John C.	Basking Ridge	Mar. 29	70
Jones, Bessie A.	Somerville	Apr. 28	Infant
Smith, William R.	Flaggtown	May 9	70
Taft, Gardner J.	Somerville	Apr. 25	55

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Ader, Sarah Ann	Clinton	May 1	17
Bice, Annie	Lambertville	May 6	14
Brink, John L.	Frenchtown	Apr. 17	61
Cole, Susan	Flemington	Apr. 26	51
Conner, Anna	Mechanicsville	Apr. 27	Infant
Conover, John W.	Lambertville	May 9	22
Coryell Hannah	Lambertville	Apr. 18	78
Housell, Ellen	Union Township	Apr. 21	47
Lane, Henry	White House	May 4	40
Kuhl, William	Cherryville	May 15	91
Kerr, Ella	Frenchtown	Apr. 18	Infant
Kroneburger, Laura	Lambertville	May 6	Infant
Lair, Hester	Frenchtown	——	83
Mosier, Jane	Lambertville	May 14	60
Memry, Alex	Clinton	Apr. 26	19
Quick, Joseph G.	East Amwell Township	May 6	70
Sheridan, Benjamin	Lambertville	May 12	35
Stout, Susannah L.	Readington	May 11	35
Snyder, Martha	Lebanon	May 3	52
Wright, Frank	Frenchtown	May 2	8

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1873. No. 8.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[EIGHTH PAPER.]

AMONG THE families entirely of Holland origin, none were, or are now more distinguished for their regular, industrious and religious habits, or their good moral character, than the Van Doren. So far as I know there is neither data nor traditions at hand, whereby to commence with their genealogy in the mother country with any certainty. Readers of the admirable article entitled "Reminiscences of Holland" in the July number of this Magazine, will have noticed that Rev. W. H. VanDoren, the writer of it, met a Baron Van Doren, titled "Baron de Westphalia," in 1856, at the Hague, who was Lord Chamberlain to the King, but does not tell whether the Baron knew anything of his ancestry of three or more hundred years ago. Doubtless he did, for in Holland, as in Scotland, the *noblemen*, at least, can trace back their ancestral stock far into the ages.

But this much seems certain,—that Jacobus Van Doren, or Van Doorn, arrived in this country nearly two hundred years ago, and was the progenitor of the families of that name in America. His wife was Moritje Bennet.* Whether he married her in Holland, or here, is not definitely known. He settled, probably immediately, at a place near the present town of Holmdel, in Monmouth County. This was about the year 1698. He had at least four children—Christian Angenietz, Jacob and Abram.† The precise spot where the original buildings stood, as well as the boundary lines of the old farm, which contained 640 acres, are still to be located.

Christian and Abram removed from

* Rev. Garret C. Schenck is my authority for this. The Editor of OUR HOME, thinks her name was Maria Van Deventer. She is reported to have been very wealthy—worth something like $100,000, a large sum in those days. But the amount is probably exaggerated.

† It has been generally supposed that he had but two children, Christian and Abram; but since this article was first written I have definitely ascertained, from the records of the Long Island Historical Society, that he had four, Jacob being born in 1703 and Angenietz in 1705, of whom, however, nothing more is known.

Monmouth County to Middlebush in Somerset County about 1723, and purchased 525 acres of land on the north side of the present "Amwell Road." Christian here built and lived in a log house, about 150 yards north-east of the present Church. He planted an apple orchard on the north side of this house, two of the trees of which lived and bore fruit until 1865, a period of 125 years. Christian owned 359 acres fronting along the "Amwell Road," and Abram 166 acres to the north of the former. On his farm, Abram built a house, in which he lived till his death. It was he who served as Sheriff of the County of Somerset for—tradition says—twenty successive years.* For a time after its purchase these farms were in the possession of, and properly owned by one John Bennett, Christian and Abram having bought from a false agent of the first owner. But they, in 1763, (March 19) re-purchased the land, paying therefor $5.75 per acre, or $3,018.75 for the whole.

In 1752, when Rev. John Leydt was the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in New Brunswick, the two brothers were members of the consistory, Christian as elder, and Abram as deacon. Hendrick Fisher, elder, and Derrick Veghten, deacon, were elected to these respective offices at the same time.

It is related of Mrs. Christian Van Doren (Alche) that, while living in the log house, a rattlesnake came in through one of the openings in the stone chimney, and she, undaunted, seized him with a pair of tongs, put him into the fire, and held him there till he was dead.*

The log house was afterward pulled down and a frame one substituted; but this second building was erected about 500 yards west of the first. He also put up corresponding out-buildings. This house stood over 100 years, and was accidentally burned in December, 1859. A new building has since been put up on the old site, and is the one occupied by John B. Welsh. The old barn has recently undergone remodelling and repairs, but yet contains the same original frame.

Christian was early known as a great raiser of *wheat.* His land, at the time of its clearing, was pronounced the best adapted to raise wheat of any in that section of the County. By the old assessment list of 1745 (hereafter given) he was assessed on 350 acres of land, 33 head of cattle and 9 sheep, the small tax of $2.86—which shows how little it cost to maintain our government then as compared with to-day.

The original tract of 525 acres has been sub-divided until it is now composed of seven farms, viz:—of Walter J. Toulmin, Ellen V. Egbert, Marcus Bennett, Mr. Burbank, Mr. Woolsey, Mr. Vreeland and John B. Welsh, who lives on the homestead part.

Christian had seventeen children, as follows: Jacob, John, William, Maria, Aaron, Sarah, Christian, Alche, Nelly, Abraham, Peter, Jane, Roeloff, Isaac, Cornelius, Joseph and Benjamin.

1. Jacob. He was born December 9th, 1724, and married, first, Phebe Van Derveer, and, second, Jane Ditmars, daughter of Rem Ditmars of Millstone. He was a farmer and lived and died in

* For more particulars about him see January Magazine, page 6, and February, page 53. I have reason to think Abram had two sons, Jacob and Abram, who succeeded him on the homestead, but the proof is too scanty to set it down as a fact.

* For a further account of Mrs. Van Doren, see Feb. No., page 54.

Bedminster. His children were Jacob, John, Lena, Maria,* Phebe, and Alche.

2. John He was born April 23d, 1726, married Martha Lott, was a farmer, and lived and died at Millstone. He was said to have been a droll man, and very funny stories used to be related of him. His children were John, William, Jacob, Alche, Christian, Cornelius and Abram. Abram lived and died at White House, Hunterdon County, was an active Christian, and was one of the few who built the old White House Church. He married, first, Charity Bennett; second, Elizabeth Bowman; third, Catherine Nevius; fourth, Rachael Babcock. Like his father, he had seventeen children, six of whom died in infancy, one at the age of forty, and the remainder from seventy-five to ninety.† Alletta, sister to Abram, lived at Millstone, and was the wife of Tunis Hoagland. William was both a weaver and farmer.

3. William. He was born Nov. 13th, 1727, and married, first, Catherine Hoff, of Neshanic, and, second, Maria Wyckoff. He was a farmer, and lived and died at Middlebush. His children were Christian, Brogun, William, Jacob, Alche and Catherine.

4. Maria. She was born Feb. 9th, 1729 and died in 1822, aged ninety-three. She married Petrus Nevius, who lived at South Branch, and was a farmer. Her children were Roeloff, Christian, Peter, Jacob, Catherine, Sarah, Elizabeth, Phœbe and Alletta. In her ninetieth year she knit shawls and spun linen sheets, which are yet to be seen in an excellent state of preservation.

5. Aaron. He was born August 8th, 1730, married Margaret Stillwell, and may have lived in Amwell, Hunterdon County, for some time, but is supposed to have removed afterward to Peapack, Somerset County.* His children were John, Christian, Alche and Aaron.

6. Sarah. She was born February 27th, 1732 and died Nov. 17th, 1816. Her first husband was Jeremiah Lambert, and her second Robert Hood. She had no children.

7. Christian. He was born May 15th, 1734, married, first, Alche Van Bryck, and, second, Maria Nevius. He was a farmer, and lived and died at Pluckamin. His children were Barnet, Jane and Alche.

8. Alche. She was born November 18th, 1735 and died December 13th, 1828. She married Simon Wickoff, a farmer, who lived at Middlebush. Her children† were Jacob, Peter, Simon, Sarah, Nelly, Christian, Elizabeth, Alche, Maria and Gertrude.

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* Maria, after her father's death, had a great desire to be sent to the Female School at Bethlehem, Pa., then in great repute, but to which few *farmer's* daughters at that day thought to aspire. The Executors objected on account of the cost. She said: "It will cost but $500, and what is that to have a girl well accomplished?" She did not go, but was, nevertheless, conspicuous through life for her superior intelligence, affable, social qualities and womanly demeanor. She married Peter Stout, and had three children. Her daughter, Janettie, wife of Isaac Van Zandt, resides in New Brunswick.

† Two of these children are yet living,—a Mrs. Gno, of Newark, and Joseph Van Doren, aged eighty-one, living with his son Jacob near White House. The other children, or some of them, who attained maturity, moved to the West, and have descendents scattered there far and wide.

* The Van Dorens at present in the neighborhood of Peapack, are descended from him, I believe. One of them was General Earl Van Doren, who was killed early in the War, and was in the Confederate service.

† For more particulars about the children, see April Magazine, page 148.

9. Nelly. She was born May 15th, 1737 and lived at Middlebush. She married Jaques Voorhees, a merchant and farmer. Her children were Jaques, Abram, Alche and Jaques. (second.)

10. Abraham. He was born December 30th, 1738, lived and died at Griggstown. He owned a farm, store and mills there. He married Ann Van Dyke, daughter of Francis Van Dyke of Amwell, She died in 1822, and he in 18—. On the day and after the battle of Princeton, General Washington and staff came to their house at Griggstown for rest and refreshment. They had ten children, as follows: Ann, born April 19, 1769, who married Lucas Van Derveer, and had five children,—Abram, Schenck, Peter, Nancy (wife of Dr. Andrew Hagaman) and Abbey; Abraham, who was born June 8th, 1771, and died August 13th, 1832, married Catherine Terhune, daughter of Garret Terhune, Esq., of Millstone, and had nine children,—Ann, Garret T., Magdalen, John, Abram, Duryea, William, Wilhelmina and Jacob; Isaac,* who was born July 9th, 1773, married Abigail Halsey,† in 1800, and died in August, 1863, leaving fourteen children,—J. Livingston, Sarah Ann, who married a Kingsbury, Julia Ann, wife of Prof. Jucho, of Brooklyn, Luther Halsey,* William Howard,† Lucilla, wife of Thomas E. Blanche, Esq., of Piermont, N. Y., Adelaide, who married Rev. Robert Davidson, D. D.,‡ Abbey H., wife of Erskine Stansbury, Abraham, Caroline F., who married a Rev. Mr. David, and four more who died young; Sophia, who was born January 11th, 1776, married Frederick Stryker, and had four children,—Abram, Sophia, John and Catherine; Jacob, who was born April 9th, 1778, married, first, Maria Boyd, and second, Peternella Veghte, and had three children,—Sophia, Alletta§ and J. Boyd; Maria, who was born February 23rd, 1783, married Peter S. Nevins, Esq., had two children,—Abraham Van Doren, who died of cholera at Point Coupee, Louisiana, in January, 1849, and Elizabeth S., wife of Dr. John Honeyman,—and died January 12th, 1865; John, who was born August 3rd, 1784, and died a young man; William, who was born July 14th, 1787 and died

[* The Rev. Isaac Van Doren was one whose memory will go down to succeeding generations as a precious legacy of Christian piety and example. His daughter, Adelaide Davidson, most fittingly embalmed his religious life in *The Old Parsonage*, (published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and reviewed in OUR HOME some time since;) but the souls of men and women brought to light and life under his ministry is a far greater and more enduring monument to his name and worth than any book or eulogy which can be printed or uttered.—ED.]

[† She was the oldest daughter of Luther Halsey, and sister of that saintly man, Rev. Abraham O. Halsey, of Philadelphia, who went to his rest a few years ago. Her father was seven years an officer in the Revolutionary War, enlisting from Princeton College. When she married she put aside mourning for Gen. Washington to don the bridal costume. Like her husband, she was so godly that everybody took note of it, and set store by the example. —ED.]

* He was pastor of the old Tennent Church in Monmouth County for seventeen years; then had charge of two churches in New York city, and is now pastor of the Reformed Church, of Montville, New Jersey.

[† For ten years he was pastor of the First Reformed Church in Williamsburg, L. I., and has since preached in St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago. He is the author of some volumes of *Expositions of the Gospel*, now being published simultaneously in London and New York. Elsewhere we print an article from his pen.—ED.]

‡ He was formerly President of Transylvania University, Kentucky, and for twelve years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in New Brunswick.

§ She married Rev. John P. Knox, who, since her death in 1852, has printed a small volume commemorative of her very useful life.

young; Elizabeth, who was born May 31st, 1788, and last, Sarah, who was born July 7th, 1791, married William Veghte, had the following children, who are living,—Mary, William,* Sophia, Anna, Edward and Sarah,—and died April 8th, 1870.†

11. Peter. He was born March 18th, 1740, married Francis Hoff, of Neshanic, lived and died at Millstone, and was a farmer. His children were Peter, Abram, Catherine and Christian. Peter married Mayche, daughter of Abram De Hart, of Six-Mile-Run.* Abram married Maria, daughter of John Wyckoff, Sr., of Millstone.

12. Jane. She was born October 25th, 1741, and married John Sutphen, a farmer, who lived at Ten-Mile-Run.

13. Roeliff. He was born June 12th, 1743, and died young from an accident.

14. Isaac. He was born November 12th, 1744, married Sarah Opie, and own-

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* Mr. William Veghte at Somerville.

[† We have in our possession a large spy-glass—considered a *telescope* when made—about three feet in length, which was owned by Abraham Van Doren, and much used by him in the Revolutionary War. From the garret window of his house, in Griggstown, the British and American soldiers could be seen at a long distance. The sight of the latter always inspired courage and delight, but on the appearance of the former the family at once secreted their valuables in a hiding-place in the cellar. The age of the glass is greater, however, than this period. It came from Holland at a much earlier date, and it is not improbable that it was first owned by Christian, or even Jacobus Van Doren.

We have, also, what is much more curious, a *valentine* sent to Mrs. Ann Van Dyke, in her school-girl days, from a lover, perhaps from Abraham Van Doren himself. The date of it is fixed at about 1760. Being something novel in its way, and likely to interest her numerous descendants, we will here describe it. It is written and "pictured" by a pen on plain white (now very yellow) paper about twelve inches square. It folds into nine squares, each three inches in width. In the centre of each of the four large sides is a heart, colored with black ink and red paint, and in the centre is a compass. In the ring around the compass are these words:

"This Ring is Round,
And hath no End,
So is my Love,
To you, Dear Friend."

In the circle formed by the ring it reads:

"Angles and Men doth Plainly see,
That our Hearts United be."

Here, too, the name "Anne Van Dyke" is distinctly written. On each of the four larger corners is a tree. The main design, outside of the compass and ring, is a curious red and black figure, with twenty-eight sides, around which is written boldly:

"You Are the girl And only Maid
That Hath my Tender Heart Betray'd.

"Nor ever Shall my Heart have Ease,
Until our Hearts be Join'd like These.

"If you Refuse to be my Wife
It will Bereave me of my Life.

(Fourth verse torn out.)

On the reverse side are certain drawings, which are only complete when the folds are made. Scattered about them are the following poetical gems:

"My Dearest Dear And Blest Divine
I have Pictur'd Here your Heart and Mine.

"But Cubit with his Fatal Dart
Has Deeply wounded my Tender Heart.

"And hath Between us Set a Cross,
Which makes me To Lament My Loss.

"But I am in hopes when all This is Gone,
That Both our hearts will be Joyn'd in one."

Within the circle is the following:

"On the Inside Sweet Turtle Dove
I have wrote the Floral of my Love."

Abraham Van Doren—if he it was—must have consumed two full days of his youth in manufacturing this valentine, drafting, writing and coloring it. And who knows but that it helped secure for him his noble consort in life! —Ed.]

* His children living are Margaret, and Sarah, who married John S. Voorhees, of Blawenburgh, now living on the De Hart homestead of 376 acres.

ed mills at Neshanic, where he lived and died. His children were William, Abram, Maria, Sarah, Aletta and Grace.

15. Cornelius. He was born September 25th, 1746, married Elizabeth Wyckoff, of Millstone, was a farmer at Middlebush, and died a sudden death on his way home from church, December, 1834. His children were John, Sarah, and Cornelius. The two former removed at an early day to Western New York. Cornelius married Maria Brokaw, and lived at Middlebush.

16. Joseph. He was born June 15th, 1748, married Sarah Van Derbilt, and owned mills at South Branch, where he died. His children were J. Van Derbilt, Joseph, Ann, Maria, Sarah, Peter and Aletta.

17. Benjamin. He was born July 22d, 1751, married, first, Sophia Van Dyke, of New Brunswick, and, second, Dinah Ditmars, of Millstone. He lived on his father's homestead at Middlebush, and had eight children,—Alche, Sophia, Abram, Joseph, Lena, Christian, Benjamin and Dinah. Joseph was a man famous for his muscular powers, and had few equals in farming. He presented the congregation at Middlebush with an acre of land, upon which the Church was erected, and in the labor he personally bestowed upon the building excelled all the other workmen.* Benjamin married Phœbe Kline, lived at New Germantown, N. J., and died in April, 1872.†

* His son, John, who died in August, 1871, at Middlebush, was a man most remarkable for his good qualities. Everybody deplored his loss. He devised at his death $5,000 to Rutger's Theological Seminary to aid in educating indigent students.

† In the preparation of the foregoing I am especially indebted for valuable information to Jacob Wyckoff, of Middlebush, and also the Editor of OUR HOME, who had collected much data about the Van Doren family.

I have in my possession two papers lately handed me by J. Staats Nevius, of Pleasant Plains, and which have been long preserved in his family, showing the number of acres of land, number of cattle, number of sheep, and the amount of tax of every taxable inhabitant of the Township of Franklin at a *very early date*. The precise time of the first is not stated, but it was certainly not later than 1735. It is written in the Dutch language. That of the second is in English, and bears date 1745. As they are of great interest, and will become more so in the future to the citizens of Franklin Township, and the descendants of these early sires, I will give them entire. The figures are arranged in parallel columns, but, for convenience, I give them as they are below, with the simple explanation that *a.* is for *acres*, *c.* for *cattle*, *s.* for *sheep*, and *t.* for *tax*. The spelling of the names are retained, but not the capitalizing. Of course I give the English and not the Dutch letters.

FRANKLIN TAX LIST, (about) 1735.

Corel (Col.) Faermer. (Nothing.)

John Wytknegt, *a.* 100; *c.* 7; *t.* £1, 1s, 3d.

Abraham Van Voorhees, *a.* 297; *c.* 16; *t.* £2, 11s.

John Graie, *a.* 3; *c.* 4; *t.* 5s, 1d.

Hendreryk Van Derbylt, *a.* 100; *c.* 12; *t.* £1, 8s.

Lymon Van Aars Dalen, *a.* 200; *c.* 19; *s.* 13; *t.* £2, 11s, 3d.

Peterus Wyckof, *a.* 300; *c.* 20; *s.* 20; *t.* £3, 7s.

John Wyckoff, *a*, 300; *c.* 15; *s.* 20: *t.* £3, 3d.

Jacob Fontyn, *a.* 120; *c.* 12; *s.* 5; *t.* £1, 9s, 3d.

John Metselaer, *a.* 50; *c.* 9; *s.* 6; *t.* £1, 2s, 2d.

Pieter Metselaer, *a.* 100; *c.* 9; *s.* 8; *t.* £1, 5s, 2d.

James Herker, *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.

Reynier Fontyn, *a.* 100; *c.* 13; *t.* £1, 9s, 1d.

Christyaen Van Dorn, *a.* 350; *c.* 18; *t.* £3, 4s.

Henderik Blau, *a.* 140; *c.* 10: *s.* 9; *t.* £1, 7s, 2d.

Jacob Buys, *a.* 50; *c.* 14; s. 14; *t.* £1, 10s.
Johanes Sebrunt, *c.* 16; *s.* 3; *t.* £1, 8s, 2d.
Folkert Folkerse, *a.* 150; *c.* 15; *s.* 8; *t.* £2, 3s, 2d.
Charles Fontyn, Sr., *a.* 150; *c.* 15; *s.* 10; *t.* £2, 3s, 3d.
John Fontyn, *c.* 6; *t.* 7s, 2d.
Denys Van Duyn, *a.* 200; *c.* 9; *s.* 6; *t.* £1, 10s, 1d.
Isack Yanse, *a.* 154; *c.* 13; *s.* 7; *t.* £2, 1s.
Corneles Pieterse, *a.* 100; *c.* 10; *t.* £1, 5s, 2d.
Abraham Ouke, *a.* 60; *c.* 14; *s.* 15; *t.* £1, 10s, 3d.
Corneles Sudam, *a.* 250; *c.* 14; *s.* 20; *t.* £2, 9s.
George Anderse, *a.* 250; *c.* 12; *s.* 12; *t.* £2, 5s, 1d.
Charles Fontyn, *c.* 10; *s.* 9; *t.* £1, 1s, 3d.
Jacus Fontyn, *a.* 350; *c.* 19; *s.* 14; *t.* £3, 7s, 1d.
Abraham Fontyn, *a.* 200; *c.* 14; *s.* 14; *t.* £2, 5s, 2d.
John Smack, *a.* 140; *c.* 6; *s.* 3; *t.* £1, 2s.
Willem Van Duyn, *a.* 250; *c.* 10; *s.* 11; *t.* £2, 2s, 3d.
Samuel Molferd, *a.* 50; *s.* 13; *t.* £1, 6s, 3d.
Symon Van Wikele, *a.* 250; *c.* 16; *s.* 16; *t.* £2, 11s.
Roeloff Sebrunt, *a.* 330; *c.* 20; *s.* 15; *t.* £3, 7s, 3d.
Philip Folkers, *a.* 400; *c.* 17; *s.* 16; *t.* £3, 8s.
Joseph Folkers, *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.
John Auter, *a.* 230; *c.* 15; *s.* 11; *t.* £2, 8s.
Johannes Koelbak, *a.* 150; *c.* 5; *t.* £1, 1s, 3d.
Philip You, *a.* 150; *s.* 3; *t.* 11s, 1d.
Tuenes Montanye, *a.* 100; *c.* 9; *s.* 7; *t.* £1, 5s, 1d.
Gerbrant Pieterse, *a.* 200; *c.* 10; *t.* £1, 10s, 2d.
John Broca, *a.* 390; *c.* 28; *s.* 30; *t.* £4, 11s.
Pieter Broca, *a.* 400; *c.* 24; *s.* 18; *t.* £4, 4s, 3d.
George Davids, *c.* 7; *t.* 8s, 3d.
Pieter Woertman, *c.* 5; *t.* 6s, 3d.
Pieter Burna, *a.* (100?); *c.* 12; *t.* £1, 8s.
Pieter Belyn, *a.* (——). *c.* 4; *t.* £5.
Burgon Koevert, *a.* 266; *c.* 3; *t.* £1, 5s.
Isaac Hover, *c.* 2; *t.* 2s, 2d.
Mariettae Kovert, *a.* 200; *c.* 9; *s.* 4; *t.* £2, 1s, 1d.
Tomas Burt, *a.* 100; *c.* 7; *s.* 11; *t.* £1, 3s, 2d.
Philip Folkerse, Jr., *a.* 25; *c.* 12; *t.* £1, 4s, 1d.
Henry Wals, *a.* 2; *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.
Jacob Probasco, *a.* 300; *c.* 16; *s.* 14; *t.* £3, 1s.
Christoffel Probasco, *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.
Cornelis Van Aarsdalen, *a.* 200; *c.* 12; *t.* £2, 1s.
Jacobus Willemse, *a.* 150; *c.* 11; *s.* 3; *t.* £1, 10s, 1d.
Henderik Gulick, *a.* 150; *c.* 9; *t.* £1, 6s, 3d.
Jockem Gulick, *a.* 180; *c.* 9; *s.* 6; *t.* £1, 9s, 1d.
Tomas Van Dick, *a.* 32; *c.* 6; *t.* 9s.
Henderik Cortelyou, *a.* 300; *c.* 12; *t.* £2, 6s.
Elbert Stoothof, *a.* 290; *c.* 23; *s.* 16; *t.* £3, 9s, 3d.
Tuenes Van Pelt, *a.* 200; *c.* 14; *s.* 4; *t.* £2, 4s.
Isack Symense, *a.* 300; *c.* 8; *t.* £2, 1s.
Dirck Hogelant, *a.* 150; *c.* 10; *t.* £1, 8s.
David Nevius, *a.* 300; *c.* 16; *s.* 11; *t.* £3, 2d.
Hendrick Fanner, *a.* 100; *c.* 11; *t.* £1, 6s, 1d.
Jacob Kinne, *a.* 130; *c.* 10; *s.* 6; *t.* £1, 8s.
James Prine, *a.* 300; *c.* 17; *s.* 20; *t.* £3 3s, 1d.
Leffert Hagewont, *c.* 3; *t.* 3s, 3d.
Sammuel Greggs, *a.* 150; *c.* 5; *s.* 3 *t.* £1, 2s, 2d.
Obaddie Wilkens, *a.* 150; *c.* 9; *s.* 8; *t.* £1, 8s.
John Neiel, *a.* 100; *c.* 9; *t.* £1, 4s, 1d.
Benyeman Greggs, *a.* 4; *c.* 5; *t.* 6s, 2d.
John Musset, *a.* 1; *c.* 3; *t.* 3s, 3d.
Franses Feurt, *a.* 3; *c.* 1; *t.* 1s, 2d.
Tomas Greggs, *a.* 30; *c.* 5; *t.* 7s, 3d.
Obaddia Homes, *a.* 80; *c.* 5; *t.* 10s, 1d.
Samuel Gulick, *a.* 200; *c.* 8; *s.* 7; *t.* £1, 9s.
Willem Smiet, *a.* 100; *c.* 6; *t.* £1, 2d.
Lewis Moere, *a.* 1; *c.* 2; *t.* £2, 2s.
Grace Harresen, *a.* 1; *c.* 2; *t.* 2s, 2d.
Tomas Soden, *a.* 90; *c.* 10; *s.* 16; *t.* £1, 5s.
John Berien, *a.* 130; *c.* 1; *t.* 7s, 3d.
Samuel Corneles, *a.* 50; *c.* 3; *t.* 6s, 1d.
Willem Willense, *a.* 100; *c.* 5; *t.* 11s. 1d.
Thomas Logges, *a.* 12; *c.* 3; *t.* 4s, 1d.
Henerik Emans, *a.* 450; *c.* 10; *s.* 6; *t.* £3.
Beniamen Emans, *a.* 150; *c.* 7; t. £1, 5s, 1d.
Tomas Yates, *a.* 200; *c.* 8; *s.* 19; *t.* £1, 10s, 3d.
Corneles Wilmse, *a.* 50; *c.* 5; *t.* 8s, 3d.
Tuenis Quick, *a.* 100; *c.* 14; *s.* 3; *t.* [illegible], 11s.
Corneles De Hart, *a.* 8; *c.* 4; *t.* 5s, 2d.
Pieter Gulick, *a.* 130; *c.* 7; *s.* 7; *t.* £1, 3s, 1d.
Tuenes Gulick, *a.* 50; *c.* 3; *t.* 5s, 1d.
Marten Polen, *c.* 5; *t.* 6s, 1d.
John Stephens, *a.* 250; *c.* 11; *s.* 10; *t.* £2, 3s, 3d.
Willem Wallen, *a.* 1; *c.* 8; *t.* 10s.
Daniel Greggs, *a.* 136; *c.* 9; *s.* 7; *t.* £1, 7s.
Josep Leigh, *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.
John Corle, *a.* 250; *c.* 25; *t.* £3, 7s, 3d.
Pieter Pomie, *a.* 8; *c.* 3; *t.* 4s.

John Stryker, *a.* 290; *c.* 15; *t.* £2, 9s, 1d.
Robert Lawrence, *a.* 110; *c.* 4; *t.* 5s, 2d.
John Vliet, *a.* 500; *c.* 17; *s.* 10; *t.* £3, 10s, 1d.
Jacob Wicof, *a.* 150; *c.* 11; *t.* £1, 9s, 1d.
John Folkers, *a.* 299; *c.* 15; *s.* 10; *t.* £2, 1s, 1d.
Daniel Hendericse, *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.
Christoffel Probasco, *a.* 100; *c.* 12: *t.* £1, 8s.
Frederik Van Leu, *a.* 400; *c.* 19; *s.* 15; *t.* £3, 10s.
Daniel Andervet, *a.* 1; *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.
Elias Burger, *a.* 4; *c.* 5; *t.* 6s, 2d.
Paule Miller, c. 4; *t.* 5s.
Koert Van Voorhees, *a.* 160; *c.* 9; *t.* £1, 7s, 1d.
Abraham Hyer, *c.* 3: *t.* 3s, 3d.
Corneles Wyckof, *a.* 200; *c.* 12: *t.* £2, 1s.
Symon Wyckof, *a.* 300; *c.* 24; *s.* 14; *t.* £3, 10s.
Adreaen Hegeman, *a.* 150; *c.* 12; *s.* 9; *t.* £1, 11s, 3d.
Ayck Sudam, *a.* 158; *c.* 8; *t.* £1, 6s.
Jeronienais Rappalye, *a.* 221; *c.* 22; *s.* 21; *t.* £3, 5s, 2d.
John Frans, *c.* 4; *t.* 5s.
Abraham Van Dorn, *a.* 150; *c.* 10; *t.* £1, 8s.
Lucas Koevert, *a.* 145; *c.* 8; *t.* £1, 5s, 1d.
Willem Yanse, *a.* 140; *c.* 10; *s.* 10; *t.* £1, 9s.
Willem Robens, *c.* 6; *t.* 7s, 2d.

There were thus taxed in Franklin Township, at this time, 1,206 cattle and 592 sheep. The increase in 1745 will be shown in my next paper.

RALPH VOORHEES.

THE CHOICE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME L. STAPPAERTS.]

FAIR maiden, wert thou free to choose,
From yonder sparkling dome,
One starry orb—say, which should be,
Of all, thy favor'd home?

That one should be my bless'd abode,
Which shineth nearest to our God.

Again, fair maiden, could'st thou take
One heart to be thine own,
Which would'st thou choose in all the world
To beat for thee alone?

That heart which from its early youth
Loved best the Lord of grace and truth.

Then, say, fair maid, if thou could'st reach
A bird on joyous wing,
Which one would'st thou prefer to take
Of all that gaily sing?

That one whose flight should nearest be,
To where our Lord looks down on me.

Oh! then, to brighten this sad life,
Might those three blessings stay,
And form a solemn tie for me
'Till th' great awak'ning day,
When star and bird and faithful friend
Would lead to where joys never end.

L. E. G.

OUR OLDER CLERGY—LUDLOW.

REVERENCE for the past is a sentiment inseparable from human nature. Men who have long stood in the front line, and nobly battled for the right in a moral or physical cause, command our respect. History accords to them the place of veterans. and we thank God for what they have accomplished, and for what those, who yet survive. are still accomplishing.

OUR HOME proposes to present to the public some of the pulpit veterans of Somerset County, whose lives and labors are still with us, and who yet, in their declining years, are a blessing to our race. Such will ever be blessed in the memory, and these character held sacred in the hearts of those to whom they have been a blessing. The nature of their labors, and the inevitable results of these labors, secure this. The instructions of religion taking hold of man's immortal nature; the festivities of the marriage occasion; the solemnities of the dying chamber and of funeral rites, make impressions the most indelible, attachments, the most enduring and sacred, attended with consequences infinitely more momentous than any thing that is merely earth-born.

In the light of these remarks, as ranking first in age, and among the most respected and honored pastors of Somerset County, stands the name of Rev. GABRIEL LUDLOW, D. D., of whom we here present a short sketch.

RR

Dr. Ludlow was born in Passaic, N. J., April 23d, 1797. His father, John Ludlow, was of English extraction; but the ancestors of his mother, Elizabeth Vreeland, were from Holland, the language of which country the Dominie still delights to talk in occasionally. He attended school in Bergen in 1807. He went from there in 1812, to the Grammar School at Newark. In 1815 he left the Grammar School to enter Union College. While at Union College, in 1816, he made a profession of religion, under the ministry of Rev. Jacob Van Vechten, D. D. He graduated from the College in the Summer of 1817. He then, in the Fall of the same year, commenced his theological studies in the Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, New Brunswick, enjoying the highly appreciated privilege of being under the teachings and care of the venerable Dr. John Livingston, to whose rare talents and piety the Reformed Dutch Church entrusted her school of the prophets. From the College in New Brunswick Mr. Ludlow received the degree of D. D., in 1850. In this same Seminary, subsequently, his brother Rev. John Ludlow, D. D., become a very highly esteemed professor.

We can easily believe that in one whose life since has been so devoted to the noblest of all callings, the rich advantages and opportunities thus afforded were well improved.

Graduating from the Seminary in May, 1820, and being licensed by the Classis of New Brunswick, May 26th, of the same year, he received and accepted a call from the Reformed Dutch Church at Neshanic, and was ordained and installed pastor of the same by the Classis of Philadelphia, September 5th, 1821. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. Jacob Broadhead, D. D., from Luke, XII: 42, 43, 44. Six ministers were present, not one of whom are now living. And there he yet stands in the same Church, somewhat re-modeled and enlarged, the pastor of fifty-one years, and, in the cemented affection of pastor and people, alike honorable to both, a standing rebuke to aspiring, changing ministers, and fidgety congregations, who sometimes make the fatal mistake that change is always improvement.

These are the figures and statistics, bold and bare. But how much of life, public and private, of nerve and brain, of hope and fear, of labor and trial, of pain and pleasure, of influence and incident, of error refuted, and truth established, of infidelity rebuked, of Satan foiled and souls saved! Oh! how much of life is wrapt up in them! And who can measure the results, embracing eternity in their duration, of a pastorate, ordained by God, of more than *fifty-one years?*

What a retrospect of thrilling events one has who prosecuted his preparatory studies when England and America were at war; and who still lives in a serene old age, with faculties unimpaired, to review the past, and trace results to their predisposing epochs. And wise is the man who, besides the logic of the schools, draws for the public good, from this invaluable treasury of experience and observation. We love and confide in the aged physician, for his tested judgment, the fruit of long and tried experience. But this kind of love is doubly valuable in the *cure of souls.* And in the long career of his public ministry, it is not too much to say, that the subject of this sketch has labored most perseveringly and efficiently to illustrate and confirm the constitutional principles, and to unfold and enforce the cardinal, theological truths of the Church, to whose polity and system of doctrine he is devotedly attached.

Four hundred have made a profession of their faith in Christ under the ministry of Dr. Ludlow. In the same time he has solemnized five hundred marriages and baptized nine hundred and ten infants. And here in the work he still stands, surrounded by all the fruits of his labor—a patriarch of the past. Behold the rare spectacle of one ministering to the children, grand-children, and, in some instances, to the great-grand-children of those who gathered around him on that memorable ordination day.

And here, from personal knowledge and friendship, I would like to say something of a more personal character concerning the subject of this sketch, did I not know that it would be unsavory to the shrinking modesty of the loved "Dominie." This much, however, I will say, that his genial nature and social qualities make him a welcome visitor everywhere, and that the sermons of the pastor of fifty-one years all bear the marks of careful preparation, never failing to be a full and clear exhibit of the subject under discussion, and are delivered with an earnestness that some of our younger "Dominies" might well imitate.

P. D. Oakey.

COL. HONEYMAN AND HIS WAR JOURNAL.

I.

COL. ROBERT R. HONEYMAN was born October 1st, 1836, at New Germantown, Hunterdon County, N. J., and died June 14th, 1873. He was, consequently, less than thirty-seven years of age at the time of his death,—just in the high-tide of manhood and the glory of his years. In his case, as in thousands of others who are called from this sphere of activity when the roses of usefulness and manliness are in full bloom, and life becomes most sweet to themselves, and most precious to the world, the *reason* for the death summons is shrouded in mystery. Only the kind God who reigns for the good of all His creatures knows *why* such are so early called home.

The father of our subject, R. M. Honeyman, Esq., a merchant of forty years' experience in New Germantown, is yet living, but retired from business by reason of ill health. Robert's grandfather was James Honeyman, who kept the public house, in the place named, from 1809 to 1824, and was known far and wide as a man of great musical taste. His great-grand-father was John Honeyman, who has been generally supposed to have been a Tory in the Revolutionary War—a charge, however, which cannot be substantiated. His (John's) father was also named John, and is believed to be the first emigrant of the name of Honeyman who came to America. He arrived about the time of the French and Indian War, enlisted and served under Gen. Wolfe, and was present at the battle of Quebec, when Wolfe fell. He settled between New Germantown and Pottersville on the farm now owned by William H. Vliet.

Robert's life was hardly more in interest or incident than that of the average of cultivated young men. He first attended school at Barnet Hall Academy, New Germantown, Mr. A. B. Noll, who is yet its principal, being teacher. Afterward he recited with a class of young men, in Latin and Greek, to Rev. Dr. Blauvelt, of Lamington, who says he was a most remarkable scholar as to the rapidness and thoroughness with which he committed his lessons. "I told him one day," says the Doctor, "that I could not hear all he learned, and that he must not expect me to do it. His rapidity was that of the race-horse." Here he was fitted for college, and thither it was Robert's desire to go. Unfortunately, the way was not opened for him; nor did he then or afterward succeed in obtaining the proper consent to prepare for that profession which, of all others, he thought called him most loudly, and possessed to him the most charms.—that of the law.* In 1860 he settled down in his village as a merchant with his father, the firm being R. M. Honeyman & Son. Here the War of the Rebellion found him, and when first its clarion note was sounded he wished to engage in the conflict. But not being robust in physical strength, nor used to hard service in the open air, he did not venture at once to the field, but raised a Company of home militia, and drilled them for action in case

* It was but a few weeks before his death that he, in conversation with the writer, alluded to the intense yearning he had at the time above mentioned to become a lawyer; how bitter were his feelings of disappointment upon his failure to secure either or both a college and legal course of study, and how much he yet wished that he were a practioner at the Bar.

of necessity. It was supposed at this time that the Rebellion would be of short duration; that ninety days at most would suffice to crush out every vestage of armed treason in the Union. But the excitement was, nevertheless, intense, and everywhere men, who did not immediately enlist, formed themselves into home Companies of militia. Had the first call from President Lincoln been stronger than it was, Col. Honeyman, and those who afterward went from Hunterdon County with him to the front, would undoubted have gone at that time. As it was, the "Hunterdon Blues" was organized at New Germantown, upon the call of R. R. Honeyman, June 10th, 1861, and soon consisted of forty-two men, uniformed and equipped. Robert was unanimously chosen Captain.* The Company met at first weekly, and afterward fortnightly for drill, until November 1st, 1862, when it seems to have had its last meeting. Previous to this, however, many of its members had enlisted in their country's service, as volunteers, and about the first of September, (1862) Abraham Lincoln having called for nine months' troops, Robert R. Honeyman enlisted a Company for that period of service. Having first received from the proper authorities the commission to do this, he called a public meeting in the Lutheran Church, New Germantown, and, after addressing it in a stirring war speech, asked those who were ready to volunteer to come forward and sign their names. The result was the pledges of *forty-one* men, who went, with others elsewhere collected, into Company A, of the 31st New Jersey Regiment.

Arriving at Flemington, in the choice of officers for the Regiment, it fell to the lot of Capt. Honeyman to be chosen Major. September 17th, 1862, the Regiment was "mustered in," with the following general officers: Colonel, A. P. Berthoud; Lieutenant Colonel, William Holt; Major, R. R. Honeyman; Adjutant, Martin Wyckoff; Quartermaster, Israel Wells; Surgeon, Robert B. Browne; Assistant Surgeons, Joseph S. Cook, Nathaniel Jennings; Chaplain, John McNair. The Captaincy of Co. A was given to Samuel Carhart. These positions were held throughout the service, with the exception—important to the subject of this sketch—that Lieutenant Colonel Holt resigned about the first of the following February, and Major Honeyman was promoted to his vacant office. His commission from Governor Parker bears date February 13th. A few weeks later Col. Berthoud became sick, and during the rest of the Regiment's service Lieut. Col. Honeyman had full command. About the particulars of the latter's official and private conduct in the several offices of Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel, we shall learn later in this article.

At the close of the term of service of the 31st, Lieut. Col. Honeyman—or

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* As a matter of future interest, perhaps, it may be noted that four other Companies of militia were formed about the same time in Tewksbury Township. The "Highland Cavalry," Capt. A. A. Clark, and "Company D," Capt. Horace Van Derbeek, formed at New Germantown. The "Mountain Guards," Capt. P. K. Apgar, organized at Mountainville, and the "Rockaway Guards," Capt. William Eick, at Apgar's Corner. The two latter organizations were stigmatized at the time as "Secession Companies," but nothing was done by them against the Union cause, and it must be this charge was a cruel mistake. These companies disbanded at various times within a year and a half or two years after their formation. The other officers of the "Hunterdon Blues" were: B. Van Doren, First Lieutenant, and Isaiah Welsh, Second Lieutenant. Subsequently, after Capt. Honeyman's departure for the War, F. Roome became Captain, and John V. Melick, First Lieutenant.

"Colonel," as he was afterwards called—was to ofeeble in health to re-enlist. But it was the desire of his heart to do so. And when Gov. Parker sent for him in August, 1863, and desired to commission him to command a Regiment then forming—the 35th New Jersey—though the Colonel declined, because of his delicate health, (having been advised by his physicians not again to enter service), he did it with pain and disappointment, which followed him long afterward.

Upon his return from the War, he re-entered the mercantile business with his life-long friend, Benjamin Van Doren, Jr., remaining in it two years. Then he rested a year or two, while looking for a place in the West to engage in larger business operations. He traveled to Arkansas, and through various Western States, and finally decided to make St. Louis his home. Thither he went in the Spring of 1867. He had previously, in January, 1865, been married to Miss Lizzie Depue, of Belvidere, with whom he became acquainted while in the army, when he was in camp near Washington. At St. Louis he remained in partnership with John K. Brettell, in the Steam Laundry business, till November, 1872, when, his health again failing him by reason of the locality, as he supposed, he sold out to his partner and came East. Three or four weeks before his death the firm of Raphael & Honeyman, 70 Courtlandt street, New York, was started—for the importation from England and manufacture of certain grocery specialities—and he had good prospects before him of prolonged health, and success in business. Alas! this was cut short by his sudden death from billious remittant fever—so sudden, indeed, that no friends at a distance knew of his illness.

Our subject was a man of handsome personal appearance, with black hair and eyes, straight, aqueline nose, and dark mustache and chin whiskers, always courteous, his demeanor always dignified, his self-possession invariably great,—the latter showing forth strongly at the seat of War. He had a fine æsthetic taste joined with solid mental culture. Indeed, his intellectual faculties were much above those of average men, although this was not always discernible to strangers. His habitual reticence, in later years, particularly about himself, his unwillingness to display by public speaking what he really did know and *could* tell, and the little intercourse of a literary nature he had with anyone—he seemed to have wrapped up his *cultus* in his own bosom—sometimes created an erroneous impression about his abilities even among his friends. From what the writer and certain others of his personal friends knew of him, and from the various scraps of prose and poetry he left behind, it may be safely asserted that he was fitted mentally for any vocation wherein high intellectual culture and abilities would be needful. An unfinished essay, or lecture, on "Æsthetic Culture," will also prove this.* His moral character was of as high an order as his mental. Refined in his educational tastes, he was similarly refined in his conduct and life. He had a name which was above the whisper of suspicion. Because these refined feelings

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*Besides the impetus in this direction, received at the hands of Dr. Blauvelt, who was a most thorough disciplinarian, he owed much to that great lever of the youthful mind—the Lyceum. As a matter of interest now, we may mention that among those who made their first attempts at public speaking with him in the "Youths" and "Minerva Lyceum" at New Germantown, were Rev. Morris C. Sutphen, of New York; Rev. I. A. Blauvelt, of German Valley; John Hunt, Esq., of New York, and John Sutphen, M. D., of Plainfield—all, more or less known to the general public as men of ability in their several professions.

were so different from the unrefined and uncouth thoughts and conversation of many who knew him—particularly when he was in the army—he probably grew more and more faithless in human nature, and made himself fewer and fewer intimate companions. His church membership dates from April, 1862. The circumstances of his conversion to religion at that time might be worth stating. He, with many others of his friends, were attending a certain party in the evening. While in the height of the enjoyment of social intercourse, a personal friend of his, who was sitting by him, and with whom he was or had been engaged in conversation, was *struck dead*—a victim of heart disease. The impression it made on his mind was never effaced. The thought that he might be summoned by the Death-angel just as suddenly, and that it might find him unprepared, produced a change of heart in him, as it did in many of his companions. He thus became a member of the Lutheran Church in his native village, and remained up to his death a consistant believer in the truths of the Gospel of Christ.

As an officer in the army he was respected and beloved by his men, and disliked only by certain officials over him, who viewed with jealousy this feeling of concord and friendship between him and his troops. Here, as at home, he did not forget to be the gentleman of affability and honor. Without experience in military service, and generally in poor health, it is surprising that he commanded his Regiment so well. Adjutant Wyckoff, in writing about him, says: "The Regiment to which Col. H. was attached was in but little active duty, and renders his service in the army void of any striking incidents, yet that service was just as valuable, or more so probably, than if the Regiment had been placed at the front. The difficulty in the army at that time was to get Regiments fitted for detached service. They were generally composed of such material as would not work, and were restless and discontented; and it became the most difficult of all duties to control the men and keep them at work, and yet attend all the Regimental and Brigade drills,—in short, to be ready at all times for work, for drill, or for the march. And, after a week's trial, it was generally found to be impossible to keep any one Regiment at such a post. Within my experience Regiment after Regiment were sent to the front, and it was asked as a special favor by the Commandant of the Post at Belle Plain that *the 31st be kept there*, because these men were found to be good workers, fairly well drilled, sober and gentlemenly in their deportment and under the absolute control of their officers; and so they continued to be while in the army. For a considerable time, while stationed at Belle Plain, the Colonel of the Regiment, A. P. Berthoud, was sick with fever at Washington City, and the whole command devolved on Lieut. Col. Honeyman. While in command he performed his duty with skill, and obtained and held the respect of the officers and men. He was uniform in his kindness and gentleness. None were sick that did not receive his attention; or, if in trouble of any kind, they were sure of his sympathy and material aid. * * He was never in robust health—often too feeble to perform military service and do justice to himself, yet he forgot self in the performance of his duties. I have seen him move about the camp inspecting the quarters and looking after the sanitary condition of the Regiment, when he could with difficulty walk, and when he looked more like a shadow than a man girt for war. During the time he was in command I recollect his calling me in his

tent, and telling how badly he felt, how feeble he was getting, and how unfitted he was to remain at his post; yet unwilling to leave it in the absence of the Colonel, and expressing a determination to stick to his station so long as strength remained to keep out of hospital. His strength as a commander was not in his military knowledge and experience, or in *stolid* determinate will, but rather in kindness and love, expressed by gentle firmness in requiring performance of duty." The truth was, however, that in course of time the Colonel *would* have made a man "of military knowledge and experience," because he loved the officer's calling. Indeed, his *penchant* from the outbreak of the War up until the time of his death was, undoubtedly, that of military service. He loved it, more or less in fact, from a boy. To command a Company or Regiment was as natural for him as to breathe. It was only his health which forced him to forego further participation in the volunteer, and perhaps, the regular service, and to lose what must have been fresh laurels of success as a military officer.

But the chief design in the preparation of this short memoir being simply a proper introduction to a considerable amount of extracts from the Colonel's War Journal, and that task now being imperfectly performed, I proceed at once to the main work in hand. These extracts will be given, not because they will be of any general value in an historical point of view, but because they will bring to mind to the officers and soldiers of the 31st and 30th Regiments—which were mainly composed of men from Hunterdon and Somerset Counties, and which were stationed together most of the time—pen pictures taken on the spot of certain little events and episodes both pleasant and sad, which they might rather remember than forget. It is more they should live down and forget the *hateful* memories of the War; but the joys and asperities of camp-life, the fatigues of the marches, the excitement of the engagements—the thousand and one novelties of the service—why should any soldier fail to hold them in memory? No, they will not; and I am sure each member of the 31st, or 30th New Jersey Regiments, who may see this, will be glad to live over in imagination, for a half hour or so, the images arising from these pleasantly written sketches of camp-life at Washington and Belle Plain, and of the battle of Chancellorsville.

In a note-book, of course, as in private letters, everything stated is more or less of a personal nature, but in this these sketches do not lose in interest. They have the mingled charms of history and autobiography. Nothing to be quoted was written for publication, yet, now being deemed worthy of it, for the reasons before stated, no further apology is needed for printing them in OUR HOME, the magazine in which the Colonel took so large an interest. It may also be prefaced that much of this War Journal was written to a friend, instead of in his own private Field Journal, but for the purpose of using the letters as Journal-entries afterward.* This may often explain a personal form of address. Much, also, must be *omitted*, because of the references made to men yet living, as the publication of certain matters pertaining to them might not be received in good feeling. I also omit all quotation marks, as unnecessary, the type distinguishing what is his, and what the writer's comments or explanations.

The record opens in one of the Colonel's letter's, written about the time of

* He copied them into his Journal upon his return from the service.

the arrival of the 31st Regiment in Washington:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Tues., Sept. 30th*, 1862.

I have so good an opportunity for writing that I cannot but embrace it, fearing that soon a pencil, a rough scrap of paper, and a drumhead, will be the only conveniences at hand. Our men are in camp and in excellent spirits. I took the saddle yesterday morning for the first time and conducted the Regiment through Washington to East Capitol Hill, where we are now located in a pleasant place. Lieut. Col. Holt is troubled with a pain in his shoulder, so as to be unfit for duty. I shall therefore be obliged to remain in camp all the time. . . . It is certainly much warmer here than in Jersey; to-day it is uncomfortably warm. I met Lieut. Sine last night. He will soon be promoted to the Captaincy of his Company. His Regiment* is very much reduced, and his Brigade of six Regiments is not much larger than one full Regiment like ours. As I write, Regiment after Regiment marches down the avenue, and so it was yesterday; a movement of importance being expected at some unknown point. . . . I am getting more and more into the spirit of fighting, but at the same time feel somewhat discouraged when I consider the immense amount of work to be done before the Rebellion will be crushed. A few *severe* battles, perhaps, and it will all be over. The decisive point cannot, certainly, be far off. If it will only turn out as we hope, and the 31st New Jersey stands nobly up to the work, and comes off with flying colors, I am happy.

Sunday, October 5th.—Sunday is a day scarcely noticed in war, and we merely suspend fatigue duty, and, in a measure, drilling, and attend preaching in the morning, and occasionally in the afternoon. This is a beautiful Sabbath morning, and I hear a bell sounding for all the world like my own Church bell at home. . . . We have many sick, more than our Regimental Hospital can accommodate. You have no idea how warm it is here. I do not think of wearing a coat except I ride, or am in drill or parade. I am fearful our Regiment will be reduced in numbers by the measles. The boys, too, have been cramming themselves with pies, cakes, etc., although warned of the danger. One of our men is dying, and four of a neighboring Regiment have died—supposed to have been poisoned. . . . We shall likely remain here a week or more. I will give you our programme, including my own particular mode of life. I have a large tent all to myself, and well fitted up as follows: Camp-bed on the left as you enter, also saddle and horse trappings; a *patent* table, consisting of a plain pine board screwed ingeniously to one of the tent poles; another large table on the right (a dry-goods box); also my trunk, valise, a camp-stool, pail and wash-basin—to say nothing of boots, straps, blankets, overcoats, haversack, arms, etc., hanging around. Wherever I live it is comfortable, I assure you. We have not yet completed our mess arrangements—the Colonel and I alone of the officers messing together in his tent. *Reveille* at sun-rise, when the men are formed into Companies for Company drill, one hour. My faithful servant Ollie brings me my water, blackens my boots and takes care of my horse before I arise. We have a fine bugler, who sounds the calls for breakfast, drill, etc. We have Guard-mounting at 9 A. M., Battallion-drill 10 A. M., under a West Point instructor, officers' recitation at 2 P. M., Company-drill at 3, and dress-parade at 5 P. M. . . .

FARM-HOUSE NEAR TENALLYTOWN, *Monday, P. M., October 6th.*—Quartermaster Wells, Adjutant Wyckoff and your correspondent went out upon a reconnoisance yesterday—fortified with the necessary documents approved by Generals Robertson and Casey—across Long Bridge into Virginia. This noted bridge is long and narrow, and is a Railroad crossing. When nearly over we met the locomotive, and were obliged to wheel, and keep our horses ahead lest they should be plunged into the river. With difficulty I was able to manage my horse, but the Adjutant escorted the engine safely into Washington at the top of his speed in a most gallant manner. I can never forget that John Gilpin ride. We dined at Alexandria. After being arrested several times by the patrol, and overstaying our passes, Quartermaster Wells and I —we had lost the Adjutant—embarked with our horses, and steamed up to Washington. Judge of our surprise at meeting, on our way up Pennsylvania avenue, the Regiment in full marching order on the march—whither? Upon reporting myself "present" to the Colonel, he told me I would find a copy of marching orders

[* The Regiment to which Lieut. John Sine was attached was the 8th New Jersey, a gallant Regiment. He afterward went out in the 35th New Jersey, as Captain of Company E. and rendered efficient service.—V. D.]

in his tent—refraining from compelling me to join the Regiment that night. But I knew my duty too well; and being determined that the 31st should never move without me so long as I was able to move, I galloped on to the old camp, locked up my scattered valuables, and, leaving my baggage in charge of my man, and having girded on sword and canteen, with my bed and blankets strapped upon the horse, (unfortunately forgetting my overcoat in my hurry,) I galloped again after my Regiment in John Gilpin style, with inward groanings at having overstayed my pass, and in turn laughing at the strange events of the day. I rode up the line, reporting to the Colonel again for duty in less than an hour, to the astonishment of all. We passed through Georgetown and Tenallytown to our camping ground, by a very circuitous route, marching about ten miles into the roughest, hilliest country you can think of. Although warm during the day, the nights are cold, and the dews like rain: but our sleep was sound, as we laid upon the ground like sheep scattered on the hillside. I was fortunate in securing a small peach-tree to lie under, but suffered some with the cold. Our tents arrived to-day, with the exception of those of two Companies, one of which is A. I have given up my tent to several of Company A who are sick, intending to find other quarters if possible. We have nothing to eat but bread and water to-day, but the boys are in good spirits. We shall soon commence throwing up earth-works, this being a very inviting place for an attack on Washington if the Rebs ever again succeed in crossing the Potomac; and how far off they may be we do not know.

One of our Companies left camp yesterday without rations, went supperless to bed, and had to procure breakfast from the sutler of a neighboring Regiment and by begging from those who had bread to spare—as I also have been compelled to do. This was owing to the . . . officer in command of said Company, who was frightened nearly out of his wits at the distribution of cartridges and the orders to march immediately in the direction of Rebeldom. . . . .

I am stiff and sore, having been in the saddle most of yesterday and nearly all last night, besides having been out on an exploring expedition all the morning. I went back to the old camp on a new road through this wilderness, in order to intercept our teams, and bring them here through a shorter and better route. I met hundreds of contrabands on the road, and some of them were the funniest looking negroes you ever saw.

These extracts will be continued in subsequent articles until completed.

V. D.

CUBA IN WINTER.

II.—First Day in Havana.

FORTUNATELY for the general traveller, the present Peace Policy of all nations is to prove the death-blow to the passport system. It has long been to a great extent a dead-letter law, and of no consequence other than to bother the tourist, and add to the fees of the Consul-office. But Spain clings to this relic of a by-gone age with a tenacity strangely at variance with her new republican institutions. When I purchased my passage ticket at the steamer office in New York, the agent declined to deliver it until a passport had been procured, and when that paper arrived, duly stamped and attested by the government at Washington, I was further informed that the Havanese authorities would not permit anyone to land unless his passport had been vis'ed by the Spanish Consul. So to the Consulate I went, expecting a rigid examination as to whether I was a Cuban revolutionist or a Carlist pretender. Groundless fears they were, however, as it was only necessary to prove the possession of two dollars and a half in American gold to obtain, without any further questioning, the signature of the Spanish Consul, surrounded by the most intricate of foreign flourishes. The pass-

ports of all the passengers on the *Crescent City* had been taken ashore by the government officer when the vessel first dropped anchor, and now, when we reached the Custom House at the landing, they laid in a pile on the desk, ready for whatever *boletza de desembarque*, or species of endorsement our length of stay demanded. One *in transit* is furnished those who propose remaining one month, for which the fee is one dollar; another for those remaining longer, the fee of which is two dollars.

The detention at the Custom House was not long, nor the examination strict, though the Connecticut patience of Mr. B. was sorely tried by the attempt of the Custom officer to charge duty on his family Bible; but after a torrent of Spanish volubility and Yankee indignation, and much explanation on the part of the interpreter, Mr. B. triumphed, and the storm ended in his low mutter, as he locked his trunk, against "the confounded meanness of a country that would tax the Scriptures."

The large door of the Custom room was thrown back by the Spanish soldier on guard, and I opened my eyes on the city of Havana. Lucas, the hotel interpreter, had already engaged a hack, a low, little *victoria*, with the cover over the back seat bending low down to the driver's seat in front, so as to protect the passengers from the heat. A sorry little Cuban horse was before it, laden down with heavy harness and buckles. We clattered out of a Court-yard enclosed by tall buildings with bright yellow stuccoed walls, rolled through corridors and under arches, turned a corner, and were on *Calle Ricla o Muralla*, the main thoroughfare of the city.

What is more delightful than the first few hours spent in a strange city, where everything is totally different from one's ordinary surroundings? Days and weeks of pleasurable experiences may be passed, but the peculiar charm of the first rolling up of the curtain will never return. I had never received as many new impressions in so short a space of time as on this my first memorable ride of a mile in Havana. The street, although one of the thoroughfares, and the broadest in what is known as the *old* city, was but 25 feet in width, and had sidewalks of from 18 inches to two and a half feet. The carriage way was paved with suqare blocks of stone, something like our old Belgian pavement on Broadway. On both sides of the street, which was covered by awnings stretched from house to house, were stores, or rather gay bazaars, having neither doors or windows on the first story, but entirely open, and the division walls of the buildings being the only separation of one from the other. Very gay they appeared with their floors of variegated marble or tiles, and with costly glass show-cases in the centre of each front, filled with elegant jewelry, laces, toys and *bric-a-brac*. The buildings were all painted differently, in the brightest colors, rarely over two stories high, many of them having little balconies opening out of the second story windows adorned with shrubs and plants.

But it was the life of the street which was the most peculiarly foreign and interesting. Such swarms of queer characters and vehicles, *volantes* with one, two, or three horses, fairly covered with silver buckles, and broad straps of harness, highly polished, hooked neither abreast nor tandem, but one in the shafts, the next alongside with his shoulder even with the shaft-horse's nose, and the third horse still three feet farther in advance, the lead horse mounted by a colored postillion or "*calesero*," liveried in scarlet, blue, or whatever bright color best suited the taste of the owner. The horses tails were plated to a point, and tied

around to the side of the saddle. The *volante* itself is a nondescript affair, I believe used no where except in the Island of Cuba. The body is somewhat that of an old fashioned gig, though much larger, with a curved floor, a large top coming well forward, from which an awning or curtain is stretched to the top of a very high dash. It is swung on on leather straps between two stout poles or shafts, one end of which rests on the axle some two feet behind the body, and the other of course being the shafts to which the horse is attached. The wheels are immense, some six or seven feet in diameter, with thick spokes and heavy hubs. Imagine the whole bright with paint and silver buckles, and perhaps you may form some idea of a Cuban *volante*. It will be only an idea, however. To appreciate fully this remarkable equipage, you must see it go rolling, rattling, jingling along, reaching some twenty feet along the street, the postillion riding one horse, cracking his stout leathern whip and pulling and jerking on the other's bridle, the body of the vehicle swaying from side to side, its weight bending the shafts down, often to within twelve inches of the ground; and after all that has passed the great wheels come rolling and jolting after, as if trying their best to keep up with the strange machine. The *volante* has but one broad seat, with a smaller one often added a little in advance. This is called "*La nina bonita*," (the little beauty) and is always used by the youngest and fairest of the lady occupants. Altogether it is a remarkable looking affair, but very attractive when you catch a glimpse of a white dressed *senorita* inside, whose dark eyes flash a quick glance from beneath the graceful folds of her Spanish veil.

As the little Victoria clattered along, my eyes were kept busy taking in the many odd scenes of this foreign street. It would seem impossible that a people living so near the States could do everything so differently. Coming toward us would be stacks of green corn-stalks, a near approach to which would discover a horse's feet as the propelling power; nothing more of him to be seen, excepting his muzzled nose. Huge ox-carts blocked the way, mounted on wheels six feet high, and loaded up to the second story windows. The oxen were yoked with heavy bars of wood lashed to their horns, the weight of the load thus resting on their heads. In front of the team goes a big buck negro, stripped to the waist, with great beads of perspiration standing on his black chest, as he pulls and "yanks" the patient beasts along by a cord attached to rings run through their nostrils. Evidently there is no "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" here. Other carts have one little horse before them, covered with heavy harness, the back being almost entirely hidden by a large Spanish saddle, with a tall pommell. It rests upon three or four thick pads, until it reaches nearly two feet above the horse's back. A string of bells completes his outfit.

A majority of the street population were Negro and Chinese. Wenches tall and straight go by having large packs poised on the tops of their heads. With some the habit is so strong that they even carried little pint measures of liquid in this manner, rather than in their hands. Chinamen wheeled barrows that were mere logs of wood fastened together and trundled on the round end of a log. Negro children, stark naked, sunned themselves on the curb-stones, their little ebony paunches sticking out and shining as if they had been stuffed and polished for an exhibition. On every side were Spanish *caballeros* in white duck suits and Panama hats; straggling bands of sailors from the war ships in the harbor; Cuban

volunteers, in striped linen uniform, with scarlet facings; members of the Captain-General's guard, and the regular Spanish army, resplendent in red pantaloons, top boots and sombreros; Chinese workmen, fruit venders, and hosts of other strange characters, filled up this panoramic picture, all appearing the more bright and pleasing because of my recent escape from the monotony of ship-board.

Havana can really be called two cities, the dividing line being the old wall, which, describing the arc of a circle, stretches from the mouth of the strait near the Castillo de la Punta to the arsenal on the inner bay. It is over this old wall, with its gateways and bastions (that portion left standing being apparently as firm and solid as when first built, some three hundred years ago) that the old city of the Sixteenth Century clasps hands with that of the busy Nineteenth. Both are peculiarly foreign and picturesque, but while *intramuros*, or within the walls, the streets are narrow, the buildings uniform in size, old and quaint statues, solid blocks devoid of ornamentation. *Estramuros*, or without the walls, a more lofty style of architecture is seen, and instead of alleys for thoroughfares, there are pleasant *paseos* stretching far out into the open country, with low spreading *laurel de India*, and just outside the wall are a succession of attractive parks ornamented with statues, fountains and the noble *palma real*, or royal palm.

Leaving the *Riela* by the remains of the old gateway, *Puerta de la Murallo*, the opening showing the wall to be about twenty feet in thickness at the base, and composed of hewn stone carefully laid without mortar, we crossed the old moat, long since dry and overgrown with weeds, cateus and other undergrowth, passed through the *Paseo de Ysabel* and into a broad avenue bounded on the one side by the *Campo de Marte*, a large military parade ground, and on the other by the depot of *Ferro Carril*, or Railway, and drew up in front of the *Hotel Teleyrafo*, which faces the square.

Lucas, the interpreter, who had preceded the carriage, was already in the doorway, bowing and smiling in true Spanish fashion, and under his guidance I was ushered across the cool colonade into the main hall, or office.

The *Teleyrafo* is a building about three hundred feet long and three stories high, built of large blocks of stone, the walls two feet in thickness, the outside being stuccoed and painted bright yellow, red and blue. The first story is faced with a long collonade, rough stone and mastic Doric columns supporting arches twenty feet high. On either side of the main entrance were *cafes*, restaurants, fruit and cigar stores, their customers being seated outside under the shade of the arched ceiling, around little tables that stood on the cool red tiles of the pavement.

The system of living at this hotel is one that it would be well to copy in this country, as it has all the advantages of both the *table d' hote* and *a la carte* systems. On registering my name I found that the charge was $5 a day for room and living, but that there were no regular hours for dining or breakfasting, the restaurant being always open, and what one desired was ordered from a bill of fare that had prices attached for the use of customers not living at the hotel. But with the exception of a few of the most costly dishes, a great variety of tempting viands was at the disposal of guests of the house for the regular charge of $5 per diem. That price of course included room and table wine—the *vin ordinaire* of the country, a heavy red wine between a claret and a burgundy, usually mixed with water. The cuisine was faultless, and many times since, when at some of

the large hotels in the States, where at the sound of that most infernal invention, the gong, a hundred hungry guests have charged on the dining room, and with fierce onslaught satisfied the cravings of hunger, amid the din of orders, loud clatter of knives and forks, the hurry of the waiters and the steam rising from 200 dishes, I have turned in my thoughts to the cool, spacious restaurant on the first floor of the *Hotel Telegrafo*, whose door, always standing so invitingly open at the right of the main entrance, displayed to each passer by its marble floors, wide windows, overlooking the square, a large table in the centre, laden with a profusion of flowers and delicious fruits, delicate rolls or pans with pointed ends, well cooked dishes, refreshing ices, and generous slices of new white cheese, resting in their bed of green plantain leaves.

To reach my room I was shown up two flights of marble stairs, each landing being a good sized apartment and used as a parlor. The furniture consisted of a large table and two rows of chairs stretching across the room, opposite to each other, about two feet apart. In the West Indies it is not customary for a gentleman to place himself next to a lady, but always opposite; for this reason the seats are placed in parallel rows, the chairs generally being cane-seated rockers. On leaving the second landing we entered a gallery, or balcony, surrounding an open court, in which were growing a great variety of flowering plants and shrubs. The room allotted to me opened on this gallery. And now for the reverse side of the picture. While the *Telegrafo* left nothing to be desired in the way of restaurant, the chambers were little better than prison cells. The entrance was through a heavy timbered double door, that many, many years ago had been painted green, but now retained merely a suggestion of olive to assist in the recollection of its former bright color. The Spanish *potera* with difficulty turned a key in a rusty padlock that fastened an old fashioned hasp and staple, which must have done service for a century at least.

The heavy stone walls were white washed, their dull monotony being broken by one small window protected by an iron grating, innocent of window glass, and placed so near the ceiling as to be useless except for ventilation. The most pleasing feature was the floor, laid in blue and brown tiles, with a small rug stretched in front of the bed. In Cuba carpets are almost entirely unknown, the covering of all the floors being variegated marble, or tiles,—a custom made necessary both by the heat and the amount of vermin which abounds in all parts of the Island. Two rocking chairs, a bedstead and washstand of iron, comprised the furniture. As to bedding, there was none at all, but simply a piece of canvas stretched tightly across the iron frame, like the head of a drum. Two sheets and a small hard pillow completed the sleeping outfit, the whole being covered with a fairy drapery of ornamented and tassled mosquito netting. Mattrasses are a rarity in Havana, and I confess to being somewhat appalled at the prospect of sleeping on so hard a substitute for a Northern spring-bed; but a very little experience teaches one that the Havanese are the best judges as to what is most suitable for their climate. And now I can recommend a Cuban bed for coolness and cleanliness above all others.

The Cubans being great lovers of music, the Opera finds ready favor with all. On the evenings that no Opera is given, an open-air concert takes place, called the *retreta*, and is held in one or the other of the public squares of the city, notice being given through the daily journals. On this my first evening in Havana, the *retreta* was in the *Parque de Cristobal*

Colon. As it was but a short distance from the Hotel, I strolled there in the cool of the twilight to obtain my first insight into the customs of the people. The approach from the *Campo del Marte* is through a fine wide avenue known as the *Parque de Isabel la Catolica.* The handsomely shaded centre is laid out in spacious walks and *parterres*, the drive being on either side. It is ornamented with several fountains, one very fine one known as *La Fuente de la India* was executed in Italy at the expense of one of Havana's munificent citizens, and has as its principal figure an Indian maiden, symbolical of the city, whose coat of arms she supports in her hands.

Leaving this Park at the Square facing the Tacon Theatre, you enter the Park of Christopher Columbus. Until recently it has been known as the *Parque y Isabel Seguanda*, and a life-sized statue of that Queen was its principal adornment; but since the abdication of Isabella, the Spaniards with French fickleness have taken down the Queen's marble, and reared in its stead a statue in honor of Cristobal Colon. Around the base of "The Great Discoverer" was grouped a fine regimental band, which already had commenced filling the air with sweet sounds. The Park is not a square, but simply an oblong promenade, one hundred feet wide, shaded with palms and laurels. Under the trees talked, lounged and smoked Spanish and Cuban gentlemen, gaily uniformed officers, soldiers and volunteers, and around the outer edge of the promenade were drawn up elegant *victorias, landaus* and *volantes*, with horses handsomely caparisoned, and drivers and *caleseros* brilliant in blue, crimson and gilt. On the soft cushions of the carriages reclined the fair *Cubanos*, dressed as if for an evening party with neck *decollete*, bare arms, and ears and bosom flashing with jewels. The *retreta* is the principal rendezvous for friends, and here the ladies hold their little courts, chatting with the gentlemen surrounding their carriages, sipping cool ices from the adjacent *Cafe Louvre*, flirting their Spanish fans as only a Cuban woman can, never so interested however in their companions as to prevent their great black eyes from sending quick answering glances to any admiring stranger, who lounges under the low spreading laurels.

Seated on a chair obtained by the payment of fifteen cents to its owner, I passed the next two hours in the enjoyment of this peculiarly foreign scene, and so ended my first day in Havana—a day that had been filled up with pictures beautiful to the sesnes, but none so beautiful as this closing one of all. It was hard to believe this December as I sat steeped in pleasure under the stately palms whose shapely crowns waved in the soft moonlight, inhaling the balmy evening air, and listening to the melodious breathing of the band.

A. D. Mellick, Jr.

HAP-HAZARD PAPERS.

IV.—Nose.

When a person starts to ride a hobby, it frequently, if not usually, results like a trick scene in a pantomime, when, *presto!* the rider becomes the ridden. This of itself would not be so bad were it not that the late hobby equestrian in "Hap-Hazard Papers," has not been properly trained for his new sphere; so instead of letting the hobby direct him, he seizes the bit between his teeth, kicks up his heels and runs away. Or, should he jog along, he does it not quietly, but ever and anon, to tell the

good-natured passer-by of the presence of his supreme highness, he utters long and loud noises, that have nothing in common with any other earthly noise, unless indeed it be wood-sawing, magnified and listened to with a very capacious ear trumpet.

While thus the danger is clearly perceptible, yet, having rung the changes on one of the senses, it seems hard to leave and not use again so prolific a field, even if one risks the liability of being thought to dine exclusively on thistles. And we are, perforce, lead to some reflections on *noses*. But we must exercise the greatest care about it, since it is our oversensitive organ, and sometimes an exceedingly sharp one. But why this sensitiveness? We can speak in glowing terms (or otherwise), of the figure, stature, eyes, mouth, teeth, or what not of any belle or beau. Nevertheless, once touch on the nose and commotion ensues. Perhaps some light can be thrown on the subject, by the remarks of those whoever supposed to be judges of the beauty of the human form. These tell us that a nose in perfect proportions is one of the rarest articles in the inventory of a beauty. Indeed, the most our modern novelists dare say of their *heroine*, is *nez retrousse*.

A school boy might write 'that a nose is a very useful article—he'd be blowed if it were not.' Perhaps that man knows most of the use of a nose, who has none; he looks as if he might, at any rate. This question of utility is a perplexing one, and perhaps would not have been settled, were it not for my friend, the student, who has become so used to reading that he endeavors to read everything he sees, and reason out the why, however specious the reasoning. He, having been consulted, became interested in this question, and gave me a reverie in his life which he thought, in part at last, solves the difficulty. Unfortunately, perhaps, he wrote it as he did, since I wish to give it in his own words. I do it, however, with better grace, since I know it cannot in the least increase his self-esteem.

And the Student, full of wisdom,
Full of wisdom in his own thought,
Wandered through the crowded city,
City of the Lovely Brothers,
Philadelphia, Lovely Brothers,
Wandered, looking at the people,
All the people who passed by him,
Wondering, if ever faces
Told of thoughts that lay behind them,
In the brains that lay behind them.
Tir'd at last of his wondering,
Wandering too he was tired of,
He into a street-car entered,
Where the people ride for six cents,
Or some other sum of money.
In the box he dropped his ticket,
Dropped it in a box just placed there,
To receive the people's ticket:
Those who rode upon the street-car.
In a corner he was seated.
Seated in a corner was he,
Glanced his blue eye at the people,
There was naught of green tint in it,
Only blue, cerulean color,
Of the shade of milk and water,
Such as people in the city
Use, perforce, as in the city
Cows are not, only milkmen.
Glanced his blue eye at the people,
Who were sitting all around him.
Looked he at their noses first off.
Some were Greek and some were Roman,
Some were neither Greek nor Roman,
Retrousse, a little turned up.
Glancing, skyward were their noses,
Skyward, toward the bright blue heaven,
Showing where their thoughts were fixed.
For they tell us that the features,
Are the index of the feelings.
Truly then the nose is pointer,
Showing what the mind is longing,
And again this truth is told us:
Follow close this little organ
And we'll end our journey safely—
Heavenward then they are going,
Following thus this upturned organ.

V.—No's.

Were I required to define a hero, I would be strongly tempted to say—and perhaps old school day associations would cause me to commence at the beginning, and say—"H—e, he, r—o, ro—Hero: a man who knows when properly to say *no*, and to stick to it." There is a doubt raised, however, that were this definition to be adopted by some future lexicographer, there would many of that noble band sink again to the rank and file of ordinary humanity, tempted and falling. Of course it is included in the *sense*, if not in the words, that where it is not proper to say "*no*," it would be proper to say "*yes*" and stick to that as well.

Many people say "no," when it ought to be said, it is true, but say it snappishly, as if they were afraid some pleasant word might slip out unawares.

Were I asked to define a gentleman, the thought of *no* would again be incorporated, and among other conditions would be: "To be able to receive the most disagreeable 'no' imaginable without impatience and with a smile." These standards may be high, and alas! few if any would live up to them! But if we aim at the moon, we shall take a higher flight than if our target be the nearest five-rail fence. And it has been said that no one ever earnestly, whole-souledly, persistingly applied himself to the attainment of an object in this life, but that he attained to it in a degree more or less perfect. Perchance the true hero and perfect gentleman may yet cross our path with the ability to give and take right valiantly, yet pleasantly withal.

VI.—Knows.

The day of men of cosmical learning is apparently only a thing of the past. No Admiral Chrichton will probably ever appear again to play his part in the drama of the world's events, either in this or any succeeding act. And there is ample reason to explain this without falling back on the good old times, when there were men of giant intellect, after the manner of some. It is not that mental development has at all decreased; rather has it increased, keeping step with the rapid strides of all else culturable. Wherein then lies the reason? Simply in an application of the multiplication table. Given twelve men of only ordinary ability, each working ardently in various fields of knowledge: one man of extraordinary ability might by extraordinary endeavors become thoroughly conversant with the labors of the twelve. But let twelve other men, still of ordinary ability, take up the work where their predecessors would leave off, while they in their sphere would find little trouble in the first place to review the former work and carry it on with accelerated pace, yet a single man, no matter how great his mental powers, would find it an enormous task to get over the work of the previous generation, before he would be ready to start even with his compeers.

But, as is never the truth, grant twice or thrice twelve men, each anxious to increase the amount of knowledge: let them increase the number of sub-divisions of Science (in its broadest sense): let this be kept up for several generations—and we have the Universal Genius plodding on in the once two is two, once three is three, or, at most, twice two is four, course; while ordinary knowledge rattles on in the twelve times one, twelve times two, etc., manner, and as soon could we expect a youth to reach the same product in the same time in the earlier parts of the table as another running through the twelves, as to find a single mind able to circle the whole round of Science.

The present age is truly one of specialities, and that man will become the most cultured who, while he works in his

own field of knowledge, does not think his own roses perfume the world alone, but enjoys the bouquets gathered from his neighbors' gardens, and knows the name of the flowers, however little he may be acquainted with their mode of growth.

VII.

"Pick her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

Fashoned so slenderly?
Yes, by her stays,
Crushed then unbendingly
By Fashion's ways.

Young and so fair of her?
Look if you will
Here at the hair of her—
Young is she still?

Well, old and so *fair* there?
Look where these stains
On the cheek declare then
Rouge's domains.

Yet lift her tenderly,
Treat her with care,
Fashioned *too* slenderly
Rude shocks to bear.

ZEE.

AN ARKANSAS TOUR.

I.

BY RAIL from New York to Cairo was the initiatory movement in a Southern pleasure tour, made in the eventful year of '65. Before reaching Cairo I fell in with two fellow-Jerseymen, bound likewise on a tour of observation Southward. The great Mississippi was the first topic we conversed upon after we disposed of Jersey. To embark upon its turbid current in one of the floating palaces which have so often been described by tourists, was a novelty in near anticipation. The War of the Rebellion having just drawn to a close, and a hospitable reception from our Southern brethren not being counted on for such "Yankee Mudsills" as my companions, who were well-to do Monmouth County farmers; and my status being considered much worse, from having been at one time an invader of the sacred soil, we enjoyed a more pleasureable excitement than the same travel would furnish at the present time. In the crowded sleeping car destined for Cairo, were several river men hailing from St. Louis. Navigation was closed above Cairo, and they were going down to their boats. From them we learned that the "magnificent and palatial steamer, Lady Gay," of the Atlantic and Mississippi Steamship Company, would positively leave Cairo for Memphis, Vicksburg, and New Orleans, on the morning of our arrival. This gratifying news was hailed with delight. My companions were my seniors by many years, but they seemed as excitable as children entering on a holiday. I suppose the trip was a holiday to them—the first of any account they had enjoyed for many years—and they *felt* it to be so. It was reluctantly that they went to bed. Sleeping restlessly, some time after midnight, while awake between naps, I heard one of them talking in his sleep, and addressing his friend. He was evidently pointing out the special objects of interest on the river. Standing on the deck of the steamboat, in the blandest of tones and with an appropriate gesture, he exclaimed, "There, sir, is a whale." Now John did not enjoy jokes, especially detesting those at his own expense. Consequently he was destined to hear about that whale for many days. It was served up to him in every imaginable shape,—whale steaks

being offered to him at dinner, and in a hundred other ways was the poor fellow annoyed until thoroughly disgusted with the subject. He declared his miserable condition (in regard to whales), unsurpassed in the history of the world, and confidentially informed me that his friend was a good fellow in a general sense, but on this particular subject was acting "like a confounded fool." As to his sad experience being unsurpassed in history, I, of course, immediately held out for his comfort the experience of the Prophet Jonah, but he left before I could conclude my sympathetic response, muttering something not very complimentary about his friends, and decidedly uncomplimentary about the aforesaid prophet. He will, doubtless, ever regard his trip on the Mississippi as a whaling voyage.

Cairo, low, flat, muddy, dirty Cairo, is too well known to need description. To stand on the levee, where all the River business of the city is conducted, and see the sun rise up from the broad bosom of the Father of Waters near the point where the Ohio loses its identity in and becomes one with it, was to me a puzzling sight. Geography had never informed me that the Ohio emptied into the Mississippi *flowing south-easterly*. It was natural to suppose otherwise. But to study the points of the compass was a task abandoned with disgust after a few days' travel on the Great River. The Mississippi, in passing Cairo, runs nearly East; consequently, standing on the Ohio River bank, which is the only levee for loading and unloading boats, the Ohio also, contrary to preconceived opinion, runs nearly East, or East-by-South. After breakfasting at the St. Charles Hotel, we engaged passage on the famous Lady Gay. The fine steamer, Great Republic, the James Howard, and other popular favorites of the present day, were not built. Our craft was probably as large and fine as any other plying the Western waters at that time. Her immense saloon, running nearly the whole length of her upper deck, was handsomely furnished. Her state-rooms, pantries, bar, barber-shop, wash-rooms, etc., were faultlessly complete. Velvet carpets, richly upholstered sofas and chairs, piano, chandeliers, mirrors, soft beds, attentive waiters, good fare, pleasant company and apparently efficient officers—all conspired to make us feel at home. The steward and cabin crew were colored. A string band was organized from their number, and every evening after supper they came into the cabin to furnish music for those disposed to dance. Later in the evening, after the curtains, which separate the after or ladies' cabin from the forward cabin, had been drawn, many gentlemen sat down to cards. Euchre and draw poker seemed to be the favorite games. There was very little gambling for money, it being contrary to the rules of the boat; but playing for drinks and segars was customary. Very industrious in playing were the majority of the male passengers, and correspondingly busy was the bar-tender. The sociability of the passengers was somewhat remarkable considering the *material*, the times, and the section of the country. More than two-thirds were Southerners, representing various peculiarities and types. A few of them were intelligent, apparently refined, and disposed to be agreeable; but many were unrefined and disagreeable. There were the ex-Confederate Colonel and the ex-Bushwhacker, the gentleman and the rowdy, a sprinkling of cotton-planters and a few professional gamblers. Of strictly Northern men there were, perhaps, no more than half a dozen, including our party; unless, possibly, there were some so prudently non-committal and quiet as to escape notice. A half dozen English tourists,

rather reserved and snobbish, the inevitable commercial traveler, and some nondescripts, complete the passenger inventory. The "wooding up" at night by the glare of the light wood torches was a highly picturesque and novel scene, which would be well worth describing had it not been frequently spoken of by others. In going down the River, it is necessary for every boat to "round to" in making a landing, on account of the swiftness of the current. Consequently, at every landing boats lay with their bows up stream. Whenever a boat is hailed from the bank, if a landing can possibly be made, and if only one passenger wants to board her, she will "round to," the deck-hands will shove out the stage to the bank, and with but trifling delay the voyage will be resumed. In landing at any town, the deck hands, ranging themselves on the cotton bales piled on the lower deck near the jack-staff, sing a monotonous negro refrain, which is only concluded when it is time to cast lines to make fast. Bales, boxes, castings, wagons, and all sorts of freight are carried on and off the boat on the shoulders of the negroes, who are called "roustabouts." Plenty of them stand waiting at all the important ports ready for an engagement, working at a stipulated price per hour. The mate takes them in charge, and they stand a great deal of abuse from him with the greatest equanimity. One of the principal qualifications of a mate is to know how to swear. If there is any art in swearing, that art can be only perfectly acquired from a steamboat mate. A lot of mules were to be taken on board at one of the landings, and one of the lot proved as provokingly refractory as a mule only knows how to be. Beatings and cursings availed not. He stood back on the levee with feet braced, and ears thrown back, immovable as a rock. The Rev. Doctor E., our fellow passenger, was shocked beyond measure at the horrible profanity of the mate and his cruelty to a poor beast. But the boat was being delayed, and as all the passengers were anxious to reach their destination, there was little sympathy expressed for the mule by others. One old gentleman of a deacon-like aspect, who had been particularly attentive to the Doctor and piously sedate in his presence, sympathizing with him in his feelings of abhorrence at the profanity and cruelty of the mate and crew, began at last to chafe also at the delay. At last his stock of patience became exhausted, and, unable to restrain his feelings, he exclaimed: "Excuse my sentiments, Doctor, it is indeed shocking, but—but—d—n a mule anyhow!" and abruptly leaving the Doctor's side, for the remainder of the voyage, he found comfort in more congenial society than that of a clergyman who would not excuse the cursing of a refractory mule. There is no use in any mule trying to outwit a steamboat mate by sheer obstinacy. A long rope was attached to the capstan and the end tied around the mule's neck. It is needless to say that that mule came aboard the boat, but not before more than one passenger had come to agree in sentiment if not in language with the Rev. Doctor's deacon-like friend.

In our passage to Memphis, where I parted from my Jersey friends, very little of interest occurred. A feeling seemed to prevail that it was best not to discuss the events of the War, and political subjects were avoided. A young man, going down to Mississippi to buy a cotton plantation, who was very pleasant, talkative, and of decided Union sentiments, in speaking of himself in a private conversation, told me he was a graduate of Oberlin College, and strictly cautioned me not to mention it. Had it been known, not a Southerner would have spoken to him,

eaten at the same table with him, or had anything to do with him except to insult him, and that they would not do unless sure he was unarmed. This was his statement. We fraternized with any who seemed congenial, and a wealthy Tennessee cotton-planter, an ex-Confederate Major, was almost constantly with us, the association being mutually agreeable. His political opinions we could respect, as he respected ours, and we frankly interchanged views. Having been liberally educated at a Northern College, and having lived long enongh at the North to be able to estimate correctly Northern character and Northern strength, he was not surprised at the Southern cause being lost, and its corner-stone utterly destroyed. Emancipation lost him many slaves, but he had expected it as a war measure at the very outbreak, and in his opinion it was a most justifiable act. The most bitter opponent of the North we encountered on this trip was an Englishman, a resident of St. Louis. Although gentlemanly, it was plainly to be seen that all Northerners in his estimation were despicable "Yankees." The slaveholding Southern planter was to him the true type of a nobleman, the American aristocrat, the counterpart of the noble English lord whose shoes he felt unworthy to untie. He cursed the Dutch for taking Camp Jackson at St. Louis, and made himself quite conspicuous in the service of a cause he had doubtless never placed himself in a position to serve before. By chance I met and became well acquainted with this gentleman about a year afterwards, whilst residing in St. Louis, and learned something of his War record. He had gone to Camp Jackson, ostensibly as a spectator—a sympathizing spectator—hoping to see the Dutch repulsed. During the *melee*, while trying to run away from the Dutch, he received a few scattering shots, which prevented him from sitting down for a month. So much for his record. He never took up arms to defend the cause he so loudly advocated. A fire in the rear always demoralizes the enemy, and unfortunately for this particular enemy he became demoralized at the commencement of the strife.

The scenery from Cairo to Memphis is not worth the mention. Sometimes there are bluffs bordering on one or both sides of the river, but usually it passes between low banks covered with decaying forests. Low, flat islands and sand bars are quite numerous. Nor is the scenery of the lower Mississippi likely to inspire any poetic fancies, unless, perchance, we visit the bayous and lagoons lying in dead silence under the overarching cypress and sycamore, whose branches, hung with climbing mosses, are like festooned curtains shutting out all the world from view, and struggling hard to hide the sky. Here, even at midsummer's high noon, we are not oppressed by the sun, but a modified light seems to invite to drowsy iudolence and repose. Meeker's celebrated picture of the scene on the Atchafalaya, true to Nature, and so fittingly adapted to the world-known words of a well-known poet should, however, furnish as much, or more pleasure than the reality; not that the painted scene surpasses reality, but that the reality is of value only as appealing to the mere sense of sight, and that under most unfavorable conditions. Think not to have your canoe drift away from the world, floating yon with languid indolence into a lake of enchantment, to dream perchance, of

"Mild-eyed, melancholy lotus eaters."

Nay, nay. Mosquitos, sand flies, gnats, alligators—anything but "*lotus*-eaters" will you dream of, if you attempt a siesta in these poetic retreats.

But we are traveling slowly. All that you could expect of a thorough-bred Southern town we found in Memphis.

The levee was in a horrible conditon, being for the most part unpaved, and as soft and muddy as a Virginia road after a rain. The Gayose House was at that time the best Hotel. It was extremely dirty, but was well kept for a Southern hotel. The table was good, the rooms were commodious, but there was something slip-shod and slovenly in the general appearance of things. To take a bath for the first time in the bathing-rooms of the house is a great undertaking, and quite shocking to foolish prejudices in favor of pure water. You will hesitate a long time before plunging into the tub of muddy *fluid*. The water, coming from the river, is at times thick with mud, and is never clear. We drink it with disgust. Too careless and indifferent to provide themselves with settling-tanks for a thing of so little use to them as pure water, the traveler who feels the need of it is referred to the saloon where it is kept merely as being more ornamental than the ordinary. It is not kept because whiskey and muddy water offend the taste of the average Memphian. No; whiskey and clear water are likewise at a discount. "Whiskey straight," and a little, clear, filtered water to look at is all he asks. But much as I detested the water of the Mississippi, when first compelled to use it, after several years of trial I must now bear testimony in its favor. When no pains are taken to purify it, it must be disgusting in the extreme to those accustomed to the fluid in its purity. But with settling-tanks in the house, or, what is better, settling reservoirs for the city, and, if you choose, a filter to make it perfectly clear, it is as sweet, pleasant, and healthful as any, and far superior to well water.

Memphis is beautifully located and well laid out. The public square is a most attractive spot. This little park is full of tame squirrels, whose gambols never cease to delight the juvenile population, and are of considerable interest to the stranger. The Jackson monument in this square is not particularly imposing as a work of art, but is worthy of mention from the fact that a memorable sentence inscribed among others on the shaft was defaced and partially obliterated by some of the citizens at the outbreak of the Rebellion. "The Union must and shall be preserved," carved on the monument of this great man of Tennessee, was certainly most distasteful to those who were trying to destroy the Union. I was only surprised that Jackson's head was not knocked off for his having uttered that patriotic sentiment, or, rather, that the whole concern was not dragged down into the river. The magnolias and other trees are beautiful, and the park well kept. A butternut stranger from the interior, who was probably enjoying his first visit to Memphis, came up while I was looking at the Jackson monument, and asked me if "old Gineral Jackson was buried thar." A fire occurred after dinner, on the evening of our arrival. The delay of the firemen in getting ready was provoking to witness, but after getting a start from the engine-house, to hear the shouting and cursing, to see the engines stuck fast in the muddy streets, and all the exciting incidents connected therewith, was indeed ludicrous. The immense negro population was out in force, and so nicely shaded in color that it was difficult to tell where the white race ended and the negro race began. We went to the fire, of course—a large brick warehouse burning to the ground while the engines were getting into position. The crowd was immense. The roof of every shed and convenient house was occupied by spectators. I had no sooner reached the nearest point to the fire that any spectator would care to occupy, when the cry of "Powder!" was raised, and the surging mass of humanity,

panic-stricken, commenced their flight. Even the firemen deserted their posts to seek shelter from the imminent explosion. So great was the panic that people were jumping from the roofs of such buildings as were not too high. As I started at my best speed down the nearest alley, a well-dressed young gentleman sprang from the roof of a shed, and just in time to alight on my head if one or the other of us did not stop. Of course, I could not expect him to stop while flying in the air, and as my own momentum was too great, and the mud rather to thin to make an agreeable resting place, I intercepted and diverted the course of his flight by a sudden push with hands and head. Jumping over his prostrate form sprawling in the soft mud, without stopping to apologize or receive a malediction, I hastened on, reflecting, and perhaps moralizing on the ups and downs of life: how narrowly I had escaped one of the downs, and how often it is that we escape a downfall at the necessary expense of some one else.

At night I parted company with my traveling companions, who resumed their trip on the Lady Gay. I wished them *bon voyage*, and the next morning embarked on the Commercial, a boat running in the White River trade.

R. R. HONEYMAN.

OUR OLDER CHURCHES.—BAPTIST OF FLEMINGTON.*

BAPTIST MEETINGS had been started here long previous to 1798. Ten years before the first gun of the Revolution startled our land the lot now covered by this building was given for a meeting-house of our faith. Hopewell and Kingwood, the nearest churches of our order, then had been in existence, one sixty, and the other thirty years, and by both of them this field was regarded as a sort of out-station, and so occasionally supplied with the preached word. The first place of worship (the frame of which still stands in sight of this spot) was erected in 1766. Ten years later patriot soldiers used it as a barrack, the marks of their guns being visible on the rough floor till it was moved off and put to other use. With some irregularity and under some peculiar discouragements, services were maintained here for thirty years. How many from this community were during these years baptized into the fellowship of adjacent churches we have no means of ascertaining; the number however, probably, was small, for this period was not a harvest season in any of the churches of our land. At all events, when the time arrived for constituting this Church, only nine members

[* THE following is the historical portion of a "Memorial Sermon" preached in the Baptist Church in Flemington on its seventy-fifth anniversary, June 19th, 1873, by the pastor, Rev. T. E. Vassar. The text was, Psalm xx: 5.—"In the name of our God we will set up our banners." The fore part of the discourse was devoted to the statement and elucidation of "three or four fundamental principles of which Baptists were once the exclusive champions, and some of which they alone hold still, which were affirmed with special emphasis in the founding of this"—the Flemington Baptist—"Church," viz:— "First, Liberty in matters of faith and worship the right of every man. Second, That nothing but a personal faith entitled any soul to a single privilege of Christ's Church, or could give it any sort of a place in the Lord's visible household. Third, The ordinances of the Lord's house not to be tampered with either in their order or their form. Fourth, That a properly constituted Church was an organization complete in itself and independent of every other."—ED.]

came from Hopewell and Kingwood. These, with six others, who had recently been baptized, seventy-five years ago to-day were recognized as an independent Church. Over these pioneer disciples the grave has closed. Is it a mere conceit, however, to think they are with us this hour? As the Northern warrior imagined that the shades of his ancestors came round him on the eve of battle, so the holy dead, into whose labors we enter, we can almost believe hover about us as we keep this glad jubilee.

An organization effected, a place of worship provided, and a pastor already on the ground, with some degree of hopefulness the new body girded on its duties. Rev. Mr. Ewing, pastor of the Church at Hopewell, who has grand children with us still, had for some time supplied the pulpit here, and aided in the recognition services on this June day of 1798; but Rev. Garner A. Hunt was at this date the preacher, and so must be reckoned first in the pastoral line. During the five following years he baptized fifty into this fold, and then, in the Fall of 1803, he resigned his charge. Three months later, James McLaughlin was invited by a joint call from this and the Kingwood Church to lead the two flocks. The records of these years are very meagre, and we have no one left whose memory reaches over them. On this shepherd and his flock the gates of God have closed, so that all we know of his five years' stay is the entry on a little book, yellow and worn with age, that he welcomed twenty-five converts into the Church. A year of destitution now followed, and then one Dr. Daniel Sweeny for six months filled the desk. The imperfect memoranda of these months would seem to indicate that there was some misunderstanding about the call given him and his response, and so at the end of the half year it was deemed best on both sides that the relation should be dissolved. Now occurred quite an interval before the vacancy was filled.

At a business meeting, held February 1st, 1812, Charles Bartolette, of Lower Dublin, Pennsylvania, was invited to this field for a single year, and on the 11th of the following May was ordained. That year was lengthened to thirty-four—double the period any one else has had the pastoral charge. Though the Church had now been in existence fourteen years, its membership was only about seventy, and in settling Mr. Bartolette only two hundred dollars were pledged as salary; proof this that it was the day of small things with the Baptist brotherhood in Amwell. But brighter days were coming.

In 1818 the Church had so increased in strength as to be able to send out its first colony; so in July of that year fourteen were dismissed to Sandy Ridge, where the previous season a meeting-house had been built. By a formal agreement the mother church relinquished the pastor's services one-half the time, that the new band might share his watchful care and teaching, and for fourteen years he divided his labors between the two, in both successful and beloved. In 1832 the interest here had become so established, and had spread out so wide, as to demand a pastor's entire time and work. Accordingly, the charge at the Ridge was turned over to other hands. Although no great additions had at any one time been made to this Church up to this date, the register shows a solid, steady growth, and in 1836, in the judgment of the body, the time had come when a new house of worship was an imperative demand. Action corresponding with that conviction was at once taken, and, leaving the old, barn-like structure where two generations had kept

holy time, a sanctuary was reared, reckoned then equal to any in this region. It was just the size of our present chapel, and was supposed to be as commodious as would ever be required. Within two years after entering it there fell on this Church one of the most gracious revival seasons it has ever known. In its present influences, quiet, impressive, pervading, mighty, in its subsequent results yielding to this day, after a lapse of five and thirty years, fruit in the character of faithful men, this awakening must probably be considered as taking the precedence of any enjoyed before or since. How some of you will recall this visitation! How deep the blessedness it will stir as reviewed from Heaven. O for its repetition! One hundred during it were gathered into this fold. Fifty-four on a single Sabbath were welcomed to the table of the Lord.

The next largest addition made at a single time was on the first day of May, 1864, when forty-eight received the hand of fellowship together. Just before this ingathering of 1838, a second branch went off from the old stock and rooted down at Wertsville. Eight years longer brother Bartolette toiled upon this field, and then, in April, 1846, he resigned his trust, having baptized more than four hundred during his stay. The feeble band he found here in 1812 had meanwhile grown into an influential and prosperons Church, and that fact is all that need be mentioned in his praise. Suddenly called a few years later to die, he laid his gray hairs on the pillow of death peacefully, and devout men buried him in the shadow of the Sandy Ridge Church, which he had helped to plant and foster "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

Clarence W. Mulford, who had aided largely in what is still called "the great revival," and whose acceptable services had never been forgotten, was turned toward as the man to take up and carry forward the pastor's work. In the Fall of 1846, responding to a cordial call, he commenced his ministry, and in December he was installed. In the providence of God however, it had been ordered that this ministry should be short. Through nearly all of it a season of refreshing ran, but the willing soul of the workman was over-estimating the strength of the body that housed it. After two and a half years of labor, it became evident that he must have rest. A three months' furlough was cheerfully granted, but at its expiration there were no indications of returning vigor; so, very reluctantly, his resignation was accepted, and he went hence, hoping that amid other scenes his shattered constitution might be sufficiently repaired to continue him at the work he loved. Disappointed in this expectation, after a brief absence, he returned to this neighborhood, practiced successfully for several years in another profession, served the Church faithfully as a private member, and then laid off the pilgrim's sandals and went up to get the overcomer's crown. Hard by the spot where often he warned and testified, and amid not a few who savingly heard the Gospel from his lips, he waits the resurrection of the just. Seventy-seven were baptized by him, an average of thirty a year.

September 6th, 1849, Levi G. Beck was invited to the pastorate. Immediately thereafter a third colony of thirty-nine members went out to constitute the Church at Cherryville. This draft, though heavier than any other made on the Church, did not permanently weaken it. Parting from members efficient and well-beloved, others came in to fill their places and push on their work. Brother Beck's ministry covered something less than two years, and, though not characterized

by any extensive work of grace, was not devoid either of hard labor or happy results. While not in any large sense a reaper on this field, seed it is believed was sown that even at this distant day is bearing fruit. In 1851 this union was sundered and with mutual benedictions pastor and people drifted apart.

The same Spring Thomas Swain was called to the empty place. Entering immediately on his labors, his term of service ran over a larger period than any other pastor save Father Bartolette's. All along the sixteen years of his relation to this people were scattered spiritual awakenings bringing two hundred and sixty-three into our ranks. Through the dark and stormy days of the Civil War, when even good men did not see eye to eye, he counselled, encouraged, led. Under his labors the Church at Croton was formed, and in April, 1862, it received official recognition. Though born in perilous times, when men's hearts were failing them for fear, it has kept on its way, and, though finding more than one Hill of Difficulty along the road, we fondly hope and fervently pray that there may be victories ahead more than recompensing for all past toil. On the first of April, 1867, Dr. Swain took leave of the Church, resolutions being entered on its records testifying to his fidelity—resolutions alike honorable to it and him.

For some time previous the conviction had prevailed that one of two courses of action must be taken if the Church would stretch any wider its cords. Either enlarged accommodations must be provided for worshippers, or a second interest be formed. Both plans were suggested. Both found advocates. At length, after much discussion, and the freest interchange of opinion, it was decided to erect a new and larger house forthwith. In July, 1867, the trustees were directed at once to go forward with the enterprize. and although without a pastor, supplied for the time by that patriarch among New Jersey Baptists, Dr. G. S. Webb, this new burden was bound on, and men, who, when tried, have never been found wanting, stood by the enterprize till it was complete. Midway in the effort the late pastor, Brother E. J. Woods, was called to the helm, and in December, 1867, he assumed the post and work. During the following year this house was finished and occupied, and a new era introduced. A fresh impulse was given to our Sabbath School work. The Ringoes Church, last but not least of the children, went out to set up a home, several protracted meetings were engaged in, adding something more than a hundred to our communion, a reading room, supplied with papers and other periodicals, opened, and the general interests of the Church were well maintained. This connection continued till the Summer of 1872, when it was broken with the very kindest of feelings on both sides.

The Sabbath after the last incumbent left this pulpit, the ninth and present pastor occupied it, and three months later began his regular work. As he is the speaker of to-day and has been but little more than six months upon the ground all considerations of his labors may fitly be left to those who shall hold our Centennial here on the 19th of June, 1898. It is not unlikely that he, as well as many whom he addresses, will then be where human praise or blame shall seem a very trifling thing.

On account of the meagerness and imperfection of our early records, it is difficult if not impossible correctly to report the statistics of these years. Getting figures in the best shape we can, however, some such story as this they seem to tell. Nine hundred and ninety-seven have been baptized, about two hundred received by letter, two hundred have died in its

fellowship, ninety have been excluded, nearly five hundred have been dismissed, and a fraction over four hundred remain in good standing still. From the beginning of our various mission organizations this Church appears to have been in hearty sympathy with them, and for many years has been one of the foremost according to its ability in contributing to their funds. What has gone directly through the treasury of the Church toward carrying out our Master's last commission, it would be impossible to tell. We have a very incomplete statement of our charitable collections for the last forty years, and this shows a total of more than twenty thousand dollars ($20,000) given. Assuming that the previous thirty-five years brought offerings half as large and the aggregate contributions for benevolence would foot up thirty thousand dollars, ($30,000.) This estimate, however, is thought by those best informed to be far too small. The amount raised for church edifices and the support of the Gospel must have been at least one hundred and twenty thousand more, or a hundred and fifty thousand ($150,000) for all objects combined; an average of two thousand dollars ($2,000) a year. A Church which has done this is not feeble. It may not be the strongest in numbers or the richest in the coin of earth, but it has sent forth influences that girdle the globe and travel the centuries—aye, influences that in their far sweep lay hold on Jehovah's throne. Seven have been sent out by this church to preach the Gospel. Thomas Barrass and William Pollard in 1830, Edward Barrass in 1831, Wm. B. Shrope and John L. Brooks in 1843, Moses Heath in 1851, and J. Dayton Merrell in 1854. The Barrass brothers labored successfully as missionaries of our State Convention, and one of them for a time in Pennsylvania, and are held in loving remembrance still, though some years since counted worthy to enter on their Lord's eternal rest. Brother Pollard closed his earthly work at Wertsville and rests among that people, leaving behind him that richest of legacies—the memory of the just Brother Brooks left this region, and has for some time been lost sight of, but is remembered as a faithful man and a good minister of Jesus Christ. Brother Shrope remains in this State, and, though not settled as pastor, occasionally preaches still. Brother Heath, after some years service in the West, was laid aside from the work by impaired health, and is now laboring as a Christian educator in connection with Wyoming Institute in Delaware. Brother Merrell settled in his native State, but several years ago was called to Washington Co., New York, where he still preaches that Gospel of redemption which he here embraced.

Well, now, on a wider field, how has it fared with the principles on which this Church was based? Go back again to 1798, and hastily sweep up these years. Not a Sabbath School had then been organized in any of our churches, and few of our people had even heard of one. To-day our own denomination has in this land ten thousand Schools, one hundred thousand teachers, and a million who are being taught. Not one of all our great organizations for spreading the Gospel had been thought of when this Church came into being; nor was there a convert under our care in earth's dark places, nor a missionary going out, nor a penny being given. To day fifty thousand baptized believers in our mission stations abroad, hundreds of laborers engaged, and at least a million of dollars last year laid on the altar as a working fund. The statistics of 1792, which are as near to 1798 as any I could find, show that at that date we had in this country eight hundred and ninety-one churches, eleven

hundred and fifty-six ministers and sixty-five thousand members. We now have in round numbers, nineteen thousand churches, twelve thousand ministers, and one million five hundred thousand members. The additions made to our churches in 1872 were equal to the entire number of communicants in all our churches in 1798. The growth of population in this land is often spoken of as wonderful, but the growth of our denomination has far outstripped it; for while the population of the country is about eight times what it was in 1798, our numbers have been multiplied by fifteen. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that at least fifty per cent. of the country's growth has been from foreign emigration—an element from which our gains have been next to nothing. Leaving out of account our foreign population, one-fifth of all the people of this land are attendants on churches of our own faith. In 1798 Brown University was the only College in the United States under our control. Not a Theological Seminary then nor for twenty years later, nor an Academy of really high grade. We have to-day more than forty Colleges and Seminaries, with over four thousand in them being trained, to say nothing of High Schools of a preparatory kind. In 1798 there was not a Baptist paper in the land; there must be in the neighborhood of fifty now.

Let us note the denominational progress in our own State. When this Church was constituted there were in New Jersey twenty-six others of our faith, with a membership of just about two thousand. The population then was two hundred thousand, so that one person in a hundred only was a Baptist. Our population now is about a million, or five times what it then was, while our membership is twenty-six thousand, or thirteen times as great. One person out of thirty-six or eight a member with us, it is true, is not such a showing as some other States could make—Georgia for instance, where every eighth inhabitant is in our fellowship—yet it is sufficient to prompt the exclamation, "The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad." In material resources the gain has been greater still. From a table prepared by the excellent and painstaking Secretary of our State Convention, it appears that even so late as 1830 the total value of our Church property in New Jersey was less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars against more than two and a quarter millions in 1870, and probably two and a half millions now. It is doubtful whether in 1798 it would have been rated high at fifty thousand.

To illustrate the contrast, bring up in imagination the structure in which seventy-five years ago this day our fathers met to lay the foundations of the spiritual house. One of our aged men, who remembers it well, describes it as rough, rude, uncarpeted, unpewed—everything without and within of the most primitive type. Put that old house alongside of this, with its thousand sittings, its conveniences and comforts, provided at an expense of more than forty thousand dollars, and see in the comparison what these seventy-five years by the Divine blessing have here and elsewhere done.

Before we take a final leave of the building where this Church was cradled, let us go back say forty or fifty years to a Sabbath morning, and look in and listen. This village was much smaller then, twenty or thirty houses being scattered here and there. From them not many then came this way to worship. Our brother Barrass household, then recently from the other side of the deep, the Blackwell family, whose home was a rallying point for the faithful few, and whose members were the helpers of every

good cause through more than sixty years, the Georges from whom the first superintendent of our Sabbath School came,—these comprised about all our strength in the village. As the congregation gathers some come on horseback and some on foot, not many in carriages, for that kind of vehicle was less common then. The sight of one steering this way would almost have made our good fathers stare. You enter the sanctuary as the opening hymn is being given out. A new bass viol has found its way into the gallery, though not without some pretty decided opposition. There are names in that old choir, some of which are quite familiar in ours still, though its a later generation that answers to them now. Merrell, Bartolette, Barrass, Blackwell, Higgins—these were the names of young folks in the singers' seats then. Some of them have about dropped from our lips, but others are yet called. The one last mentioned still has forty representatives to bear it in the Church, one tenth of all that make this Zion up; nor has there been any point when about a like proportion did not own the name. And the singing of those days—well, it would sound oddly now. Will ours seem as quaint when another half hundred years are gone? You listen to the sermon. It is quite different from the sermons of to-day. No thirty minute discourse read from manuscript. A good solid hour of good solid extemporaneous speech,—that was the demand; and then there was another meeting almost as long at the door and the hitching post for a general handshaking and talk. Well, well, the old meeting-house, and the old minister, and the old choir, and the old congregation, for the most part, have passed away, and the old times are over. Let us hope that those who so often found it blessed thus to meet together are enjoying amid fairer surroundings communion sweeter still. Let us hope that words of heavenly promise that fell on many a soul as the dew falls on scorched and withering herbage, have found their realization amid the green pastures of Paradise, where so many of the shepherds and their flocks do rest.

T. E. VASSAR.

SOME FIRESIDE TRADITIONS.

TO THE readers of OUR HOME any incidents illustrating the character of Jerseymen will not be unwelcome.

Dr. WITHERSPOON, of Nassau Hall, was the author of a small work which he named *Characteristics*, after the famous essay of Lord Shaftsbury. It was aimed at the High Church party, who held to the State, as from thence they drew their support. They were clergymen, who, like Dr. Blair, one of their number, framed their sermons on the model of an elegant rhetoric and a parlor morality. This work of Witherspoon, like the whip of the slave-driver, drew blood. All the "Moderates" in Scotland were deeply incensed. They had been made to feel the remorseless lash of sarcasm, and vowed to take ample vengeance. At the next meeting of the Assembly, a resolution passed to ascertain the author of the work, and it was well known that he would be expelled from the ministry when he confessed. The work was published anonymously, but all Scotland knew that young Witherspoon alone could produce so brilliant a volume. So the members of Assembly were called upon alphabetically to answer "yes," or "no." As "W," was near the end, it was known that the cord was

being drawn tighter and tighter. All eyes were fixed on Witherspoon. But Providence meant to use this eminent Christian in another continent. Just before the names in "W," were called, an elder arose, and said:

"Mr. Moderator,—As *the bairn* is disowned by so many of the brethren, and seems likely to go out as an *orphan*, unacknowledged, I will own it, and I am the author."

The entire majority were astounded. They knew that the elder could no more write the *Ecclesiastical Characteristics* than *Paradise Lost*. But what could they do? They bit their lips, chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and looked at each other furiously because their prey had escaped. Before another Assembly met, Dr. Witherspoon had left Scotland forever. In that time he was elected President of Princeton College. His sacred ashes now repose in that Cemetery, and among her ablest sons New Jersey has no prouder name in her annals than that of President Witherspoon.

Dr. Witherspoon was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and afterward became a member of Congress.* On one occasion a vain Congressman had accepted a wager to make a speech, during the session, of ten minutes in length, and not a person would be able to tell his design. He finished his ten minutes, when Dr. Witherspoon arose, and said: "Mr. Speaker,—I rise to second the gentleman's motion." He was answered angrily: "Mr. Speaker,—I made *no* motion, Sir." Dr. W. turned, and said: "Mr. Speaker,—So much greater the outrage!" and then he administered such a withering rebuke that no eloquent fool would ever dare another such act of presumption.

In his old age he became blind. One of the students, the late Rev. Isaac Van Doren, entered the Dr's. study one Saturday afternoon, and, after telling his name, asked permission to go and see his parents. The reason given was: "I have a chance to ride to Griggstown." "*Chance?*" inquired the Dr. "*Chance?*" "Opportunity," added the youth. "You may go, my son, but never forget that in the universe there is no such deity as Chance."

Our Home has alluded to Rev. Jeremiah Halsey. This accomplished scholar and devoted pastor was favored with a memory almost equal to Erasmus or Sir James McIntosh. The Rev. Dr. Stanhope Smith, President of Princeton College, invited a stranger to occupy his pulpit. This new comer was an eloquent speaker, and, unfortunately, like the President, he well knew it. The next day the various ministers of Princeton were invited to tea by some one of their number. While waiting in the Library for the summons to the table, Rev. Jeremiah Halsey, taking down a volume of sermons, called attention to the singular fact that some men think precisely like others. Then he began by reading the text from which the morning sermon of the stranger had been drawn, and read on word for word, one paragraph after another, until the stranger, who was present, blushed deeply. All the ministers believed at once that he had plagiarized the entire discourse, body and soul. Mr. Halsey then explained that he simply repeated the discourse from

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* Patriotism and a love of civil liberty have ever characterized those who have held the doctrines of the Bible known as Calvanism. In the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* (of Art and Ethical Philosophy), Sir James McIntosh, himself an Armenian, candidly admits that *Holland*, Switzerland, Prussia, Scotland, North Ireland, and New England,—holding a Calvanistic creed, —were the most moral of all the nations in Christendom. This is high praise.

memory, when all were astounded as well as exceedingly amused.

Rev. Dr. MILLER, of Princeton, was the author of a number of pleasant works, which have, however, answered their end and passed away. Rev. Dr. Sprague, an honored servant of Christ still surviving, published a volume of sermons for the people of his charge, and sent a copy to the Rev. Dr. Miller with his kind regards. He also sent with it a note of thanks for the debt he freely acknowledged in taking a skeleton of one of the best discourses from a sermon he had heard Dr. Miller preach. The New Jersey divine promptly replied, that, "so far as he was concerned, Dr. Sprague was welcome," but added: "Remember, my dear brother, *I myself had borrowed that identical skeleton from another*. The bird shining in borrowed plumes is in great danger of being found out."

WILLIAM H. VAN DOREN.

THE BELLS OF LONG AGO.

SAD AND soft and pure and low,
In a measure grave and slow,
Ring the bells of long ago:
With a wild and glad refrain,
And yet an undertone of pain,
Those fairy bells of long ago.

Suns have risen, suns have set,
Moons have shone, and storms have fret,
Since the days of long ago,
Of which those bells forever tell,
With now a carol, then a knell,
The radiant days of long ago.

Hopes that bloomed have long been dead,
Forms of beauty, too, have fled
Since those days of long ago;
And now across the distance weary
Only comes the music dreary,
Of the bells of long ago.

Oh! the flashing, changing gleam
Of the dreams we dared to dream!
(List! again that music low!)
Nothing seemed too high, or great,
For us who hoped to conquer Fate,
In those days of long ago.

Dreams they were, yet not all selfish,
The' a trifle quaint and elfish,
Like that music wierd and slow:
There were wrongs to be made right,
There were good deeds to requite
In those dreams of long ago.

Ah! what castles then were builded!
With what high hopes they were gilded,
In those days of long ago!
How the wan light dimly flashes
On naught but heaps of dust and ashes
Of those dreams of long ago.

In the dead Past blindly wand'ring,
Or in dark dreams vainly pond'ring,
On the music of those bells,
I sigh, and ask me, is it well
That over all such darkness fell—
That the joy-bells turned to knells?

M. A.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE WARM weather produces lassitude of body and spirit, and our readers will not want to worry their brains over much solid fare this month. Accordingly, we give them as lighter reading than usual, the Cuban Sketch and Arkansas jaunt, which are pleasant records of travel, and "Fireside Traditions," and also some poetical extracts as refreshing as a Summer brook. But we keep up, indeed advance on our historical matter, because that is written not for August, nor this year, but for the future. Our historical articles will be a matter of permanent interest, we trust, and is one of the chief features of the Magazine, as originally contemplated. We hear of no one finding fault with it, as they should not. In the past we have paid too little heed to our local history. Now we must treasure it up as a most precious legacy to ourselves and to our children. We therefore do not apologize for the space consumed, even this hot month, for local history.

—THERE are certain principles upon which a man is bound to conduct his business, if he would gain the good opinions of his friends while he lives, and retain them after his death. One, and a not unimportant one, is the *punctual payment of his debts*. We would if we could, write this upon the heart of every young man starting out into the world. He should begin his

life with the rule that, whenever he can do so, he shall pay the cash for what he purchases, and when he cannot, he must not buy unless he *knows* he can pay soon. In the latter case he must fix definitely the time for payment, and *when that time comes*, pay. One of the curses of this age is getting into debt. Everybody does it because everybody has to do it. But the curse is not so much the getting into debt as the not getting out of it. People buy trinkets and extras when they cannot pay for substantials. They live in fine houses when they can scarcely meet the rent of plain cottages. Present ease, pride, comfort—these are allowed to override principles and religion. How often do we hear of this and that friend "failing" in his business, leaving his creditors to be paid from twenty-five to fifty cents on the dollar! Possibly it is the result of a misfortune he could not foresee or control. More probably, however, it is the legitimate fruit of living beyond his means and speculating beyond his depth; running into debt, as the swine of the parable ran down into the sea, ignoring in it the cardinal principles of morality and honor. Surely it *is* a matter of morality and of integrity, whether a man can deliberately cheat his neighbor by pretending to be solvent when he is not. Those who "fail," not from accident, but because they are *found* to have been insolvent for years, are certainly guilty of a crime. Their rule of life should have been what we have laid down—punctual payment of all debts—and when they could not keep this rule they should so announce *immediately* to their business friends, and wind up their employment. No man has a right to trade on capital altogether borrowed, unless he is without any possible doubt, paying his way, and freeing himself monthly from the principal of the money borrowed. A trader, insolvent in fact, if not in name, has no right, moral or otherwise, to trade with the public one single day after he has discovered he is so, without public notice. But, to return to the first matter. *No man has a right to run in debt unless he can pay at the time he promises.* What a glorious era of commercial and monetary prosperity we would have for 1874, if, on the first of January next, every man, woman and child in the country would make this resolve and keep it. But though this will not be done, and though rascals of the deeper dye will everywhere continue to cheat and defraud, surely the readers of OUR HOME, one and all, can resolve not to be such rascals of a lighter dye as to commence or continue the plan of unpunctual payment, or, not much worse, non-payment of what they justly owe. Poor Richard, said, "The second vice is lying. the first is running into debt." He doubtless meant by this that those who run into debt would lie about it; and the cases seem to be not few in which he has told the exact truth. Yes, men get into debt, promise to pay at a time when they knew will not, re-promise, re-re-promise, and perhaps never pay, and all the while hold up their heads in our communities as men of honor, men of character, men fit to belong to the Christian communion of those who serve Him, who said through His servant Paul, "*Owe no man anything.*" But we trust the time is coming, and is not far off—God speed it!—when no respectable man will pretend to buy on trust that which he has not the means to pay, and for which he will not pay, either immediately, or on the day fixed; when no man of character will continue insolvent after he knows it without the public being also aware of it; when it will be much more honorable to live in a small house under small expense and *pay for it*, than *vice versa;* when, indeed, the Church will take the matter up as one of vital relation to the Gospel, and refuse admission or shelter into her fold to any, who do not hold it a cardinal doctrine of faith to be as just in dollars and cents as in other matters appertaining to one's daily life.

—OUR remarks on the public roads, in this Magazine for June, were extensively copied, but seem not to have had the desired effect. Nearly every road in both Somerset and Hunterdon County was "worked" afterward, and, if *stones* were not used to improve them, *sods* and *dirt* from the gutter were. Isn't it strange that in all these 6,000 years of the world's age the people of the country have'n't advanced beyond the first step in this matter of making traveling pleasant. No where in the world is traveling by carriage a more constant practice than in America, or, say New Jersey, because in many of the States horse-back riding is preferred; and nowhere else is the system of making roads worse—less scientific, less sensible. Take, to illustrate, a certain road we have in mind, not a thousand miles from Somerville, over which we pass every week, and hence know about it. During the Winter it was almost impassible. But Spring came, the scraper was put on, it was smoothed down like a floor; we rode over it once, and were happy. Another week rolled around. We tried it again. Lo, the delightful, pleasant, beautiful, enchanting change! The overseer—blockhead as he was—after smoothing it so nicely, plowed up the gutters, dumped

the sods from it into the road, and left them there, helter-skelter, to be *worn down.* So that road is now, after the lapse of six weeks, as it was on the first of June—an admirable place for dyspeptics and those having never-wear-out carriages to drive over, but a lasting torment to other travelers and a disgrace to Somerset County civilization. The fact is, our people in central New Jersey are behind people elsewhere in this matter, and they must be awakened. We must put out blockheads and put in men of judgment for road overseers, and then pay them enough to do the handsome thing. We can take no more effective measures to keep away from us the people of the city whose wealth and social influence we would like to have as a permanent investment here in the country, than to make it a nuisance for them to drive around on our public roads. Let us clear out the stones, clear away the sod, put on gravel and shell, and invite them to come! Don't let them say: "Your country is fine, but Westchester County and all East Connecticut have finer, smoother, pleasanter roads. Thither we will go." For shame that they can do it now—for shame!

—EX-CHANCELLOR ABRAHAM O. ZABRISKIE, whose loss the State mourns, was a native of Somerset County. His father, the Rev. John Zabriskie, was formerly pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of Millstone, in which place the son was born, June 10th, 1807. Educated at Princeton and admitted to the bar at Newark, he settled permanently at Jersey City, where he remained until the time of his death. He received the appointment of Chancellor in 1866 at the hands of Gov. Ward, and served in that position until the expiration of his seven years' term of office in May, 1873, when he was succeeded by Theodore Runyon. At the time of his death he was President of the Constitutional Commission, appointed by Gov. Parker, to propose amendments to the Constitution of the State of New Jersey, and which has just fairly commenced its sessions. Though Mr. Zabriskie, as a Chancellor, nobody disliked, because as a man he was one whom everybody loved, yet it cannot be said of him that he made a *great* Chancellor, nor in the highest sense of the term, a good one. The truth was, he was too great a *lawyer* to make a good Chancellor. He had not that breadth of view, that even balance of judgment, which are requisite to an equitable mind. He saw everything in equity as in law—more or less one-sided. To say this is to say no evil of the man, nor to detract an iota from his abilities. It is given to but few men to be great Chancellors. There are more Walpoles and Cockburns than Eldons, Broughams or Kents. Those who were such could not have been great in the courts of law, as no great lawyers have been great Chancellors. In our judgment, Chancellor Zabriskie should have continued at the Bar, where he justly gained a high and honorable reputation. But he took the higher position, filled it with no little credit to himself, and now leaves us regretted by a host of friends, inside the legal profession and out of it. He was a faithful servant whom in death as in life we will delight to honor.

—VERY little is said of the Constitutional Commission now at work on proposed reforms in the Constitution of this State—perhaps because it performs its labors so slowly that nobody knows it is making progress—but what it does may be vitally connected with the highest interests of New Jersey. Of course, the people will be called to vote upon any proposed amendments to the Constitution before they can be adopted as the law, but the recommendations of this body will have much to do with that vote. We are glad that the members do work slowly, if by it they secure more deliberated results. The labors of a similar commission in Pennsylvania, which have been protracted and cautious, will afford many hints to our Commission, from which it is hoped it will profit. Precisely what changes are proposed cannot be stated at this time; but it is quite certain that the existence of the Court of Chancery and the Court of Pardons, and the present system of appointing Judges, will be threatened. Of the merits and utility of a Court of Chancery there may be much doubt. Not many States in the Union, besides New Jersey, have it. But our Jersey lawyers are of a slow turn of mind, in the way of radical reforms in modes of practice, and it will hardly be swept away this time. And, besides, it has advantages well understood by every lawyer, which are not to be overlooked. But there is not such question among sensible people as to the propriety of the pardoning power being lodged in the hands of the Court of Pardons, consisting of the Governor, Chancellor, and Supreme Court Judges, instead of in the Governor alone. It is not only more democratic, but more reasonable that this power should remain just as it is. That a jury of twelve men can, with all the solemnities of their oaths, and all the paraphanalia of Judges, lawyers, witnesses, sheriff, etc., try and condemn a criminal, and a Supreme Court declare the finding according to law, and

the still higher Court of Errors and Appeals confirm the finding of the Supreme Court as well as that of the Oyer and Terminer, and that *then* a single man, the Governor, of his own, momentous free-will, for which he need give no reason, could freely pardon that criminal and give him perfect liberty, is a monstrous travestie on modern justice handed down to us from the ages of kings and tyrants. Happily for New Jersey, she has long ceased to countenance such a one man prerogative. Other States, however,—Pennsylvania heretofore has been one,—have stuck hard to this kingly prerogative. Now when the Keystone State is about to drop this relic of the Dark Ages, don't let us in New Jersey take it up. But we will not! Neither will we get to the New York and Pennsylvania system of electing Judges, if we are wise. Everywhere that method has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. In New York City particularly, its evils have been visible for years. Its Jndges have been men corrupt legally and corrupt morally. In New Jersey our Judiciary has always been our pride; the direct result, we take it, of a wise system of appointment based on merit and past good conduct, rather than on personal favoritism or party. There are Constitutional changes, however, which may be made in wisdom. An increase in the pay of members of the Legislature, so as to secure better men, and the prevention of the present evils of special legislation, are subjects in point. Others will suggest themselves to every thinking man, and, doubtless, nothing worthy of consideration will escape the notice of the Commission There is one matter for regret, however, viz.: the *morale* of the Commission. It does not have throughout our first-class lawyers and men. Those of that stamp who were selected have refused to act: those who remain may do well, and will work faithfully, perhaps, but cannot give the same general satisfaction that Courtlandt Parker, Judge Depue, Ex-Chancellor Williamson, and others of that stamp at the Bar, and more laymen like Dudley S. Gregory would. Of course, we find no fault with Gov. Parker about this, because he first tendered the nomination to such men; we do think, however, that those who refused to serve, should have willingly done the State the service of accepting the trust of giving their abilities to this Constitutional Commission, even as a matter of State patriotism.

—As will be noticed, our weather report for June is furnished us by Arthur B. Noll, of New Germantown, whose register is accurately kept for the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. The "General Average" is not that of "2 P. M.," but of three observations daily. We have not space, nor is there need to publish a more extensive table from his register, which embraces range of thermometer and barometer, degree of moisture, amount of cloudiness, kind of clouds, direction and force of wind, time and quantity of rain, and other phenomena. As his instruments are of tested quality, and are placed in the best situations for correct results, our tables may be relied on as being absolutely accurate.

LITERARY NOTES.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S latest poem is a veritable art-flower. Its petals seem to have come from Norwegian fields of folk-lore, but the arrangement and tints and odor—all that make it so artistically beautiful—come from the now matured imagination of the Pennsylvania poet. Taylor is, we believe, a Quaker; at least he has mingled much with the Quakers, knows them thoroughly, and all his novels, prose and poetic, introduce to the reader some pictures of the "Friends." He is happy in these subjects, as a rule, and not less so in this his latest book, (*Lars: A Pastoral of Norway.* By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 144 *pp.*) because one of the characters is far from possessing that peaceful spirit which every Quaker, and all whom the Quakers treat with cordial good feeling, are supposed to have. We used to think that Taylor was a splendid traveller, but a mediocre poet, bound in the future to be obscure, if not altogether unknown. Since the *Masque of the Gods* and *Lars* have been published our opinion of his poetic faculties has radically changed. But he has *improved*. His earlier efforts certainly bear no comparison to his later ones. Probably he was, formerly, too much taken up with his journeys and sketches of travel to study the rhythmic style enough to meet with success in it. Of late he has had time for this, and the developing of his genius

in this direction appears to have been as immediate as remarkable.

Lars himself may be called the chief, but is not the most attractive personage in *Lars*. The one to linger longest in our memories, and to awaken our admiring sympathy, perhaps our love, is Ruth Mendenhall, one of the truest, tenderest, womanliest of women. We see just enough of her to make us wish we knew her *in propria persona* in the flesh, and more like her. But to the story, which opens with a scene a couple of centuries ago, by Ulvik, in Norway, on a Sabbath morning. Brita, "half-sad, half smiling," is a maiden who, with others, goes to a fount of water to bathe and arrange her hair. She is asked by Ragnil where they should go for a morning walk; by a way where she may meet Lars, or by another where she might see Per—two lovers suing for her hand. Then

"Brita held
One dark-brown braid between her teeth, and wove
The silken twine and tassels through its fringe,
Before she spake; but first she seemed to sigh:
'I will not choose; you shall not spoil my day!

* * * * *

Come Lars or Per,
Come Eric, Anders, Harald, Olaf, Nils,
Come Soeter-boys, or sailors from the sea,
No lass is bound to slight a decent lad,
Or walk behind him when the way is wide!'"

She minds not the teasing she continues to receive, but climbs up the lane to her grandam's cottage, gets her morning meal, puts on a brooch, which her grandam gives her to bring her in good "luck," and then again joins

"The lively group
Of Sundayed lads and lasses in the lane."

They climb the fell "by stony stairs," and then Brita asks for Per. Ragnil hints of Lars. Both of them, however, with other companions, soon came. All go on to the "gray old kirk," (church) enter, and hear the service, Brita thinking much of "grandam's luck." The kirk out, Lars goes by Brita, and makes an application of the morning text, "Love is strong as death," in a practical manner. Brita says *no*. She afterward goes into a boat with Per, and loses her brooch to her dismay, and fear of "bad luck:" then goes home sorrowing. At the wedding of Ragnil, which soon occurs, Brita talks and dances with Lars. Per rushes to them, and demands that Brita choose between them. She refuses to do it then and there, when words get high, and Per challenges Lars to a Norwegian duel, with knives. The challenge is accepted, but no time is set. At the next meeting of the party the fight, inevitable from the spirit of these two rivals, comes off. It is described by the poet in brief but terribly vivid language. The end is the death of Per. Then

"Some forward sprang, and loosed, and lifted them
A little; but the head of Per hung back,
With lips apart and dim blue eyes unshut,
And all the passion and the pain were gone
Forever."

Then Brita throws herself on Per, and laments that she did not acknowledge she loved him best. Lars, awakening from faintness, now asks Brita still to choose him.

"'I love thee?' Brita cried, 'who murderest him
I loved indeed! why should I wish thee life!
Except to show thee I can hate instead?'
A groan so deep, so desperate and sad
Came from his throat, that men might envy him
Who lay so silent; then they bore him forth,
While others smoothed the comely limbs of Per."

Lars was now the unhappiest of men.

"Lars lived, because the life within his frame
Refused to leave it; but his heart was dead,
He thought, for nothing moved him any more."

In despair he crossed the ocean and wandered about among the Swedish settlements of Delaware and lower Pennsylvania.

"Led by a faith that rest could not be far,
Beyond the town, where deeper vales bring down
The winding brooks from Pennsylvanian hills,
He walked: the ordered farms were fair to see,
And fair the peaceful houses: old repose
Mellowed the lavish newness of the land,
And sober toil gave everywhere the right
To simple pleasures. As by each he passed,
A spirit whispered: 'No, not there!' and then
His skeptic heart said: 'Never anywhere!'"

Sitting by a roadside bank he sees a woman come from a house near by. Her looks and voice—for she spoke kindly to him—entrances him It is Ruth Mendelhall, the Quakeress. She takes him into her home, speaks a kind word for him to her father, and has him employed as a farm hand. In course of time Lars again chooses a Sabbath morning to fight a duel, or rather to take revenge with his knife upon one Abner Cloud, who was enemy enough

to him to vex him with taunts about Ruth, and to say to him bitter things of his past history. In rage Lars throws away his knife, but fights Abner desperately hand to hand. Ruth stops them. Lars goes to his chamber and gathers his effects to depart, protesting that he is

"A man of violence and blood, not meet for her pure company,"

and that he will go away. She draws him to her, gets him to confess that he is a murderer escaped from Norway, and to tell the whole story of his life. Her womanly influence is now not banished by *his banishment*, but exerted to make him that which in his heart of hearts he wants to be. He attends church that night. He prays. Light falls on his soul. He repents, and sees the forgiveness of God equal to a case even so bad as his. After church,

"The three walked home in silence, but to Lars
The mist had lifted, and around him fell
A bath of light: and dimly spread before
His feet the sweetness of a purer world."

From that time he is a changed man. He marries Ruth, and both find joy in it. He asks afterwards of the father of Ruth that he and Ruth may go to Norway, he to preach to his countrymen the religion of the Friends. Her father begs them to wait till he dies. In five years the old father finds himself dying, and then counsels the young couple to go.

"When summer came, upon an English ship
Sailed Lars and Ruth between the rich green shores
That widened, sinking, till the land was drowned,
And they were blown on rolling fields of blue."

Reaching Ulvik, Lars is soon discovered to be the same who caused the death of Per, and Thorsten, brother to Per, prepares to kill Lars. They go out by Graven Lake. Lars will not fight, but invites Thorsten to take his blood if he desires. Others interfere to compel Lars to draw the knife.

"Around his waist they buckled then a belt,
And brought a knife, and thrust it in his hand,
The open fingers would not hold: the knife
Fell from them, struck, and quivered in the sod.
Thorston, apart, had also bared his breast,
And waited, beautiful in rosy life
Then Thorkil and another drew the twain
Together, hooked the belts of each, and strove
Once more to arm the passive hand of Lars:
In vain: *his open fingers would not hold*
The knife, which fell and quivered in the sod.
He looked in Thorsten's eyes; great sorrow fell
Upon him, and a tender human love.
'I did not this,' he said; 'nor will resist.
If thou art minded so, then strike me dead:
But thou art sacred, for the blood I spilled
Is in thy veins, my brother: yea, all blood
Of all men sacred is in thee.'"

Thorsten could not and did not slay him. He lived to take poor Brita to live with him and Ruth, and to spend his remaining days in usefulness and peace.

"Here, now, they fade. The purpose of their lives
Was lifted up, by something over life,
To power and service. Though the name of Lars
Be never heard, the healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night, and make it beautiful."

Such are the mere ribs of this poem, whose flesh and blood no prose description can bring to view. We confess we were not at first enamored with the "plot," but the more we think of the evident design of the writer, viz:—to unfold the truth that woman's influence, while it may plunge into despair a manly man, can also lift him up again to heights of glory, and bring him as a conqueror from the feet of the Son of God, whence her own heart has derived its power and womanliness—the more we are pleased with it. But leaving this aside, the musical flow, the rhymthmic cadence, the happy pastoral descriptiveness of *Lars* makes it—so it seems to our humble judgment—a master-piece.

—ANOTHER poem, from an heretofore unknown writer, we have read with less pleasure than *Lars*, yet, nevertheless, it has unmistakable beauties. (*The Brook and other Poems.* By William B. Wright. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 167 *pp.*) It is not often a poet comes unheralded to take nearly first rank, but Wright has done it. He published *The Highland Ramble* in 1868, and thus announced himself, it is true; but few read that bundle of fancies, and it at once passed from the mind of the cultured public. Now, as if he had been a total stranger, he tosses out to the world *The Brook*, invoking literary criticism with the air of one bound to secure applause, and sure to win permanent fame. Of course "The Brook" is the prominent poem, but it is followed by over thirty short "Songs and Studies," few of which are more than two pages long. These poems, or the most of them, are of the kind to provoke thought. They are

not slip-shod, nor empty jingle. Bold personifications, new and unheard of metaphors, sentiments difficult to be understood, are abundant; yet, when mastered by acquaintance, they take on more and more of the beautiful. There are two or three of the shorter poems, however, which we think nearly balderdash, though the setting be ever so "classical" and "ornate."

"The Brook" is a most daring piece of personification—too daring in places, but nobly so in others. It may not be novel or startling to compare a brook to a child, whose varying stages of life up to lusty manhood are represented by its waters, as they flow from the mountain spring, and finally reach unto

"The music of the eternal sea,
The haven and the perfect goal
To which the tides of being roll;"

but to distort and fit it into every conceivable situation which a child or man may get into, is a feat as worthy of praise when accomplished as it is difficult. The run of the verse may be gathered from the opening lines:

"Brief the search until I heard him,
Sweetest truant at his play;
Such a soul of laughter stirred him,
Could not rest by night or day.
Brief the search until I found him
Gambolling, crumpling all his bed;
Woods and rocks that loved him, round him,
And the brakes twined overhead.
As I came away he sped
On fleet pearly feet of lightning
Just behind a rosy croft:
Flashing thence with sudden brightning,
Tossed his baby head aloft.
And with cries of merriment
Down the sombre forest went."

These lines are at the start enough to secure our attention, if not to enkindle our rapturous emotion. They have the ring of the true metal. But we have no space to follow the brook through its mazes, and quaint, strange situations. It must suffice for us to give a few quotations taken at random. Here is a description of the brook tugging away at a mill:

"Towering past the jutting hill,
Stands the huge, meal-whitened mill,
Asleep through all the maze of art
Coiled within its cumbrous heart.
Now unto his task he springs;
Against the stubborn wheel he flings
His shining strength, and dares to seize
The mighty felloes in his hands:
Against the paddles' massy bands
Firmly plants his stalwart knees.
His muscles swell, his breast expands,
He bows, he tugs, he heaves amain
With one prolonged resistless strain:
Straightway the moaning monster knows
The haughty master he must serve,
And quivering with reluctant throes
Swings upon his sluggish curve.
The wakened mill is all astir
With creak and shriek and whiz and whirr,
The leathern band begins to move
Down the pulley's slippery groove;
The thick cogs sink their fangs of steel
In the sockets of the wheel;
And swiftly turns with muffled moan
The upper on the nether stone."

This is much after the style of Miller, but not quite so good:

"The year moves to its sad decline.
A dull gray mist enfolds the hills.
The flowers are dead, the thickets pine,
In other lands the swallow trills;
For since they stole his summer flute,
The moping Pan sits stark and mute;
The slow hooves of the feeding kine
Crack the herbage as they pass,
The apples glimmer in the grass,
And woods are yellow, woods of brown,
The vine about the elm is red,
Crow and hawk fly up and down,
But for the wood-thrush he is dead:
The ox forsakes the chilly shadow,
Only the cricket haunts the meadow."

We give two or three more short things to show further the author's delicacy of expression:

"Just now the morning's ruddy palm
Began to smooth his ringlets bright,
To lay his sudden heat and calm
His quickened veins in baths of light.
Anon he swept his hand across
The crystal sinews of his lyre,
Set their chime to rhythmic laws
And tamed their wayward fire."

"But no rhythmic force sublime,
Subtlest feats of harmony,
To that gloomy soul can climb
Or entice his amity.
Dark and sullen stands he ever,
Wrapt in daring desolation,
His hard forehead changing never
Its supreme unbending station;
But the adamantine scorn
Wrinkles there from morn to morn."

"Languors dull or grosser slumber
Never stay his romping limb:
The gods gave all their gaiety
When they modelled him."

"Love-time is over, and too long
The muse has dipped on wayward wing,
Henceforth the lyre must freight its string
With burdens of a graver song.
Since from every earth-born soul
Fate severe exacts his toll.
A yoke sits on the sunbeam's neck,

The moth finds chores about the field,
The zephyr tugs his sightless trace,
Fairest things must service yield."

To illustrate that Mr. Wright is not always happy, or sensible, we quote a single passage from "The Thinkers:"

"O merlin, wise to understand
Tiresias, of prevision strong,
Paulus, a bolt from God's right hand,
Ye fashion, but the world shapes wrong,
Ye lighten, but her paths are dark
For all your agony, all your song.
The misty gloamings drown your spark.
Your words are shred on spleenful winds.
Your arrows veer askant the mark.
She reels in satyr-rout and binds
Upon her front the dissolute leaf,
Loves born and shagg of her brute kinds,
The whirling goat-hoof."

—WE HAVE received another copy (the fifth edition) of Rev. W. E. Scovil's *Short Hand*, which we again commend to students of phonography and stenography as better and easier than Pitman's or Munson's. All methods of writing by characters are difficult, but there are those less hard than others. We would just say that whoever attempts to master phonography in an hour or two will fail, as surely as a child will fail to learn to write English in that time. Practice, patience and time are the three necessary elements of success. Those not willing to give these to it better not try at all. To those who will, we say try Scovil.

—ONE OF the main reasons why more books are not purchased throughout the country is, the want of a proper medium through which to buy. In cities, where the book-stores keep on hand a selection of the latest and standard works, it is an easy matter to obtain whatever one desires in the field of literature. If the article is not on the shelf, it can be ordered. But in towns, and throughout the country proper, no book-stores of any consequence exist, because they would not pay if kept. The only way for persons living in such localities to obtain a book, is by means of book agents, who carry exactly what the people do not and, often, ought not to want to buy, or by sending with a friend to the city. The publisher, price and even name of the very book they have seen reviewed and *want*, they may have forgotten when opportunity offers to send for it, and so they do not get it then. We have thought for some time of publishing monthly the latest works issued, with authors' and publishers' names and prices, and offering to act as agents for anybody who desired to purchase any of them, at publishers' prices. Having now the facilities of acting in this capacity, we commence below the monthly list, and make the offer just named.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

[We shall place in this list the more prominent publications of the month in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, offering to obtain any of them for readers of OUR HOME at publishers' prices—in some instances *below* regular prices. Call upon, or write to us.—ED.]

Farm Ballads. By Will Carlton. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 108. Harper & Bros.,	$2 00
Miss Beecher's Housekeeper and Healthkeeper. 12mo, pp. 482. The same, -	1 50
New Uniform Edition of the Works of Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Nine vols. 12 mo. R. Carter & Bros., - - - - - -	13 50
Life of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 16mo, pp. 171. The same, - - - -	75
The Course of Time. A poem by Robert Pollok, A. M. 18mo, pp. 263. The same, - - - - - - - - - - - -	75
The Other Girls. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 463. The same, - - - - - - - - - - - -	2 00
Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit. By Henry Ward Beecher. 12mo, pp. 332. Mason, Baker and Pratt, - - - - - - -	1 50
Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints. Discourses by Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 12mo, pp 344. R. Carter & Bros., - -	1 50
The Parables. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. with a Memoir. 12mo, pp. 278. The same, - - - - - - - - - - - -	1 50
The Coal Regions of America. By James Macfarlane, A. M. 8vo, pp. 674. D. Appleton & Co., - - - - - - - - -	
Work. A Story of Experience. By Louisa M. Alcott. 12mo, pp. 443. Roberts Bros., - - - - - - - - - -	1 75
The Gospel according to Matthew. By John Peter Lange, D.D. Translated by Philip Schaff, D.D. 12th edition, revised. 8vo, pp. 568. The same, - -	5 00
The Mystery of Matter, and other Essays, By J. Allanson Picton. 12mo, pp. 492. The same, - - - - - - - - - - -	3 50
Scripture Revelations Concerning a Future State. By Richard Whately, D. D. Fourth edition. Pp. 308. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co., - - -	1 50
M. Tullii Ciceronis De Officiis Libri Tres. With Explanatory Notes by E. P. Crowell, A. M. 16mo, pp. 370. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Bro., - - - - - -	1 50
The Doctrine of Hell. A Discussion between the Rev. C. A. Walworth and William Henry Burr, Esq. 18mo, pp. 151. The same, - - - - - - - -	60

Questions of the Day. By the Rev. John Hall, D.D. 12mo, pp. 343. - - - - 1 25

A Commentary on the Gospel of Matthew. By John J. Owen, D.D., LL. D. 16mo, pp. 415. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.,

The Anabasis of Xenophon. With Notes, etc. By Asahel C. Kendrick, LL. D. 12mo. Sheldon & Co., - - - - - - - 2 00

Catalogue of the Museum and Gallery of Art of the New York Historical Society. 8vo, paper, pp. 74, - - - -

The Mineral Springs of the United States and Canada. By Geo. E. Walton, M.D. 12mo, pp. 390. D. Appleton & Co., -

Lars. By Bayard Taylor. 12mo, pp. 144. J. R. Osgood & Co., - - - - - - - 1 50

Middlemarch: a Story of Provincial Life. By Geo. Eliot. 12mo, 2 vols., pp. 452. 468. Harper & Bros., - - - - - - - 3 50

The Mystery of Metropolisville. By Edward Eggleston. 12mo, pp. 320. Orange Judd & Co., - - - - - - - - 1 50

Short Hand. By Rev. W. E. Scovil. Fifth edition. Edited and published by W. E. Scovil, Jr. 16mo, pp. 126, - - 1 25

The Brook, and other Poems. By Wm. B. Wright. 12mo, pp. 167. Scribner. Armstrong & Co., - - - - - - - - 1 25

Talmage's Sermons. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. 2 vols., 12mo. Harper & Bros., - - - - - - - - - - - - - 4 00

LOCAL ITEMS.

JUNE, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

4th.—Neshanic: Annual meeting of the Hillsborough Fire Insurance Co., and election of officers. J. V. D. Hoagland re-elected President, and Michael Scully, Secretary.

18th.—North Plainfield: Destruction of barns of John Hughes and Richard Cortleyou, by fire, the supposed work of an incendiary.

21st.—North Plainfield: Destruction of barn and out-buildings of Mrs. Andrew Cadmus by fire, the work of an incendiary. Loss $10,000.

—Post office established at Montgomery; J. L. Allen, Postmaster. Abm. Parrot made Postmaster at Finderne.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

13th.—Clover Hill: Concert in the Reformed Church under the direction of J. G. Bartow, assisted by Prof. Henry Carter.

14th.—New Germantown: Death of Col. R. R. Honeyman, a well known citizen.

18th.—Lambertville: First colored juror in Hunterdon County called to serve upon a jury before Esquire Angel.

19th.—Flemington: Historical Sermon in the Baptist Church on the 75th Anniversary of its existence, by the pastor, Rev. T. E. Vassar.

25th.—White House: David Park, of this place, found dead in the Passaic River in Newark. Foul play suspected. Clinton: Slight frost visible in the morning.

26th.—Glen Gardner: Dedication of the Presbyterian Church, and installation of Rev. Mr. Henderson as pastor.

28th.—Potterstown: David Alpaugh, aged 40, found dead in his barn.

WEATHER FOR JUNE, 1873.

[*Reported by Arthur B. Noll, of New Germantown. Time of Thermometer record, 2 P. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1	75¾°	Hazy.
2	82°	Hazy.
3	66°	Cloudy; some rain; lightning.
4	71½°	Clear.
5	81½°	Clear.
6	85¼°	Rain; lightning.
7	71¼°	Rather clear; wind N. W., mod.
8	73½°	Clear; wind N. W.
9	77¼°	Clear; wind N. W.
10	82½°	Cloudy, very little rain.
11	84°	Quite clear.
12	74½°	Quite clear.
13	74½°	Clear.
14	71½°	Cloudy.
15	76¾°	Cloudy; sprinkle.
16	87½°	Cloudy.
17	83¾°	Clear.
18	79°	Hazy; wind in forenoon.
19	92½°	Hazy.
20	87½°	Hazy.
21	79½°	Hazy.
22	74¾°	Cloudy.
23	73°	Cloudy.
24	61°	Rain, 66-100 of an inch.
25	73½°	Clear.
26	77°	Clear.
27	82½°	Rather Clear.
28	90½°	Cloudy; slight sprinkle.
29	86¾°	Cloudy.
30	82¾°	Cloudy; slight sprinkle.

General average for the day, 70° Whole amount of rain, 1.54 inches.

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM MAY 15TH, 1873, TO JUNE 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Brown, Stewart	Mary A. VanArsdale	June 11	Pluckamin	Poole
Treskatris, Gustave	Lizzie Grace	May 15	Bound Brook	Rodgers
Voorhees, Edwin S.	Margaretta Voorhees	May 25	Rocky Hill	Berg

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Ashton, Alex	Emma V. Field	May 29	Lambertville	Heisler
Bellis, Lemuel	Clara Griggs	June 11	Flemington	Winans
Carkuff, Joseph	Lydia Fisher	June 14	New Germantown	Diener
Crater, H. S.	Georgiana Rockafellow	June 10	Raritan Township	Mott
DeMott, Richard	R. Jennie Smith	May 31	Cherryville	Young
Heice, Edward	Sarah A. Huff	May 31	Lambertville	Studdiford
Katzenbach, W. H.	Julia Emery	May 21	Flemington	Mott
Lloyd, John S.	Margaret Aller	May 20	Lambertville	Larison
Taylor, Joseph S.	Ella Boss	May 24	Union Township	

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM MAY 15TH, 1873, TO JUNE 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Barcalow, Ann	Somerville	June 4	75
Clayton, C. C.	Somerville	May 24	70
Holcombe, Chas. P.		May 22	62
Lindsley, Phœbe	Somerville	May 24	47
Lowe, Lavinia	Somerville	May 27	77
Parmelee, Mary R.	Somerville	May 25	15
Pierce, Edward	Raritan	May 23	88
VanDuyn, Isaac	Pluckamin	June 1	27

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Blackwell, Eliz.	Flemington	May 27	—
Black, Sally A.	Centre Bridge	June 9	29
Creveling, Arzilla	Annandale	June 6	40
Clickner, Jacob	Cokesburgh	May 16	86
Callen, Mrs. John	Lambertville	May 16	—
Higgins, Hannah	Raritan Township	May 21	29
Honeyman, Rob't R.	New Germantown	June 14	36
Higgins, Lizzie	Stockton	May 21	15
Huff, Stephen H.	Copper Hill	May 18	17
Holcombe, Jacob H.	Lebanon	June 14	78
Johnson, Abraham A.	White House	June 13	89
Moore, Cath. M.	Flemington	May 17	90
Naylor, Eliz. H.	Lambertville	May 24	54
Parker, Laura S.	Lambertville	June 12	19
Quick, Clara L.	Flemington	May 16	64
Quick, Jane B.	Clinton	May 21	8
Van Fleet, John L.	Flemington	June 10	—
Van Horn, Sarah G.	Lambertville	May 15	60
Wilson, Carrie	Flemington	June 6	27
Young, Anna R.	Union Township	May 5	—

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1873. No. 9.

MORE LOCAL HISTORY—WHITE HOUSE.

I.

SINCE THE advent of OUR HOME, a special interest seems to have been awakened in the early settlement and history of surrounding localities. By this means, no doubt, many of its readers have been not a little interested and instructed. It is well thus to collect facts and record them, before they are quite forgotten and lost. Besides their present interest, they may prove still more valuable to those who shall come after us. Sympathizing with this prevalent disposition, I have taken some pains to gather a few items respecting the early history of White House and its vicinity.

WHITE HOUSE is situated in the Township of Readington, Hunterdon County, on the Rockaway Creek, near the confluence of its North and South branches. Its name seems to have been derived from the house built by Abraham Van Horn, near the turnpike bridge, and the road leading from New Brunswick to Easton, Pa. This house was white, (whether made so by the application of paint and oil, or of lime and water, I cannot tell.) It must have been something of a peculiarity for this region in those days, to have secured for it the designation of "THE WHITE HOUSE." This house is still standing in a fair state of preservation, and is owned and occupied by C. T. Stryker, who styles it, "Washington's Head-Quarters," on what authori- I know not. It was built for a public house and kept as such for many years. As tradition says, it is very likely true, that the "Father of his Country," in passing this way, stopped there for entertainment; and so, of course, for the time, it was his "*Head-Quarters.*" This fact—if such it be—would go to show that it must have been built previous to the Revolutionary War. It is not by any means the oldest residence in the vicinity. That of the Van Horn homestead, which is but a few rods distant—a little further up the stream—was built before this "White House," probably about the year 1757.

Within the recollection of many still living, before the time of railroads, when stage coaches were in vogue, and when the carting from Easton and intermediate places to New Brunswick and New York was done by means of large Penn-

sylvania wagons, with their great double teams, the White House was a noted stopping place for entertainment. As many as thirty or forty teams were often thus accommodated over night. But those days have long since passed away, and now the interest of the travelling community centres about the White House Station, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, but little more than half a mile distant, where a thriving village has sprung up within the last fifteen or twenty years.

The original proprietors of the lands in this part of Readington Township were George Willocks, of Perth Amboy, who owned all northward of Holland's Brook, and eastward of the road running north to White House, and so on to the Alamatunk (Lamington) river, and John Budd and James Logan, who owned the lands lying northwest of Willocks' tract. These lands were surveyed and made matter of record about from 1710 to 1720.

Among the first actual settlers in this vicinity were the Van Horns, Wyckoffs, Pickels, and Ten Eycks. Which of these first located here, and at what precise date, I have not been able to determine. It seems probable, from old parchments and copies of deeds still extant, that they all came hither at nearly the same period, viz:—about the year 1724. On the 29th of January of this year, Adrian Ten Eyck, late of Somerset, bought of George Willocks 515 acres of land for £543, 15s, adjoining lands formerly sold by said Willocks to Dirck Johnson, and to Messrs. Freeman and Beekman, of Long Island, N. Y. This Adrian Ten Eyck was an ancestor of Cornelius Ten Eyck, of Mechanicsville; also of Mrs. Theodore Polhemus, who lives on the homestead about one mile southeast of White House.

On the 30th of October, 1729, Paulus De Witt bought of John Budd 122 acres adjoining lands owned by Abraham Van Horn and Baltus Pickel. This shows that the two last named had purchased their farms previously. The same document states that they had bought their lands of George Willocks and James Budd. It further shows, in the absence of other documents on the subject, that Abraham Van Horn was one of the original land holders of that name in this vicinity.

A head-stone in the cemetery near White House Station bears this inscription: "Capt. Cornelius Van Horn, died Feb. 12th, 1744, in the 49th year of his age." This Capt. Cornelius must have been from 30 to 34 years of age when Abraham Van Horn located here. He was probably his brother, and ancestor of one branch of the Van Horn family, which once resided in this vicinity, but which have, for the most part, disappeared from among us. The Van Horn brothers now residing here are sons of Cornelius W. Van Horn, whose death occurred in 1862, at the advanced age of 91 years. This Cornelius W. was the son of Abraham, and grandson of the Abraham Van Horn before referred to as one of the original settlers. Hence the descendants of the family of the fifth generation now occupy the original homestead; and about a century and a half has elapsed since the first of that honored name came hither from Monmouth County.

On the 3d day of June, 1783, Cornelius Van Horn—the son, as I suppose, of Capt. Cornelius, who died in 1744—made his will, in which five daughters and four sons are named. The sons were Abraham, Simon, Cornelius and William. The last named, William, married Elizabeth, daughter of Abraham and sister of Cornelius W. Van Horn, and they were the parents of the first wife of John G. Van Houten, who keeps a copy of this

will of his wife's grandfather as a cherished relic of the past. By the provisions of this will, William inherited the homestead, now owned and occupied by Abraham Pickel, which, the testator states, he had bought of his father.

The old stone house, bearing date "1757," with the initials "C. V. H." upon it, and ornamented with some ancient painting, still stands firmly, as it was built 113 years ago. On several of the doors and walls within are yet to be seen some of the original paintings which are of various devices and were executed by the builder. The roof is quite steep, and the eaves project a long distance beyond the plate on which the rafters rest. It is one of the oldest buildings in the vicinity, and having undergone very little change indeed since it was erected, it affords one of the best specimens of the ancient style of architecture of which I know. A careful inspection of it would repay a visit to its locality, which is scarcely half a mile west of White House Station, and but a few rods north of the railroad.

Another very interesting fact connected with this house and two others in the neighborhood ought not to be omitted. It is this: In accordance with the custom of that period, the Van Horns bought of a sea captain the service of a German emigrant for a term of years, in order to defray the expenses of his passage to New York. It soon became known that this emigrant was an excellent mason by trade, and, being a shrewd man as well as a good mechanic, he entered into a bargain with his employers to build them three stone houses in three successive seasons (some say they were all to be built within the same year) in lieu of his term of service, which was not less than three years. He fulfilled his contract, and claimed all the time as his own during these seasons, in which he was not actually engaged upon these three buildings.

Besides the one just referred to as now occupied by Abraham Pickel, he built the stone house in which the late Baltus A. Pickel lived, now owned by his son, Adrian H., and occupied by his grandson, William Pickel. The other, it is said, was the old stone house which G. C. Gearhart recently demolished to make room for his present residence. This last house, however, seems to have been built in 1743, and, if so, could scarcely have been one of the three which Casper Berger, the emigrant, built.

This German mechanic was a thrifty business man, and accumulated property rapidly, insomuch that before he died he was worth quite as much as those whom he, in his poverty, had served so well. His descendants are prosperous and highly respected citizens of this Township at the present time.

Baltus Pickel, as already intimated, was one of the earlier settlers here. The traditionary account of his settlement at the foot of Cushetunk Mountain, —more familiarly known as "Pickel's Mountain"—as furnished by one of his descendants, runs thus: Three brothers (Pickel) came from Hamburg, Germany, and first settled on Staten Island. They soon left the Island and located at Black's Mill, near New Brunswick, after which they came to this County. Frederick settled on Fox Hill, Conrad at or near Everittstown, and Baltus on the Ridge, a few rods east of the residence of the late Abraham Johnson, on the place now occupied by John Hyler. He soon sold out there and bought 1,000 acres of land, 500 of which belonged to the Budd and Logan tract, and the rest to the tract adjoining. His western boundary run along the top of the Mountain to what was known as "the Society line." Here his descendants, for five or six genera-

tions, have lived. Two of the sons of the late Baltus A. Pickel, who died Oct. 10th, 1871, in the 88th year of his age, reside on a part of this original purchase. The other of his sons, as we have seen, occupies a part of the original Van Horn estate, with the old stone house belonging to it.

A sugar bowl of solid silver, marked "B. + P., 1771," was presented to Mrs. Adrian H. Pickel by the late Baltus A. Pickel, a short time before his death, when this interesting relic was precisely 100 years old. An earthen fruit dish of curious workmanship, bearing date June 1st, 1806, and said to have been made at a pottery which used to exist on the premises, is carefully preserved as a memento of the past; also an old-fashioned, oaken arm-chair in good state of preservation.

The other of the four names mentioned as among the earlier settlers, whose descendants are yet with us, is that of Wyckoff. This family, which, according to the story given in a late number of OUR HOME, seem, in part, to have *walked off* from Long Island into New Jersey in the early part of the 17th century, and found their way to the banks of of the famed Raritan and Millstone. From thence, we may suppose, some of them still wended their way up the noble Raritan stream, until they reached the forks of that important branch of it, known as the Rockaway. Here some of them located, while others of the name settled a few miles further south where the Holland's Brook takes it rise at the foot of the Mountain. At what precise date this occurred is not known, but evidently in the early part of the 18th century, and about the time when the adjoining farms, of which we have spoken, were purchased.

The first of the name who located on the Rockaway seems to have been Cornelius. He purchased some 600 acres of land, extending from Potterstown nearly to White House, on the north side of the road. He also owned a farm on the south side, which is now occupied by Thomas Applegate. The homestead is now owned by D. C. Knight, and has recently been modernized and remodeled from cellar to garret with the view of making it a convenient mansion for boarders from the city during the Summer. On an eminence a little to the northeast of the house is the old family burying-ground, which, as usual in like cases, has been sadly neglected. Parts of the three or four broken head-stones piled up together are about all that are left to mark the spot where lie the remains of the once honored and beloved dead. From these I learned that Cornelius Wyckoff, Sen., died April 4th, 1796, in the 81st year of his age, and his wife, Elizabeth, May 1st, 1799, in her 80th year. From the old *Dutch Family Bible*, printed in 1741, and now in possession of John V. C. Wyckoff, a grandson of Cornelius, Sen.—now in his 74th year—and from the old Dutch Hymn Book, with its heavy clasps and chain of solid silver, both in good state of preservation, many interesting dates and facts were gleaned respecting this family, of which I may have occasion to speak hereafter.

The children of Cornelius, Sen., were:

1. Ghaertye (Gertrude), who became the wife of Abraham Van Horn, and died about the year 1820.

2. George, who married Rebecca Van Clief, lived on the farm now owned by T. Applegate, and reared a large family of children.

3. Cornelia.

4. Cornelius, who was born Dec. 3d, 1757, and married Sophia Ten Eyck, his

second wife, April 24th, 1808. He lived on the old homestead, and was known as "*Gentleman* Cornelius."

5. Simon, who lived near the "Three Corners," where David Davis now resides.

6. Dennis, who lived near Mechanicsville, on the place now owned by J. W. Van Houten, of Philadelphia. He was Justice of the Peace for many years, and exerted a wide and beneficial influence in the community in which he lived. He departed this life Dec. 6th, 1830, aged 70 years and upward.

Besides these four names, prominent among the earliest settlers of this immediate vicinity, we find the names of the Cowenhovens, Roelifsons, Rogers, Van Dorens, Traphagens, Johnsons, and others, dating far back in the 18th century—some of whose decendants are yet with us.

These early settlers belonged evidently to a hail and hardy race. Not a few of them attained an advanced age. A large proportion of deaths which have occurred in this vicinity, during the past five or six years, have been of persons over three score and ten years of age. Quite a number of these (not less than eight) were over eighty, and one was in her ninety-eighth year.* One, indeed, who departed this life in 1865, had reached the remarkable age of one hundred and six years, nine months and fourteen days.†

There are still a few quite aged people among us, of whom the eldest now is John Reger, in his ninety-second year. One of his early associates, who had lived for 80 years in the same house, left us but a few days since for the better land.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

*Auley Tunison (Crammer.)

† Mrs. George Williams.

OUR OLDER CHURCHES—GERMAN REFORMED OF LEBANON.*

THE EARLY history of the congregation at Lebanon is intimately connected with that of the first settlement and subsequent progress of this entire portion of our State. The first settlers were Germans, and the first point of their settlement was what is still denominated the German Valley. The banks of the Hudson and the Delaware Rivers had been settled one hundred years previously by the Hollanders, and it was in the year 1705 that a number of German Reformed people, residing between two cities in Germany, called Wolfenbeutel and Halberstadt, driven by persecution, fled, first to Neuwird in Rhenish Prussia, and then to Holland, whence, two years later, in 1707, they embarked for New York. But by adverse winds their frail ship was carried into Delaware Bay. Determined, however, still to reach the place for which they were destined to have a home among the Dutch, they set off from Philadelphia by the overland route to New York,—that is, by what is still known as the "Old York Road,"—leaving Philadelphia at the corner of Fourth and Vine streets, passing out of that "City of Right Angles" in a diagonal way, striking the Delaware at New Hope

[* From an Historical Sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wack, in 1865, and not before published. It is kindly furnished us by the Misses Wack, through O. H. Hoffman, Esq. —ED.]

—opposite Lambertville—and so along in New Jersey by Ringoes, in the general direction of New York. Precisely where this company of immigrants struck the region of mountainous country which from this side (Lebanon) overlooks the German Valley, is not certain, but somewhere, from such a point, their vision was suddenly charmed with the tempting prospect of its fertile, well-watered and promising appearance. Here they at once set aside their previous intentions, and resolved to establish themselves in the good land before them. Such were the circumstances under which the German Valley received its first population and its name, and from which their descendants, from time to time, spread over into the surrounding country, Lebanon inclusive. This shows at a glance who the present inhabitants of Lebanon are, who were their ancestors, and where they, came from. Their names and their children's names are found in the Church books of Lebanon. The same names as those of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and great-great-grandfathers are found in the same books, and in those of the old German Valley German Reformed Church, and on the civil records of the country.

I now give a rapid survey of the more particular history of the Lebanon Church, and incidentally, as connected with it, of the several other Churches established at other points in our vicinity, whither the original German Valley settlement of Germans had extended and formed Churches for themselves. As already mentioned the Hollanders had been in the country full one hundred years before our German ancestors made their appearance on the soil of New Jersey. In this space of time, a denomination of Christians would naturally have obtained an ascendency and influence which it would be their duty to turn to advantage, as regarded the spiritual welfare of newcomers. This was done by the Church of Holland in America, and from the first moment that the Germans began to immigrate here, the Dutch Church did all for them that she had an opportunity to do. She fostered their infant churches, she sent bibles, and ministers, and help toward supporting the ordinances of the Gospel among them. Of course, these few German churches in New Jersey were not all. The principal scene of German immigration was Pennsylvania, where German churches were most numerous—though there were many also in the State of New York, and some in the Eastern States, and in Maryland and Virginia.

In the year 1746 the Church of Holland appointed a German, or rather a Swiss minister, to come to this country, and in the character of an exploring and superintending missionary to see to the wants of all these churches and supply them with everything they needed in the way of ministers, bibles and aid generally, as far and as fast as he could, and the means provided by the mother Church in Holland would enable him. His name was Michael Schlatter. In his Journal he says:

"On the 3rd of July, 1747, I received a very earnest letter written by several congregations in the province of New Jersey, namely, at Rockaway, (Lebanon) Foxhill, and Amwell, in the region of the Raritan, distant about 70 miles from Philadelphia.* They urge me with the strongest motives, yea, they pray me for God's sake to pay them a visit, that I may administer to them the Lord's Supper, and, by baptism, incorporate their children with the Church, who have already, during three or more years, remained without baptism. On the 13th of November of the same year I undertook the journey to these congregations in New

* Philadelphia was where he resided. He had charge of the old German Reformed Church in that city.

Jersey, from which I had, on the 3rd of July, received a most friendly and pressing invitation to visit them. On the 14th, after a journey of 60 miles, I came to Rockaway (Lebanon). Here I received 20 young persons into the Church as members, after they had made a profession of their faith, preached a preparatory sermon on the 15th, and on the following day administered the Holy Supper in a small church to an attentive and reverent assembly.* In the afternoon I went 10 miles further to Foxhill, where I preached a preparatory sermon, and on the following day, the 18th, administered the Holy Supper to 40 members. On the same day I went thence 30 miles further to Amwell, and there on the 19th also administered the Lord's Supper to 30 members."

This congregation at Amwell was the same which now, with others, for fifty-eight years past has been under the pastoral care of Rev. J. Kirkpatrick. Up to the time when he took charge of it, it was a German Reformed Church, as it was when under the care of John Jacob Wack. Mr. Schlatter continues:

"After I had performed this solemn service, to the great edification of these congregations, and had yet, in each place, preached a Thanksgiving sermon after the communion, I returned again to Philadelphia, a distance of 40 miles, joyful in heart and giving thanks to God for the support which He had rendered me. I cannot refrain from referring briefly to the fact that these three congregations, from gratitude for the service I had rendered them, handed me a pecuniary reward, and this was the first money, which, since my arrival in America, up to this time, I have received from any congregation, for my labor and pains."

Mr. Schlatter did not draw any salary from the churches among which he was missionary, not even his own in Philadelphia. He was supported from the mother Church in Holland, and when congregations offered him money, he refused it to convince them that he did not "seek theirs, but them." In 1748, from the 6th to the 11th of June, he made his second visit to these three congregations in New Jersey, preaching and administering to them the Holy Sacraments as in November of the previous year. He visited them again in October of this year; first, Amwell, on the 10th of the month, having rode forty miles the same day, from Philadelphia, in time to preach there in the afternoon. On the morning of the 11th he came on to Lebanon, and in the afternoon proceeded to Fox Hill, where he held a preparatory service, and next day administered the Sacrament, and, after the Thanksgiving sermon, in the afternoon returned yet to Lebanon, and on the 13th administered the Lord's Supper, and, after the Thanksgiving sermon, returned the same day to Amwell—twenty miles. There, after the Communion on the 13th, and Thanksgiving sermon on the 14th, he returned the same day to Philadelphia. The next year, 1749, from the 22nd to the 27th of May, he again made the same journey, and performed the same service in each place. In June, 1750, he spent seven days in a visit to these churches, "to comfort them by the preaching of the word and the administration of the Sacraments." After this he reports to Holland respecting these Churches (Lebanon and Fox Hill) that "these implore earnestly that God may at length send forth a faithful laborer in this harvest." This prayer was almost immediately answered, for this same year there appeared among them a certain John Conrad Wirtz,* a man who had been preaching in the neighborhood beyond Easton, Pennsylvania, for two or three years, without being an ordained minister, or under any ecclesiastical order. He came to Lebanon and, in connection with the Church in German Valley, served this Church

* This small church was built of logs and stood where the old graveyard is located.

* This Mr. Wirtz was the ancestor of A. Wurts, Esq., the eminent lawyer at Flemington.

eleven years. He immediately applied for ordination, not to the German Reformed Church, to which his congregations belonged, but to the Presbyterian, who ordained him. The Churches, however, still remained German Reformed. He is said, while here at Lebanon, to have preached publicly from the pulpit the Roman Catholic doctrine that marriage is a Sacrament. There is nothing, however, extant against the moral character of Mr. Wirtz; on the contrary, "tradition has preserved his name in good savor as an earnest and pious minister." Mr. Wirtz's ministry terminated in 1761. In all probability he had served Amwell as well as the other German Churches. He was succeeded by Rev. Caspar Michael Stapfel, (in 1761) a regularly ordained German Reformed minister, who, the presumption is, served all these Churches, although I have specific historic reference only to that of Amwell, in relation to which there are some reminiscences that, even at the distance of one hundred years, are exceedingly interesting. At its dedication the congregation adopted articles of order and discipline, to the following effect:

"No minister should preach there who was not a member of the German Reformed Synod. No one should be a member who was not devoted '*with mouth and heart*' to the doctrines of the Heidelbergh Catechism. No other formula should be used in the administration of Baptism and the Lord's Supper than the one in general use, as appended to the Heidelbergh Catechism. No child, except in case of sickness, should be baptized, unless it was brought into the Church, and *only the parents*, and they, *if confirmed*, shall present it. The dead should be buried with appropriate solemnities. The members should contribute to the support of the Church."

When Mr. Stapfel came among them a more extensive series of rules was adopted, and, about a year later, when Mr. Stapfel had already left them, these rules were again confirmed by the congregation. During the short time he had remained with them he was very much liked. The Consistory wrote to the Synods of North and South Holland in regard to him, and in their letters they "praise him, and gratefully rejoice in his success among them." They say: "He instructed and confirmed in a short time eighty-four persons, and thus he has destroyed the thought, that in a short time New Jersey must acknowledge the English Presbyterian Church as their Church." Yet that very Church, at this day, is and has been for fifty-five years a Presbyterian church, and so are the Churches of German Valley and Foxhill and the large German Reformed Church at Stillwater, while Lebanon has become Dutch Reformed! "The German Reformed Church of Amwell," says Dr. Kirkpatrick, "was under the care of the German Reformed Synod till the first of the year 1810. Up to the close of 1809 they had a pastor. His name was Wack. He left them, and they united with the First Presbyterian Church of Amwell, and assumed the name of the United First Presbyterian Church of Amwell. The case was the same with the Churches of Foxhill and German Valley. When the Rev. Casper Wack, their last German Reformed minister left, he stipulated with them expressly that they would remain in their natural and proper German Reformed connexion, but no German Reformed minister came, and year after year they waited, until patience and hope died, when, from the principle of absolute self-preservation, they applied to the Presbytery of New Brunswick to be received under their care. *Then* the German Reformed Synod complained of the Presbytery for receiving them, but the people said they were so far from the Synod that they received no attention, and they did the best they could."

To resume the history of Lebanon

Church, after Mr. Wirtz left it, in 1761, there is no positive evidence that there was any settled minister for a number of years, although the presumption is, that Mr. Stapfel supplied it from Amwell during the year or two only that he preached there. After him we find a notice of a Mr. Nevelling, preaching at Amwell—whether or not here also is uncertain—and not until the year 1770, after an interval of eight or nine years, does there appear to have been anything like a continuous pastorate over the Church at Lebanon. In that year the Rev. Fred. Dellicker, who for some time previous had labored at Amwell, seems to have taken charge of the Churches of Lebanon, German Valley, Foxhill and Alexandria, in which charge he served till 1782, a period of twelve years. But the longest pastorate this Church has ever enjoyed was that of Mr. Dellicker's immediate successor, Rev. Caspar Wack, who continued till 1812, a period of thirty years, serving the Churches of German Valley, Foxhill, New Germantown, Stillwater, and Sussex Court House, now Newton. He was the last German Reformed minister these Churches had, and preached German in them all up to the time of his leaving them, although, toward the last, mostly English. After he left, all these Churches, as we have seen, uncared-for by the German Synod, became absorbed by other denominations—all by the Presbyterians, except Lebanon, which became Dutch Reformed.

SCIENCE IN COMMON THINGS.

II.—More About Water.

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

IT IS NOT the consideration of the properties of sea water, or of the perils of those who go down to the sea in ships, that causes us to head this paper from "ye Ancient Mariner:" but to take the poet's inspiration, and, making an application to plain scientific fact, show that what the poet ascribes to mid-ocean may be everywhere true.

Water, as any school-boy could tell us, exists in solid, liquid and vaporous conditions, or, familiarly, in ice, water and steam. But does it exist in no other form?

The worker in plaster of paris, before he is able to use that substance, performs an operation which he calls boiling, and while it is not this in the true sense of the word, yet the heat applied actually drives off a quantity of water which the gypsum had appropriated in its composition, without which it could not properly exist as *gypsum*. It is due to the recombination of the water that he is enabled to make the varied articles into which this substance can be moulded. Again, every housewife knows the different appearance presented by different specimens of her washing soda; how that one has almost a glassy appearance, and is nearly transparent, while another is coated with, or altogether composed of floury-looking lumps. This difference is caused by the loss of water in the latter instance, which water is essential to the crystalline form, and when it escapes, as it readily does, the mass easily crumbles into formless powder. Indeed, every pound of pure crystallized washing-soda holds in intimate relation with itself a little more than ten ounces of pure water.

Many such instances could be cited, of

water necessary to crystaline form, (as the various alums and vitrols,) or of water in a closer chemical combination, so close indeed that, when it is driven off by various methods, the substance no longer exists, but is changed into another. Thus sugar, when so treated as to be deprived of its water, ceases to be white and palatable, but changes into an unsightly, black, frothy mass, consisting almost wholly of charcoal, while gasses, more or less noxious, are thrown off in the operation.

Were we to pursue this investigation no further, we could readily see that we have around us, and are daily handling, solid substances, which are in various degrees composed of water, and that it is solidified in its composition by another force than that of cold.

But if we look further, we shall find this distribution still more extended. We all are aware of the difference between green and dry wood, yet the driest wood is composed largely of water.

We need go no further than the tissues in our own bodies to find that the protean compound exists largely there. In every 100 parts of blood 78 are water. The substance of the brain has 80 per cent. of water, and even the bones requ're about 10 per cent. in their composition. And it has been estimated, after a series of experiments and much investigation, that 68 per cent. of the body out of every 100 are pure water. It also exists in the food we eat and the raiment we put on.

Water is also largely consumed by vegetable life, being split up into the elementary bodies, hydrogen and oxygen, which compose it, part being retained as nourishment, while most of the oxygen is thrown off as effete material. To compensate for this consumption it is being continually manufactured, all of our ordinary lights and fires producing it, as can readily be proven by a simple experiment. This consists of carefully holding a cold piece of glass-ware, *e. g.* a tumbler, over the flame of a candle. In a few seconds quite a dew will collect on the sides of the tumbler. We have all on the frosty mornings of the past Winter "seen our breath," which is nothing else than the condensation of the water produced in the system, and thrown off from the lungs. This of course goes on continually, but ordinarily is only demonstrable in cold weather, though the same may be shown at any time by breathing into a cool tumbler. The atmosphere also contains invisible moisture in varying proportions at all times, and its presence is essential to the well-being of plant and animal Its presence here is also readily demonstrable, by placing a vessel of ice water in a room apparently perfectly dry, the moisture (technically called *sirint*) which collects on the outside of the vessel, is merely a condensation of watery vapor, concealed in the meshes of the air.

Should anyone with a properly arranged apparatus pass a powerful galvanic current through a quantity of water, he can collect the two colorless gases, similar in appearance at first sight, but on closer examination separated in properties almost as far as antipodes; We mean oxygen and hydrogen.

If we examine the first, we find that it is colorless, without taste or smell, and heavier than the air. If one plunges into a jar of it a stick, having on its end but the faintest spark, it instantly kindles into a flame. And not only do substances ordinarily termed combustible burn in it, but also those more refractory in their nature. A steel watch-spring will burn in a jar of oxygen, and equals in splendor many an exhibition of fireworks by Young America on his country's natal day.

If we search for this substance else-

where, we find it in large quantities in the air we breathe; and we soon are convinced that it is the substance which supports all our fires, and life too, for there is an essential function to life which is akin to combustion. Seeking further, we would find it caged in rocks, and earths, in flesh and plant—in fact, almost omnipresent.

Hydrogen, while as colorless, odorless, and tasteless as its neighbor, is, on the contrary, different in everything else. The lightest of all known substances, it makes the best material for the aeronaut to fill his balloon. A light plunged into it will be instantly extinguished, but the hydrogen itself will burn. While not poisonous to breathe, yet by taking the place of oxygen a person would die as by drowning.

If these gases, prepared in large quantities, are burned together in a proper sort of jet, there is formed what is known as the Oxy-hydrogen Blow pipe, one of the hottest of artificial flames, much hotter than the heat of a blast furnace. If this flame is allowed to play upon some infusible substance, as lime, it makes the famed Calcium or Drummond Light, among the brightest of artificial lights. Should we search for hydrogen in combination, we would find it an essential to almost every sort of our common combustible materials, excepting charcoal and anthracite. It is found in considerable quantities in wood, bituminous coal, oils, fats, illuminating gas, alcohols, and all those substances which connect themselves in our thoughts with fuel and light.

Seeing thus that water is composed of substances, one the great supporter of combustion, and the other one of the great sources of it, it would be a natural question to ask, how an alliance of two such friends could make an enemy to fire? This fact is one that explains very clearly the nature of a chemical compound. Look for a moment at the constituents and then at the compound. All the original properties are gone; from gas to liquid; exerting by this natural force more power than man has ever been able to use (for he has tried, and tried in vain to compress each of these gasses to liquid form.) And then their action towards fire:—but here we must exercise a care, and not attribute so much to the water as to physical laws. Water puts out a fire, first, by keeping free oxygen away, thus *choking it*, and, secondly, by cooling it down so much that it cannot burn. So the first way is all that can be thought of when considering the chemical properties, as it shows how hard it is to overcome this force of union, called "chemical affinity."

A great many people have devised means to separate water into its elementary gases, taking the hydrogen, "carbonizing it," as it is termed, and then publishing that they are able to make excellent illuminating gas from water. Of these people we are to distinguish two classes; first, those who delude themselves, and these we pity; secondly, those who attempt to delude their unsuspicious neighbors, and these we despise. For as yet the cost of the hydrogen itself is more than coal-gas, not counting the carbonizing; while this latter process is frequently making a most dangerous explosive compound, to use which is about as safe as to use a candle made of gunpowder. But as long as mankind will be duped, so long will there be dupers, and we fully expect to see annually many notices of "Gas from Water," and expect still to see accounts of explosions and resulting deaths, until the fact is so stamped on the popular mind that in making such experiments they are "as wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king."

CHARLES MCINTIRE, JR.

COL. HONEYMAN AND HIS WAR JOURNAL.

II.

[An historical error of slight consequence in the first paper might be corrected in this place. It was there stated that the Colonel's great-grand-father, John Honeyman, was the son of the first emigrant of that name to America; but it now appears, from some later information I have received, that it was the son John who emigrated here in the French and Indian War. He came from Tyrone, Ireland, whither his branch of the family had settled from Scotland some time previous.]

THE EXTRACTS from Col. Honeyman's War Journal are continued below:

IN THE WOODS NEAR FT. DERUSSEY, *Oct. 10th*, 1862.— . . . The 31st is engaged upon a very important military road, which connects the chain of Forts in this part of the District. We turn out 600 men eight hours per day, Lt. Col. Holt and I taking turns in superintending. The superintendence is a mere matter of form, the work being conducted and planned by an engineer. The scene before me is enchanting. This is the wildest and most romantic country you were ever in. The road we are making is a splendid affair, going through ravines and fastnesses, and where you would think it impossible a road could be built, so as to be concealed from the observations of the enemy. 600 men at work felling trees, building bridges and digging into the mellow earth, presents an animated scene. I am located at a bend of the road upon a high bank overlooking the men, and writing upon my knees. The woods are full of game, and the streams stocked with fish . . . We have in our Regiment some of the wittiest and drollest of geniuses, and some really good actors. I have just been aching with laughter at a speech made with extravagant gestures by a little white-headed humblebee sort of a chap, who was not aware of my being included in his auditory. .

. . . . . .

The day before yesterday, at the suggestion of the engineer, I went "exploring" down Rock Creek. The Adjutant and a Sergeant accompanied me. We came upon the famous Rock and Crystal Spring, a resort for the festive similar to Chimney Rock—taking away the civilized surroundings of the Rock. The establishment had been closed by order of the Prevost Marshal, and, as might be expected, we found the proprietor to be a Secessionist. We took a bottle of his wine—fair Heidsick—and on my return, to the Col's inquiry I reported a fine "Champaign Country"—a joke which will do for our mess-table. . . .

Rode over to Washington yesterday *via* Georgetown to purchase supplies for our mess. Our Surgeon, Dr. R. B. Browne, who is my congenial spirit, and a free hearted, generous soul, accompanied me—also a servant. We dined at Willard's, of course, indulging freely in the good things of this life. . . .

The report about our losing so many men is false. We have lost but one, who was poisoned at our last camp. A number were made sick—myself included—in consequence of eating or drinking something not very healthy. In our present location we are safe from any such attempts, as pedlars cannot find us here, nor would we allow strangers to furnish us with stores. . . . I think I hear heavy and rapid cannonading at a distance; perhaps it is only artillery practice. We have so many men on fatigue duty as to prevent drilling. Jersey troops, you know, dig the trenches, build the Forts, which other troops occupy,—in short do all the work, the hardest of the fighting, and receive only such credit as New York reporters choose to give.

CAMP, *Oct. 12th* 1872.— . . . Our movements are very uncertain, but the probabilities are that we shall remain here yet two or three weeks. I like the location of our camp, and the position we are in. Pickets are out between us and the enemy. We have strong fortifications flanking us on either flank, and we feel as if we should like to be attacked, although an attack in force does not seem at all likely to me. We are building a battery which, when completed, will, in connection with the rifle-pits, and by the completion of the new military road, render Washington safe—perfectly so. Undoubtedly, until this time the Capitol has been exposed to a successful attack at this point. The Col. sent for me last night to consult concerning the propriety of throwing out pickets

up the river, the darkness of the night rendering our position in his opinion very insecure. I would have been sent out, doubtless, with a strong force, had not Col. Morris despatched troops from the Fort. . . . We are having very good times,—*i. e.*, some of us; to say all would include a few whose thoughts always fetch up at *home*. Some of the men are seriously ill with home-sickness (none of Co. A) and they are much to be pitied; for *nostalgia*, as the doctors term it, is the most distressing of diseases. And in our mess, among the field and staff, are sober countenances, which only relax in forlorn grimness when we all get together around the social board. I am *enjoying myself*, and am trying to help others do the same. Dr. B——, alias "Old Rye," is a jolly soul, and is just perfectly happy when the Col., Major and Quartermaster are with him. The second Surgeon we call "Castor Oil," and the third assistant, "Corkscrew," extremely appropriate names. The boys seem to enjoy themselves pretty well, though some, no doubt, think a soldier's life more prosaical than poetical; and I reckon it is. It is now late at night, raining hard, and dark as Egypt: how would *you* like standing on guard?

CAMP WARREN, *Oct. 19th*, 1862.— . . . I have, or *should* have more leisure on Sunday than any other day, but to-day have again been ordered out on fatique. I have a hundred men building a bridge. The Col. has just relieved me, for which I thank him, and have time enough before service to read some, and to write a few lines. We have no Sabbath here, such as we have at home—a day of sacred rest: it is only Sunday . . .

Do you know that we are occupying an important position? We are located at Washington's most vulnerable point; the defences here being very incomplete, and the enemy able with a small force to do us much damage. This accounts for our working upon the Sabbath. My work is under the direction of able engineers and artillerists, who are well posted, and, being upon intimate terms with them, I obtain much information of interest and utility . . . The day after the enemy crossed the Potomac (12 miles about us) the General commanding sent us word that a large body of cavalry had again crossed the River, and was advancing southward, and ordered us to throw out pickets. Happening to be with the Col. when the despatch came, I obtained permission to take out Cos. A and B on picket, having a natural desire to see how Co. A would perform. The night was dark until midnight, and everything seemed favorable for a brush. Being on foot I was thoroughly tired when my pickets were all posted; so, after establishing my own guard and posting my reserve, I ingeniously contrived a tolerable bedstead of two wheel-barrows on which I slept soundly, until awakened at midnight by my guard according to previous order. Taking an officer with me, I then proceeded to visit my pickets, instructing my reserve guard before I left to shoot the first man who attempted to cross their beat. With scarcely an exception I saw no sign of fear, and I am satisfied that never was a picket sent out from a green Regiment that would have been more serviceable in case of attack than this force. I was well satisfied with Co. A. Every man seemed anxious to go out and every one did his duty. We took up one rather suspicious character whom I sent a prisoner to Washington, and several Rebel scouts were captured during the night by our cavalry videttes . . . We buried another man yesterday from Co. E, who died from pure home-sickness, the most horrible of deaths . . . We have a splendid national flag, which is to be brought out on dress parade this evening for the first. We will probably have some speeches on the occasion . . . As I lay in my tent last night some of the boys ran through camp with a cow-bell. The guard was immediately ordered out to arrest the disturbers of our peace, whom I supposed to be no other than "Old Rye." The guard, the Col., and all hands suspected my agency in the matter, and an undeserved reprimand was the consequence. I mention this little circumstance to give you a partial idea of some of the novelties of camp life. I love the *camp*; how I will relish life in the field remains to be seen.

It will be remembered that Col. H. (at this time Major) had raised and enlisted Co. A, and therefore he more frequently alludes to it than to any other company in the Regiment. And as some of these extracts were first embodied in letters written *home*, where this Company belonged, and only put into his Journal upon his return from the service, this is another reason why Company A receives particular mention.

The next Journal entries have chiefly

reference to a brief trip to Washington, and are mostly personal. But I take out a few extracts illustrating more fully the Major's idea of the service at that time:

I am too much of a philosopher to get homesick . . . Here sociality makes the camp a delightful home to me, and is spiced agreeably by the variety we have. If I can a get a good position in the regular army toward the close of our term of service, am not sick and feel as I do now, I shall eagerly accept it . . . Thousands of lives more valuable than mine have already been sacrificed on the altar of our country's liberty and mine is ready . . . I am not in a despondent mood, nor have I been since the old flag was first insulted, and all our hearts outraged. The success of our cause is sure, but I am discouraged with the present conduct of the War. If I were a soldier and barefoot I would say, "March me against the enemy." And why does our Regiment lie here idle? Shall we remain here all Winter with nothing to do? We want a *General*. We have men enough, *but no one to use them*. If, indeed, we have a Commander who knows, does he not seem afraid? Would that I dare express all I feel. It is unpleasant to reflect upon. Let us all, generals and soldiers, statesmen and citizens, continue "fiddling while Rome is burning!" When Secession is accomplished—an acknowledged fact of the world—our departed glory may bow down our heads with shame, but history will do justice to the willing soldiers who freely offered their lives to their country, and do justice too, wrathful justice, to the weak, cowardly and inefficient officers, who think only of *title* and *pay*, regarding not their men nor their country.

Brave words these last fitly written. Every soldier felt the cowardice of certain officers in the army of the Potomac in the Fall of '62.

To understand fully the allusions to the idleness of the 31st Regiment, will be to pay some respects to the Colonel commanding (Berthoud) which shall be done in another paper, when we get the 31st to Belle Plain. To continue:

CAMP WARREN, *Nov. 1st*, 1862.— . . . We are still having the same good times, although we feel the loss of Surg. Browne from the mess-table. His recovery is not expected, though still hoped for by the physicians. We have one or two more cases of this fever, so peculiar to this locality. It is epidemic, not contagious. A month's longer stay here may decimate our Regiment fearfully, unless the change of weather proves beneficial. The Sanitary Commission know not how to account for this fever, and advise remaining in doors at night. I judge the cause to be the decay of vegetable matter, as the country has been heavily timbered, and is full of dark, deep ravines; and the nature of the soil precludes the idea of any deleterious minerals mixing with the springs and streams. The men seem to be well contented with the camp, and it would not do to alarm them, as fear often produces sickness. Some of our officers, however, are taking quinine, and whiskey, an evidence they are somewhat alarmed . . . I have been urging the Col. to *use his influence on the proper authorities to have us sent on some of the Southern coast expeditions*; but presume he will not do so unless the line are unanimously so in favor,—which would be right, for he would not want the responsibility of the disposition of the Regiment . . . I am prouder of our Regiment every day. Give us a chance and we will fight like tigers. This inactivity chafes us. There are many Regiments of Micawber's in the field, all waiting—some of the general officers very leisurely waiting—for something to turn up.

Evening, 11 *o'clock*.—I am sitting up late, writing and reading to keep awake, intending to make the "grand rounds" after midnight. Lt. W. bunks with me now—as fine a man as we have in the Regiment. Had he been a woman instead of a man he would certainly have been an old maid—I tell him—so nice and particular is he. How fortunate he was not born a woman, for I should not then enjoy the privilege of his society. Unfortunately he is afraid of spiders, and I have the finest breed in my tent the U. S. can produce: actually as large in circumference as a small tea-cup. Do you know what advantages we have . . . in going to bed and getting up? Our servants spread our rubber beds, or blankets, on the ground. We undress by merely pulling off our boots. Some—my worthy friend, for instance—take the trouble to shake the spiders out of the blankets, and kill all they see before retiring, and also upon rising; but like Charley

O'Malley in the "Irish Dragoon," "I don't mind such little things." . .

Sabbath Morning, Nov. 2d.—Reveille, roll-call, breakfast, guard-mounting, inspection of kitchens, tents and men, church, dinner, church again, dress parade, supper, tattoo-taps, and another Sabbath will have passed. It doesn't seem like Sunday with all this noise, work and pomp of parade; yet it is right it should be so kept. You should hear our choir. Our church is a grove of pines, and no temple made with hands witnesses a more devout, attentive congregation than ours. Our chaplain preaches short, pithy, plain, practical sermons, yet there is much beauty and great originality about them. He is certainly very talented. His tent is next to mine; and in a city of a thousand souls it is pleasant to have agreeable neighbors . .

Sunday Nov. 9th, '62.—The soldiers' hearthstone to-night throws out its radiance of rich, mellow light, which is caught up and reflected in my heart. My tent though cold is never cheerless, and my heart warms with gratitude to God for the many blessings He deigns to confer on one so unworthy. The cheerlessness of my past life vanishes like the snow of Spring-time—forgotten, absorbed by the contentment of the present. News reached camp to-day of General McClellan's removal from command. It gives me hope.

Camp Warren, Nov. 22d, '62.— . . . The Col. and myself are both sick with colds, which we owe to the court-martial we are on, occupying for our sessions a large tent, fireless and cheerless enough to make us pity the shivering prisoners brought before us. We have had some hard cases. You know nothing of court-martials. I pity the prisoners, although often compelled to treat them with great severity. They are brought in handcuffed, sometimes liable to the sentence of death, and no one to plead mercy for them; everything in the hands of the Court. Mercy is a sublime thing, but Justice is inexorable; discipline must be enforced. We have dismissed from the service one of our own officers . . . the other cases being from other Regiments. Only seven of us sitting in judgment on our fellow-men, in many cases voting that which determines life or death to the prisoner!

It is cold and windy. My fire burns brightly in the ground at my feet, but I cannot keep the wind out the tent. When the canvass is tied shut in front the chimney smokes; so the alternatives are smoke and cold. The wind frequently threatens of a night to blow over my frail house, and I have twice turned out and routed up some of our "colored brigade" to straighten up this "cocked hat." The rain does not trouble one in sleeping; the pattering drops on the fly is sweet music. And sleeping on the ground gives you the convenience of rolling from one place to another without getting up if it should get wet under you . . . Have I not now discovered that furniture is but another name for folly? Beds and carpets, tables and chairs, the merest luxuries, the extravagances of this degenerate age? Houses, too; do I not begin to suspect them to be useless and very inconvenient; in fact incumbrances? A tent you can pitch every day in a new place. A house is fast. A tent requires no furniture And if you can sew your own buttons and cook your own steak—arts easily acquired—what do you want of a *wife* or a *house*? I'm fixed now, ready at any time to retire from the world (when sufficiently disgusted) a hermit to enjoy solitude. But stop! Shall I retract?

> "But grant me still a friend in my retreat
> Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet."

V. D.

CHRISTO AMOR.

O CHRIST! whose agony of sorrow,
Was borne for me!
Shall I not yield to-day and morrow
Full love to Thee?

I do: help me to pure affection,
Unmix'd with dross,—
And love, by recollection
Of Thy dear Cross!

A.

MORE ABOUT THE DUTCH SETTLERS.

[First Paper.]

[It will be found that these articles do not trench upon the sphere of Judge Voorhees in his admirable articles in this Magazine begun in January last. The object as stated by Mr. Bergen, is a very proper one. He desires any corrections of his data which old papers or other memoranda may elicit Mr. B. has been for many years the most indefatigable Dutch historian on Long Island, and in his dates and names wishes to be strictly correct. Believing that Our Home, if it accomplished nothing else, would serve a great purpose in making right the many wrong dates, and collecting the various loose traditions and facts connected with the early history of Somerset County, we gladly make room for another writer on the same general subject.—Ed.]

THE EARLIEST settlement of the Netherlanders, or Dutch, was on Manhattan Island and its vicinity When the west end of Long Island was filled, or its agricultural lands all taken up, the sons of the early settlers were compelled to emigrate and look elsewhere for land to cultivate, or else follow some other pursuit. Preferring the tilling of the soil, a large number removed to Monmouth and Somerset Counties in New Jersey, and a few to Bucks County, in Pennsylvania, and to Maryland and Delaware.

The following are some of those from King's County, on the west end of Long Island, who settled in New Jersey, with the dates as near as has been ascertained by the writer, the time they made their appearance there, and the locality where found.* They are given for the purpose of aiding those who are engaged in genealogical and historical researches in the vicinity where Our Home is published, and with the request that those interested in the matter, especially the descendants of the parties named, will take the trouble to correct such errors as I may have fallen into, and publish the same in this Magazine. Dates of deeds of purchase will throw light on the matter, if those having them will only look them over. I give the names alphabetically:

Nicholas Ammerman, (a descendant of Dirck Janse Ammerman, who emigrated in 1650, settled in Flatlands, and was a deacon in the Flatlands Church in 1693,) had a child baptized in the Somerville R. D. Church, Aug 25th, 1733.

Johannes Antonides, and Johanna Kouwenhoven, his wife, (son of Rev. Vincentius Antonides, of Flatbush, the emigrant,) had a child baptized in the Freehold R. D. Church, Feb. 16th, 1724.

Jan Amack and Marike Jans, (son of Tunis Jans Van Amack, who emigrated in 1673, and was a resident of Kings County as late as 1707,) had a child baptized in Freehold Church, March 11th, 1716.

Thomas and *Jan Aton*, residents of Kings County as late as 1704, resided in the vicinity of New Brunswick in 1717. Thomas, a native, took the oath of allegiance in Flatbush, in 1687.

Aris or *Adrian Bennet*, and Angenietje or Annanietje, his wife, (son of William Adrianse Bennet, of Gowanus, the emigrant,) resided in the vicinity of New Brunswick in 1717.

Abraham Bennet and Jannetie his wife, *Isaac Bennet* and *Jacobus Bennet*, sons of the above Aris and Angenietje, resided in the same locality in 1717.

Aris Bennet, and Barbetji his wife, another son of Aris and Angenietje, resided in Monmouth County in 1700.

* Many of the dates are from Dr. Messler's *Historical Notes*.

William Bennet, (son of Willem Willemse and grand son of William Arianse Bennet, the emigrant,) was in the vicinity of New Brunswick, in 1717.

Jacobus Buys, and Marritji his wife, was of Three-Mile-Run, in 1710. *Johannes Buys* and *Jacob Buys* were all probably sons of Jan Cornelisse Buys, who emigrated in 1646, and located at first in Brooklyn, and married four wives.

Hendrick Bries, of Three-Mile-Run, at an early period, was probably a son of Cornelis Bries, and baptized in Brooklyn, May 19th, 1700.

Ary Boerum, of near New Brunswick in 1720, and *Thomas Boerum* of the same locality, were probably children of Jacob Willemse Van Boerum, the emigrant, who located at New Lotts. Willem, Jacobse and his son Jacob Willemse, emigrated in 1649.

Christoffel Beekman, of Six-Mile-Run, in 1717, was a son of Gerardus Beekman, native of Flatbush, who, Oct. 29, 1677, married Madaleen Abeel. Christoffel was baptized June 16th, 1681.

Cornelis Bogaert, and Cornelia his wife, a son of Guysbert Teunissen, and grandson of Teunis Gysbertse Bogaert, the emigrant, who settled in Brooklyn, resided in the vicinity of New Brunswick as early as 1710.

Guysbert Bogaert, a son of Teunis and a great grandson of Teunis Gysbertse, the emigrant, resided in 1729 at Millstone.

Peter Berrian, of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, is a descendant of Cornelis Janse Berrian, the emigrant, who located in Brooklyn.

Jacob Brower, and Mareke his wife, and *Hans Brower* and Nalke his wife, of the Raritans in 1725, wae sons of Peter Adams of Flatlands; *Hendrick Brower*, and Elizabeth his wife, of the Raritans in 1714, was a son of Mathys Adams of Brooklyn; and *Samuel Brower*, and Margrita his wife, of the same place, was a son of Willem Adams, of Brooklyn. This Peter, Mathys and Willem were children of Adam Brower Berkhoven, the emigrant, who married Madelena Jacobs Verdon, came over in 1642, and settled in Brooklyn. The proper surname of the family is probably Berkhoven; Brower, the one adopted, which means Brewer, being the occupation of the person.

Dirk Borkelo, and Jeannetie Van Arsdale his wife, on the Raritan in 1717, and *Coenrad Barkelo* in the same locality as early as 1714, were sons of William Janse Van Borkelo, who emigrated at an early period from Zutphen, in Guilderland, who finally settled in Flatlands.

Abraham Blauw, of the Raritans in 1717, resided in Brooklyn, and M. Gurtie Van Boire in 1707.

Hendrick Blauw, of the Raritans in 1728, resided in Brooklyn, and married Aaltje Staats, in 1719.

Jores or *George Bergen*, (son of Haus Jorise, son of Jores Hansen, son of Hans Hansen, the emigrant, who came over in 1633, and settled in Brooklyn,) located on a farm at New Windsor, near Cranberry, Middlesex County, probably as early as 1739, when his first son was born.

Evert Bergen, a brother of Jores, purchased in 1737 and settled on a tract of 140 acres at Roycefield, Somerset County.

Jan Teunis, and Cataline Teunis Bogaert his wife, and *Cornelis Teunis*, and Neeltje Teunis his wife, (sons of Teunis Nyssen or Denyse, who emigrated as early as 1638, and settled at Gavanus, Brooklyn,) located on the Raritan as early as 1683, whose descendants use the surname of Tunison.

In addition a *Teunis Teunis* and *Joris Teunis*, supposed also to be sons of Teunis Nyssen, (uncertain) also settled on

the Raritan at an early period, whose descendants use the surname of Van Middlewout or Middlewaert.

Teunis Denyse, son of Dionys Teunis, and grandson of Teunis Nysson, the emigrant, purchased April 14th, 1726, a tract of land near Freehold, to which he probably removed, and which was occupied by his descendants.

Willem Dey, resided in the vicinity of New Brunswick as early as 1715. A William Dey or Day was a witness at the baptism of Ysabelle, daughter of Frans Abramse in Brooklyn, April 5th, 1708, and may be the same individual.

Abraham Dubois, and Marytide or Margaret Deyo, his wife, resided in the vicinity of New Brunswick as early as 1718. He was a son of Louis Dubois, a Hugenot, who emigrated as early as 1660, and settled at Esopus.

Douw Ditmars, and Aeltie his wife, resided on the Raritan in 1741. He was a son of Dow, son of Jan Janse, who was a son of Jan Janse from Ditmarsen, and Aaltje Douws, the emigrant, who was in this country as early as 1638, and had a patent for a farm at Dutch Kills, in Queens County, N. Y. His son Jan Janse resided in Flatbush.

Peter Dumont, or *Demont*, of near New Brunswick in 1709, was born in Esopus, and married, 1st, Feb. 1st, 1707, Catalina, daughter of Veronimus Jorise Rapalie, and 2d, Oct. 28th, 1711, Jannetje Voghte,

Cornelius Cosyne, and Antje his wife, of the Raritan in 1760, may have been a descendant of Garret Cosyn, who resided in Flatlands as early as 1707, in which year his widow Belitie Quick married Teunis Yanse.

Hans Coevert, of the Raritans as early as 1707, and *Johannes Coevert*, and Janetie his wife, of the same locality in 1717, were sons of Teunis Janse Coevert, and Barbara Lucas, who emigrated in 1651, and settled in Brooklyn.

Lucas Coevert, of New Brunswick in 1717, was a son of Lucas Teunis and grandson of Teunis Janse; and *Teunis* and Marytie his wife, and *Brogen*, and Annetie his wife, of the same locality in 1720, were sons of the aforesaid Hans Coevert.

Cornelius Cornell, of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, was probably a son of either Cornelius Peter, or Giljam Cornell, who settled in Flatbush at an early period.

Hendrick Cortelyou, baptised April H 1711, (a son of Jaques, and a grandson of Jaques Corteljou, who emigrated about 1652, and settled in New Utrecht,) settled on the Raritan.

Lambert Dorlant, emigrated in 1663, settled at first in Brooklyn, then on Staten Island, and finally on the Raritan as early as 1717.

Garret Dorlandt, and Merretien his wife, who resided near New Brunswick as early as 1709, was a son of Jan Gerretts, whose father Garret emigrated in 1652, and settled in Bedford, Brooklyn.

Elyas DeHart, of Monmouth County in 1718, married Katie Laen, and was a son of Simon Aesen DeHart or TerHart, who emigrated in 1664, and settled at Gavanus, Brooklyn.

Barrent DeWitt and *Lucas DeWitt*, of Six-Mile-Run in 1723, are probably descendants of Peter Janse DeWit, who settled in Bushwick at an early period, and emigrated in 1652.

Jost Duryea, who resided on the Raritans as early as 1717, was probably a son of Jost of Bushwick, and a grandson of Jost Durje, or Durye, the emigrant, who came over in 1675, and settled at first in New Utrecht, and afterwards in Bushwick.

Hendrick Emans, of Six-Mile-Run in 1703, and *Abraham Emans*, of Monmouth County in 1716, were sons of Andries Emans, who emigrated in 1661, and settled as near as ascertained in Gravesend.

John, of near New Brunswick in 1717, was a son of John of Gravesend, and grandson of Andries the emigrant. Benjamin of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, was a son of Andries of Gravesend, and grandson of Andries the emigrant.

James Fonteyn, of the Raritan in 1707, and *Jaques* and *Siarles* Fonteyn of the same locality in 1717, were probably descendants of Jaques, Johannes, or of Charsl (or Charles) Fonteyn, who settled in Bushwick at an early period.

Johannes, *Joseph*, *Philip* and *Dirck Folkersen*, of the Raritan as early as 1717, were probably descendants of Volkert or Folkert Dirckse, who settled at Bushwick at an early period.

Jochem Gulick, of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, emigrated in 1653, and settled at first in Gravesend, where he took the oath of allegiance in 1687.

Joseph Golder, of Monmouth County in 1717, was probably a son of William Golden, who settled in Gravesend as early as 1650.

Benjamin Holsaert, of the Raritans in 1711, is probably a descendant of Johannes Holsaert, who had a son Gerardus baptised in Flatbush, Sept. 5th, 1685.

Dolis, or *Dallius*, *Nyse*, or *Denyse*, *Adrian* and *Jacobus Hegeman*, of the Raritans, and in the vicinity of New Brunswick in 1703, were sons of Denyse and Linrstia Hegeman, of Flatbush, and grandsons of Adrian, the emigrant, who came over in 1650, or 1651, and settled in Flatbush.

James Hubbard, of Monmouth County as early as 1700, was a son of James Hubbard, the emigrant, who settled in Gravesend with the Lady Deborah Moody in 1643.

William and *Christoffel Hoogland*, of the Raritans in 1717, were probably sons of Dirck Janse Hoogland, who emigrated in 1657, and settled in Flatbush, where he took the oath of allegiance in 1687.

Peter Kinne, of North Branch in 1710, was probably a son of Adriaan Pieterz Kinne, or Kunne, of Flatbush, whose son Jacob was baptised Dec. 5th, 1680, took the oath of allegiance at Flatbush, in 1687, and emigrated in 1660.

Peter Kouwenhoven, or *Cowenhoven*, of Monmouth County, *Cornelius*, of Middletown, in the same County, *Albert*, *Jacob* and *John*, of Monmouth County, were children of Willem Gerretse, son of Gerret Wolphertsen, son of Wolfert Gerretse Van Couwenhoven, who emigrated in 1630, and settled in Flatlands.

TUNIS G. BERGEN.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[NINTH PAPER.]

JOHANNES NEVIUS was the first sire of the families of that name in America, including the many who have resided in the valley of the Raritan. He was from Solen (probably Solingen in Westphalia) and in early life became a trader. Venturing to engage in mercantile pursuits within the Dutch Colony of New Amsterdam, he finally settled there permanently. It is stated by Valentine in his *History of New York*, that Johannes married a daughter of Cornelius de Potter, a shipping-merchant, but he is incorrect, unless, as was possible, Johannes had a second wife. The records of the Dutch Church show that, November 18th, 1653, the bans of marriage were published between Johannes Nevius, from Solen, and Araientje Bleyck, from Batavia, Isle of Java, East Indies. Johannes

offered a loan of forty dollars to the City of New Amsterdam this same year (1653) for erecting the Palisades; and in 1635 he was taxed twenty dollars to defray the expenses of constructing the City defences. In this latter year he was also elected a City Schepen* and in 1658, on the resignation of Jacob Kip, he succeeded the latter in the office of "Secretary of the Court of Burgomasters and Schepens." As Secretary he lived in the City Hall, on the present line of Pearl Street, opposite Coenties Slip, and was at one time granted permission to sow grain in the front yard of the Hall. When New Amsterdam surrendered to the English in 1665, he was superseded in office by Nicholas Bayard, after which he resided at the ferry landing on Long Island, probably until the time of his death. Johannes seemed to have spelled his surname as I have written it, and as is yet generally adopted, but the family name has been variously spelled by many as Nafius, Nefyes, Nevus, Neefus, Nevins, Nevyns, etc.

Johannes had eight children, viz.: Johannes, born in 1654; Sara, born in 1656; Cornelis, born in 1657; Marie, born in 1658; Cornelis, (second) born in 1661; Petrus, born in 1662; Sara Catherine, born in 1664, and Johanna, born in 1667 or '68.

The first Cornelis died an infant. The second Cornelis married Agatha Joris, April 15th, 1683, and resided then in Brooklyn. As late as 1738, a Cornelius Nevius, with a family of three sons and two daughters, resided at Flatlands, (or Amesfort) Long Island, and he is probably the same named above. At all events, Cornelis, the son of Johannes, had seven children, as follows: Johannes, (born 1684,) Joris, Jacobson, Jan, Anteen, Arientje, and another, perhaps Petrus.

Of none of the rest of the children of Johannes is anything known, save Petrus. He was the one through whom comes the Somerset County line. He was born as stated, and was baptised February 4th, 1663, in New Amsterdam. In 1683 he was living at Flatlands. In 1687 he took the oath of allegiance to the English, and was yet living at Flatlands in 1698, with his wife Janetje Roeloff Schenck, seven children and one slave. He married Mrs. Schenck June 22d, 1684. One of his children, David, was born in 1702, and baptised at Brooklyn.* Petrus was another child, and possibly Marten and Cornelis, who, with the Petrus last named, were privates in the 51st Co. of Kings County Militia in 1715, commanded by Capt. Raulf Terhunen, were also children of the first Petrus. The second Petrus married Altie Ten Eyck, March 30th, 1717. Martin† married August 27th, 1715, Willemptji Lucas Van Voorhees; and a Roeloff Nevius, who might have been another brother, married, May 3rd, 1712, Catryntie Lucas Van Voorhees.

Petrus, the second, had a son Petrus,

* A Schepen held about the rank of a modern Alderman.

* To avoid confusion, I carry down his line as far as necessary in this note. This David Nevius (*Nevyns*, as he spelled it) was the Assessor of Franklin Township, who made out the tax list of 1745, elsewhere mentioned. He had six children: Albert, William, Peter D., Neltje, Janetje and Altje. Peter D. had five children: Garret, David, Peter, John, Elbert. Garret was the father of J. Staats Nevius, at present of Pleasant Plains, Somerset Co. Mrs. Robert Todd, a widow, of Lamington, N. J., and Peter Garret, the son of J. Staats Nevius, owns the homestead at Pleasant Plains, and is of the sixth generation of the family who has possessed this same farm.

† He had a son Johannes. This, or some other Johannes, had five children: Martin, Abraham, John, David and Margaret, whose release of legacies, 1775, is before me.

whom I designate Petrus the third. He was born in July, 1718, married Johanna ———, and died December 2nd, 1793. He seems to have been living at Flatbush as late as 1738, and what time he emigrated to Somerset County is not known. But he came here, and was a farmer.* He had four children: Peter P., Martin, David and Wilhelmina.

Peter P. lived and died on the present farm of Isaac Voorhees, at Pleasant Plains. He married Jane Stothoff. His children were: 1. Peter, who lived in Pennsylvania for some time, but afterward returned to Six-Mile-Run. 2. John, who married Gertrude Hagaman, and had children: Peter, Benjamin† and Elbert—the latter a minister now stationed at Stuyvesant, New York. 3. Elbert, who married Sarah Staats, and died without issue.

Martin lived at Blawenburgh, and married Sarah Stothoff. He had children: Johanna and John. John had six children, one of whom, Martin, now lives at Blawenburgh, on the homestead.

David was born June 2nd, 1758, and died March 12th, 1825. He was married, November 4th, 1781, to Elizabeth Schureman, the grand-daughter of John Schureman, who came over from Holland as school-teacher with Frelinghuysen. Her father's name was also John Schureman They had twelve children: 1. Peter S., born August 23rd, 1782, died September 27th, 1870. He married Maria Van Doren. He was long a farmer at Pleasant Plains, and was one of the Judges of the Somerset Courts for a number of years. 2. Ann, born May 8th, 1784, and married Peter Bogart, who lived at Princeton and was long the steward of the Seminary there. His children were: Gilbert, who lives South, Eliza, wife of Rev. William Neal, William, who is South, Margaret, who is also South, John and David—the latter a lawyer. 3. John S., born November 30th, 1785, married Lydia Van Dyke. William J. Nevius, now of Princeton, John, of New York, Rev. Henry Nevius, of Kentucky, and Archibald, were their children. 4. David, born August 19th, 1787, married Margaret Schureman, his cousin, and lived near New Brunswick. Their children were: David, who died a young man, James, of Monmouth County, John, of New Orleans, Catharine, Anna, who married a Mr. Hodenpile, and lives in Michigan, Martin, who now lives at the Landing, William and Ellen. 5. Wilhelmina, born July 4th, 1789, married Isaac Skillman, a farmer, and lived near Ringoes. Their children were: Mary, Elizabeth, Charlotte, David, Catherine, Margaret, William, etc. 6. James S., born April 30th, 1791, died August 16th, 1794. 7. Martin, born February 28th, 1793, died August 14th, 1794. 8. Elizabeth S., born November 14th, 1794, died May, 1800. 9. James S., (second) born September 16th, 1796, died in 1859.*

* By his will he left to his two grandchildren, Peter and Johannes Bogart, 1,000 acres of land "in Cain Tucke, in the County of Jefferson, and State of Virginia." He also owned at his death about 400 acres of land in Somerset County, and 100 acres more in Gloucester County, New York—the latter being part of 1,000 acres previously (in 1772) conveyed to him by John Tyson, of New York City.

† His son, Rev. John L. Nevius, is now a Missionary in China. He is also author of *China and the Chinese*, published by Harper & Brothers, in 1869.

* This was the Hon. James S. Nevius, who for fourteen years was one of the Justices of the Supreme Court in this State. He resided in New Brunswick until the expiration of his second term of office in 1852, when he removed to Jersey City, and resumed the practice of law. He had ever an unfailing fund of humor and anecdote, and many good stories are told of him. Better than all, he was an upright, honorable man.

He married Catharine Polhemus. His children were: Elizabeth, Mary, Catharine, (wife of Rev. Dr. D. D. Demarest, of New Brunswick,) Henry, Jane and James. 10. Margaret, born April 3rd, 1799, died in 1863 or '64. She married William Van Dyke, of Kingston. The children were: Margaret, who married Howard Malcolm, of Philadelphia, Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Joseph White, missionary to China, James, Augustus, Edward, who is practising medicine in Philadelphia, Henry, a lawyer in Princeton, William and Annie. 11. Martin, born ——, died July 30th, 1817, a young man. 12. Isaac, born October 8th, 1803, died about 1866. He married Susan Hutchings, and lived at Titusville, New Jersey.

Other branches of the Nevius family I am not able to carry down, at least in the present paper.

I gave in my last paper the Franklin Township Tax List of about 1735, and proposed to give one of 1745, also in my possession, belonging to J. Staats Nevius. But its length, and various repetitions of names found in the first given list, have led me to cull from it only the names of the few additional persons who were then taxed, with the annexed statistics as to acres of land owned, cattle, sheep, and tax. These new tax-payers were as follows:

Abraham Hogelant, *a.* 166; *c.* 24; *t.* 14s, 4d.
Daniel Barcelow, *a.* 150; *c.* 13; *t.* 8s. 10d.
Farenton Barcelow, *a.* 150; *c.* 13; *t.* 8s, 11d.
Petrus Nevyus, *a.* 150; *c.* 6; *t.* 5s, 8d.
Welhelmes Stothof, *a.* 150; *c.* 12; *t.* 8s, 5d.
Cornelus Stoothof, *a.* 300; *c.* 18; *t.* 14s. 2d.
Isac Croose, *c.* 3; *t.* 1s, 5d.
Hen. Cell, *c.* 4; *t.* 1s, 11d.
Stoffel Van Aarsdale, Jr., *c.* 7; *t.* 3s. 3d.
Hans Brouwer, *c.* 5; t. 2s. 4d.
Garret Veghte, *a.* 296; *c.* 20; *s.* 16; *t.* 15s, 10d
Stoffel Hogeland, *a.* 205; *c.* 16; *t.* 11s, 4d.
John Veghte, *a.* 265; *c.* 9; *t.* 9s, 2d.
An Prin, *a.* 83; *c.* 5; *s.* 7; *t.* 4s, 4d.
Jan Lymese, *a.* 150; c. 14; *s.* 11; *t.* 10s.
Obadiah Willkins, Jr., *a.* 79; *c.* 11; *s.* 8; *t.* 7s.
Neiklas Veghte, *a.* 9; *c* 3; *t.* £1, 1s, 7d.
Nukles Britten, *a.* 115; *c.* 11; *s.* 9; *t.* 7s. 9d.
William Tillyer, *c.* 3; *t.* 1s, 7d.
John Tillyer, *a.* 3; *c.* 11; *t.* 1s. 2d.
Abraham Polhemes, *a.* 337; *c.* 23; *s.* 15; *t.* 16s.
Jacob Moene, (Dr.), *a.* 100; *c.* 20; *s.* 16; *t.* 17s, 9d.
John Van Tillburgh, *a.* 3; *c.* 4; *t.* 1s, 11d.
Jacob Bennet, *a.* 25; *c.* 9; *s.* 9; *t.* 7s.
Lauwerens De Kamp, *a.* 125; *c.* 6; *s.* 9; *t.* 5s, 8d.
Johannes Nevyus, *c.* 3; *t.* 1s. 5d.
Dereck Folkerse, *a.* 380; *c.* 25; *s.* 29; *t.* £1 2d.
Peter Kouwenover, *a.* 300; *c.* 18; *s.* 13; *t.* 14s, 6d.
Maghel Hageman, *a.* 75; *c.* 11; *s.* 7; *t.* 6s, 11d.
Janetye Aate, *a.* 75; *c.* 16; *s.* 7; *t.* 9s. 3d.
Hendreck Vesser, *a.* 300; *c.* 20; *s.* 26; *t.* 16s. 5d.
Hendreck Stats, *a.* 250; *c.* 10; *t.* 9s, 4d.
Abraham Schenk, *a.* 300; *c.* 18; *s.* 7; *t.* 14s, 5d.
Jan Wyckoff, Jr., *a.* 7; *t.* 3s, 3d.
Stoffel VanArsdale, *a.* 200; *c.* 17; *s.* 8; *t* 12s, 5d.
John Shoebard, *a.* 84; *c.* 7; *t.* 4s, 10d.
Jeams Best, *a.* 3; *c.* 1; *t.* 1s, 2d.
Albert Rosekem, *a.* 8; *c.* 2; *t.* 1s, 2d.
Teunis Ryneirse, *a.* 100; *c.* 5; *t.* 4s. 3d.
Loddwyck Woertman, *a.* 100; *c.* 5; s. 8; *t.* 4s, 8d.
Samuel Hath, *c.* 2; *t.* 1s, 2d.
Derreck Hof, *a.* 136; *c.* 7; *s.* 10; *t.* 6s, 5d.
John Smith, *a.* 100; *c.* 11; *t.* 7s.
Adam Smith, *a.* 25; *c.* 9; *t.* 2s, 4d.
Peter Colyon, *a.* 1; *c.* 6; *t.* 2s, 10d.
Derreck Sebren, *a.* 400; *c.* 7; *s.* 6; *t.* 5s, 6d.
Bergan Hoof, *a.* 255; *c.* 16; *s.* 14; *t.* 13s.
Benieman Taler, *c.* 1; *t.* 3s, 6d.
Sara Berea, *a.* 390; *c.* 34; *s.* 17; *t.* £1, 4s.
Hendreck Cornel, *a.* 250; *c.* 19; *s.* 19; *t.* 14s, 4d.
Jacobus Van Duyn, *a.* 200; *c.* 8; *s.* 6; *t.* 7s. 10d.
Dancel Waldrom, *a.* 112; *c.* 5; *t.* 4s. 5d.
Jacob Buys, Jr., *a.* 70; *c.* 5; *t.* 9s, 8d.
Hennere Welch, *a.* 40; *c.* 2; *t.* 1s, 8d.
Tis Smak, *a.* 150; *c.* 13; *s.* 10; *t.* 9s, 5½d.
Edman Arrasmith, *a.* 40; *c.* 6; 5s, *t.* 3s, 10d.
Richard Jewell, *a.* 100; *c.* 16; *t.* 9s. 10½d.

Denys Vanderbelt, *a.* 150; *c.* 16; *s.* 7; *t.* 10s. 8d.

Cornelius Rapelye, *a.* 105; *c* 9; *t.* 6s. 2d.

Daniel Macarte, *a.* 200; *c.* 4; *t.* 1£. 7d.

Jan Dalee, *a.* 1; *c.* 2; *t.* 1s, 2d.

John Soden, *a.* 7; c. 3; *t.* 1s, 6d.

Joseph Highgings, *a.* 60; *c.* 10; *s.* 3; t. 6s, 5d.

William H. (L. ?)arrasen, *a.* 66; *c.* 9; *t.* 5s, 5d.

Peter Berien, *a.* 170; *c.* 21; *s.* 16; *t.* 13s. 11d.

Beniemen Fonten, *a.* 9; *c.* 2; *t.* 1s, 9d.

Marya Wellemse, *a.* 140; *c.* 14; *s.* 15; *t.* 10s.

William Bantlee, *a.* 7; *c.* 1; *t.* 1s, 2d.

Hendreck Holsaart, *c.* 2; *t.* 1s, 2d.

Cornelus Wyckof, Jr., *a.* 133; *c.* 17; *s.* 12; *t.* 11s. 1d.

William Wood, *c.* 8; *t.* 3s, 9d.

John Manly, *a.* 10; *c.* 12; *s.* 2; *t.* 5s, 11d.

Margreta Stryker, *a.* 292; *c.* 30; *s.* 27; *t.* £1, 1s, 1d.

Joseph Van Clef, *a.* 300; *c.* 14; *s.* 28; *t.* 15s, 2d.

Lametye Voorhes, *c.* 4; *t.* 1s, 10d.

Lawerens Van Cleef, *a.* 250; *c.* 20; *s.* 28; *t.* 15s, 5d.

Jan Probaska, *a.* 280; *c.* 19; *t.* 11s, 10d.

Gerret Voorhes, *a.* 25; *c.* 4; *t.* 2s, 4d.

Dereck Rapelye, *a.* 320; *c.* 19; *s.* 17; *t.* 15s, 10d,

Isac Slover, *a.* 6; *c.* 9; *t.* 4s, 4d.

Godson De Kamp, *a.* 150; *c.* 16; *t.* 16s.

Phelep Frens, *a.* 400; *c.* 27; *s.* 15; *t.* £1, 1s.

Derreck Van Veghte, *c.* 1; *t.* £1.

Derreck Vanalen, *c.* 1; *t.* 15s.

Abraham Schuyler, *c.* 4; *t.* 17s, 6d.

Necklas Groosbeeck, *c.* 1; *t.* 2s, 4d.

John Beviridg, *a.* ½; *t.* 3s, 6d.

Doctor Farker, *c.* 2; *t.* 4s.

Richard Williams, c. 2; *t.* 4s.

Fransis Costikin, *c.* 3; *t.* 1s. 5d.

Antene Wight, *a.* 70; *c.* 6; *t.* 4s. 2d.

Gerades Depister, *a.* 90; *c.* 14; *s.* 8; *t.* £1, 8d.

Cornelus Vanengele, *a.* 130; *c.* 14; *t.* 9s.

Jan Kroese, *a.* 200; *c.* 15; *s.* 8; *t.* 11s. 2d.

Garet Gerrese, *a.* 190; *c.* 20; *s.* 9; t. 13s. 5d.

Welhelmes Gerretse, *a.* 150; *c.* 14; *t.* 9s, 5d.

Hendreck Van Lewe, *a.* 200; *c.* 24; *s.* 21; *t.* 16s, 2d.

Tomas Aate, *a.* 200; *c.* 20; *t.* 13s, 2d.

Ares Van Derbelt, *a.* 150; *c.* 19; *s.* 11s, 11d

In the Tax List of 1735, I omitted the assessment upon the mills in Franklin. There appear to have been six,—four on the smaller streams, assessed 10s. each, being owned as follows: 1. Coert Van Voorhees, on the Mile-Run Brook, at the Landing; 2. Jacus Fontine, about a mile further up the River, on what was called the Rappleye Brook; 3. John Folkers, on the old Folkerson property, upon the Brook emptying into the Raritan, a few yards east of the house now owned and occupied by Abram Schring; 4. Simon Wyckoff, on the Six-Mile-Run Brook, about 1¼ miles below the old road running from Six-Mile-Run to New Brunswick. The other two were located on the east side of the Millstone,—one being owned by Lewis Moore, successor to John Harrison, the great land holder, who built this mill previous to 1716, and was located on the east side oft he River at Rocky Hill. This was assessed 15s. The other, two miles below the former ,was owned by Benjamin Greggs,* and assessed 25s. This last-named mill was owned in 1752 by Nicholas Veghten, and afterwards by Abraham Van Doren. It was taken down in 1831 to make way for the Delaware and Raritan Canal.

Thus we see that while there were at this time but two mills on the east side of the Millstone River as far as Rocky Hill, there were three between the Landing and Bound Brook.

The first mill on the west side of the Millstone was erected by Hendrick Schenck prior to 1747, and has since been known as Schenck's (Peter), Mercer's, Sythoff's, Blackwell's, and Van Zandt's mill. It remained in the Blackwell family for over 60 years.

In 1749 Abram Berean owned a mill on the east side of the Millstone, it being, doubtless, the first erected at Weston. This was afterward known as Smith's,

* From Benjamin Greggs *Griggstown* must have received its name.

Van Nest's, Schenck's, Harris', Bayard's, Roger's, Cornell's, Robeson's, and Eldridge's mill.

About the time of the Revolutionary War, the people along the upper part of the Raritan became so exasperated because the mill-dam at the Landing prevented shad from running up the River, that they tore the dam down, and thus made the mill useless.*

In 1815 a new military system, was established in New Jersey, by act of the Legislature, by which every citizen between the ages of 18 and 45 was bound to perform military duty. When enrolled they were organized into companies, battallions, regiments, brigades, and divisions. The Somerset, Middlesex, and Monmouth brigades composed the Third Division.

A company consisted of 65 men, whose officers were, a Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, and Corporal. A battalion was composed of several companies, and commanded by a Major. A regiment consisted of two battalions, and was commanded by a Colonel. All the regiments in a County made a brigade, commanded by a General. Company "trainings" were in April; battalion, in May; and regimental in June of each year. Brigades drilled when ordered out by the Brigadier-general. The military spirit being high in consequence of the War of 1812, military tactics became a matter of pride with large numbers of the citizen-soldiers. "Training days", were considered holidays. Young and old of every class, and particularly the colored people, assembled at such times from all parts of the County to witness the glitter of the officer's uniforms, with their swords, epaulettes, cocked hats, red, white and black feathers, and caparisoned horses, and the curious accoutrements of the privates. Spirituous liquors were freely used, and the "trainings" were, therefore, attended with gambling, fighting, horse-racing, etc., the evil results thus more than counterbalancing the good. This system gradually declined under such a *regime* until 1840, when it was entirely abandoned. I remember well as old-time officers under this system, Brigadier-Generals Peter I. Stryker and John Frelinghuysen, Colonels Farrington Barcalow and Wm. D. McKissack, Majors Henry Duryee and Jerome Rappelye, Paymasters John Skillman and Peter R. Voorhees, Adjutant Cornelius VanDerveer, Captains John Van Liew, Benjamin Hagaman and Henry Hoagland. Brigade Inspector Dr. McKissack (the elder,) and Brigade Paymaster Andrew Howell.

Among all the officers commanding in New Jersey under this military system of 1815, Col. Farrington Barcalow was the most conspicuous. His father, whose name was Daniel (or Farrington,) was the owner of the farm on the east side of the Millstone, now belonging to Abram J. Voorhees, of Voorhees Station. Tradition states that the first Barcalow married a daughter of Abram Voorhees, the first settler on the tract of 300 acres, extending from the Millstone River to the Middlebush road, and thus came into possession of it; and that he held it until he exchanged with John Schureman, previous to 1800, for the farm on the Amwell road, two miles below Millstone, on which the Colonel died. The Colonel was deeply imbued with the military spirit of the time, and was a good disciplinarian, but was charged by some as being too authoritative in his manner and too strict in his discipline. If the latter were true, it was, doubtless, the result of a sense of

* In October, 1794, this mill was advertised for sale by Richard Falkerson, Rynear Vechten and Peter D. Vroom, and was then stated as "lately the property of Charles and Henry Suydam."

duty; but it rendered him unpopular with some of his officers and men. The last time he exercised his regiment on drill, he gave a farewell address, closing as follows: "Gentlemen, I am no orator—I am more a disciplinarian." These were words truly spoken. I accompanied him as one of his staff, with H. V. De Mott, Quartermaster, and Peter R. Voorhees, Paymaster, to Trenton, in 1825, on the occasion of honoring the Marquis de Lafayette.* None of the commanders attracted more attention than Colonel Barcalow.

The Colonel married Hannah, a daughter of James Bennet, a prominent grain merchant of New Brunswick, at the commencement of the present century, who was also for a time mayor of that city. The Colonel often assisted Mr. Bennet in navigating vessels, loaded with grain, to New York, and became quite a skillful captain. His children were: William, who at one time kept the County House Hotel, in Somerville, the father of C. Barcalow, of the latter place; George Washington, who married Ann Suydam, and lives at Millstone; James, who married Ann Duryea, of Blawenburgh, now his widow; Cornelius, who married ——— ———, and lives at Millstone; Henry, who died young; Ellen, who married Aaron Shaw, and is now a widow residing at Millstone; Jemima, who married John King, and is a widow living at Spring Lake, Illinois; and Hannah, who resides in New York.

While the Colonel deserved much credit for great activity and skill as an officer, he was also himself over-confident of his abilities. He was heard to say that had he been in the British General Packenham's place, Jan. 8th, 1815, at the battle of New Orleans, General Jackson would not have fared so well as he did behind his fortifications of cotton!

He was for a long time a Justice of the Peace, from whose judgments *none ever took an appeal*; also, for a while, one of the Judges of the Somerset Courts. He was an active member of the Church at Millstone, and rendered important service in the building of the new Reformed Church there in 1828. In vocal music he was a great bass singer, and he was as proficient in instrumental music. In his last days his mind became badly wrecked, his memory failing him to such a degree that he could not recognize even his children. I will never forget my last interview with him, at which I was compelled to drop a tear. I accosted him with "A good morning, Colonel." "I don't know you, sir," he said. "*Don't* you know me?" I replied. "I think I have heard that voice before, but don't know whose it is." I then inquired: "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "I think I *do*," was the prompt reply. When all knowledge of his fellow-soldiers and associates had failed him, he had not forgotten the Captain of his salvation. That is a portion the world can neither give nor take away.

The Barcalows were among the early settlers of New Utrecht, Long Island. Daniel Barcalow resided, in 1766, on the farm near Ten Mile-Run, in Middlesex County, owned by Columbus Beekman. He was the father of Captain Stoffel Barcalow, who purchased and died upon the "Sterling farm," near Baskingridge; and whose son, Christopher Barcalow, married Mary, a daughter of Brogun B. Huff, formerly of Somerville.

* A large portion of the State troops had been ordered to assemble there. A beautiful triumphal arch was erected across Warren Street, ornamented with inspiring devices. The General passed before the line with head uncovered, and we were surprised to see him limp from wounds received at the Battle of Brandywine. It was a glorious occasion for us all.

In the October term of the Somerset Courts, 1778, John Schenck, son of Peter, was indicted for horse-racing, and fined £10. At the same term, John Smock, Nicholas Perrine, Conrad Ten Eyck, Dr. William Liddel, Daniel McCown, Abram Brown, Robert Combs, Cornelius Tunnison, John Hedges, were indicted for seditious words. In the April term, 1779, William Clark petitioned *to keep a school.* "The Court satisfied with respect to his abilities, and having taken the necessary oaths, the license was granted."

Writing of the Courts naturally brings me again to the lawyers and Court officers, of whom I have already given a few anecdotes. I may be pardoned one or two more in this place.

Theodore Frelinghuysen used to relate that, when he commenced the practice of law, he was employed to conduct a case on the mountains in Warren Township, where he came into contact with a shrewd pettifogger, who was in good practice there. As Frelinghuysen had yet a reputation to establish, he thought it might be to his advantage to make a display of his learning, and attempted it in his argument. After closing, the mountaineer arose, and commenced his speech as follows: "Gentlemen of the Jury,—The opposite counsel has been soaring aloft above the clouds as though he were in search of eagles; but, gentlemen, I intend to *lay low for black ducks.*" Frelinghuysen said he there learned a useful lesson, which was to "lie low" in an argument rather than soar too high. Jacob R. Hardenburgh was known as a clear-headed lawyer in his day. A widow, Maria Ditmars, made a verbal request on her death-bed, that Phebe, her sister-in-law, should be rewarded for services which she had rendered for many years in the family, and for which she had received no just compensation. When Phebe presented her claim to the executor of the deceased, he refused to admit it. A trial was had at the lower Tavern, Millstone. Hardenburgh and Mac Donald were the lawyers. In the course of his argument, Hardenburgh, pointing to the steeple across the way, said: I would rather see Jacobus Garretson come down headlong from the top of that steeple to the ground, than that you by your verdict should deprive this woman of a just compensation for her hard-earned claim." Was not that somewhat similar to the sentiment, *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*: "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall?"

When General John Frelinghuysen was Surrogate of the County, the following incident occurred. Peter Cortelyou of Middlesex was the executor of Robert Priest of Franklin Township, Somerset County, who had been a soldier of the Revolution. When the account was stated for settlement, Cortelyou asked Frelinghuysen the amount of his charges. "Was he a soldier?" "Yes," was Cortelyou's reply. "Then," said the Surrogate, "I shall charge nothing. I never charge for stating the accounts of soldiers." Noble man! He ought to have had that sentence engraved on his tombstone.

RALPH VOORHEES.

A REPLY TO "CAPITAL PUNISHMENT."

I.

I HAVE read and faithfully considered the two articles which have appeared in this Magazine by a well-known writer of learning and ability, expecting to be converted from the heresy of a non-belief in capital punishment, which has more and more firmly rooted itself in my convictions for a considerable time past. I will not say I had no doubts about my position: who is free of them when he runs against the current opinions and practices of his fellows and his age—in this case, of all past ages? Because of these occasional doubts, which mainly sprang from the generally interpreted teachings of the Bible—the noblest and truest Book in all the world—I was glad to see a master-mind of keen logic, as Mr. Mott's is, grapple this question in OUR HOME, and give the fullest reasoning upon the affirmative side. He has done it; he has gone (from his standpoint) to the bottom and to the top of the subject; and yet I am unconverted—in fact, feel more sure than ever, that the hanging of a murderer is not a Christian act, nor necessary for the preservation of peace in society.

In this first paper I shall simply allude to the Scriptural part of the argument. If that is as Mr. Mott states, it were useless to argue farther. God's will, which is His law, if plainly revealed to us, we must obey. The State must keep it as well as every individual. Let His Word stand though the heavens fall! But what is that will?

To begin with, everybody will admit that under the Hebrew theocracy the murderer was punished by death. The same code of laws given by God to Moses, which gave the wife and children of a Hebrew servant to their master after the servant was free, and ordered him to have a hole bored through his ear by an awl if he said: "I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free"*—declared that "He that smiteth a man so that he die, shall be surely put to death."† It was the same code, too, which said: "Thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe."‡ It was the same code which said: "If the ox shall push a man-servant, or a maid-servant, he shall give unto their master thirty shekels of silver, and the ox shall be stoned."§ If, then, this were *all* the Scriptural argument, and God nowhere else more widely declared it his will the murderer should die, the affirmative position could not stand a moment. It would not do to choose out from a multitude of the statutes Divinely given for the government of the Israelites a single one, and say: "The rest are absurd, and must be abolished: this accords with my reason (or prejudices) and must be retained as a law given for all time." Without emphatic re-affirmation, without the most distinct utterance on the part of God that this one Jewish law was binding on every nation under heaven forever, we have no right thus to consider it.

But it is said that the death penalty was first announced as the Divine law to Noah. Grant it. But how are we to know that it was then intended to be a universal law forever? While not intermixed with a long array of other laws, as in the case of the code before referred to, and while given immediately after the Flood, when, practically, the communi

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* Exodus xxi., 5. † Exodus xxi., 12.
‡ Exodus xxi., 23–25. § Exodus xxi., 32.

cation was to the head of all the human race, yet I do not see that those facts make it stronger. The conduct of Cain in the family of the first Adam might well be held up to the family of the second Adam (Noah), as contrary to His will, and as likely in this new incipiency of the race to destroy it from the earth. The "wickedness of man" before the Deluge was probably as much displayed in murders, and other crimes, which, more indirectly but as surely, produced death and woe, as in any other "violences." Because of this "wickedness" the Flood came. After it, what was more proper, or better for the human race, than laws of punishment so severe as to prevent, as much as possible, a recurrence of the bloody antediluvian scenes? To impress anew upon mankind the idea that man was made in His image and likeness, and should be the object of love and care from one another, and not of hatred and envy, He lays down the law of life for life. It was the Hebraic law forestalled and antedated—no more and no less. If I can not *prove* that it was *not* a law to continue through all the future, neither can Mr. Mott *prove* that it *was*. But this much seems evident, —that one-half that law, at least, is now not only treated as void, but is impracticable. Let me quote the whole of the two verses in the ninth chapter of Genesis, which are those relied upon by every defender of capital punishment:

"And surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man."

Now, what is more plain than that God here declared what he afterward re-enacted into law for the Israelites,—that every beast which should slay a man should be put to death? "At the hand of every beast will I require" [man's blood.] Yet, to-day, we know of no such law, moral or statutory. It would be ineffective for good, often impracticable, always cruel. Do you ask, then, "Why did God make it?" For the same reason he made the laws given in Exodus and Numbers, and in other places in the Old Testament, —to enforce upon the mind of this early man-hating and God-hating race the idea that it *was a grievous* CRIME *to murder*. Men, in those days, as in the bloody Bartholomew times of France, and as in many savage countries now, thought it proper, and, indeed, the exercise of a high duty, to kill their enemies, and to consider all their enemies who were not sworn friends. That age of the world was not as this. Now we *know* it is wrong to murder; the murderer knows it; and because we all know it, and the spirit of enlightened Christianity permeates the civilized world, we don't need to be taught it by the "like for like" punishments *needed by the Hebrews*. For their age, every law of the Old Testament must have been wholesome and good. To doubt it would be to impugn the Divine wisdom. To doubt that their age *was* different from ours, and *needed* different penal correctives, also impugns the Divine wisdom. It would make God a Draconian of the sternest, most unmerciful, most cruel school. I believe His laws then were founded in love and in wisdom, and accomplished their mission more fully than any mere human laws could. But I also believe their misson ended as to their legal force, with the personal appearing, and work, and ascension, and atonement of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Bovee, as Mr. Mott justly states, is one of the foremost in this country in fighting the death penalty, and he does it valiently if not always wisely. On this

point of the present interpretation of the command to Noah, he gives, under the guise of a dialogue, some logical raps, which seem to me as well put as true. I quote the dialogue in full:

"*Question.* Then you regard this passage of Scripture as of Divine origin, and one which enjoins capital punishment in the most explicit manner?

"*Answer.* Certainly, I do.

"*Q.* If, then, this be a commandment of Jehovah, imperative in its nature, ought it not to be uniformly and rigidly enforced?

"*A.* Certainly.

"*Q.* In this State, when an individual kills another in a moment of passion, what is the penalty for the commission of the offence? In other words, how do you punish the crime of manslaughter?

"*A.* The crime of manslaughter is punishable by imprisonment for a term of years, or for life, according to the gravity of the offense.

"*Q.* Then you don't hang the criminal who has been found guilty of manslaughter?

"*A* No; for he did not kill with malice aforethought.

"*Q.* Then the text should read: 'Whoso *premeditatedly* sheddeth man's blood,' etc. But what disposition do you make of the lunatic, who, in his frenzy, kills several persons, even whole families?

"*A.* He is sent to an asylum for cure.

"*Q.* Then you don't hang the lunatic?

"*A.* No: he is not accountable.

"*Q.* Then the passage should read: 'Whoso, with malice aforethought, *and being morally responsible*, sheddeth man's blood,' etc. But, when you have finally convicted an individual of the crime of willful, premeditated murder, how is the criminal disposed of?

"*A.* He is hanged by the neck until dead,

"*Q.* Then you don't shed his blood at all!

"*A.* The rope is substituted for the guillotine, it being deemed a better mode of execution.

Q. Ah! yes; you have a substitute, then? Thank you for 'letting down the bars.' I'll go through with you. I also have a substitute, but mine is imprisonment."

The fact is, we have so torn to pieces this Noachic command, by certain refined, legal subtleties, have made it of so little literal effect, that we have practically abrogated it. The distinction between murders of the first and of the second degree was not made by God, but by men in the after-ages, when they were sufficiently civilized to allow of the distinction and their sense of justice demanded it.

Mr. Mott thinks that "God made a great experiment with Cain," and, *because it failed*, enacted the death-penalty. But does not this savor of irreverence? He, the All-Wise, the Omniscient, could make no such mistake. He did not need to experiment. "He saw the end from the beginning." Why He did not slay Cain, if it was to be part of an *eternal* creed that the murderer should be put to death, no advocate of capital punishment can answer. Nor can I say why not, considering the murders of which this of Abel was the beginning. "God's ways are not as our ways." I could suggest a reason, but would not like to be responsible for the suggestion, and therefore will not in this connection.

In 1846, Rev. Dr. Cheever wrote a pamphlet upon capital punishment, which was widely circulated, and went over nearly the whole ground. I have never seen it, but have read, instead, a letter from that gentleman, written in 1868, in support of the same views enunciated in his pamphlet. There the Dr. makes no reference whatever to the Noachic command, but solely to the passages in Exodus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, which embody the Mosaic law. And the only argument he gives for their perpetuity to this day consists in extracting three verses from the First Epistle of Timothy,* which bears upon the question about as much as the writings of Plato; and in declaring that nowhere has God made a *codicil* to his *will* as given to Moses. This

* 1 Timothy I., 8–11.

may convince him, but cannot a rational man not predisposed to his views.

Under the Mosaic code there were *thirty-three* offenses punishable by death; whereabouts do we find all these abrogated, and in the law of abrogation *murder excepted?*

"When Blackstone wrote," says Mr. Mott, "there were one hundred and ninety-six different offences punishable by death." He is correct. But how did Englishmen get their authority to multiply the death-crimes of Moses' time six fold?

On the 12th of June, 1780, the Legislature of New Jersey enacted, that "if any person shall steal any horse, mare, or gelding, within this State, after the passing of this Act, he shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and, being thereof legally convicted, shall suffer death without benefit of clergy." Whereabouts in the Bible did it get the authority to enact this law? Why make a distinction between stealing a horse and stealing a mule, or a dog? A man could rob another of a thousand dollars, and he would be imprisoned; let him take a five-dollar horse and he would be hung; where does the Bible sanction this? And why, if this law was right at that time, is it not now right, only ninety years afterward?

Any one of my readers *knows* why. The reason is found in the *necessities of the times.* While I do not believe the severe laws of England two hundred years ago were needed, I can see better how,—in 1780, this act was needed in New Jersey; but it might *not* have been needed then. Still, the punishment was founded in this idea of *necessity.* The State must preserve its life, and protect its citizens in their enjoyment of life, liberty and property, as best it can, and in the most efficient way. I believe it has the right *if it be necessary* to punish murder with death. Whether it is thus necessary, I shall argue in a subsequent article. But supposing it not to be, I declare my firm belief that the State has no right to exercise so Divine a prerogative as to take away a human life. God will punish the act in His own way as to the murderer's death, and He is best fitted to do it. Our work, like Christ's, though in another manner, is to save life, to reform bad men, to work for the salvation of every member of the race. How the death of the murderer on the gallows may impede this work will be told in another paper. V.

FIRE ISLAND BEACH.

"WE, US AND CO.," by which I mean certain nameless friends and the writer, took a little trip lately to Fire Island Beach, and of course we desire immediately to tell OUR HOME about it.

The fact is, not one individual in a hundred, however "well read," can tell you, if you inquire of them, where Fire Island, or the Beach is, or how to get there, or what is to be seen after the place is reached. Long Branch, with its fashionable attractions, and Niagara, if not the sum of noted watering places in this country, seem at least so to overshadow all others that the hundred more healthy and more delightful localities are quite undiscovered and unappreciated; among the latter Fire Island Beach.

South of Long Island is a long, narrow sand-bar, some sixty miles in length and a quarter of a mile wide. It runs parallel

with the Island, averages about seven miles in its distance from it, and lays out there in the Ocean as an encroachment upon the domains of the great deep, or as a valiant resistant of those otherwise conquering water-forces which, from geologic times, have fought hard for new possessions along our Middle coast. To get to this sand-bar, which is Fire Island Beach as put down upon the maps, you cross to Williamsburgh from New York over the Grand Street Ferry, and take the Southside Railroad to Babylon, say 30 miles. There a horse-car will pick you up—if you allow it to do so—and take you a mile to the Great South Bay. This Bay is the Ocean between the Beach and Long Island—called Great South Bay because it comes natural to name every little bit of hemmed-in-water by a local title. Across this Bay a small steamer plows her way morning and afternoon. The ride of eight miles is delightful, because you get at once the sea-air, (unless the wind be northerly,) and this we are supposed to go to Fire Island Beach to obtain. If one now leaves New York at 4:10 P. M., he reaches the Beach at 7:15,—before or just after sunset. There are two hotels there, the Surf House and the Old Dominy House. The former, kept by D. S. S. Sammis, will accommodate 500 guests, and is the most fashionable hotel. The other, kept now by Stephen H. Conklin, is small, but comfortable. We chose the latter because it was more retired and the fare better, (according to reputation—we were not at the Surf to dine.) Both hotels front the north and are on the shore of the Bay. A quarter of a mile in the rear is the Ocean, where the beach is fine, and bathing most excellent. The breakers come tumbling in there in the most approved fashion for sea-bathers. Fishing in either the Bay or the Ocean is as good perhaps as anywhere along the Jersey, or Long Island coast. Blue-fish, weak-fish, black-fish, sheeps-head, and, at times, Spanish mackerel, are waiting to be caught. Schooners are at hand for hiring all the while. We went out into the Ocean one afternoon and had splendid sport trolling for blue-fish, which were there in immense schools, and only wanted to get sight of a hook to seize it.

There is little of interest on the Beach itself, Fire Island Light-House being in fact the only object of notice. That is alone worth a visit to see. It is 160 feet high, built of very substantial brick masonry, and, being the last light visible when to steamers going out to, and the first coming in from Europe, is, next to Barnegat Light-House, the most important along the Atlantic coast. The revolving light is of the first order, imported from Paris, and a source of wonder to the stranger.

But the chief delight of Fire Island is, of course, its sea-air. That is almost constant day and night. At Long Branch you get it once a week, perhaps; here let the wind be anywhere from north-east to south, or to west, and it blows from off the Ocean. He who lives near the mountains needs for summer recruiting this sea-air. Let him go there a week or two and he will be a well man. But he must not do every day as we did the first after our arrival—get up at half past four in the morning, and fish until eight without breakfast, and then stroll about the hot sand all the rest of the morning, and then fish all the afternoon; or, like our comrade E., he will have to retire early a sick man and sigh for home again, and have the same headache the remainder of our party had the rest of our stay on Fire Island Beach.

A.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED MINISTER.

[LETTER THIRD.]

MR. EDITOR:—As you seem to insist on my continuing these reminiscences, I do so.

I graduated at Queen's, now Rutgers College, in 1814. Of our class of eight, two died shortly after receiving their degree, and three more in the space of twelve years. Of the three survivors, one became a physician of reputation at Belvidere, and died at about the age of sixty. Another was soon in the Legislature, then served two terms in Congress, and finally became Governor of the State,—positions for which his chief qualifications must have been his uprightness and good intentions. His messages to the Legislature were remarkable chiefly for their brevity, and in this he certainly exhibited his good sense. He has been dead many years, and of the class I am now the sole survivor; and probably, since the death of Dr. William Van Deursen, of New Brunswick, I am the oldest living graduate of the College. Shortly after graduating, I commenced the study of the law. It was an early age to take up a study of that kind, but there was nothing else for me to do, and, from my previous course of reading, especially in history, I was in a measure prepared to understand Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, which was the book then placed in the hands of beginners. We had few novels in my boyish days, but New Brunswick contained two valuable Society Libraries, the remains of which I understand are now in the College. From these and other sources, I was kept well supplied with books.

And here let me remark on the desirableness of neighborhood and family libraries. There are few families, who might not, by economizing in other matters, soon procure a hundred dollars' worth of good books, the reading of which would serve to make home more pleasant to the children, and enable them to pass their leisure hours more profitably. Sunday School libraries are doing some good, and would do more, if they contained less fiction, and did not thus promote a taste for the light, and often corrupting books with which our land is now flooded.

Some old writer on law has said that "Law is the perfection of reason." In one sense this is true of what is called the *Common Law*, apart from the Statute Law. For, setting out from a few general principles, the judges in their decisions have, by logical inference, built up the whole system. And here is a point in which lawyers differ. One is simply a case lawyer, and he tells you that such is the law, for so the Courts have decided. Another comes to the same result by going back to first principles, and reasoning from them as the judges have done. Hence, in cases involving some question of law on which there is no recorded decision, (and such cases do often occur,) the mere case lawyer is entirely at a loss. And yet even if law itself "is the perfection of reason," to an outsider who has not penetrated its mysteries, there are, or perhaps I should say there were some things in the mode of administering it, that seemed immensely *un*reasonable. Take for instance the procedure in trying a land title. If A. claims title to land which B. holds in possession, one would naturally suppose that A. would, in his own name, bring suit against B. Not so at all. In the old English system, which is the basis of ours, there was a peculiar

sacredness about land, so that a multitude of writs and pleadings, running perhaps through years, was required to bring matters to a final decision. To save time and labor, the plan was adopted of trying the validity of an imaginary lease of the land in question. Fifty years ago there were two persons who were very well known by name in our courts, John Doe and Richard Roe. I never saw them, nor met with any person who had seen them, and yet they were very prominent characters, for they were parties in every land trial throughout this State and in many other States. In every case John Doe declared that he had leased from A., the real plaintiff, 100 acres of arable land, 100 acres of woodland, 100 acres of meadow land, (always taking care to make the claim large enough;) that he had been put in possession of said land, but had been ejected by Richard Roe, or some one claiming through him. Richard Roe admits all this, but, as he has no direct interest in the matter, he sends a copy of the declaration made by A. and supposed to be already filed, to B., or the tenant in possession, notifying him to appear and defend such possession. This was the first paper in the case, the existence of a summons and all other necessary papers being taken for granted. The possessor justifies by disputing the plaintiff's title to the land. Thus, while the matter on which the jury passed is simply whether John Doe, the imaginary lessee, has been illegally ousted, their verdict determines whether A., the plaintiff under whom Doe is supposed to hold, is the owner of the land.

The mode of breaking an entail by what was called fine and recovery was still more curious, but I shall not attempt to state the particulars. As for legal documents the great object was to render them as long as possible, and for this purpose we had books of forms, stating the case many various ways, all of which perhaps were inserted in a single declaration. It is wonderful what a change has been wrought in the length of such papers by the act of our Legislature which fixes a particular fee to certain documents independent of their length. In the matter of bills in Chancery, some of my readers may be amused by the address of such a bill in my time. It was: "To his Excellency, Isaac H. Williamson, Governor, Captain-General and Commander-in-chief in and over the State of New Jersey, and Territories therewith belonging, Chancellor and Ordinary in the same." To every subpœna or other order of that Court was affixed the great seal of the State. But this too is changed, since the offices of Governor and Chancellor have been separated. That the separation has been altogether for the better, is not so certain. The necessity of having an able lawyer for Chancellor insured an able Governor, such as we have not always had since, for political conventions look not so much for ability in those they nominate as for votes; and neither Hans, nor Patrick, nor Cuffee, nor even Jonathan are likely to vote for the ablest or the most upright, but rather for the pleasant, agreeable man, who will shake hands with every body, and on proper occasions *stand treat.*

Another peculiarity of those days was the large number of judges of the County Court. By the Constitution then existing the number was not limited, and as the appointments were made (though nominally by the Legislature, yet) really by the members from the County, when they belonged to the ruling party, it very naturally followed that these used their power for the purpose of conciliating the favor of influential persons who could aid in re-electing

them. Hence, every year there were fresh appointments in addition to the old, until nearly the whole of one side of the Court room would be ornamented by a row of these extemporized interpreters of the law. And never was there better evidence afforded of the wisdom of that old Latin maxim, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," which, freely translated, means, "Keep to what you understand." And here I am tempted to mention an incident which occurred some fifty years ago, in one of the Virginia County Courts, constituted as those of our own State. My informant was the late Dr. Robert Breckenridge, who had been a practising lawyer. Chapman Johnson was the leading lawyer in that County, and had obtained an unbounded influence with the judges. On one occasion he found that he had a bad case; so bad that he could really think of nothing to say for his client. In this emergency, he started off in a violent tirade of abuse against the opposing counsel, who happened to be a young man recently called to the Bar. The young lawyer, astonished at the attack thus made upon him, after having several times remonstrated with Johnson, but only rendering him still more violent and abusive, at length appealed to the Court for protection. The judges put their heads together as usual, and, after whispering for a while, at length the presiding judge announced their decision in these words: "Young man, unless you stop aggravating Mr. Johnson, the Court will certainly commit you to jail!" I never witnessed anything like this, but I know of one case where a young lawyer, of education and talent, and bearing a name which has long been held in honor in our State, was so berated by his opponent that he abandoned the profession. There was, however, considerable courtesy between the members of the

I recollect but one real blackguard among them all. But the County judges did not always fare so well, the consciousness of their own disqualifications disabling them from insisting on the respect due to their office. Sometimes they had "little unpleasantnesses" between themselves. I recollect hearing of one instance where the presiding judge had ventured to decide what seemed to him a very plain question, without consulting his fellow judges, when he found himself overruled by them, and his decision reversed. At once he arose, a large man of commanding appearance, as well of unusual mental ability, though unhappily somewhat profane, and bursting forth with the expression, "The —— fools," left the Bench, and never took his seat again. This, however, I can say of "their honors," that, though often derided, I never heard their integrity questioned. Like King Jamie, of England, they were frequently sadly puzzled by the lawyers, but they always *meant* well. Indeed, some of them, possessing native shrewdness by long experience, attained a considerable measure of ability.

In the Circuit and Oyer and Terminer Courts, there was a very different state of things. These Courts, when I attended, were usually held by the Chief Justice, Andrew Kirkpatrick. He was probably the handsomest man of his age in the State; well formed, beautiful in complexion, hair pure white, voice musical, and he was always dressed in the most becoming and tasteful manner. He wore powder, as did some of the older lawyers. In appearance he seemed to have been made for a Chief Justice, not needing official robes to give him dignity. I have seen very few of our Supreme Court judges, but my fancy was so filled by Andrew Kirkpatrick when I was a boy, and he became so much my *beau ideal* of a judge, that I never felt satisfied with his successors. However great

their legal attainments, they lacked those externals which I had been led to associate with their high office. Judge Kirkpatrick was aristocratic in feeling and manner, and took no pains to conciliate favor. The result was that he lost his office after serving two terms. The Supreme Judges were often appointed by the Legislature. Our later Constitution gives their appointment to the Governor, and far distant be the day when they shall be elected by popular votes. New Jersey justice, now in such high repute, will then be a thing of the past; and under the rule of such Judges as Barnard, Cardozo and McCunn, we shall have those scenes renewed which but a year ago were enacted in New York. Most desirable is it that in this particular, at least, our present Constitutional Commission should act upon the teachings of experience rather than on theories which in practice have caused so much mischief. Some one must be trusted to make appointments, and is it not far better to leave this power with the Governor and Senate rather than with bar-room politicians or partisan schemes? Is it seemly for one who is to administer justice to be obliged to canvass his district and bargain for votes? As for what is said or written about trusting every thing to the intelligence and virtue of the people, we know that the language really means in the case of those who most employ it, nothing more nor less than simply this: "Trust us who know how to influence the ignorant and corrupt, and who can turn the scale in almost any election." Our present Supreme Court has the confidence and respect of the people, and it is a good maxim "to leave pretty well alone."

W. W. Blauvelt.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

THE "SWEET DO-NOTHING" day is nearly spent.
Floating far out upon an amber sea, besprent
With barge-like clouds of iridescent glow,
She lingers at the radiant gate-way yet to throw
A ling'ring farewell down slant beams of light,
Like to a ladder with close rounds of glory bright,
O'er which, from earthly dross and baseness shriven,
Thought may mount up and gain its native heaven.
One fiery beam incessant glows and quivers,
Gloomed over now and then by little dusky shivers,
Upon the thickest leaves, that form the bowery screen.
Me and the toilsome work-day world between.
Round th' mysterious, happy secret of the rose
With jealous care the petals fondly close,
Lest Night, the potent wizard, who creates for worlds of light,
Should this enchanted riddle also read aright.
A brooklet's blithesome, gurgling wanderings
Blends sweetly with the song my quiet spirit sings.

Wood robins' music poured in one full gush
Thrills through the gentle tremulous hush,
Which wraps and holds in harmonious influence,
The intrusive-jarrings of the out-ward sense,
Till wrought to perfect union with the place and hour,
Each insect's chirp, each softly folding flower,
Translated in the speech of common brotherhood,
Is heard with new delight and subtly understood.
All the vain longing, all the wearying strife,
For things upraised above this toilsome life;
All vain regret and fruitless questionings,
Lose their sharp stings and change to dove-like brooding wings,
That, folding round my calm, impassive mood,
Make it the sum and center of all real good.
If this charmed spell might never cease to be,
To breathe and dream were life enough for me.

M. A.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

CHURCH FESTIVALS are now past, and, in their place, Church camp-meetings and picnics are the order of the day. This may be a good time and place to consider the benefits and evils attending this branch of Church work, (and play.) We classify them as one branch, because they are so strongly allied in design and results. All minister, more or less, to the pleasures of the senses. All appeal to the social nature of men and women. Camp-meetings are primarily for religious improvement, it is true; while festivals and picnics are respectively held, in the main, for making money, and having recreative pleasures. Secondarily, all are relaxatives. Without doubt the true motive which prompts Christians to encourage either, or all of these, is a desire to temporarily withdraw the mind from the "severely Puritanic" in ordinary religious work and worship, which, if it do not chafe them, at least seems to them to chafe others whom they would interest in the Church. Probably the festival is the least based on this motive: its chief object being pecuniary gain. But its projectors know that it will draw people together from far and near; will make them social; will (possibly) beget in them an interest in their Church that will "tell" afterward; and they may also surmise that it will be equivolent to saying to the world: "You think the Church a staid institution, which does not allow festive occasions, and whose over-sense of propriety would be shocked at its doing business to make money for itself the same as individuals may do; but we wish to show you this is not true; that it is no more rigid in this regard than Masonic lodges, or Temperance societies." The camp-meeting is eminently a social affair, and, because it draws to it hundreds who scarcely enter a Church on Sunday, is at least successful in somewhat popularizing that sort of preaching the Gospel of Christ. The picnic is also considered an antidote to that disease among children, well understood if labeled, "Tired of our Sunday School."

To our own way of thinking, for which we hold only ourself responsible, the good of festivals and camp-meetings are more than counterbalanced by their evils. Take festivals, for

instance, whose object has been stated as, primarily, pecuniary profit. A band of men and women have organized a Church, and entered into most solemn vows with God and with each other to carry it on. By their act of association they pledge themselves both able and willing to have the Word regularly preached, the house kept in repair, the Sabbath School in constant and full operation. But the money each contributes is found not to be sufficient to meet expenses. Or, if they desire to erect a new house, the sums donated by the members of the congregation prove too small. The reason for this low-tide treasury may, sometimes, be attributed to the actual poverty of the purses of the membership. Often, however, it is due to the fact that they hope, by their appearance of poverty, to secure the aid of the outside world. When this is the motive of a festival; when a Church begs, not because its membership *cannot* supply its needs, but because it *will not*, under the hope of external aid, then the festival may be unqualifiedly condemned. But how when it is otherwise? Then, it seems to us, it is, not so unqualifiedly, yet as practically wrong. We believe the true position for all Christians to take is,—*voluntary gifts to the Lord, or none.* The man who puts a ten-dollar bill into the collection box expecting to have it returned two or four-fold within a short time by an express act of Providence, and does it to obtain that increase, would seem hardly more culpable of dishonoring the Lord's treasury than the Church, which takes money and puts back in its place some article of a fictitious value to cover the face of it. Perhaps we are wrong. Perhaps it is mere "sentimentalism." But to our mind one-half the beauty and all the nobility of a gift to the Head of the Church, through any of His institutions in the world, are founded in *voluntariness* and *absoluteness*. It, like our love to Him, is valuable, real, and acceptable just in proportion as we lay it at His feet without an inducement, or promise of reward, other than His rich blessings upon and *love*-gifts to our spiritual and immortal natures. Again, do we not almost turn God's house into a place of traffic, a veritable temple of "money-changers," such as that which Christ once thoroughly scourged, when we introduce the fair, and the lottery? We have seen festivals "well conducted" throughout; but we have also seen them so badly managed as to bring disgrace upon the Church and shame upon the participants. If half were of the first, and half of the second class, would not something be gained to the Church catholic by sweeping out of existence the whole fair-and-festival institution? We are aware what the "custom" is. It is one followed by nearly all our Churches. In high places and low, in city and country, in tabernacle and chapel, the same "custom" prevails to replenish depleted treasuries. But that makes it neither right nor wrong. There is a principle about it, which every Christian individual is bound to study out and put to practical use. We would not impugn the judgment, much less the honesty of motive of those who sanction this thing: but we would like to know if all have fully and conscientiously considered the right and the wrong, the true and the false, the good and the evil of obtaining money for the Church by a traffic carried on within the doors of the sanctuary, in which attendants are induced by the smiles of handsome girls and courteous gentlemen to invest their dollars, spare and unspare, in peanuts and ice-cream at extortionate rates of charges. If we put the case too strongly, it is unintentional, and merely according to our best understanding of it. Camp-meetings have as little to commend them in practice, but far more in theory. To go back to the primitive art of dispensing the Gospel; to catch inspiration for a week or two from the leafy trees, and happy birds, and pleasant solitude of a glorious grove of wood, which Nature and not Art has planted and fostered, and from this retreat send up to Heaven daily thanksgivings for this beautiful earth-life, and prayers for the same soul-rest for others, are objects not unworthy of human thought or action. But, alas! how many go to such a meeting for other than ignoble purposes! Not a thousand miles from Hunterdon County a meeting of this nature was recently held; and one Sabbath morning, —a morning, the remembrance of which now brings the blush of shame on many a good man who was there,—the traffic in the 'refreshment stands' went on as in the week day, and elsewhere on the grounds, certain politicians of the County met in solemn caucus! We refer to this with pain, and only to ask in all candor of this camp-meeting: *Cui bono?* As to picnics, we do not utterly disapprove of them. The children want recreation and play, and, if they do not love their Sabbath School the more, will certainly not love it the less, nor study their lessons afterward with smaller zest. The wrong of this is in the motives which generally seem to animate those who project the picnic. When the School is flagging, and the children

seem uninterested and are dull in attendance, this plan is hit upon to increase the attendance and induce new interest. But why need such appliances be used to accomplish the desired end? Is the fault in the want of picnics, or in the lack of ability on the part of the teachers to properly teach? Is the trouble extrinsic or intrinsic; without or within? The question, How to build up a Sabbath School? is now an old one—old as the time of Raikes. And of the new solutions, current, none strike us as more erroneous than that of picnics and concerts, though both are commendable in a proper way, and for proper ends.

—Is PROTESTANTISM on the decline in America? This question the New York *Times* has endeavored to answer in the affirmative, and certain of its correspondents, chiefly one who has studied the statistics carefully, have replied in the negative. We do not imagine that in this particular matter the figures tell an untruth. Nevertheless, there is much else to be considered beside figures in estimating the growth or decline of Protestantism, or Romanism. To illustrate: The Pope of Rome makes up for the Infallible Church more than a million of private Catholics. Is this not true? Let him die and have no successor: where would "the Church" stand in a quarter of a century? Mere numerical strength does not make Romanism strong in Europe: it is the Pope who gives to it power. It is different with Protestantism, as to its declension, it is true. It has no Pope but Him who cannot die, nor leave a successor. But there are elements of decay in inactivity, in foggyism, in a refusal to keep pace with the times, in ministerial defection, in bad doctrines, in corrupt practices, which, were they set to working, would undermine the Protestant Church as now constituted more surely, if more slowly, than the extinction of the Popes would destroy the Catholic Church. It would be something wonderful, indeed, if, with the present rate of immigration of foreigners, Protestantism, or any other religion, could hold to and gain upon its numerical strength. But this immigration will not last always. The tide of travel toward new countries fluctuates with the varying condition of social, commercial and political attractive forces. The change will not come in a year, but may in a lustrum. At all events, let the ingress of foreigners be as it is, and yet Protestantism cannot, from that cause, go down. We have lately been reading, with great but not unalloyed pleasure, the *Ten Great Religions*, by James Freeman Clarke, in which Protestantism is shown to be the sum of the best ideas in all other religions of the world, and bound, in its very nature, to become *the* religion of mankind. Admitting his main conclusion, no man need have any lack of faith in it, because it must grow with the growth of civilization; but there is a higher reason than his for its perpetuity beyond that of other living religions. It is of Divine origin, founded upon truths eternal as eternity and God. With all the errors which our weak conception of the truth has made us intermingle with it; with all our deficiencies, both in precept and practice, it is still a religion pure in its moral teachings, sublime in its faith and works, and infinitely superior in conception to anything human and worldly. It bears internal evidences of its Author, as unmistakable as grand. To lose our faith in its final victory over all forms of gross error and human superstition, is to lose faith in Heaven and Immortality, and in everything which cheers the Present and gilds the horizon of the Future. While we may not, therefore, sit down and exult over the success of the Protestant faith, or stop our individual activities to hasten its flowering time in all the world, neither must we pick out some statistics of Romanist advances, and exclaim that Protestantism—not of Luther, or of Calvin, but of Christ—is a failure and on its wane.

—IF EVERYBODY was "Clerk of the Weather," everybody would be dissatisfied. It is fortunate that there is but one, and that he sends the sun-shine and rain when it seems to him best. A chronic grumbler about the weather is not only a nuisance to contented people around him, but a still greater nuisance to himself. He works his mind into a ferment of discontent and peevishness, all to no purpose except to make himself miserable. Our advice to the weather sore-head is to put himself into a Christian frame of mind, and believe that Providence does all things well; that what will best suit him in the way of rain or fair weather may injure a hundred others, differently circumstanced; and that, at all events, the matter is so far beyond his control as to make it ridiculous for him to protest and grumble and whine about it from day to day and year to year.

—This number of the Magazine will be found to be rich in historical matter. So will the October number, when we commence *two new series* of historical articles.

LITERARY NOTES.

ONE OF the best books on the much abused subject of the proper education of women, is upon our table this month. (*The Liberal Education of Women.* Edited by James Orton, A. M., Professor in Vassar College. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 328 *pp.*) It is a compact whole of the best reasoning and deductions upon the subject in England and America, not as given by Prof. Orton in language of his own, but as stated by the original thinkers in this field. There are thirty-six papers in the book, and each is by a different writer. For instance, the first paper is an historical sketch, taken directly from the *British Quarterly Review*, of July, 1870, and embraces a brief but most interesting account of the education of women in England at different periods. The second paper is on "The Demand of the Age for a Liberal Education for Women, and how it should be met," by Dr. Raymond, President of Vassar College, and was an address delivered by him before the Baptist Educational Convention in Brooklyn, 1870. Among the names attached to other papers we notice those of Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Becker, Dr. John Todd, T. W. Higginson, President A. D. White, James Freeman Clarke, President Fairchild, Moses Coit Tyler, Wendell Phillips, etc., etc.

Whatever may be said against our American women taking an active part in the affairs of government, and mixing in local politics, or even becoming members of the particular professions of the law and ministry, little has been uttered, or dare now with any show of reason be given against the indefeasible right of women to *the best attainable education;* a right to be availed of by those who choose to do so, and to whom the way is or can be opened. There may be those who doubt the intellectual capacity of the female mind to be equal to that of the other sex, but this has no more to do with the solution of the question of their rightful privileges than the existence of an open Polar Sea. No two men have the same capacities for acquiring or communicating knowledge. Thought is as varying as the clouds at sunset. On the same principle that the air is free to all living animals, and to every human being, irrespective of the capacity or normal condition of their lungs to receive it, and be benefited by it, *education is, or must be free.* We can conceive of no greater crime (save that of stopping the free exercise of one's religious nature or convictions,) than this which has been, through ignorance let us believe, committed for centuries in both Europe and America, and is yet winked at in thousands of families and communities, as well as in many higher places, to wit: the deprecation of the acquisition of knowledge by both sexes *on an unlimited and equal basis.* Of course there will be inequalities in the reception of knowledge, be the privileges for its attainment as wide as schools, and colleges, and universities, and stimulated self-culture can make them. But with that we have nothing to do, nor would it be better otherwise. It takes many minds to make a world, and it would not be a world without them. Two of the chief duties, then, that mankind has to perform for itself, is, first, to make education impartial and unlimited; second, to teach all to embrace its advantages to the highest extent practicable. If education is one of the corner-stones of civilization,—or, to be individual, if it makes men and women happier and better and nobler in this life, and gives them a higher starting-point in that grander race of knowledge which they will enter upon in the life to come,—surely it is not to be circumscribed in its influences by any narrow bounds of sex, or race, or condition in life in this world.

We admit that these remarks are general, and as the propositions laid down are now quite generally accepted, it becomes of greater importance to understand exactly how to extend to women all the privileges of a liberal education. Some Colleges, like those of Oberlin and Antioch, have essayed the experiment of a *mixed* education: that is, they receive both male and female students, and put them through a common curriculum. Others, like Mt. Holyoke Seminary, develop schemes of education almost distinctively feminine, but truly liberal, and there only female students are received. Is it then best to educate the sexes separately, or together? And should they have precisely the same course of studies, or do their varying natures require courses differing in many important particulars? These are two of the questions for solution which our prominent woman educators are now agitating. In this book, *The Liberal Education of Women*, the answers are given both ways. We cannot undertake to give these answers in this place,

but refer those who are interested in the subject to the book itself. There is much quotable matter throughout the volume, but we must be content by selecting out a single passage from Dr. Raymond's admirable address, which is one of the best papers in the book:

"The world has yet to see the glory of a perfect womanhood, fed on a generous diet of thoroughly digested knowledge, developed by a various, wise, and symmetrical regimen, uniting womanly strength with beauty, and womanly beauty with strength, and applying its enlarged and disciplined powers with that conscientious earnestness and devotion so characteristic of woman's nature—to what? Not to any eccentric, sensational displays in public, or in private life of questionable utility and more than questionable taste; not to a rude engagement with men in the conflicts of the streets, the hustings, the platform; not to any unseemly assumption of office or manners which belong appropriately to the other sex, and from which none will shrink with truer disdain than the truly educated woman—but to just those sweet and sacred, those dignified and beneficent offices which God has assigned her in the great economy of life. True strength of mind, I presume, none of us would object to in our own wives and daughters, if only it be womanly in the modes and temper of its manifestation. Nor would it diminish ought of the pride and satisfaction with which we are wont to contemplate the fairer part of creation, might we see some portion of that delicate taste, that subtle and charming invention, that power of brilliant or graceful performance, which are now so lavishly expended in fabricating petty personal decorations, or in shedding a fitful lustre over the inanities of a butterfly life, turned to pursuits in science or letters—pursuits which would dignify while adorning, invigorate as well as refine, and infuse upon the loving and beloved ones around them a purer and nobler delight. Our homes and social circles are not (thank God) without individual instances of the kind, despite all disadvantages. God grant to the nation a generation of such women, and to us the wisdom requisite to rear it!"

—EVERY Bible reader of intelligence ought to know the facts bearing upon the authenticity of each of the sacred books, and whatever else may be known regarding the inspired writers, and the present text of their writings. One of the best books of information in this field is a volume elegantly printed and bound, just issued from the noted Cambridge press of Wilson and Son,—whose book work by the way, is always of the first order. (*The Historic Origin of the Bible.* By Edwin Cone Bissell, A. M. With an introduction by Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, D. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 432 *pp.*) It is what it claims to be, "a hand-book of principal facts from the best recent authorities, German and English." Says Dr. Hitchcock in his preface: "It covers ground not covered by any single volume which has yet appeared." The book is divided into three parts; the first treating of the history of the Bible, the second of the New Testament and the third of the Old Testament. Each book of the whole Bible receives separate notice, and at the end of the volume is appended the leading opinions of theologians and others upon the new revision of the Sacred Word, *pro* and *con.* and also a statement of what is known respecting the Apocrypha. For the scholar, the foot-notes which refer to the authorities consulted by the author, will prove most valuable. Anybody having the books at hand, or who can obtain them, can go to the fountain head, if he has mental doubts about the correctness of Mr. Bissell's facts. The paper upon the revision of the Bible (in the Appendix) presents in fifty pages the opinions of sixty or seventy men of learning and note, and is of much interest. A work recently issued by Harper & Bros., on the revision of the New Testament, is more complete in elucidating the reasons in favor of any revision, but that is intended chiefly for scholars. For ordinary persons, this Appendix conveys all essential information. Upon this matter of revision, public sentiment has undergone a very great change within the past twenty-five years. The views of such eminent thinkers as Henry Todd, Dr. Brantley, Dr. McCaul, Dr. Cumming, George P. Marsh, and others, had all formidable weight until recently. Now they are cast aside, and revision is not only talked of, is actually in progress by committees in England and America, who co-operate in their work, and will, we have no doubt, produce something—which, in time if not immediately, the English-speaking world will adopt as a translation in all respects superior to King James'. The language of the lamented Dr. Guthrie aptly states the present views of all true Bible lovers upon this subject:

"The expression, 'revision of the Bible,' has, to the ear of a devout but ignorant man, an alarming sound, just because he does not understand that what is proposed is a revision, not of God's Word, but of man's work in connection with God's Word. This whole movement, instead of being dreaded or deplored, should, in our humble judgment, be hailed as a healthy and hopeful sign of the times in which we live,—an indication that the English speaking people firmly believe the Divine inspiration of the written Word, and desire to possess what may in the strictest sense be called the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

—MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER has "tried her hand" at writing a book, and succeeded. Perhaps she did not intend to give us a book; she intimates not, and we must believe her; but here it is, a veritable red covered volume for the parlor, nursery, or kitchen. (*Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers.* By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 492 *pp.*) The eighty-seven short articles, which make up three-fourths of the book, were originally published in the *Christian Union*, Mr. Beecher's paper, and are now gathered together to meet a wider circle of readers. Written in the first instance as "a kind and motherly way of helping the inexperienced to make agreeable, well regulated and happy homes," they are just as good for that purpose now. We have read some of the articles with much pleasure. They are all sensible, practical, every-day suggestions to young housekeepers, devoid of pet theories of a soaring kind, and abounding in plenty of the good sense of detail. There are also chapters which may profit *men* as well as women. For instance, in that entitled "How Much is a Wife Worth?" Mrs. Beecher declares strongly against a common form of slavery, which consists in men's treating their wives as beggarly recipients of charity. She says:

"Young men will do wisely to give this matter a serious thought, lest they make the mistake of taking a wife's labor and attentions as a matter of course, as a right, instead of feeling that, in taking his name, his wife claims not only an equal right to his cares and labors, joys and sorrows, but also an equal right to a proper use of the money which she has done her part to earn or to save. A wife, a farmer's wife particularly, has too much toil and perpetual watchfulness to make her life desirable, if, with it all, she is to be considered a beggar, a recipient of charity, instead of a joint partner with her husband in all that he has."

The last hundred pages is given up to "Five Hundred Choice Receipts for Cooking," "all vouched for by the author's own experience and skillful testing," which much enhance the value of the book.

—EASTON, Pennsylvania, has two poets of some promise. Our friend, F. B. Copp, Esq., is one, and a Miss Mary B. Colby, another. It is not long ago when we thought Frank wrote verses scarcely clever enough to find their way into public print, and that he might better employ his time in certain other employments for which his talents eminently qualified him. But what can we say, now that he has so far advanced as to write this exquisite *morceau:*

BBB

SOMETIME.

I am waiting for the shadows 'round me lying
To drift away;
I am waiting for the sunlight, always flying,
To come and stay!
I know there's light beyond the cloudy curtain—
A light sublime!
That it will shine on me I now am certain—
Sometime! Sometime!

I am waiting for the Summer's golden lustre—
Now far away—
When golden fruits around my life shall cluster
Each sunny day!
We read of fadeless flow'rs in fabled story—
In far-off clime—
And I shall pluck them in their pristine glory,
Sometime! Sometime!

Then I shall hear the voice of loved ones call me
To their dear side;
And I shall then, whatever may befall me,
Rest satisfied!
For on my ear sweet notes of love shall tremble,
In matchless rhyme,
From hearts and lips that never can dissemble—
Sometime! Sometime!

I am waiting; but at times I grow so weary—
Far seems the day
When all the pain which makes our lives so dreary
Shall pass away.
I know the heart, oft filled with tones of sadness,
Like funeral chime,
Shall echo with the songs of love and gladness—
Sometime! Sometime!

We extend to Frank our hand. He need never feel ashamed of such an effort, but rather, take new courage and *write on.* There is music in his soul, which, if always rendered in as smooth verse as that quoted, will awaken a refrain in the hearts of thousands, who, while strangers to him, will be warm friends to his Muse.

Miss Colby, is a young lady, we believe, about twenty-two years of age. Her verses in the *Free Press* and *Express*, the Easton dailies, have for some time been admired for their Christian spirit and grace of expression. One of her poems, reprinted in the Lambertville *Record*, we clpped out a month or two since, and would like to quote here, but it has, unfortunately, been mislaid. However, the following, which has just caught our eye, will somewhat illustrate her genius in this direction:

THE WORK OF A SINGLE SUNBEAM.

A sunbeam once on a stormy day
Through a rift in the dark clouds made its way.

First it shone on a tiny flower,
Making it sweeter after the shower.

Then it fell on a sheaf of grain,
That was bowed down by the summer rain,

And the tender warmth and cheerful light
Saved the grain from the withering blight.

A glimmer rested upon the trees,
And the leaves shook merrily in the breeze.

It touched with silver the waves of the lake,
And they murmured sweet for the sunbeams' sake.

Softly it moved and tenderly stirred,
The rich, deep notes of each singing bird,

And the earth was happy with mellow song
And bright and glad as it passed along.

A man, who was weary with weight of pain,
Seeing the sunbeam, grew strong again,

For it struggled on in its bright, brave way,
Among dark clouds, till it seemed to say:—

"Suffering heart, be patient still,
There is always good in what seems ill.

"Sometimes the glad light is not seen,
Because of the clouds that lie between;

"But the heaviest clouds will move some day,
Therefore be patient and hope alway."

—A NEW monthly has sprung up at Trenton—possibly a revival of one issued in one of the southern Counties of our State, a year or two since,—entitled, *The National Transition Moonly Voice*, published by Robert Sinnickson. It is "devoted to Scientific National Reconstruction," and is certainly a remarkable publication. The author of the leading article aims to infuse "a vitalizing positive sperm into the present negative, or receptive isolated non-progressive almshouse;" in other words, "to reconstruct society with the poor-house as the political unit." We trust his plan in this regard will be unsuccessful, and that the *Moonly Voice* will itself be consigned to the alms-house before the publisher, through a continuance of its publication, gets into the lunatic asylum, a little further up the Delaware.

—THE "New Brunswick Conservatory of Music" sends us its Annual *Catalogue* for 1872–73. From it there appears to be no less than three hundred students acquiring a knowledge of vocal and instrumental music, under twelve professors of trained experience. The idea is a new one in New Jersey, and we are glad to observe its success. Music may be a high or a low art, and it is the business of these "Conservatories, (why not call them Musical Colleges?) to teach it in its higher forms only; that is to say, to teach it systematically and philosophically, so that a love for the best music, and the power of the best rendition of such music, will be possessions of every pupil whose ear and hands and soul are properly attuned to vocal and instrumental song.

—THE *Thirteenth Annual Report* of the Sunday Schools of Somerset County has been distributed through Rev. Jas. Le Fevre, the County Secretary. It shows there were in 1872, 89 schools in the County, 6,595 scholars, 1,075 teachers, $2,695 expended in sustaining the schools, and $1,714 92 raised for benevolent purposes.

—J. A. BEECHER, whose Magazine (*Beecher's* of Trenton), wound up its existence of three years in December last, and was consolidated with the *Phrenological Journal*, of New York, is publishing a daily newspaper in Newark. Its name is the *Newark Press*. It is hardly probable that he will be successful in it, but he seems to tide over his many journalistic defeats with a brave spirit, if not with wise post-resolutions. In some respects his Trenton Magazine deserved to live, in others, to die. With the merits of his new enterprise we are not acquainted.

OTHER LATE PUBLICATIONS.

[We will send any book reviewed in OUR HOME, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.—ED.]

The Intellectual Life. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. 12mo, pp. 455. Roberts Bros, - - - - - - - - - - - $2 00

Wit and Wisdom of George Elliot. 18mo. pp. 260. The same, - - - - - - 1 25

The Works of Aurelius Augustine. A New Translation. Edited by the Rev. Marcus Dodd, M. A. Vols. VII, VIII, 8vo, pp. 448, 512. (Edinburgh.) Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. Per volume, - - 3 00

Good Morals and Gentle Manners for Schools and Families. By Alex. M. Gow, A. M. 12mo, pp. 252. New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co., - - -

Work, Play, and Profit; or, Gardening for Young Folks. By Anna M. Hyde. 16mo, pp. 162, - - - - - - - - -

What to Wear? By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 12mo, pp. 92. The same, - 1 00

A Day with Sir Walter Scott. By Blanchard Jerrold. 8vo, paper, pp. 80. Shephard & Gill, - - - - - - - - 25

The Tour of the World in Eighty Days. Jules Verne. 18mo, pp. 291. The same, 1 50

A Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. By S. Austin Allibone, LL. D. J. B. Lippencott & Co. 8vo, - - - - - - - 5 00

Critiques and Addresses. By F. H. Huxley, LL. D. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. - 1 50
Pre-Historic Races of the United States. By J. W. Foster, LL. D. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. 8vo., - - - - - - - 3 50
Outlines of Men, Women, and Things. By Mary Clemmer Ames. Hurd & Houghton. 16mo, - - - - - - - - - - - 1 50
Life in Danbury. By Jas. M. Bailey, "The *Danbury News* Man." 16mo, pp. 303. Shepherd & Gill, - - - - - - - - - 1 50
Haphazard. By Kate Field. 18mo, pp. 253 J. R. Osgood & Co., - - - - 1 50
The Last Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary. Edited by Mary Clemmer Ames. 12mo. pp. 306. The Same, - - - - - - - 2 00

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

[We condense into one letter the following extracts from several private letters of a friend, who is a civil engineer on the Northern Pacific Railroad, in Washington Territory. Like Mark Twain, he always sees the humorous side of things, but unlike him sticks closer to truth.—Ed.]

Kalama, W. T., Feb. 3, 1873.

Mr. Editor: I never expected to put "Kalama" and "February" together in one heading this year, but this country seems to be a veritable lotos island, and when one is once stranded on it, it is almost impossible to get away.

We have had some pretty rough weather down the River. It blew so for two days that the entire lower River reach was feather white the whole time, and the bar followed the example of that wind the Illinois man told about, which "just stood up on its hind legs and howled." I shall not soon forget the look we had at it from the light-house on the Cape one afternoon. Old sea captains say it is the worst bar in the world. There were six vessels outside all waiting to get in. They had been there some time, one three weeks, and two of them with pilots on board. The tug, for some reason, would not go after the first. She ran short of provisions and water, and finally, two days after the hard blow, she took advantage of a fair wind and sailed in herself—something that is not often attempted in Winter weather. The other five were close by when she started in, and, knowing she had a pilot on board, steered right after her. So the whole six came through safely. It was just before dusk, and somehow it reminded me of a string of old cows coming slowly home from pasture. I was over in Astoria next day, and it was refreshing to hear some of the captains express their opinions on the subject of the bar tug. I don't know what the reason was she did not go out. We were only too glad to get *our* boat up a little creek, and let her lie there until something like respectable weather. We finally got her up Chinook River—quite a large stream near the eastern end of Baker's Bay; and my companion hunted up an old friend of his, who was living on a ranche there, and concluded to stay a couple of weeks. I decided to come back and wait here until he was ready to return, and then go down and help him sail the craft up. I am glad I went; had rather a pleasant trip, albeit a little rough; saw some strange countries, and some new people.

These are a queer set on the stock ranches back of Baker's Bay. We stopped at one house where the man was a Danish man, and his wife a very pretty half-breed woman. He had been a sailor all over the world, picked up a little education, concluded he had enough of salt water, went to work in a ship-yard at Friscoe,* got the appointment of assistant keeper of the light-house at the Cape, stayed there five years, got married, concluded to try stock raising, took up this place, built a house and bought a few cows, has been there five years more, and now is worth about $1,500 in real estate, and the same amount in stock. He had no children but instead, there were seven dogs, three cats, a parrot and a dozen canaries. His wife had flowers all over the house. When he was at

[* San Francisco.—Ed.]

the Cape the officers "got up" a theatre, and when the garrison departed he fell heir to the scenery, etc. He took the drop curtain and side scenes to his new house, and tacked them on the walls in lieu of wall paper. The effect is surprising. One side of the room exhibits a beautiful maiden, some six feet in height, smiling coyly, notwithstanding the depressing circumstance of her having a large sized nail driven firmly into her head just above one ear, on which a cage of canaries is hung, while a gentleman, most gorgeously attired, is bending over to kiss her hand, apparently entirely unaware that his entire figure from his armpits to his knees, had been cut out to make room for the window. Similar surprises greet one all over the house, and a ghostly head in a Roman hemlet, which persisted in looking fixedly at me over the foot-board of my bed, has haunted my dreams ever since. The mistress of the house was learning to play the concertina, and said her husband was under bonds to buy her a cabinet organ and a sewing machine some time this year.

We met one gray-haired old chap, over fifty years old, coming down the Wallicut in a little boat all by himself. He greeted us cordially, and offered us a drink of poor whisky, and said he was on his way to Portland to be married. He didn't say whether the bride was to be there for him, or whether his selection was still to be made; but as he asked us to call up when he returned, I suppose it is all right, and when I go down again, I intend to interview him.

The weather has grown better again, and it is as bright and warm as May. Down in Astoria they have not had a flake of snow yet this Winter, and on the ranches around the lower Columbia they never feed cattle at all, but make them take care of themselves out of doors the whole year round.

February 26th.—I have been developing my talents at a fearful rate recently, and started in last Wednesday by taking charge of the editorial department of the weekly paper. The venerable "Col." was seized with a sudden desire to "make a trip"—where to and what for nobody knows. I am morally certain he didn't have two dollars in his name, but he boned a pass out of the Railroad Company, and started off, leaving me general directions to "put in all the Railroad news, and pitch into the City Council, Marshall and all the County Officers." I worked two days and didn't get along very fast. None of the exchanges contained anything worth copying, and the town was unusually "calm." One day I was debating the idea of printing all the hotel arrivals, or putting in a couple of hymns, or a piece of the Declaration of Independence to fill up with, when the old man came to the rescue with a letter, bearing the marks of much care and infinite whisky, concerning his trip over to the Sound, and a long article from a San Francisco paper about the Railroads of this upper country, painfully truthful about Kalama, and the N. P., and as such was to be disparaged. "You had better let the article be, for it is all true," said the veteran, "but you can blackguard the writer a little," which was accordingly done, to the extent of one column. Then we had a concert and ball, and the unfortunate marshal got intoxicated again, and had his official head lifted up. By Sunday I had so much material collected that I had to cut the tails off of several of the pieces to get them in the paper.

The Col. has not returned yet, but I wrote him that if he was not home to get out the next issue, I should put in two columns of original poetry I was preparing, and I think he will be back.

The concert was an entire success. The singing was really elegant—as fine an amateur display as you will often hear. I send you a programme of their performance at Olympia, of which this was a repetition, We did not get out any "lyste" for Kalama. I architected the stage and tended door, which so inspired me with musical fervor that I sang in Church on the ensuing Sabbath. The ladies could not muster a full choir, and invited my aid as a *dernier resort.* I thought as I was before the public I might as well keep it up, and kindly complied. We got up early and "practised"—you know I can't read a note of music—and the clergyman (who is slightly deaf) complimented us after service. I do not think I shall repeat the experiment, having arrived at the same conclusion as Mark Twain's friends, when he showed them his vocal powers—that "mere disturbance is not singing;" but I will say this, that I found I could distance every member of the choir on the chants, and came out ahead on every line but two or three; and so will enter the lists on the same basis as Warner's asparagus, "Speed to govern," not otherwise.

On Board "Dixie Thomson" bound for Portland, *March 13th.* 1873.—The third time never fails. I think I shall get to Walula this time sure. The two other attempts proved

such gigantic failures. I wrote you last week from Olympia, whither I had gone after my second start up the river. Then I came back to Kalama, and found the reports about boats above the Dalles were so conflicting that I concluded to wait until one had actually made the trip, and then start, and was just on the point of going out to examine some coal land for the land agent, when M—. telegraphed me from the Dalles that he and J. were there, and that if I could join them Friday night, we would all go to Umatilla together. So I packed my blankets again, and am at present afloat on the wide, wide Columbia on my way to Portland. There I take the Cascade boat at some unholy hour in the morning, and expect to reach the Dalles before dark.

Portland just now is by no means the spot

"Where the Willamette meets the sun
In many angles, patiently."

The heavy rain of the past two weeks has raised it fearfully, and the paper says that all the cellars on the two front streets have been inundated, and still the water rises. So long as the town stays anchored till I can get out of it, I don't care where the water comes to, but the hotel I propose stopping at is on the River edge, and I should hate to awake up in the morning and find myself on my way to the Columbia bar.

One of my engineer friends out here, writes one of those "quaint" hands, and, having been appointed to make reports on the sewerage of Portland, has got into all sorts of trouble lately, on account of the City Clerk and the printer giving widely different translations of it, both of which don't often come within gunshot of what he really meant. He recommended the construction of a set of sewers, built of "sound, hard brick," and the paper made it read, "second-hand brick," and every one who had a house in the burnt district was after him to buy up the ruins for the city's use.

I think I told you of my little experience on the "U. P.," when I wrote a dispatch for "two cars of outfit, for a bridge gang," and the operator sent to the astonished Supply Agent a modest request for "two cars of cat-fish," over my signature. Even Credit Mobilier extravagance would not stand that, and I had to explain.

I haven't much to say about the trip up the Columbia, simply because I don't know where to commence or end. It is the handsomest River scenery in the United States. You might double the height of the Palisades, and pile "Dunderberg" on top of "Old Crow Nest," and so get some idea of it, but a No. 3 pencil is inadequate to the task, and I couldn't do anything without a camera. The trees go a little above the Cascades, after that the grass, until some forty miles above the Dalles, and then you see sage-brush, sand, and alkali, and the barrenness of desolation.

The handsomest part is from Cape Horn to the Dalles. The big cliffs commence at the former place, rising out of the water and going up to almost any height short of a mile, with little streams tumbling down their faces, and often wearing themselves out to nothing but spray before they reach the River. The Lower River is from two to eight miles wide. At the Cascade it is so narrow that you can toss a stone across, and at the Dalles it seems as if it would not take much of an effort to jump over.

The current through those two gorges is something awful to look at, and how deep they are will never be known, as the mighty River is literally "set up on edge" at these places. Of course, they are not navigable, and a Railroad has been built around them; but, in very high water, steamboats have been brought through them from the Upper River. They can never be taken back, and it is only done when they are to be broken up at Portland. The President of the Company is the only man who has ever taken a boat through, and he has made the perilous trip three times. Soon after leaving the Dalles the banks begin to flatten out, the River grows wider and more sluggish, and looks rather like a lake than a stream, and the beautiful Spring grass, which rounds and softens all the angles in the low hills and makes them appear as if covered with a velvet mantle, gives way to the ever-hateful sage brush. Mark Twain expatiates on the beauties of that vegetable, and compares it to a liliputian edition of a stately oak, complete in every minute particular. Helen Hunt sees in it (as viewed through the double plate-glass windows of a palace car), all the pathos of color which the olive possesses, and is reminded of Italy and Jerusalem; but you need not be deceived about it in the least, as I have dwelt among it, and smelt it (and of it), and slept on it, and eaten it, and expressed my opinion of it in very pointed if not elegant phraseology. Sage bush is *a fraud!* It is despicable, and mean, and abominable, and utterly

worthless, and contemptable, and, in short, what the Siwashes call "*delate cultus*," and the Jerseyman concisely term "*onery*." Put not your trust in sage brush.

Umatilla in itself is simply the most wretched place I ever saw. It is all one street, and one side of a street at that. There are fifty houses in it, half of which are inhabited, and half of the remainder blown down. It is utterly dead so far as business is concerned, and is situated on a barren plain composed of sand and gravel. For six months in the year it begins to blow at sunrise and blows until sunset, with that exasperating steadiness which none but those who have lived west of the Missouri can appreciate. The fine sand penetrates wherever the wind does, and seems to be ubiquitous. You taste it in everything you eat; you swallow it in everything you drink; you find a ghastly deposit of it in your bed when you retire; you take a walk, and come back with your eyes, nose, ears, hair, boots, and pockets full. Horses can hardly be induced to face it, and during the windy season people live mostly in doors. Umatilla was built when the Idaho and Montana mines were first opened, and bade fair to be an important town. All the freight for those mines was brought here by boat, and then shipped by wagon and pack trains. The steamboat agent told me that his freight bills for one month, in 1862, were $200,000. But the Pacific Railroad stopped all that, and now everything comes from Friscoe and Chicago instead of Portland, and is hauled from Kelton and Corinne, and Umatilla is now only a station on the Northern Stage Line, and a supply post for the Umatilla River and Butter Creek farming countries. There is not a store from here to the Blue Ridge, eighty miles, and the way people do their shopping is appalling to Eastern minds. The old man who brought us out here started sixty miles from Umatilla, put four days' provisions, some hay, and his blankets into his wagon, and started to town for some things, got them, and after a strict search among the three stores was unable to get a pound of flour or a spool of cotton, but bought a bottle of linament and two pounds of tobacco, and started back, and by the time he gets home he will have made a trip of one hundred and twenty miles, during which he ate and slept in his wagon, and purchased less than five dollars worth to show for it. He said he was going to borrow some flour up the Creek, and next week would drive to the Dalles, eighty miles, where he was certain to get anything he wanted. It may be mentioned for the credit of Umatilla stores that they do not usually get so low as that; but there has been no boat up the river since last December, and their stocks were very low. There are always three or four months in the Winter when there are no boats above the Dalles on account of low water, and the boat we came on was the first of the season.

We followed the Umatilla River ten miles, and then six miles up Butter Creek, and then we were at our journey's end.

The country here is lovely. The Creek flows in the middle of a valley about half a mile wide; and the hills rise steeply for about a hundred feet, and break off into a high table land on each side. The valley is covered with grass and flowers; the fruit trees are all in blossom, and the meadow-lark, robin, and the authoritative curlew are heard in the land. The table-land is covered with the celebrated "bunch grass," which cattle like so much, and which is green the whole year round.

The Winters are very mild. The snow never lies for any length of time, and all the cattle-owners do is to brand their stock and turn it adrift, and go take a look at it two or three times a year. There is no danger of losing it. Between here and the Columbia there is a barren strip of some ten miles of sand and gravel; on the other side are the mountains, and the cattle never go far from the water, of which there are but two sources of supply in sixty miles,—this Creek and another parallel to it, some twenty miles off. On their farms in the valley the people raise whatever they need for their own immediate use, and some little hay for their cattle in case of an unusual Winter, and then sit calmly down and let their stock increase year by year, until they are wealthy. Still, I don't envy them. A more lonely life it is hard to select. There are two "neighbors" to us here, one two miles up stream, the other two miles down, both "Pikes" from Missouri, who are guiltless of any education, or knowledge of anything beside cattle. The rest of the settlers in the valley are nearly of the same class.

Wind blowing a gale to-night.

Agriculturally, HARRY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

JULY, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

1st.—Liberty Corner: Installation of Rev. Geo. C. Miln as Pastor of Presbyterian Church.

4th.—Raritan: Celebration. Middlebush: Fair and Festival for the benefit of the Church.

5th.—Bound Brook: Barn of R. E. Field consumed by lightning very early in the morning.

14th.—Neshanic Station: Burning of hay press of Peter Q. Brokaw.

15th.—Neshanic: Tunis Tunison drowned while bathing. Age 21.

21st.—Somerville: Fire in the evening, on South Street, burning down Ruckle's carpenter shop, a tenant house, and rear end of George Tunison's store. Town saved by engines. Stephen C. Conklin, from Raritan, in running down with engine, fell, was run over, and died from injuries.

25th.—Somerville: Lecture in Chapel of 2d Reformed Church, by Baboo Mooney Sab Banerja Hindoo, on "Manners and Customs of India."

28th.—Somerville: First meeting for formation of Y. M. C. A.

——Somerville: Acceptance of call as Pastor of Baptist Church by Rev. Geo. S. Clark, D. D., of New York.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

4th—Celebration of the day at Frenchtown, Washington, Junction, and Mountainville.

17th.—Lebanon: Barn of William Boss burned.

21st.—Everettstown: Suicide of Mrs. Elizabeth Dilley.

22d.—Riegelsville: Frank Waterbury, of New Haven, instantly killed while standing on a car-platform, by striking against telegraph pole.

26th.—New Germantown Suicide of Mrs. Peter Eick.

29th.—First day of Methodist Camp Meeting at High Bridge.

——Rev. Geo. S. Mott, of Flemington, declined offer of Professorship of Sacred Literature, in Lincoln University, Pa.

——Hon. Joseph Thompson, of Readington, appointed member of the Constitutional Revision.

WEATHER FOR JULY, 1873.

[*Reported by Arthur B. Nell, of New Germantown. Time of Thermometer record, 2 P. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1	79¼°	½-inch of Rain.
2	89¼°	Quite clear in morning.
3	91°	Sprinkle; lightning.
4	88¾°	Rainy; ½ inch.
5	74¾°	Rainy; 1 inch.
6	79°	Rather clear.
7	75°	Clear.
8	75°	Slight sprinkle.
9	79°	Light clouds.
10	82°	Lightning; no rain.
11	74¼°	Rain.
12	77½°	Fleecy clouds; aurora.
13	81¾°	Cloudy.
14	90°	Cloudy.
15	87½°	Clear in evening.
16	85½°	Sprinkle.
17	81½°	Rain and lightning.
18	80°	Rain and heavy thunder.
19	68°	Rain.
20	78°	Quite clear; aurora.
21	77½°	Quite clear.
22	82°	Clear.
23	84½°	Clear.
24	88½°	Sprinkle; lightning.
25	91°	Clear; harvest flies.
26	92½°	Cloudy; hottest day; Ther. 95° at 11 A. M.
27	89½°	Rain; thunder and lightning
28	84¾°	Rain.
29	89¾°	Rain, hail and thunder.
30	85½°	Quite clear.
31	86½°	Clear.

General average for the month, 74.61°

Whole amount of rain, 6.64 inches.

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM JUNE 15TH, 1873, TO JULY 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Vosseller, George.	Mary J. Nunn	June 26	Somerville	Kline

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Barrass, Wm.	Maria C. Smith	July 7	Flemington	Vassar
Butler, Nathan G.	Sarah B. Bowlby	July 3	Milltown	Nelson
Castner, Lemuel	Belle Waters	June 21	Glen Gardner	Woodruff
Cook, Leonard G.	Anna Gulick	June 30	Ringoes	Winans
Dexter, Chauncey	Lizzie M. Boeman	July 2	Annandale	Van Ambugh
Farley, John W.	Ann Farley	July 14		(Esq.) Lance
Ganse, John C.	Corilla Coffey	July 13	Glen Gardner	Woodwull
Hudson, Joseph H.	Sarah E. Bowdon	June 24	Lambertville	Willifer
Johnson Joseph	Emma Martin	July 7	Frenchtown	Clark
Kugler, Rev. John B.	Annie E. Cramer	June 18	New Hampton	Yeomans
Leigh, Daniel	Elmira Hoffman	June 21		
Magargle, Samuel	Emma C. Gary	July 5	Flemington	Hyde
O'Daniel, Theo.	Belle Freeborn	July 7		Studdiford
Sutphen, J. S.	Gertrude Bowlby	July 2	Asbury	Kugler
Taft, Edwin A.	Addie S. Emery	June 26	Flemington	Mott

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM JUNE 15TH, 1873, TO JULY 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Hall, Isaac	South Branch	June 29	76
Jones, William	Adamsville	July 15	15
Kruesen, John	Somerville	July 4	24
Ten Eyck, Frederick	South Branch	June 17	60
Voorhees, Lucas.	South Branch	July 8	60

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Albright, Wm.	Lambertville	July 13	Infant
Bray, Ruth	Delaware Township	July 2	—
Bird, Eliza R.	Franklin Township	June 16	86
Curtis, Rebecca	Sergeantville	July 12	66
De Mott, Geo. H.	Stanton	June 20	60
Dilts, Wm. B.	Flemington	June 22	47
Hunt, Samuel B.	Frenchtown	June 21	48
Hull, John	Lambertville	July 9	40
Hoagland, John	Lambertville	June 30	86
Kline, Charles	Raritan Township	July 4	5
Lanbenstine, Susan	Stockton	June 25	24
Merman, John	Lambertville	July 9	48
Snyder, Sarah	Baptisttown	July 13	53
Shurts, Peter	Clinton	July 7	79
Worthington, Kate B.	Lambertville	July 12	Infant

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1873. No. 10.

PLUCKAMIN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I PROPOSE to write of men and times in this portion of old Bedminster, who have long since passed away. I will exhume from the tomb of years men long buried, clothe them with flesh and blood, and have them appear back in our midst, and act as in former days. As we turn our eyes to the Parthenon at Athens for the model of ancient architecture, and study the wonderful specimens of Grecian sculpture, which have been handed down to us as the purest models of ancient times, so in this world of life and spirit we would, for a while, forget this mercantile, prosaic, practical age, mingle rather with the Past, and present to us and our children the noble, self-sacrificing men of Revolutionary times and memory.

I will endeavor, in two or three papers, to give a true picture of the manners, hab itsand customs of our immediate Bedminster ancestors. No local subject can be more agreeable to many readers of OUR HOME than that which records the ancient glory of the village of Pluckamin.

Pluckamin! What a singular name! Whence could be its origin? Historians differ. There were a number of persimmon trees in this locality, which grew in great abundance, and people from all parts resorted to them to obtain the fruit. It was *Placquemine* "the land of the Persimmon." A similar name exists in Louisiana—Upper and Lower Placquemine, "Upper and Lower land of the Persimmon." But this favored village had another origin. Our ancestors were bold, free drinkers, fond of imbibing the ardent on all occasions. A shrewd tavern-keeper located on the corner of the main public road, where many passed by. "Come friend, come neighbor," was the constant invitation, "come all, take a drink." None refused, and all were welcome. The place thus became *noted*, and the landlord was highly spoken of far and near. "Travel that road; stop at that tavern," was said; "the landlord is becoming rich. He is just the man to *pluck you in*." So it was the place the landlord *plucked*, and the tavern where men were *plucked in*. Such in all honest truth was the probable origin of the name. New Jersey has several such examples. A certain wife had irritated and embittered her patient Quaker husband, by whom the hand was applied. *Spanktown* was long a noted place. Some of our an-

cestors carried the bottle in their pocket. In climbing a hill they would stumble, the bottle be demolished, and the liquor would run away. *Bottle Hill*, long well known, commemorated one such catastrophe. As a patriotic Jerseyman and honest historian, I think the village of Pluckamin must be classed in the same category.

The child being christened, who lived there? Who were the people? What were their names, habits, customs? How old was the place? How far back dates its records? It certainly was a Christian community, for I find there was a Saint Paul's Lutheran Church dating back to the year 1748. Rev. John Christopher Hartwick was an eccentric minister of the Lutheran persuasion, who came to this country as a Missionary. He is first heard of as pastor of Saint Paul's Lutheran Church at Pluckamin, in 1748. He was of a restless, wandering disposition, never remaining more than a few months in the same charge. I hope he fared better than our friend Duryea, at Raritan, then including Somerville. John Vroom was sent by the Church to invite him to locate there. The call ran thus: "We have no money; will give you a pair of boots, some clothes, a watch, and see that your temporal wants are provided for." He preached several months, and no payment being made, after a regular sermon, he spoke thus to the people: "You made certain promises to me, if I would preach for you. Several sermons have been given, and I have performed my part. A bargain thus made becomes a sacred contract. If you refuse, you are a congregation of story-tellers; and," pointing his finger, "you, John Vroom, are the biggest liar of them all." Salary was hard to collect then, as at the present time.

Dominie Graaf was also Pastor of the old Lutheran Church. He was a stout fine-looking man, and a splendid horseman. Dressed in his three-cornered cocked hat and military boots, he made an imposing appearance. He defied the storm, never turning his head to the right or left. He rode with military precision straight to his object.

The old pastors were useful and important men in our early settlements; men of learning, piety and unbending integrity. They had a hand in moulding and controlling the genius of the people. There was considerable drollery among them. A story will illustrate this. They always kept an exact record of marriages in their Churches, and occasionally appended some striking remark. The salary was not always paid in money, but oftener in produce. The wedding was a noted occasion, and the wedding fee an important adjunct to eke out a small stipend. A son of a wealthy farmer was at one time married. Many friends were invited, and great preparations in the eating and drinking line made. The clergyman summoned to perform the ceremony came with alacrity, and the prospects were bright. A pleasant social gathering was had, with plenty of good cheer; and, most of all, a fine marriage fee to cause the pastor's heart to rejoice and long remember this auspicious occasion was expected. Alas! human calcutions are very liable to disappointment. The fee was small, miserably small in his estimation. How he vented his spleen the record will testify. He wrote in an unknown tongue (the Latin language) to soften its acerbity: "*Hic est Asinus.*" How these few words express his sad disappointment! Again, the clergymen were like the flocks of which they were shepherds. We must remember as stated, that our ancestors were both hearty eaters and great drinkers. A Temperance Society was a thing unknown. A clergyman was once sent to supply Lamington Church. The village at that time

consisted of the Church, tavern, and a blacksmith's shop. There were two services held in the Church on the Sabbath, and in the interval the people went to the tavern. In later times, in my own remembrance, we went to this house and partook of cake and beer, prepared by a colored friend, for his Sunday customers. I must honestly confess that I believe the natural food, taken in on these occasions, did help me much in afterwards digesting the spiritual food furnished by the good Dominie. On the occasion referred to above, the clergyman gave them an excellent sermon. As he came down from the pulpit, the elders clustered around him. His fee for his sermon was paid to him. "Gentlemen," said the clergymen, "will you walk out with me?" They crossed over to the tavern. "What will you drink?" They each took what in those days their natures seemed to demand—a good drink of spirits. The clergyman handed the tavern-keeper a half-pound note, and said: "Take your pay out of that. This bank note I just received for preaching the sermon." They then all returned to the Church, and the second services proceeded as usual. Saint Paul's Church at Pluckamin and Zion's Church at New Germantown were originally erected under one corporation, and had a common pastor, Mr. Graaff.* He preached alternately at both places, in the English and Dutch language. The number of vestrymen were twenty-four, twelve being elected in each Congregation. Each body of vestrymen managed the affairs of their own Church Each built a Church and purchased lands. In the year 1767, a charter of incorporation was given to them under the title of the "United Churches of Zion and Saint Paul." They had power to hold land in fee, not to exceed the value of £500 yearly. This was to be used to support an orthodox minister, and to keep the fabric in good repair. The trustees of Zion Church in New Germantown, under an Act of authority, granted by the Legislature here, (the original Charter was from the British Crown) undertook to sell the lands and Church of Saint Paul, in Pluckamin, which sale, however, was declared null and void. It appears that, after obtaining their new Act of incorporation from the Legislature, Zion Church separated from Saint Paul, and assumed its own corporate name and existence. Then the old corporation gave no power to sell in fee the fabric or land of the Church. "For these reasons," said Richard Stockton, "I decide that lands conveyed by deed to William McEven, Esq., are null and void, and that Zion's vestrymen have no right to sell Church and lands of Saint Paul." The Church and lands of Saint Paul thus lapsed back into the hands of the descendants of the original owners. The original proprietors of the lands were the Eoff family. It reverted back to them in the person of Col. Van-Arsdale, who married the sister of Christian Eoff. By that family it was sold to Peter Worley. He pulled down the Church, ploughed the ground, and got badly rotten-egged by the boys for his sacrilege, and then erected a blacksmith's shop. Where the anvil stands a person is known to be buried. Over his head the anvil chorus has been ringing many years, but it has not awakened the sleeper, nor disturbed his slumbers. The tombstones taken from the yard are still in the cellar of the house once built by Peter Worley. He was a little modest and con-

* My statements in regard to these Churches are carefully arranged from original papers now in the possession of Mr. J. M. Brown, of Pluckamin. For fuller particulars respecting Zion's Church, I refer the reader to Col. Honeyman's article in the March number. There the Charter of the joint Churches is given in full.

scientious. The inscriptions are placed with their faces to the ground, and you only see the rougher back. Some of the stones of the Church were taken by Col. Kline, and are now in the mill-dam. The stone wall around the Cemetery was erected from the balance. The old Church at Pluckamin was used as a prison during the Revolution, for the British Soldiers, captured after the battles of Princeton and Trenton. The Red-coats were brought in both ways; some by the road along the Mountain, and some by the Branch, and along by the old road running by Rev. Mr. McCrea's. The old people remembered seeing them. They even stabled their horses in the Church, took out all the pews and seats, and otherwise much injured it. The Church never having been repaired, Divine service was not held there after that, but it was kept as a school-house. Everybody then committed depredations upon it. No one had it in charge. It became old, the walls cracked, and it was considered dangerous. It had been deeded to William McEven, Esq., but about 1816 Richard Stockton decided, when the question was submitted to him, as heretofore stated, viz.: "That the sale was null and void." There was much agitation about the title at that period.

A Methodist Church once stood on these grounds. This was afterwards sold to the Presbyterian organization. The Methodist Church was moved away and converted into the present public school-house of the village. The grounds where the Presbyterian Church now stands, was the place originally owned and built upon by the Lutheran Church. Thus the sacred character of the ground is still preserved.

Col. John Mahelm emigrated to this country from Ireland. We first hear of him in Berks County, Pennsylvania, where, as a schoolmaster, he was very popular. He was a handsome writer and fine scholar. From there he came to Hunterdon County, New Jersey, where he purchased one hundred acres of land and a mill, since known as Hall's Mills. Here, during the Revolutionary War, he manufactured flour. This flour was sold by Col. McEven, who lived in Pluckamin. McEven was Commissary in the American army, and furnished supplies to the troops while they were lying at Pluckamin, or were encamped at Morristown. Mahelm obtained the title of Colonel from commanding one of the New Jersey regiments in the War. Colonel was one of the purest and ablest patriots in his day, and an early advocate for the independence of America. He was an associate of those immortal men who signed the Declaration of Independence. In all the old documents you see, together, the names of John Mahelm and John Hart. This John Hart was also from Hunterdon County, and was a signer of the Declaration. He went by the name of "Honest John Hart." By Patterson, Witherspoon, Clark, Stockton and others, names dear to every true-hearted Jerseymen, these men were recognized as their compeers and equals. Col Mahelm was the friend and companion of Washington, with whom he took more than one meal. During the War the army spent a Winter in Pluckamin, and Washington often passed through on his way to his headquarters at Morristown. There he often met Cols. Mahelm and McEven. Col. Mahelm was a member of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, which met at Burlington, June 10th, 1776. This was a revolutionary body, convened by the people in their sovereign capacity. Governor Franklin, son of the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, and the last Governor of New Jersey under the British rule, was a strong friend of the English authority, and refused to convene the Provincial Assembly.

This body appointed a committee, consisting of Livingston, Witherspoon, and Mahelm and Patterson, who boldly defied the Governor, and summoned him to appear before them. Proud of his authority, dressed in his regimentals, with sword and insignia of rank, he appeared. He demanded by what authority they, the subjects, claimed that he, the Governor and Ruler, should appear before them. President Witherspoon was the spokesman. In his broad Scotch, he remarked: "It cannot be expected that we common men, most of us plain farmers, could address a gentlemen of such illustrious birth and superior qualifications in most courtly terms. We will address you with civility, promise to respect your person, and treat you generally in a respectful manner." Strong, bold words from rebels, defying in the person of the Governor the Majesty of England! The committee did not merely talk; they acted. Governor Franklin was sent as a prisoner to Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, for safe keeping. William Livingston was appointed Governor in his stead, from 1776 to 1790, a period of fourteen years. We owe much to Livingston and his illustrious compatriots for their services in the Revolution, among them Col. Mahelm. The Governor never forgot him. The Colonel was appointed Surrogate for both Hunterdon and Somerset Counties, during the Livingston administration, and was removed by Governor Bloomfield, in 1801. He was the long-life friend and intimate associate of Dr. Charles Smith, President of the old New Brunswick Bank. Rev. Dr. Blauvelt, when a boy, remembers the Colonel on one side of the fireplace, in the Doctor's home in New Brunswick, in an arm chair, the Doctor on the other side. There they would sit, roast apples, and talk over old times. In all his transactions, he was prompt, honorable, and most strictly conscientious. He wrote a beautiful and correct hand, as his Surrogate papers will show. Colonel married, for his wife, a widow lady from Saratoga, New York, of the name of Corson. By her he had an only daughter and child. This daughter married Col. McEven, of Pluckamin. It was here Colonel Mahelm had his home, while he was Surrogate. He was a fine looking man, of stout proportions, and attended the Presbyterian Church of Lamington, of which he was a most exemplary member. He was at one time Speaker of the House of Assembly, being associated as Member from Hunterdon with John Stout, who was the father of the Stout family in Somerset County. This John Stout, by the way, once told his daughter, Charity Stout, with whom I was well acquainted: "I never like to smell a ham cooking; can not eat it. It smells exactly *like that negro roasting* whom *I saw burnt* for murdering his master." An account of that burning was given in a former number of OUR HOME.

Col. William McEven, who married the only child of Col. Mahelm, kept store in the old house at the corner in Pluckamin, during the Revolutionary War. At one time, the British cavalry, after a defeat of our army, made a raid upon the village, took possession of the store, and carried away all the boots, shoes, clothing, teas, etc. While breaking open a chest of tea and carrying off the crockery, Betty McCoy appeared. She demanded to have her bowl filled with tea. The drunken and disorderly soldiers were disturbed by her persistency. "Take and bayonet the old hag," said they. "No, you don't," and, undaunted, she shook her fist in their faces. By her perseverance, she obtained her much-coveted tea. At that time several houses were plundered. Mrs. McEven took up her floor, concealed her feather-beds and other valuables under and replaced the carpet. Her hiding-

place was not discovered. Old Mr. Eoff's fences and rails were burnt. Peter Lane's father was appointed to collect up all the pewter plates and dishes, which were much in use in those days, and deposit them at certain recognized places, viz.: Pluckamin and Larger Cross Roads. They were then melted into bullets to shoot the British. Lead was scarce, and these pewter bullets, run in common moulds, were the substitute. I remember it was said by my great-grand-mother: "The happiest day of my life was clipping off the ends of these bullets, to shoot the British. It made my hands very sore, but I did not mind that." At the time of the raid, a horseman came riding up at full speed, on a splendid horse. He warned the people to secure their valuable deposits of metal. Happily none were discovered by the British, but, instead, they were used for their legitimate purposes. From these plates life-giving food was administered to our ancestors. From these same plates, converted into bullets, death was distributed to the tyrannical British.

While the troops were at one time passing through Washington Valley, a solitary shot was heard, and a rider slipped from a fine horse. This shot was fired by a man of the name of Brown, living in the Valley. He had a fine horse taken from his stables by the English soldiers, and he took an oath he would replace that horse by one as valuable. He selected this fine animal in the troop, and, to obtain it, shot the rider. But he was disappointed in securing the animal. The trained horse, though deprived of its owner, refused to break ranks. It marched on, without rider, among the troops.*

George Teeple, the great-grandfather of William and John Teeple, was a native of Germany, who came over to this country about the year 1700. The first land he purchased was the farm formerly owned by Morris Cramer, near the Burnt Mills. John Teeple, son of George Teeple, married Margaret Cartner, Jan. 10th, 1756. They lived together as husband and wife for fifty-seven years. Both died March 17th, 1813, within three hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave. A tomb-stone, in the cemetery at Pluckamin, commemorates the fact. Daniel Gaston, when a child, remembers the circumstance. They died in the house now owned by John Van Derveer. The old house, in which William Teeple formerly had his tailor shop, now belonging to Rev. Mr. Cornell, was standing during the Revolution. The entry is broad, stairway the same, and the steps are about six inches high. An officer during the Revolution had a well-trained horse. Over their cups, he and his companions were boasting of the prowess of their respective animals. A bet was made and taken "I will ride that horse,' said one, "from the street into that house, then up into the second story." He accomplished his feat, and won his wager. Well, time rolled along and a training was held at Pluckamin. Another Captain took to his cups; he also was excited and boastful. Again the same bet was made and taken. "If our Revolutionary soldier did it, a soldier of this more advanced period can do the same." The Captain mounted, the trial was made

* While a school-boy at Elizabeth, I saw the same thing. A war-horse belonging to General Scott was quietly grazing in the field. The General's old homestead, belonging to the Mayo family, was at that place. It was 4th of July, a Company of soldiers were passing along, the bugle sounded, and the military band played a martial strain. It was too much for the old war-horse. He pricked up his ears, jumped the fence, put himself at the head of the Company, and there maintained his place!

and the feat accomplished. A second horse and rider were safely landed on the second story. Again and again I have visited the place and thought of this. That tailor shop of our old friend, William Teeple, was a wonderful place for boys and girls to congregate. Many marriages were brought about there. I can testify that many bright and handsome girls learned a good trade with our staunch old tailor, William Teeple.

A. W. McDowell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HARP.*

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.]

SELLNER, the secretary, was spending the honeymoon with his young wife, Josepha. They had not married from pecuniary considerations, nor on account of a passing admiration. On the contrary, a deep and long tried affection was the seal of their union. They made each other's acquaintance in early youth, but Sellner had postponed their nuptials from time to time, on account of a deferred appointment. At last he was promoted, and, on the following Sunday, he introduced the faithful object of his love to her new home as his wife. After the long and tedious days of congratulations and family festivity, they were at last able, undisturbed by any third person, to pass their evenings in social quiet. Plans for future life were made, and Sellner's flute and Josepha's harp shortened the hours, the deep harmony of their strains seeming a happy augury of future years. One day, as the music ceased, Josepha complained of a headache. She had concealed from her husband an attack from which she had suffered in the morning, regarding it as insignificant. But now the excitements of music, and her originally weak and nervous constitution, had aggravated her pain. She could no longer conceal the attack from her husband; and he, anxious and fearful, sent for a physician. When the physician came, he treated the attack as a trifle, and promised entire recovery for the morrow. But, after a restless night, in which she raved in delirium, the physician found her in a high fever. He employed all his skill and resources, but the fever grew more virulent every day. Sellner was beside himself with grief. On the ninth day Josepha felt that her feeble nerves could no longer oppose the disease; a fact which the physician had already made known to Sellner. She had a foreboding that her last hour was approaching and awaited her doom with quiet resignation. "My dear Edward," she said, as she embraced him for the last time, "it is hard for me to leave this beautiful earth, where I found you, and so much joy in your affections. Alive I can no longer share them with you, but your Josepha's love, will, as a guardian angel, hover around you, until we meet again above." Having said this, she fell into a slumber and passed away forever, just as the

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[* The following little story is one of the minor productions of Carl Theodor Korner, author of the celebrated "Sword Song." The translator, Prof. Adinaw, whose kindness thus gives it to our readers, is a German himself, and professor of Modern Languages in the Jackson Military Institute at Tarrytown, N. Y. The story well illustrates one of the tendencies of the German mind to pry into the mysteries of the spiritual and unseen.—Ed.]

clock was striking nine in the evening.

What Sellner suffered no words can utter. For a long time he struggled with life. The shock had undermined his constitution, and when, after a protracted sickness, he recovered, he found that all his youthful strength had departed, and he fell into a gloomy stupor. Deep melancholy had taken the place of desperation. Josepha's room had been left untouched since her death. Her needlework still lay on the table, and her harp, too, stood silent and untouched in its place. Sellner now came every evening to this sanctuary of his love. One evening he brought his flute, and leaned, as in the days of his happiness, on the window, breathing in sad strains his longing for the beloved shadow. As he stood, lost in a reverie, while the clear moonlight, falling through the open windows, threw shadows upon the floor, a watchman from the nearest castle-tower called the hour, when suddenly the tones of the flute were accompanied by the harp, touched as with a ghostly hand. Amazed, he stopped playing, and the harp also ceased. With trembling hand he now began Josepha's favorite air, and louder and stronger his notes resounded, the sounds intermingling with finest harmony, until, with a joyful shudder, he sank upon the floor to embrace the loved shadow. Suddenly he felt himself breathed upon as by the warm breath of Spring, and a faint phosphorescent light glided past him. Gathering courage he called out: "I recognize thee, holy shade of my glorified love. Thou didst promise to hover around me, and thou hast kept thy promise. I feel thy breath and thy kisses upon my lips. I am conscious of thy embrace." Wild with delight, he again seized his flute, and with its strains the harp again resounded, but the sounds grew fainter and fainter, until their whispers trembled away into silence.

Sellner was greatly agitated by the ghostly visitation of that night. He restlessly turned on his couch in heated dreams, in which the whispering of the harp was ever calling him. Worn out by his fancies, he awoke to find that all the springs of his energy had ceased to flow; and now he began to entertain a strange presentiment of death. With impatient longing he awaited the coming of night again, and early sought Josepha's room. He had lulled himself into a reverie by means of his flute, when the ninth hour began to strike. Scarcely had the last vibration died away when the harp quietly began to resound, growing fuller and louder, until it trembled in unison with the flute. When the flute ceased, the ghostly chords also were silent. As before, the dim phosphorescent light was visible in the room, and Sellner in his ecstasy cried: "Oh! Josepha, take me to thy heart!" Then the harp re-vibrated with quiet strains, losing itself in a refrain. This was too violent a shock for the over-excited Sellner, and he staggered back to his room, his face pale as death. As he entered, his servant, frightened at his looks, ran, in spite of Sellner's opposition, for the physician, who was likewise Sellner's friend. The physician found him in a high fever, the same as had bereaved him of Josepha, only more violent. He grew worse during the night and continually raved of Josepha and the harp. As the morn approached he grew more quiet, but felt certain that death was near, although he was assured there was no danger. Then Sellner made known to his friend what had happened the previous night, and no remonstrance could change his belief. When evening approached he grew weaker and weaker, and begged in a faint voice to be taken to Josepha's room. It was done. With calm serenity he greeted every beautiful

remembrance, and calmly spoke of the ninth hour as the hour of his death. When the hour had arrived, he bade his attendants farewell, and besought them all to leave the room, except the physician. As the ninth hour rang out with a hollow sound from the near castle-tower, the pale countenance of Sellner flushed with deep emotion. "Josepha!" he cried, as if inspired, "Josepha, greet me again, that I may know thou art near, and I shall overcome the pains of death with thy love!"

Again the strings of the harp resounded wonderfully in magnificent chords, like songs of victory, and around the dying man faint light again hovered. "I come, I come," he called out, and, struggling with life, he sank on his pillow. Fainter and fainter were the tones of the harp, and once more, by a spasmodic effort, Sellner sprang up. At that moment he sank back, and the strings of the harp, as if torn by a ghostly hand, snapped asunder. The physician, trembling violently, closed the eyes of his friend, who now, in spite of the wild struggle, lay as if asleep. Deeply moved, he left the house. He was for a long time unable to chase the recollection of that hour from his memory, and he kept a guarded silence concerning the last moments of his friend. But finally, when more disposed to communicate his thoughts, he narrated the incidents of that evening to his intimate associates, showing at the same time the harp, which he kept as a memento of the departed.

JULES ADINAW.

LOVE-SHADOWS.

I OVERLOOK'D the sea to-day:
I sat and listen'd to the roar
Of surf-capp'd billows on the shore,
That break and break forever there,—
Inbreath'd with joy the freshen'd air,
And saw white ships their anchors weigh
To speed upon their course once more.
Sea-gulls were flapping weary wings,
Or diving 'neath the briny wave;
While here and there a porpoise rose
To drink the sun-beam, and repose
Upon his black and brawny side.
Where you and I would find a grave,
I know the sea-shell e'er sings.
I cannot see it, neither hear,
And yet I'm sure the music's there,
And lasts forever from year to year.
And there were bathers in the tide,
Fair maidens, coy, and lads beside.
No fairies of the earth or sea
E'er look'd or laughed more merrily.
Yet little did I ponder this,
For eyes and soul were wide apart:
Long years ago this might be bliss,
But now I have an aching heart.
The waste before me was a small,
A tiny bit of Ocean's space:—
I thought of all beyond the sea:
I tried to grasp it and did fail:
But that slow ship with banner'd sail
Will ride the deep and laugh at me,
And then her stately way retrace:
While all those days that surf crown'd wall
Will shut me from the farther shore,
Toward which I stretch'd my gaze in vain.
This was not pleasure—this was pain,
To fail to see what was before.

I know another Ocean wild,
On whose lone waste one woman smil'd:
But now those smiles seem as Night's cold
And cheerless star-beams on the wold:
They do not charm me as of old.
O mockery! I loved her so!

Or thought I did—I cannot tell!—
How *does* one know when one lov'd well!—
And now I drink the dregs of woe,
Mix'd by my own self years ago.

My flutt'ring heart with wings of love
Would overfly this awful deep,
And rest beyond on Ocean's brim,
Where Faith and Hope and Charity,
The better virtues, pure if dim,
Sing low a matin melody:
Where I could wake from out my sleep
Of higher passions and delights,
And guardian angels from above
Could sweep my soul-lyre with fair hands,
Attun'd to notes of brighter lands:
Where days would take the place of nights:
Where turbulence would turn to peace,
And bitter threnodies surcease.
Oh! could my soul rise o'er these clouds,
Withdraw its feet from out these sands,
It would disrobe the sable shrouds,
Clinging tenacious to this "dead
And weary ghost," and, then, o'erhead,
Above the tempests, like the wind,
Speed on—all doubts and fears behind—
Till, resting in the upper air,
'Twould see afar this grim Despair.
But it is chain'd, chain'd very fast:
Though it would fly, its wings are numb:
My will, my passion, all my powers,
Strong draw me from this prison-cell,
Of one I thought I could love well—
This love of mine, whose thousand hours
I know I've lightened, and whose home
May brighter be for what we've passed.

I say that all my heart rebels,
And turns its face away from hers:
That every throb within now swells
As did those sea-waves tumbling there,
And overleaps, as stair on stair,
And to its very bottom stirs.
But why? Has she not been as true
As ever one could be to you?
Has she not lov'd and press'd her heart
With pain, whene'er we had to part?
Was she not everything to me,
That any woman-angel is,
Or can be, save in worlds of bliss,
Through time, or in eternity?
Were all the stars piled up on high,
And all the gold of earth or sky
Set out before me,—would I choose
To give her up, and take these all?
Or would the riches seem too small
To buy this noble-hearted girl?
And would I with disdain refuse
To get these shells and give the pearl?
Nor gold nor silver, small or much,
Can buy a love-beat—no; not one:
But what nor wealth nor worlds can buy
May fade away as doth the leaf,
And leave a formless mould behind.
An orange eaten is only rind.
The upper-passion is now beneath:
We are apart, my love and I.
Our bread of happiness is stone:
Her image crumbles to the touch.

What will I lose by leaving her?
What will I gain? This whole day through
I've sat and ponder'd on this score:
I cannot think of less, nor more,
Nor would I if I could: would you?
For I must answer ere I stir.
This I will lose:—affection strong—
As strong as seas, aye, strong as death—
Affection till her latest breath,
And never aught unkind nor wrong.
She is as "saintly sweet" as good;
A spirit gentle as the breeze
Of light midsummer in the trees—
A fairy spirit of the wood.
I know not what her pen can do,
But else I know her through and through.
Her mind is clear as eagle's eye,
Her judgment sound, her action true:
Her *heart is warm*: this last is why
Rather than break that heart I'd die!
Tis *this* which makes her what she is,
And, after all, 'tis only this.

I would not say she is not great
In many noble qualities
Of soul and force of character:
But this I say as true of her,—
That of her virtues, chief of these
Which gave her power to mould my fate,
Was her affection, pure and warm,
Unknown for once to fail or shrink:
And I believe, amid a storm,
She'd haste with me to any brink.
This I will gain:—a vacant heart,
My heart, as lonely as that Isle
Where ship-wreck'd Juan dar'd never smile.
Lest beasts and birds should see and start:
A heart which only love can fill:—
And where's the love in all the world
To which I'd dare again bow down,
And ask, beseechingly and low,
That it one zephrous breath would blow
Across my soul—aye, set a crown
Of joy, where yesternight was furl'd
The flag of union, furl'd there still!—
A vacant heart, a vacant home,
A vacant sky with viewless dome,
A dead ambition cold as stone!

'Tis hard to bid my love adieu
Because I do not love her well:
Yet how instead can I live so?
How kiss her lips again and know,
This one sad truth I do not tell:—
That all her charms no longer woo?
Perhaps 'tis wrong, perhaps a crime:
Perhaps I ought to cherish yet
This woman's heart, this woman's *self*:
But I would sell my heart for pelf
Were I to wed her as it stands.
I could not live this Summer time,
Were her true love a bayonet,
Stabbing, killing with hidden hands.

There is a right, there is a wrong
About this welding-work of hearts.
It is not all a Fancy-song,
A "thing of chance"—"of fits and starts,"—
But sober, earnest, brave endeavor,
Not for to-day, but all forever.
And who should not his way retrace
Who, by mischance, had wrongly chose,
If, in some way, he found it so,
Before it was forever late?
Why should he suffer on and wait
Until the final whirlwinds blow—
Until he presses th' wither'd rose,
And Misery graves lines o'er his face?

And yet, how can I know for certain,
That th' wise providence of God
Hath decreed a lasting curtain,
Hath made my love a lifeless clod,
Through the ages and the ages,—
Through the varying, awful stages
Of her and my eternity?
Who knows but this is simply trial—
A doubt to tempt me to denial—
From whose fierce darkness I should flee?
Perchance the morrow's sun will burn
Upon the ashes in this urn,
And kindle them to light and heat,—
Bring back their chemic elements.
Perchance my ghost of hard Defeat
Is but a mocking, wild pretence;
And in my inner heart of heart
The trusty Cupid, with his dart,
Is only resting in repose,
And still I love: who knows? *who knows?*

* * * * *

I met another one to-night,
Who bore a burden as myself;
A lute-voic'd, gentle, merry elf,
With face as bright as morning light.
But as we moved to each the nearer,
And I ask'd low of her past days—
'Had she e'er lov'd, and did she now?'
A flash of anguish crossed her brow,

And her strong mind was in a maze,—
A maze which deep thought made no clearer.
It was sometime ere she began
To tell the tale as best she could,
And then I found it was as mine.
I can't tell all, but thus it ran:
"My story you will soon divine.
I loved a manly man indeed,—
I did not love him as I should,
'Tis true,—but loved his good and brave
And manly deeds, and noble aim.
Yet first I taught him that ambition
Was not a vague myth, or tradition,
But that he, too, could win a name.
And then he came to me to crave
For the perfectest heart-kiss:
And, oh! I could not bear him plead
For my poor heart, and plead in vain,—
I could not bear to give him pain:
And so I lov'd him as a man
Of heathen birth loves his false god,—
Without the sweetness of strong faith,
But dreading a chastising rod—
Without "a love as strong as death,"—
Without full trust, without a plan.
Sometimes my doubts I would rehearse,
But he could see no other side:
And now, this moment, what is worse
That aught on earth could me betide,
He claims, demands me for his bride.
He has my promise, not my love:
He has my letters, not my heart:
'Twould drain my life-cup to impart
The sacredness of my whole life
To him, because I know a strife
And clash of spirit would remove
The very name and chance of love.
My mind is in a sad unrest,
And all the year past was the same:
His passion-soul is now a-flame,
But mine has burned out in my breast.
O for a final, endless sleep,
Eternal sleep without awaking!
O for a death of years and years!
I long to drown this soul in tears!
I long to feel my lone heart breaking!
I want to perish in the deep!
I want to hasten to the end
Of life and horrors! Would to heaven
I could this earth soul quickly rend,
And only feel I was forgiven!"

I heard no more, nor was more spoken,
Until I took up my sad story,
And also bade her pray and wait.
But we've agreed—agreed to-night,
That, as each had one common cause
To act out Nature's higher laws,
We'd neither deem a life-match right
Because half-made. Though it were late
To drop our two loves, old and hoary,
Better, we said, these unions broken,
Than four souls robb'd of half life's glory!

Yet, after all, what will we wed?
Or whom? Or must we live alone,
And hopeless perish, this girl and I?
Must we by one, same, hard fate die?
Or may we for the past atone,
By burying out of sight our dead,
And solving by Time this tangled thread?

I cannot tell: I reason not:
Time, so full of strange mutations,
May to-morrow bring perfect calm;
May on our weary souls pour balm,
Fresh-drawn from a perennial fount.
Would to God these past vexations,
And all their sins we dare not count,
May to-morrow forgotten be,
And this o'erwhelming crime and blot—
This crime of breaking sacred vows,
Marring two human souls to-night—
Be in Christ's blood made pure and white;
Whiter than surf-caps of the sea,
And both be free to new espouse!

Z. Z. Z.

AN UNWRITTEN ACCOUNT OF A SPY OF WASHINGTON.

THERE are, doubtless, many persons in the State of New Jersey who have read with interest and pleasure, as well as with excitement and wonder, the story of the deeds of that wonderful personage described in Cooper's *Spy*, as "Harvey Birch," and have grown ardently patriotic over his heroic acceptance of sacrifice, trial and danger, on account of his struggling and imperiled country. But there are probably few in this State who are aware that upon its own soil, and among its own people, there lived and died a spirit as faithful and as brave as that of the real, or fictitious "Harvey Birch," a part of whose Revolutionary life was also as romantic, perilous and important as his, indeed strikingly similar in character, having the same objects in view, and being conducted under the immediate supervision of the same great Chief.

The writer makes no claim to the power of invention. He proposes to create neither persons nor circumstances, but being in possession of a number of facts, with which he has long been familiar, *derived from the most unmistakable sources*, he will simply attempt to narrate them in the plain way in which they were received. He was also personally well acquainted with the subject of this narrative, was with him very often during the last fifteen years of his life, and saw his eyes closed in death.

Some time in the year 1758, there arrived in the waters of the St. Lawrence, the English frigate *Boyrie*. The great conflict between the French and English for the mastery on this continent was then raging. Braddock had been defeated and slain. The massacre at Fort William Henry had shocked the whole country, and the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage was reeking with the blood of the helpless and the innocent. On board the vessel were not only a number of soldiers, but also Gen. Abercrombie, and a somewhat youthful Colonel, afterwards known as the brave Gen. Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who were all to participate in the bloody strife. Among the soldiers was a young Irishman, born in Armagh, but of Scottish ancestry, and of the Covenantor faith. He was possessed of a tolerable education, spoke the English language correctly, but had in his speech much of the Irish brogue, which might easily have been mistaken for Scotch. He was tall and commanding in stature, agile in movement, and possessed a strong and athletic frame. Although entertaining no good will toward his British neighbors, yet, under the inflexible conscription of Chatham, the great War Minister, he was forced into the army of the Crown. He was quite too sagacious to betray the unwillingness of his service, but performed with alacrity all the duties imposed upon him.

This young soldier was John Honeyman, afterward "the spy of Washington.". When crossing the Atlantic, and while young Honeyman was keeping guard on the deck, Col. Wolfe, who was about to descend the stairway, tripped or stumbled, and would have been percipitated down the descent, had he not been caught and saved by the strong arm of the young conscript. The Colonel spoke to him most graciously, thanked him kindly, told him he had saved his life, inquired his name, took a note of it in his memorandum book, and promised to remember him.

The first service which devolved on the officers and soldiers of whom we

have spoken, was the attack upon Louisburg. After the storming and capture of that stronghold, Wolfe was promoted for his bravery and skill to the office of General, and was placed in command of the army to attack Quebec, which was to decide the great issue between the French and the English. He now made Honeyman one of his body guard, and a sort of member of his military family, and required him to remain at all times as near his person as possible. The English were at first defeated before Quebec, but Wolfe, not discouraged, determined, at the risk of his life, to scale the formidable heights of Abraham, which, up to that time, had been deemed inaccessible. This would bring him to a level with the city walls. For this purpose he landed his army at Point Levi. In crossing the stream to reach the side on which Quebec stands, Honeyman was one of the oarsmen in the boat that bore the General and some of his officers to the scene. While rowing, an officer, sitting behind and a little above him, was struck by a cannon ball, which carried away the upper part of his head. As he fell forward, his brain was deposited over the head and clothes of our hero. This led him often to remark that "a man had more brains than an ox." The army, however, was landed, and Honeyman, in the deep gloom of the night, with cat-like tread, by the side of his General, whom he had learned to love, groped his way up the perilous ascent, till they reached the plains above. Here, in the purple dawn of a September morning, was seen the British army already arrived in safety. Thousands of red-coats soon flashed in the rays of the ascending sun, while the British Lion, in his silken folds, waved his threatening mane in the morning breeze most defiantly. But Wolfe and his army did not have to wait long.

The French commander soon offered them battle. Here our youthful soldier joined in the frightful carnage that ensued. He saw his General fall, and aided in bearing the dying chieftain from the field, "walking," as he often said, "most of the way in blood." These two scenes—the one at the boat, and the death of Wolfe—seemed to have affected him more than anything else during his life. He often recalled and related them after he was ninety years of age, but always with faltering voice and tearful eyes. The victory this time was with the English. The French commander was also killed, the city was at once surrendered, and, with the fall of Montreal the next year, the conflict ended. Then Honeyman was honorably discharged from the service.

We must now pass over a period of some eight or ten years, during which little is known of the doings and whereabouts of this young Scotch-Irishman, but, as early as the year 1775, he had found his way to Philadelphia, carefully carrying with him his discharge from the army of Gen. Wolfe; also the letter of that General requesting him to become a member of his body guard, and an attendant on his person when desired. These documents were known to be in his possession long after the close of our Revolutionary War. From the fact that he had been bred to the trade of weaver, as well as that of butcher and dealer in cattle, before coming to this country, and from his habits of industry and thrift, it is supposed that the interval between 1763, when the peace between France and England was announced, and the year 1755, when we find him in Philadelphia, had been spent in pursuing his early avocations. In Philadelphia he met and married Mary Henry, an intelligent, strong-minded Irish girl, whose birth-

place was Colerain, near the Scotish borders. She was of his own faith and courage, and in after years endured hardship and peril with as much fortitude and heroism as her husband.

In Philadelphia, Honeyman first saw Washington, of whom he had previously heard as having been engaged in the same war with himself, on a different field The troubles between the Colonies and the mother country were then rising to fever heat. In them Honeyman took and felt an intense interest, and when Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief he earnestly sought an opportunity to be presented to him. His efforts were successful, chiefly through the letter of Gen. Wolfe, the relation which he had borne to that great and accomplished officer, and his honorable discharge from the army, which, under Wolfe, had destroyed the power of the French. These interviews were repeated, but what transpired at them is not now certainly known; but it will probably appear, as we proceed, that the sagacious Chief understood his new acquaintance, and gave him his confidence.

We have said that Honeyman was in Philadelphia as early as 1775, but it is certain that he was there and was married several years before, as in the early part of 1776 he, with his wife and several young children, had removed to and made their residence at Griggstown, Somerset County, New Jersey. What connection this removal had with the interviews in Philadelphia, before referred to, may be left to the conjecture of the reader, after I state what followed. But one meeting is known to have occurred in New Jersey, between him and Washington, prior to the close of the war. This was near Fort Lee, and shortly before the retreat of the American forces across the State into Pennsylvania. The interview was hurried, but continued long enough to adopt a plan of operation. He was *to act the part of a spy for the American cause*, in that part of New Jersey where he was most familiar. As he was a Scotch-Irishman, who had already been in the British army, and witnessed its triumphs, it would not be considered strange if he still adhered to their cause, as did many others in the country. It was this position he was to assume: To act the part of a Tory, and quietly talk in favor of the British side of the question. In the capacity of butcher he was to commence some trade with them, and to furnish them cattle and horses when their armies came into the State, which was certain to speedily take place. This course he was to pursue while he resided within the American lines, so long as it should be safe to do so, and, if danger at home became too threatening, he was to leave his helpless family amidst its angry foes and go entirely over within the British lines, there to continue his occupation of butcher, and to supply the British with cattle. This would probably furnish him with a wider range of travel within the lines of the enemy, and an excellent opportunity for the observation and discovery of their force, positions, officers, probable action and movements, etc. As soon as he could learn anything with reasonable certainty, which it was important for Washington to know, he was to venture, as if by accident, and while avowedly looking for cattle, so far beyond the army lines as to be captured by the Americans, but not without a desperate effort to avoid it. Washington was to offer, if need be, some reward for his arrest, but always with the imperative direction that he should be taken alive and brought at once before him in person, his object being not only in some way to protect his agent, but to receive his communications in the ab-

sence of all listeners, and then to devise some unsuspected means for him to make his escape back to the British lines. One great feature of the arrangement was to have it explicitly understood, and believed on both sides of the line, that Honeyman had gone fully over to the English and was exclusively in their service. Consequently, the greatest possible secrecy had to be preserved, and, until the particular service was no longer needed, the arrangement was only known to Honeyman and his faithful wife, and to Washington himself. Any other course would not only have frustrated the whole plan, but would probably have resulted both in the destruction of the spy and in injury to the American cause.

The interview spoken of near Fort Lee occurred in the early part of November, and shortly after Washington had retired to that place. His army, such as it was, after its retreat through New Jersey, had safely crossed the Delaware about the 8th of December. Some two weeks later Honeyman was moving along with the British army, in pursuit of the Americans, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another. At Trenton, as in other places, he seems to have had the privilege of going pretty much where he pleased in pursuit of his business. Having been compelled to enter and remain within the British lines almost from the moment of making the arrangement before mentioned, having ing ascertained the position and danger of Washington, and the condition of the British at New Brunswick and Trenton, being also aware that the discipline at the latter place was very lax, knowing too that the holidays were approaching, when a still greater indulgence would probably be permitted, and having in his perambulations, as a butcher, in and about the city, obtained such a knowledge of its localities and of the roads leading to it, as would enable him to make a pretty correct diagram of them if desired, he resolved to take the first perilous step to communicate with the Commander-in chief, as agreed upon between them. With a large cart whip in one hand and a rope in the other, a rather greasy-looking coat on his back, and apparently in search of cattle, he turned his steps toward the Delaware. After proceeding for some time along or near the bank of the stream, he perceived, at some distance, what seemed to be two dismounted horsemen in American uniform, partially concealed by some bushes. For once his heart throbbed violently, and his courage almost forsook him. But his business was urgent, and time was pressing, and he could not forego the offered opportunity, so he nerved himself accordingly. Fortunately, a farmer's cow presented herself before him. Summoning all his energies and patriotism he pressed her into his service, and, seeing that he was not observed by the horsemen, he commenced driving her past them. When he had got about even with them, the cow all at once became unruly, and he gave a sharp crack of his whip and a loud shout to the animal to harry her along. The horsemen, who had been seated on a log, now sprang to their feet, and almost at the same moment were in their saddles. Honeyman passed along for a few steps, feigning not to see them, but, as they broke through the bushes, he dropped his rope, and took to his heels with his utmost speed. The horsemen soon overtook him, but it was not so easy a matter to capture him. By the free use of his whip and by sudden dodgings and turnings he at first successfully evaded them, and was rapidly nearing a fence, when he suddenly slipped on some ice and fell heavily to the ground. Before he could rise, one of the troopers was upon him. But by

the time the other had reached them, Honeyman was again on his feet, and the struggle of two to one, for a time doubtful, was decided by the majority finally prevailing. Then he was again thrown to the ground, where, with two pistols pointed at his head, he finally surrendered, but with many protestations that he was only a poor butcher, trying to make an honest living for his family, and had not tried to hurt anybody, but the contrary old cow had forced him a little out of his way. The butcher was firmly bound with his own rope and mounted behind one of the troopers, while the other rode by his side with the other end of the rope fastened to his saddle-bow. He was taken across the River and borne in triumph to the headquarters of Washington, with some demonstrations of satisfaction. The Commander had already admonished his troops to look out for such a person, who was understood to be dangerous, to arrest him if possible, and without fail to bring him to him instantly. Honeyman entered the apartment of the great Chief with trembling limbs and downcast eyes, as if trying to sink through the floor. Here his long continued and violent resistence to capture was duly announced. Washington looked unusually grave, but spoke calmly to the spy, telling him it was painful to see him in such a plight; that he had heard of him before, and that his troops had for some time been trying to arrest him. The General, after some unimportant questions, directed all his attendants to withdraw, but to surround and guard the quarters, and shoot the prisoner if he attempted to escape. The interview lasted some half an hour, or till about sunset, when the guards were recalled, and directions given to furnish the prisoner with food, put him in the log prison, lock the door and safely guard it on the outside till morning, when a court-martial would be convened to try the guilt of the prisoner, of which he was satisfied from his own story.

This prison was a sort of log cabin, then recently and strongly built. There was but a crevice for a window, and one ponderous door. In this uninviting apartment the spy was placed, the door securely locked, the key taken out, and a guard placed on either side. Late in the night, when all were quiet, and the camp asleep, except here and there a guard whose tramp could be plainly heard, a fire was observed to be breaking out near by in a dangerous place. It was small, and could be extinguished in a few moments if done at once. No one was near to do it. The guards, who were awake, hesitated for a moment, but the flames ascended rapidly, and then they instinctively rushed to the fire. In a short time it was subdued. They now returned to and remained faithfully at their posts till morning. When the morning came the door was still locked, but the spy was not there. He had escaped, but no one seemed to know how. "He must be a burglar," they said, "as well as a traitor, and was doubtless armed with false keys." The camp was soon in great commotion. Washington seemed exceedingly angry. *But three days afterward the latter was with his army in Trenton, the city, with its Hessian occupants, being captured.* Rahl was slain, and the country was saved!

Although the spy had escaped, he was not among the captured at Trenton. He well knew that was not a safe place for him.

The mode of escape was entirely planed by Washington, and, of course, the guards were not very close to the line of travel which the spy was to pursue. There was a slight alarm at one outer point, and a few guns were fired, but Honeyman easily eluded pursuit, and reached the River in safety. This he

crossed, partly on the ice and partly through the icy waters. When he reached the British pickets he was almost breathless. He first surrendered himself to them, and then told the story of his arrest, marvelous escape, and all that he had seen, with whatever of glow and fervor his shivering body and limbs permitted. The guards were in transports of joy, and Honeyman himself was easily persuaded to be carried to the quarters of the Colonel before morning. He, in fact, desired an apparently unsought interview with him as speedily as possible, that he might be discharged and get out of the way of a new capture, when Washington should reach Trenton. Col. Rahl, on being informed of the arrival of so important a visitor, arose from his couch to receive him. The captive repeated his story. Rahl censured him for needlessly exposing himself, but was delighted with the escape. He cared less for the particulars of either, however, than he did to learn all that the butcher had heard and discovered in the American camp. On this point the spy became somewhat reticent, for, although he was anxious enough to tell all he knew, and perhaps more, about the condition of the army, yet, to avoid suspicion afterwards, he did not wish to volunteer a very disparaging statement about it, such as would be disproved in a very short time. But the Colonel, as was expected, plied with him questions until he drew from him a description of the most deplorable condition of the American camp, upon which Rahl exclaimed that "no danger was to be apprehended from that quarter for some time to come." Honeyman was now discharged, and at once made his way to New Brunswick, for him a place of greater safety.

The news of the capture and escape of Honeyman speedily reached his own neighborhood of Griggstown, where the indignation and excitement reached the highest point. It was well known there that he had gone over to the English army, and he had already received the title of "Tory John Honeyman;" but now, "British spy, traitor and cutthroat," and various other disagreeable epithets, were heard on every side. His house was surrounded at midnight by a crowd of his exasperated neighbors, who, by arrangement, had approached it from different directions, supposing he might be there. They demanded the surrender of the traitor, or that the premises should be thoroughly searched, and perhaps reduced to ashes. His wife protested that she knew nothing of his whereabouts, and seemed grieved at his misconduct, but this only increased the demand and tumult. She soon after unlocked the door, and, waving her hand, asked the crowd to listen a moment. They became quiet, and she inquired who was their leader. The answer, "Abraham Baird," came from all directions. Now Abraham Baird was one of her well-known neighbors, a young man only eighteen years of age, of stalwart frame, unshrinking courage and unexceptionable character, who had from the first espoused the cause of the Colonies with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth. He was afterward in the service, and came out of it bearing the title of Major. In his old age he received an honorable pension from the Government. The writer was well acquainted with him during his latter years, and he was one of the persons from whom much of the information herein narrated was received. When the wife of Honeyman heard the name of Baird, her apprehensions subsided, for she knew him well, and knew that no harm could come to her or her children so long as he controlled affairs. She invited him to her. He went. She handed him a paper, and

asked him to read it aloud to those outside. He did so, after first carefully looking it over himself. The paper which he read was as follows:

"AMERICAN CAMP,
"NEW JERSEY, NOV., A. D. 1776.

"*To the good people of New Jersey, and all others whom it may concern:*

"It is hereby ordered that the wife and children of John Honeyman, of Griggstown, the notorious Tory, now within the British lines, and probably acting the part of a spy, shall be and hereby are protected from all harm and annoyance from every quarter, until further orders. But this furnishes no protection to Honeyman himself.

"GEO. WASHINGTON,
"*Com.-in-Chief.*"

After the reading of this paper the wife invited Baird and his associates to make such examination of the premises as they thought proper, but no one seemed anxious to proceed any further. A long silence ensued. The assemblage was somewhat confused and confounded, and soon after gradually dispersed.

This paper was not only signed by Washington, but was all written by him, and remained in the family for many years afterwards. It was seen and read by the children as well as by many others. Although the feeling of the neighbors toward the family became quiet, and even kind, yet, toward the head of it, it in no way abated, and there was no time, until the close of the war, when his life would have been safe had he been taken in the neighborhood of his house.

According to the plan referred to, the theatre of Honeyman's action was confined essentially to New Jersey, with the soil of which he had made himself fully acquainted, and could only be carried out when the English army was in possession of some part of it, and when so near to Washington that he was certain, if arrested, to be carried before him.

Consequently, when the British had been driven from the State, in 1777, and Washington had removed with his army from Morristown to the Delaware, for the defense of Philadelphia, there was little if any opportunity for the spy to perform his part of the great drama any further. Nor did any such opportunity again occur, so far as is known, during the war. Nor is it now known where Honeyman was, or what he was doing all that time. He certainly did not reside with his family, for it could not be known at what moment his services might be needed, and it was not then safe to raise the veil which hung around his strange conduct. It is believed he remained with the British forces, and probably maintained his character and business of butcher and trader with them. It is also probable that he at times saw or formed plans of communicating with his family, and furnished them the means of subsistence. But when the strife was ended and peace proclaimed, and the great Chief himself raised the mysterious veil, then John Honeyman returned to his home the greatest hero of the hour. The same neighbors who had once surrounded his humble dwelling and sought his life, again not only surrounded it, but pressed vigorously for admittance, not to harm, but to thank and bless and honor him, and to congratulate and applaud his long suffering but heroic wife. Many American officers came to visit him, Washington himself being among the first.

About ten years after this time he purchased a large farm in the northwest portion of the County of Somerset, bordering on the Lamington River, to which he removed, and to which he afterwards added another large farm in the same neighborhood, nearly as large, for which he soon paid by industry and frugality. His children, seven in number, all lived to be far advanced in life. Two sons and five daughters—all except one—

married New Jersey men, or women, and his descendants are now scattered widely over the Middle and Western States. Among them are to be found a number belonging to all the learned professions. He connected himself with the Presbyterian Church after he was ninety years of age, and died when he was ninety-five as a Christian only can die. His dust now reposes in the Church-yard at Lamington, beside that of his true, faithful and loving wife, who had descended to the tomb some twenty years before him.

JOHN VAN DYKE.

OUR DWELLINGS.

HALF of a man's time is spent in the house; much more than half of a woman's. The location and construction of the dwelling is therefore of real importance.

A roaming savage may carry his tent with him; a stationary savage may nestle in the cleft rock, or burrow in the earth, or daub and thatch a rude hut: they ask only for warmth and shelter, and they get no more. But with the expanding nature comes the opening and discriminating eye. As our needs multiply, we see the master-builders' better plans. There is much thought for our surroundings in the adjustment existing between our mind and body, with their many needs, and the world allotted for our home. The outlines of our nature find here corresponding provisions. The essentials for rude health are freely given, and each effort to improve earns for us unsuspected instruments of further progress.

Consider, too, the body, the special abode of each individual, shaped with so much foresight. There is no confusion in this well-fitted house, which receives the infant and domiciles the man; it is graduated nicely to its term of service, elastic and responsive within its limited era, and drops, by collateral design, to free its tenant when the lease expires. Each faculty is furnished with its organ. Here the restless soul elaborates its thoughts—there each faithful nerve stretches its obedient chord. Those cunning fingers are born servants of this imperious will. The strange organ of digestion fulfils its special purpose. Every natural want manifests intention. There is for every muscle, membrane, pore and cell, its separate use.

As is our clumsier house to the sensitive, agile body, surely in such small degree may be the utility and adaptation of the several parts to our chief wants and needed opportunities. As is our simple garden to the superb planet, surely in such little measure, may we gather round us adornments of turf and flower and tree.

Business requires the factory, warehouse, store and crowded thoroughfare. It claims its own locality. Compactness of site eases business and draws custom. All parties gain, even by placing groceries side by side, drug stores together, lawyers door to door, and doctors in a row. There is a charm in uniformity, if this be dominated by fitness. Rows of solid buildings answer well the purpose of business. These are recognized as fitting, and so command the eye's approval more than would diversities of form and finish, which should indicate no adaptation to the special requirements of trade.

Dwellings, also, ask their separate neighborhood, accessible, but yet apart from business. Mere space is not without its use. It lessens risk of great conflagrations. It diminishes danger of infection and the spread of epidemics.

Dwellings should be free from incongruous surroundings. They should stand amid encircling gardens in uniform quietude and beauty: friend readily accessible to friend, family near to family, yet each with wholesome intervening space. The districts devoted to our dwellings might become the oases of the community. Home needs such space for privacy, to work and chat and read and write and rest, unseen: for a chance to watch some of the Creator's processes, the growth of plants, the habits and songs of birds, suggestive transformations of ascending insect life, a glimpse, from good large windows, of the evening sky, and a possibility to see the great sun rise and set.

In interior arrangement adaptation must prevail. The kitchen claims its special place, convenient for its own duties, with all possible provisions to make those duties easy and complete. How many steps may be reserved for outdoor exercise, how much muscle economized for other effort, by handy location of closet, table, fire and tub, back stairs and cellar door. The nursery should command warmth, air, outlook, opportunity for play, for story telling and for study. The library needs side-light, seclusion, yet a peep of garden and a good slice of sky. This is the place for study, thought and inspiration, and conversation by just two. The dormitories want ventilation, quiet, good positions and appliances for rest. The parlor should contemplate amplitude and cheerful light for conversation, melody and books.

Parallel with utility, the idea of beauty should be prominent in the structure of our homes. There is propriety here in the expression of any special individuality that may distinguish each family. Even among birds, how great a diversity prevails! Compare the nest of the fish hawk, like a bundle of fagots in the fork of some bare, storm-scathed, solitary tree, with the light cradle of the oriole swung from a slender twig among the innumerable leaves of a foliage-laden elm. Much more does the marked individuality of men impel them to manifest each his own conception of the strength or grace of home: while the unpleasant effect of too wide eccentricity of taste may well be chastened by a certain uniformity of style, like the kindred tie which binds us all.

S. C. Blackwell.

DAY-DREAMS.

I HAD a pleasant dream, dear Ned, to-day.
I dreamed I saw the flashing sunlight play
Upon the mountain lake, where you and I
So often watched the purple-tinted sky,
In days gone by.
I almost felt the same old feelings roll
Upon my restless soul!

The birds sang just as sweetly there to-day;
The streamlet skipped as gaily on its way;
The flowers bloomed as brightly, and the breeze
Sighed just as mournfully among the trees;
And just as then
My lusty song went rolling through the glen,
And echoed back again!

I saw each spot amid the sylvan shade
Where we once lingered long, or swiftly stray'd.
I heard the insects chirp, the cow-bells ring,
And saw the barking squirrels nimbly spring
High in the air,
Or on the swaying cedar branches swing,—
A happy, loving pair!

I traced each path among the silent woods;
The mosy rocks, the fitful sunlight floods;
The drooping ferns along the mountain side;
The surging mountains rolling far and wide,
All shadow crowned,—
The same quaint, ghostly shadows glide,
Like them, on all around!

The lake, as clear as crystal, pictures still
Upon its breast the quiet, pine-clad hill!
And 'neath its waves the darting fishes play,
Or, motionless, upon the pebbles lay.
Naught changed—but I!
I wandered sadly 'mid those scenes to-day
With heavy, tearful eye!

Each object there, dear Ned, is dear to me.
Sweet mem'ries cluster 'round each rock and tree.
The echo of some music we there made
Seems trembling still amid the sylvan shade;
And voices ring
Cheerily o'er mountain top and glade,
That never more will sing!

F. B. Copp.

A REPLY TO "CAPITAL PUNISHMENT."

II.

IT MAY be asked by a few how it is that, if the Old Dispensation of God's government over His creatures on earth has been so radically set aside by the New, the Ten Commandments stand as an infallible rule of human conduct to-day? But the question is easily answered. The Ten Commandments were not themselves the civil laws which governed the Hebrew nation. They had no penalties affixed, without which a civil law cannot be enforced. It was necessary to make special laws, more in detail, to which penalties were annexed, before even the spirit of the Commandments could be incorporated into the jurisprudence of the Hebrew State. Consequently, these Commandments were moral and not legal; binding the heart and not the outward conduct. They were matters of Religion, not of State obligation. They were, therefore, calculated in their very nature to stand for all time. To-day they are acquiesced in by the Christian world, both because Christ commended them, and because they yet stand the test of our purest moral and religious reason. But the civil laws given to the Hebrew State were *not* for all time. No one can be found now who will declare them so. But some single out one law, to wit, that of capital punishment, and say it is binding forever. And why? Surely it cannot be possible that God would have us grope among a thousand enactments to find this, and *guess* that it has yet legal force, if He *designed it to bind us!* The matter is too important, the command too weighty in its results to society, to the murderer, and to the State to have any doubt about it. But there is a doubt—which is the least which can be said. And would He thus leave the world in doubt on so great a question? Did God design to establish one civil law for every country and clime and age, would we find it only among a thousand others, with nothing to specially mark its weight? And would Christ and the Apostles have ignored it—or, rather, not hinted at it, except as a law existing among the Jews? Is it possible the Creator has undertaken to lay down a law for the universal *State*, and then left us in the dark, except as we find a single verse or two in Scripture, which is variously interpreted by scholars and divines? Mr. Mott may believe this, but I do not. It seems like a weak conception of the spirit with which God rules. It tends to shaken the faith millions of Christians have in a *clear, distinct and unmistakable revelation* of His will to mankind.

No. We must reject this idea of the Scriptures now *commanding* capital punishment, or affixing any human penalty whatever to any crime against the State. It is the State alone which makes laws and affixes penalties against the commission of crime. God could, but He has not chosen to do it. The State will act wisely in proportion as it bases its statutes upon the moral laws of God. But its own best judgment is invoked as to what those statutes shall be. The moral law, "Thou shalt not kill," and the necessity of punishing him who kills for the preservation of society, are the warrants for *some* statute against the murderer. But what statute, or how he shall be punished, is left with the power which makes the law and enforces it.

To understand fully what laws for the punishment of crime are best adapted in a State to reach the required end of pro-

moting the welfare of society, we must have a clear conception of the *object* of punishment. Mr. Mott seems to confound the object of punishment with the right of society to punish. He says:

"One error of the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment is, their erroneous views of the *nature* of punishment. They hold that the only reason why punishment should be inflicted is for the reformation of the offender, and to prevent crime. We admit that these are *objects* to be kept in view, but deny that they constitute the right of society to punish. The two steps leading to punishment are, as put by God, 'Sin is the transgression of the law,' and, 'The wages of sin is death.' A law without a penalty would be a dead letter. This principle of the Divine government God has infused into the human heart, in the universal feeling of mankind, that the evil doer only gets his deserts when he is punished. The overthrow of the wicked man meets our approval, because the demands of justice are met. If he go unwhipt, we assert that he has escaped justice. Through the soils of humanitarianism and expediency we dig, until we strike this rock:—*the criminal deserves to suffer, because he has broken law.* On this rock we plant the gallows."

The reader will observe that the question of the "objects" of punishment is here waived, and, instead, we are told that society has a "*right*" to punish because the criminal "*deserves*" to be punished, having "broken law." Are we then to understand that the "objects" of punishment are, primarily, to bring just retribution upon the criminal, and, secondarily, to reform him and prevent crime? If so, then the wisest of human law books are all in error. But to leave this inquiry for the moment, let me requote a sentence, and remark upon it. "The two steps leading to punishment are, as put by God, 'Sin is the transgression of the law,' and, 'The wages of sin is death.'" Very well; but *what* punishment? If Divine punishment is intended, then I agree with Mr. Mott. If human—but that writer knows well that he cannot mean human punishment. "Death" is the spiritual death—not death of the body. It cannot be sustained for a moment that these two quotations from the Bible give the State any right to punish a criminal by physical death. Else every *sin*, as well as every legal crime, would bring upon the sinner this penalty. What then have we, in the administration of human punishments, to do with this grand definition of Sin, and the warning of its penalty? Nothing, we have only to do with sin as individuals having souls to save or lose. It neither gives society the right to punish a criminal, nor throws any light whatever on the "objects" of punishment.

The logical argument, drawn from the above quoted position of Mr. Mott, and afterward succinctly stated by him, is, "Capital punishment is *perfectly just.*" But if his base falls, that falls. Suppose "capital punishment *is* perfectly just," why should the State inflict it? Who are the jurors and courts who can hold in exact balance the scales of Justice in any given case of murder, and determine what is just? Or how can the State single out murder as a crime to punish which exact justice shall be done, when the punishment for all other crimes is predicated upon another base than *perfect justice?* One man tells a lie in society. Does it not deserve severe punishment? But the State doesn't punish it at all. It cannot. Then is the law which is silent as to falsehood "perfectly just?" The trouble with the argument of my worthy friend seems to be this: He assumes that the State endeavors to punish on the principle of dealing out "perfect justice;" when, instead, its object is simply to prevent future crime, and the exact justice is left to be dealt out to the individual, in this world or the next, by God Himself, in His spiritual court, which acts directly with each in-

dividual conscience and not through the State at all.

I hold that punishment by the State has but *one* object in view, viz:—*the prevention of crime.* Says Blackstone:

"The end or final cause of human punishments is not by way of atonement or expiation for the crime committed; for that must be left to the just determination of the Supreme Being; but as a precaution against future offences of the same kind. This is effected in three ways: either by the amendment of the offender himself; for which purpose all corporal punishments, fines and temporary exile or imprisonment, are inflicted: or, by deterring others by the dread of his example from offending in the like way, which gives rise to all ignominious punishments, and to such executions of justice as are open and public: or, lastly, by depriving the party injuring of the power to do future mischief; which is effected by either putting him to death, or condemning him to perpetual confinement, slavery, or exile."

This view has been held by the ablest writers on common law, and upon moral law, almost from time immemorial, and should not be set aside by the dicta of any one less learned in this particular field than Sir William Blackstone and his compeers.

Conceding this to be the true object of punishment, viz:—the prevention of similar offences in the future, I would then inquire: *Why* is it essential, to effect this object, to put the murderer to death? I grant that the State may do it if it is essential: but is it? and why is it? The writer on "Capital Punishment," gives but two reasons. They are: 1. Because burglary and arson are now crimes which may be punished by life imprisonment; and murder, being a still more grave offence, cannot be more severely punished unless through the death penalty. 2. Because, if the murderer were imprisoned, he would soon be pardoned out, and be free to murder again. I will answer these points separately.

1. It is very true that, as there are grades of crimes, so there should be grades of punishments, suited to each particular crime, whenever it is at all practicable. But does this proposition alone furnish a reason for taking human life? Suppose petit larceny were punishable with imprisonment for life, would it be right to send a man, who committed burglary, to the gallows? This would have to be done to properly grade the higher offense, according to Mr. Mott. But that gentleman, in assuming his whole proposition, assumes too much. He assumes—to revert to the original argument—that burglary is now *properly* punished by life-imprisonment, and that the gallows is the next higher punishment to that. Yet, in point of fact, few burglars ever get imprisoned for life, or receive a higher sentence than twenty years. In New Jersey he can only receive *ten* years. Between the latter and the gallows, the step is very wide, I should say; and it is not a narrow one from ten years to natural death, presuming the burglar to live for an average period of time. Then, again, the burglar often gets his sentence commuted, which reduces his punishment. Again, if the idea be to make punishment for murder as severe as possible, brutality with a life-imprisonment might be substituted for the gallows with effect. The ears might be cut off, and arms and back flayed each day, and "rubbed down" with salt water, etc., etc. The ingenuity of men has been taxed to the utmost to find *severe* punishments in the ages now gone (in some countries even to-day), and I do not see wherein they come short of severity the most cruel. If this be the aim of punishment—to be cruel; if it be simply to make an example to the world whereby all persons may quake and tremble, then the hardest of punishments may be the best. But here we run against another stubborn fact, which, in this argument, I would desire to press

home most strongly, viz:—*that it is not always the most severe punishments which accomplish the most good to the criminal or society.* I need hardly enlarge upon this, because every intelligent man to-day, who has read the history of the world, and much more he who has studied its jurisprudence, knows it to be true. The code of Draco did not accomplish for Greece what our moderate laws firmly enforced do for New Jersey. Siam, nor China, nor Madegascar, ever has or ever can accomplish the suppression of crime and promote the welfare of society with their cruel civil codes, established centuries ago and yet in full force. The penalties for crime in these countries must be more lightened and enlightened. Witchcraft never flourished so vigorously as when witches were hung in Massachusetts. There is a point in punishment beyond which we may not go without harm to the criminal and to society. It will not do to be cruel or revengeful, even to establish "grades" of punishment. What our legislators and judges should want to establish, is, first, certainty in the conviction of the criminal; second, certainty in the full enforcement of the penalty. It is also entirely gratuitous to assume that it is necessary to make a wide distinction between crimes, which are now punished by imprisonment, and murder, *lest* murderers increase. Mr. Mott may imagine that all criminals, before the commission of an offense, first pause and meditate deliberately upon the exact probable consequence of their crime, and then proceed or not according to their dread of the particular punishment annexed to that crime. This may be true in theory, but is seldom so in fact. What they *may get* is not so great a deterrent as what they *may escape* is an incentive. Swift and sure light punishment is three-fold more effective than slow and uncertain severe punishment. But I take it that, in the case of murder, the punishment as a deterrent is very slight, be that punishment what it may. It takes a very wicked man to murder in cold blood; so wicked that the thought of either imprisonment or the gallows will rarely stop him from his crime. If a murder be the result of a sudden provocation or frenzy, the thought of punishment is still less operative. Then the slayer does not stop to think. Then the gallows is veiled to his eyes. Foster, in New York, was not haunted by any visions of his cell or scaffold when he killed Putnam; and no previous rigid enforcement of the law in that city would have made him see the result any plainer. Of course this is a theory which would have been best proven by his confession upon this point; and that confession was clear enough, if it will be believed.

2. The chances for the unconditional pardon of a murderer have long been too great in the United States, I admit. But they are not so great as Mr. Mott would have us believe. His figures, taken from the *Nation*, showing the percentage of pardons in several of the States, are presumably true, and are alarming. But—and here is one of the points he ignores—it is not stated that the criminals pardoned were *murderers.* Indeed, they could not have been adjudged such by courts and juries, or else they would have been hung; because, in New York, Massachusetts and Ohio, to which States special reference is made, the gallows has always been ready for those *adjudged* guilty of murder in the first degree. What were they then? Criminals of a lesser grade, evidently. And why would murderers, if doomed to imprisonment, instead of to the scaffold, by a law abolishing the latter, have a greater chance for remaining in prison a life-time than the criminals named in the

statistics of the *Nation*? The reason is clear. No sensible Governor, or Court of Pardons, would treat a case of malicious murder as they would that of unpremeditated man-slaughter. Or, if they did, then the law which allows them to do it is wrong and should be altered. And this leads me to another point in this matter of pardons, wherein my friend again assumes too much. He supposes the pardoning power is ever to exist as now in New York and the other States named; that it is to be lodged in the Governor, and he is to be unrestrained in its exercise. The fact that it is so now, and was during the period wherein the *Nation's* statistics were compiled, is true. But ought it to remain so? Ought any Governor to be suffered to override the verdicts of juries and courts, and appellate courts, and pardon a man duly convicted of *any* crime on his own personal whim, or notion? New Jersey has long thundered a *No!* Pennsylvania is taking up the echo, and the other States will follow soon: in the nature of things they must. Our form of government and institutions are too anti-monarchical to long allow a continuance of this sort of one-man power. I grant with Mr. Mott that imprisonment for life is almost a myth while the Governor of a State can pardon as he lists. But there is no necessity for that gubernatorial prerogative; it is an outrage on modern law; and it is no excuse to rush a man to the other world *because* our laws, as they stand, permit of his receiving his unconditional freedom if he is not hung. Remedy the law here, where it is wrong,—that is the first duty. Our own State plan is good. And, under it, there can be no such statistics made up as the *Nation* has made in other States. Here life-imprisonment does not mean pardon "in seven years."*

The first paper on "Capital Punishment" was devoted to answering the objections against the death-penalty. Some were well answered, and some not so well; and some objections were originated by the author. Before presenting the objections, the writer of this would make, he wishes to remark that, if the Scriptural argument in the affirmative falls, and the two other arguments of Mr. Mott just noticed are too weak to stand, that really ends the question. No man of feeling or judgment would ever think of erecting the gallows without some *special* warrant for it, from God or from expediency. Given, the right of the State to punish as it pleases, and also the equal effectiveness of the gallows, or some other mode of punishment, and the man who proposes the gallows is a monster. Severe, needless punishment is positive cruelty. If my positions, therefore, are thus far at all correct, capital punishment will need more special justification from some advocate of it before further reasons against it can be required. But I waive a stand-point so passive, and propose now to present additional reasons for the abolition of the gallows.

V.

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* The statistics of New Jersey seem not to be accessible; so I cannot give them. But it is certain that we have never had cause to complain of too frequent pardons.

MORE ABOUT THE DUTCH SETTLERS.

[SECOND PAPER.]

PETRUS COUWENHOVEN, of Weymouth, Gloucester County, New Jersey, was a son of Peter Wolpherste, and a grandson of Wolfert Gerretse, the emigrant. *William* and *Luke Couwenhoven*, of Monmouth County, were sons of William of Flatlands, and grandsons of Willem Gerretse. There was a *William Couwenhoven*, of Three-Mile-Run, in 1729, son of Gerret Janse, son of Jan Gerretse, son of Garrit Wolphertse, son of Wolfert Gerretse, the emigrant.

The *Griggs* family of Monmouth Co., are probably descendants of John Griggs, of Gravesend, who settled there prior to 1700.

Luyster Johannes, of the Raritans, in 1721, may be a descendant of Minne Johannes, who was assessed in Flatbush, in 1675.

Auke Janse, who also settled on the Raritans at an early period, and died about 1710, was a son of Jan Auckersz, of Flatbush, who married, 1st, July 29th, 1673, Barbara Provoost, and 2nd, April 4th, 1680, Eva Janse, and he was also a grandson of Auke Janse Van Nuys, the emigrant.

Abraham Lott, of Six-Mile-Run, in 1717, was probably a son of Peter Lott, who emigrated in 1652, and settled in Flatbush. His first wife was Claesje Langestraet, *Pieter Lott*, of Hopewell, Hunterdon Co., who died about 1721, was probably a son of Engelbert, of Flatbush, and a grandson of Peter, the emigrant.

Jacobus Leek, or *Lake*, and *Nicholas Lake*, who settled in Monmouth County as early as 1710, were probably descendants of "Jan Leuk," or Lake, and Neeltje Clasen, who settled in Gravesend at an early period, and had a son Jan baptized in Flatbush, April 16th, 1688.

Peter and *Jan Le Faber*, who were on the Raritans as early as 1704, were probably descendants of Peter la Faber, who kept a tap-house in New Amsterdam as early as 1653, and in 1660 owned a farm at the "Wale Bocht," Brooklyn.

Mindert Le Faber, or *Lefevre*, of Monmouth County, in 1716, was baptized April 21st, 1689, in Flatbush, and was a son of Isaac Lefevre, who emigrated in 1682, settled in Bushwick, married 1st, Jannetje Boudorick, and 2d, Wyntje, daughter of Myndert Coerten of New Utrecht.

Isaac Luqueer, of Three-Mile-Run, in 1729, was a descendant of "Jean Lequeir," who emigrated in 1657, and settled in Bushwick.

Auke Leffertse, who married, 1st, May 29th, 1703, Marytie Ten Eyck; 2d, July 30th, 1735, Catharine Hegeman, settled in Monmouth County prior to 1715, and was a son of Leffert Pieterse VanHaughwout, who emigrated in 1660, and settled in Flatbush.

Adrian and *Gysbert Lane*, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1720, and *Matuis*, or *Mattuy Lane*, of Monmouth County as early as 1716, may be descendants of Matthys or Thys Jansz Van Pelt Lanen, who with his brother Tunis Jansz Van Pelt Lanen, emigrated in 1663, with their families, from the land of Luyck (Leige) in the Netherlands, and settled in New Utrecht. Most of their descendants use "Van Pelt" as their surname, but a few use "Lane." This Matthys had a son Gysbrecht, or Gilbert, born in 1652, who married Janetje Adriaens, or Ariens, and resided in New Utrecht.

Johannes Luyster, who settled prior to 1720, at Middletown, Monmouth County, was born March 22d, 1691, in Flatbush, married April 10th, 1716, Lucretia Brower, died Jan. 29th. 1756, was a son of Cornelius Luyster and Sarah Catharine Nevius, and a grandson of Peter Cornelisz Luyster, who married, 1st, Aeltje Tysen, and 2d, Jannetje, daughter of Jan Snediker, and who emigrated in 1656, and resided at first in Flatlands.

Derick and *Aort Aersen Middagh*, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1714, and *Peter* and *Cornelis Middagh*, of the same locality, were children of Jan Arison, of Brooklyn Ferry, who was baptized Dec. 24th, 1662; married 1st, Ariaentje Blyck, daughter of Cornelis De Potter and widow of Johannus Nevius; and 2d, Jan. 4th, 1690, Elizabeth, widow of Peter Smit. Jan Arison, was a son of Aert Anthonize Middagh, who married Breckje Hans Bergen, and emigrated from Heykoop, Holland, in 1661, and settled in Brooklyn

There was a *Gideon Merlet*, who, with several Hugenots, newly arrived emigrants, petitioned the Governor and Council in 1663, for lands, most of whom settled in Bushwick; and there was also a *Paulus Merlit*, who married Lysbeth Buywyck, and had a daughter Janneken, baptized in Flatbush, May 18th, 1679. *Josias Merlet*, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1703, is probably a descendant of the above Gideon or Paulus.

Samuel and *Theodorus Monfort*, are probably descendants of Jan Monfoort, who had a patent for land at the "Wale Bocht," Brooklyn, where he resided. He married Gerritse Pieters (sup.) Luyster. There was a *Pieter Monfoort*, probably a brother of Jan, who also resided at the "Wale Bocht," and in the same year received a patent for land in that locality, from whom are descended the Long Island Monforts. Pieter and Jan Monfoort were in this country as early as 1630.

Roelof Nevius, who married, May 3d. 1712, Catryna Lucas, and *Tobias Nevius*, resided on the Raritans, or at Three-Mile-Run as early as 1707. *Peter Nevius*, who married, Mar. 13th, 1707, Altje Ten Eyck, and *Martin Nevius*, who married Willemtje Lucas, Aug. 29th. 1715, resided in Monmouth County as early as 1718. These persons were all children of Peter Nevius, of Flatlands who married June 27th, 1684, Jannetje Roelofs Schenck, and grand-children of Johannes Nevius, who emigrated from Solen, in the Netherlands, at an early period, settled in New Amsterdam, and married Nov. 18th, 1653, Ariaentje Bleyck, daughter of Cornelis De Potter and Swantje Jans.

Jacobus Ouke, of near New Brunswick, at an early period; also *Jan* and *Isaac Ouke*, of the same locality, were sons of Jacobus Auckersz, and Maria or Mary Williams, of Flatlands, who died about 1700, and grand-sons of Auke Janse Van Nuys, commonly known as Auke Janse, who emigrated about 1651 from Amsterdam, was a carpenter by trade, residing at times in New Amsterdam, Brooklyn, Flatlands and Flatbush, and married, 1st, Magdalena Pieterse, and 2d, Jan. 2d. 1676, Elizabeth Janse, widow of Jan Claesen, and 3d, Gurtie Gysbrechts, widow of Jan Jaobse.

Lourens Op Dyck, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1704, was a descendant of Gysbert Op Dyck, who emigrated from Wesel at an early period; married Sept. 24th, 1643, in New Amsterdam, Catharina Smit, of England; owned property in said city; obtained a patent for Coney Island May 24th, 1646, which, for some informality, was declared void in 1662, in which year he was appointed Commissary at Fort Hope in the Con-

necticut River. Gysbert had sons, Gysbert, Luduwyck, Johannes and Jacob.

Johannes and *Daniel Polhemus*, of the vicinity of the Raritans as early as 1717, were sons of Daniel Polhemus, of Flatbush, who married Aug. 13th, 1685, Nieltje, daughter of Cornelis Vandeveer, and died about 1730, and grandsons of Johannes Theodorus Polhemus, a clergyman, who emigrated from Holland to Itmarca, in Brazil, and from thence to Long Island, where he officiated in the then R. D. Churches of Kings County, and where he obtained, Jan. 25th, 1662, a patent for twenty-five morgens in Flatbush; he died Jan. 8th, 1676.

Theunis and *William Post*, sometimes written *Pos*, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1707, and *Johannes Post*, of Monmouth County, were probably sons of William Post, of the city of New York, who married, May 14th, 1679, Aeltje, daughter of Tunis Covert, of Bedford. His name occurs on the list of those who took the oath of allegiance in 1687, as a native of this country, and a resident of Brooklyn.

Jacob Probasco, of North Branch in 1717, was baptized in Flatbush, July 9th, 1682, and was a son of Stuffel Probasko, who emigrated in 1654; married Ida Strycker, and settled in Flatbush.

Stoffel Probasco, of the vicinity of the Raritans as early as 1733, was probably a grandson of Stuffel, the emigrant.

Johannes Poulise, of the Raritans in 1720, was probably a son of Dirck Paulitz, who married, 1st, Echtje Teunis Coevers, and 2nd, Sarah Jeats Williams, and a grandson of Paulus Direksen, who emigrated in 1651, and settled in Brooklyn.

Andreas Paulise, of the same locality, was probably a son of Cornelis Paulitz, who married, Nov., 1696, Jannetje Andreas, and had a son Andrias, baptized Mar. 30th, 1701, in Brooklyn.

Jonathan Provost, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1707, was probably a son of David Provost, who emigrated to this country prior to 1639, and whose wife was Maragrietta Gillis, daughter of Gillis Jansen Verbrugge and Barbara Schut. David was a trader in New Amsterdam in 1639, Commissary of provisions in 1640, Commissary at Fort Good Hope in 1645, school teacher in New Amsterdam in 1647, Notary Public, and one of the "Nine Men" in 1652, and Sheriff, or Scout of Brooklyn (to which place he removed.) Midwout and Amesfont in 1654 and '55, in which latter year he was also clerk of the Courts of said localities. He died prior to Aug., 1656. His son *Jonathan* was baptized in New Amsterdam, Mar. 26th, 1651, and married Dec. 26th, 1676, Catharine Vanderveer, widow.

Tunis Quick, of Six-Mile-Run as early as 1717, was probably a son of Dirck Teunissen Quick, of New York, whose son *Teunis* was baptized in that city June 7th, 1673.

Hendrick Reyniersen, of the vicinity of the Raritans as early an 1704, is probably a descendant of Gerrit Ryniersen on the assessment roll of Flatlands in 1675.

Hendrick Reyke, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1754, was probably a descendant of Abraham Riker, born 1695, who settled in Essex County, N. J. This Abraham was a son of John, and a grandson of Abraham Rycker, who emigrated about 1638, and is the progenitor of the Riker family in this country.

Jacob Rapelje, of the Raritans as early as 1710, was a son of Jeronimus Jorise Rapalie and Anna, daughter of Teunis Nyssen or Denyse, and a grandson of Joris Jansen Rapalie and Catalyntje Trico, who emigrated in 1623, finally settled at the Wale Bocht, and died about

1665. Jacob was born June 25th, 1679, and married, 1st, Gertien ———; 2nd, Sarah Brinckerhoff.

Martin Ryerson of New Brunswick about 1736, is a descendant of Marten Reyersen, who emigrated from Amsterdam in 1646, with his brother Adriaen Reyersen, and married May 14th, 1663, Annetje, daughter of Joris Jansen Rapalie.

Stoffel Jansen Romeyn emigrated in 1653 from the Netherlands, settled in Gravesend, where he took the oath of allegiance in 1687; he married Mar. 17th, 1678, Gertie Pieters, daughter of Pieter Wyckoff.

Symon Jansen Romeyn, of Amsterdam, probably emigrated with his brother in 1653, and settled in Flatlands, where his name appears on the assessment roll of 1675. In 1670 he purchased land of Jan Lovsdregh, in Bergen County, N. J., to which he removed. He married Jan. 1st, 1671, Sophia Jans, of Gravenhagen, in Holland.

Claes Jansen Romeyn settled in Flatlands, or Gravesend, and married Styntje Alberts, daughter of Albertse Terhune, and had three of his children baptized in Kings County, the last, Gerrebrechje, at Flatlands, Dec. 18th, 1681. He removed to Hackinsack.

From the Jansen in the names of these three persons the inference is that they were brothers, sons of a Jan Romeyn, and, from settling in the same locality, that they emigrated together. The date of emigration is obtained from the list of the oaths of allegiance on which Stoffel Jansen is entered as thirty-four years in this country. The Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, in his *Historical Discourse* at Hackensack, gives a different account, which is probably obtained from tradition, (not always reliable,) in which he makes Claes Jansen Romeyn the first of the name in this country, and the probable ancestor of all the Romeyns hereabouts; in which he is clearly mistaken. He says that Claes Jansen emigrated from the United Provinces to Brazil, South America, between 1650 and 1600, and that he emigrated to New Netherlands about 1661, whereas Stoffel Jansen, as above set forth, was here in 1653.

Jacobus Romeyn, of Monmouth County as early as 1710, was a descendant of one of the above named three brothers.

TUNIS G. BERGEN.

COL. HONEYMAN AND HIS WAR JOURNAL.

III.

CAMPUS NOVUS, ("STOCKADE,") *Nov. 29th*, 1862.—Dr. Brown, Lieut. Wells and myself intend pitching our tents together,—*i. e.*, one opening into other from front to rear. We shall stockade and fix for Winter quarters. When our camp is finished I think it will surpass in beauty any other camp in the army. We shall have it photographed. But marching orders may come to-morrow. Indeed, although much interested in my household arrangements here, and, as you know, I think much of my own comfort, I have one eye at least directed to Fredericksburgh, the place where we ought to be. We are rendering our country good service here, but the field is the place for the man who feels himself a soldier. Military spirit is born in man, and the soldier who cuts his way to Fame is the son of Genius. And I believe, too, a strong military taste is an evidence of courage, and that no man possessing it will not wish, when once embarked, to push his way through. Here is a noble Regiment, which should have been drilling instead of working, so that now it could be in the advance. There is fighting stock here wasting. But we came to obey orders—so let us not complain. There

is time enough yet for us to be the heroes of many a well-contested battle. Thanksgiving was only observed here by not working on the rifle-pits, and the adjournment of our Court-martial. In the afternoon Col. B. being at Fort De Russey, I was also invited to witness the races there. They were: 1st, Foot-race; 2nd, Wheel-barrow; 3d, Sack; 4th, Sweep-stakes race; and afterwards a horse-race was added to the programme. . . .

BIVOUAC, 31ST N. J. VOLS., MD.—It is Wednesday night, Dec. 3d. The Regiment has been marching ever since Sunday, which night we marched all night. It is a forced march. Monday it was horrible. The heavy knapsacks and loss of sleep wearing out more than half the Regiment. Unfortunately, we started scant of rations and without shelter tents, and so we are eating hard crackers and sleeping like cattle on the ground. However, we are now gaining in strength and doing well. There are six Regiments in our Brigade, and there is another Brigade following, destination unknown, but supposed to be Fredericksburgh. We passed through Port Tobacco (C. H.) this noon—a miserable place and Secesh. All are Secesh around us without a doubt. . . . You will excuse this lead-pencil scrawl, written on a tin plate, by the light of the bivouac fire. The 30th encamp near by. One of our servants having stolen a turkey, and another having "treed" a "possum," I am in for a good supper. Most of our "Iron-Clads"—as the boys call our hard tack, have bugs in, but you would be glad to eat them without a close examination were you with us. I breakfasted on uncooked pork and thought it quite a relish. Hope we will soon arrive at Fredericksburgh, and give a good account of ourselves in the impending conflict. Never felt better in my life than I do now, and know our boys will fight well, for their powers of endurance have already been most severely tested.

STEAMER LONG BRANCH, *Dec. 6th*, 1862.—Our Regiment has just embarked from Aquia Creek, Va. (where we landed on the 4th inst.) to proceed to Bell Plaine, a few miles below, to do picket and fatigue duty. We are in a fair way to come out all right, but have suffered terribly from exposure to the weather, which has been very severe, and from the lack of provisions. As officers fare the same here as the men, I am well calculated to judge. It is a great matter of surprise to me that I am able to undergo all this trying experience. Sleeping in the mud last night, in the midst of a storm, I found my overcoat frozen fast this morning. Troops are crossing the River to Aquia Creek very fast. We were *en-route* to Fredericksburgh when the order came to embark for Belle Plaine. Being ordered to secure transportation for my Regiment, and being unable to travel any other way for the lack of roads, I set out on foot about 2 o'clock A. M. down the Railroad to the Landing. Such a curious country you never saw. What few buildings there were once have been burned or shelled. There were remains of Rebel batteries, wasted fields, torn up Railroad tracks, piles of bales, barrels, cannon, etc. It is here Burnside's supplies land. It is a disappointment in not being shoved ahead towards Richmond perhaps, yet it is understood we shall hold an important position, and one of trust, whither we are going. I'm in for a fight anyhow. I started for that purpose, and don't wish to return without it. The chances, however, I am happy to state, are yet good. . . . .

REBEL BARRACKS CAMP, 31ST N. J. VOLS., NEAR BELLE PLAINS, VA., *Dec. 9th*, 1862.—Let me give you a brief synopsis of movements since leaving Camp Warren. Started Sunday, 9. P. M., with orders to report at Fort Carroll, where we arrived at 4 A. M. Monday, as it commenced to rain. Whilst stretched upon the ground for a two hours' nap, we were joined by the 28th, 30th and other Regiments. At 6 o'clock we set out upon a wearisome march through the rain and mud. Long before night the Brigade (commanded by Col. Bossert) straggled along in disorder, completely worried out. Night, bivouacked in a field near Piscataqua, a most singular looking, dilapidated, old town. Tuesday, marched well. At night bivouacked in the woods, our only shelter being that of the trees. Thursday, lost the road, and after a long march reached Liverpool Landing, on the Potomac, where we halted a few hours, delayed by the scant accommodations for crossing. Arrived at Acquia Creek at midnight. The Regiment being separated in crossing, and being myself in charge of the rear, I had an enormous deal of trouble in disembarking my men and finding my Regiment, which was encamped in a miserably wet and marshy place. Friday, A. M., it commenced raining. The Colonel moved camp into a mud-hole near by. Cold, rain and snow: men suffering extremely. Every one was completely wet through to the skin, and there were no fires to dry by as the wood

wouldn't burn long. Cook and I managed to get a tent pitched, and, having had no sleep the night before, I was loth to leave even so comfortless a bed as my soaking blankets. At midnight the order came for me to proceed to the Landing and secure transportation for the Regiment to Belle Plaine. Bivouacked Saturday night on a bleak hill, there not being a tent in the whole Regiment, and the wood all covered with snow. To sleep is to freeze.

Sunday. A. M.—Lieut. Col. Holt is sick. The exposure is too much for him. A man from the cavalry picket-post, near by, has been frozen to death, and no wonder. Staid one more night at this place, which seemed like a punishment to us for having presumed to live so comfortably at Camp Warren. Monday morning we marched one and a half miles to the rear of some Rebel batteries on the extreme of the army of the Potomac, and are now occupying the log huts built for Winter quarters by the Rebs. The Colonel thinks we are in a dangerous position, but then we are comfortable, to be which the soldier will risk much. The Regiment is now in pretty good physical condition. It is 10 o'clock at night and the fire burns pleasantly in the clay-plastered fire-place. Our camp is in wings—the left (six Companies, of which my quarters are the head) is separated by a deep ravine from the right, the road connecting the camps circling one-eighth of a mile or more. I have just returned from Head-Quarters, with orders to be prepared for an attack to-night. We have reason to believe that our Quartermaster, with eight men, are intercepted and taken prisoners, on their way to us from the River. One of our guards in the woods, not far from camp, reports being fired at twice this morning. The wildest rumors are circulating among the officers and others at the Colonel's quarters, about the Rebs. starving our Quartermaster at a house some two miles off, where they have him confined. I don't believe it, though some are seriously alarmed. By the Colonel's order I have a Company of men under arms within call all night, and so I feel safe enough. With my revolvers lying on the table before me, potatoes roasting in the fire, a goodly sheet of paper, and danger enough ahead to spice life agreeably, why should I not enjoy life? The result of my foraging, to-day was some corn-meal and a gridiron. (The Reb. acknowledged he had two gridirons; so I took one because my family was larger than his.) With my own hands I prepared the corn-cake for supper, fearing to trust our small measure of meal in the hands of our omniverous servants. After eating iron-clads a week, corn-cake and bacon are highly appreciated. . . . Our camp was selected by the enemy, with a view to the easy support of the batteries blockading the Potomac. Though high, it is so surrounded with trees as to be well concealed from the observation of vessels. The Rebels called it Camp Potomac. A tall gallows stands prominent in front of Head-Quarters, where Union men have no doubt suffered. The country round about is well wooded, very hilly, and abounding in game. Wild turkies and grey-backs especially abound, having encountered a bird of the latter species myself, squinting at me over a rifle. One of our Captains (H) meeting a Rebel scout in the woods recently, found him an exceedingly troublesome acquaintance of whom to get rid After a gentlemanly interchange of views upon the war, the negro, etc., rifle practice was alluded to, and since both claimed to be experts, both so respected each other as to mutually agree to retire from each other's society without looking back! I have laid a plan to capture a scout, who spent part of last night within half a mile of our quarters. One of my fellow officers to-night finds quarters in the centre of our wing; one expects to sit up all night, and the other is preparing a bed for us to sleep on. . . .

Belle Plaine, Va., *Dec.* 13*th*, 1862.—It is a lovely day, too beautiful by far for the unnatural strife raging so near us. Since 9 o'clock A. M. the cannonading has been terrific, and sounds like continuous thunder. Many a poor fellow will bite the dust; many now have said their last prayer, or uttered their last oath. I was at Fredericksburgh yesterday, occupying a most perilous position for a short time, my head scarcely feeling safe yet. The Rappahannock is very narrow—a stone's throw across, and with moderately high bluffs a short distance from the banks proper. On this side a road runs parallel to the River opposite the city, the bluff rising gradually from the road, though too steep to be safe riding up or down. We have batteries mounted on this bluff, not more than one-eighth of a mile from the city. The enemy occupies a strong position on the wooded hills back of Fredericksburgh, his batteries being well concealed from view, and extending for miles up and down the river. Gen. Burnside's Head-Quarters—a fine Gothic dwelling, a mile back from the river—commands a good

view of the city. Yesterday morning I set out for the battle-ground, accompanied by Surgeon Cook and Capt. W. D. H.; distance by road variously estimated at from four to nine miles. The mud is very deep, and when corduroyed is not the best of footing for saddle horses. Dead horses and mules are strewn along at close intervals, and everything you see wears a disgusting aspect. My grey mare—I call her "Pet"—is getting rather tame, as these roads will tame anything; but her spirit would not allow any trifling, so I had two or three races, and she runs beautifully. Upon arriving near the city, the smoke and fog prevented us from seeing anything; so without consulting my companions, who were blindly following me without knowing they were already fully in range, I determined on entering the town itself if possible. I had fallen in with a signal officer, with whom I was riding in advance of my companions, who explained the positions of both forces, and upon whom I prevailed to conduct me to the bridge which cost the struggle of Thursday. The pontoon boats were about ten feet apart, and twenty reached across. They were well planked and made a firm bridge. Here we had a fine view of the city. A number of troops had crossed, and the crack of the rifle, the smoking ruin, the music of the bands and the array of horse and foot extending along the banks for miles, was a splendid thing to hear and see, which many more than I will never, never forget. A Brigade was just essaying to cross the bridge, a band was playing and I was enjoying the exhilarating music and the novel scene, whilst awaiting our opportunity to cross, when the Rebel batteries opened on us. The first shell, and *my* first shell, hissing, screaming like a fiend, lodged in the bank not more than ten feet from us. Another and another followed in quick succession and direct range, when our batteries opened in return. It was an exciting time, I assure you. Bombs bursting over the city and all around, shaking the very ground. It lasted perhaps an hour, followed by ominous silence, only broken this morning by the peal of death which is thundering in our ears a continual roar. A battle is the grandest of all earthly things. What would I not give now to be where I could see the strife! A number of our officers have been there since the battle commenced, but have not been close enough to see much, owing to the smoke and fog perhaps. We can see a balloon hovering near the combatants, and can hear the rattle of musketry at any interval of the cannonading, which is almost continuous. How can I wait to hear the result of this contest! It seemed to my poor judgment yesterday that men without number would have to be sacrificed to dislodge the enemy. Their batteries commanded the town as well as ours, and we certainly cannot occupy it. Twenty were killed out of one Company alone yesterday, by the Rebs. concealed in the town, and no doubt hundreds of our brave boys were killed who will not be missed until after the battle. The loss of life to-day will be immense, and if the Rebs. do not yield to-night, to-morrow will witness another scene of dreadful carnage. I shall go to-morrow and see all any one man can. I hear the 30th were ordered there this morning. Perhaps we may all go to-morrow. I am not at all desirous of having our Regiment badly cut up, nor is my own personal safety a matter of light consideration to me, yet it would be a satisfaction, I confess, to take part in this battle. I cannot speak for my associates—would to Heaven I could for some of them!—but as for myself, my blood is up, and I am willing to risk everything for the sake of whipping the Rebels. In fact, I can scarcely think of anything else than this battle. Since my adventure of yesterday, foolishly reported by some who saw me, the Colonel seems very unwilling to have me go there again. He is very well satisfied to remain here with his Regiment, having no spunk at all. . . . Let me change the subject lest I weary you, for I begin to grow personal. I have charge of the picket and guards. Everybody around us from children up are Secesh. Expect to trap a scout to-night who has recently been prying around us. Men who acknowledge having been in the Rebel army, and women whose husbands are there, are begging for guards for the protection of their property. Two men I have given guards, but they are guards of surveillance, who keep them under strict watch and report all their movements. I have a Rebel canteen, chair, griddle and spoon in my possession, and some very fine minerals, fossils, petrifactions, &c. This would be a beautiful country, had not the blight of Slavery so long desolated it. The scenery along the Potomac is grand. New Germantown boys are all doing well, but I cannot get to see much of them any more in consequence of the two wings of our camp being separated quite a distance, and my post being the left. . . . We haven't had a

Sabbath in the Regiment in a long time, but of course we did not expect to keep it with the due observance we were accustomed to at home. I long to spend a quiet Sabbath. My usual health. . . .

BELLE PLAINE, VA., *Saturday, Dec. 20th*, 1862—It is extremely cold, everything being frozen up tight, except our hard tack, which is entirely too dry to freeze or thaw. Five is the number of our mess: Lieut. Colonel, Major, Quartermaster, and the two Assistant Surgeons. We occupy a log house, about twelve feet square, with a capacious log chimney. There is no window nor door to the habitation, a hole answering every purpose. Indeed, there is no want of light, as it comes down through the chimney and roof, between almost every log and from every direction. Having placed some boards on the beams over head, we now enjoy the luxury of sleeping *up-stairs*. . . . The scenery here is magnificent. There does not seem to be twenty feet square of level ground within three miles, the Plaine itself excepted. The hills are piled up in every conceivable shape. The growth of wood chiefly is pine The land is generally poor, although marl in quantity may be had for the digging. Inhabitants are very poor and ignorant. I have collected some rare petrifactions and mineral curiosities. On my return I stopped to rest at a house about two miles from camp, where I found a poor, decrepit, dropsical old negro woman, who had been left on her bed to die by her master, who had sold his other slaves, and left her without provision or medicine when he joined the Rebel army. She had survived through the charity of a poor white, who had avoided conscription by concealing himself.

The troops in the field are suffering very much, owing to the extremely cold weather. A few cases of freezing have occurred. Poor soldiers, so often treated inconsiderately and ungratefully, so cheerful under hardships and trials, the greatest men can endure, can I ever forget to remember you kindly? Can one do too much every day for his comfort who lives every day to preserve the comfort of others? How nobly fought our men at Fredericksburgh, and how firmly they planted their feet upon the pontoons as they filed past on their way to storm those batteries already hissing horrid defiance at them. I can never forget that scene or cease to love the private.

Capt. Slater called yesterday. He has lost a leg in the last action. It has been so cold lately that we eat, drink, write and sleep with our overcoats on, freezing on the one side whilst we warm the other by the fire. Having managed to get some flour, we are now living good on short-cake and molasses. We have five servants to take care of ourselves and seven horses, and if we had five more we would doubtless do all the work ourselves. The whole Regiment is almost as easily managed as the Colored Brigade. They seem to obey all the direct orders we give them, but when they are most wanted they are not to be found. Ben—who waits upon us at table—affords us any amount of fun, owing to the singular compound of veneration for shoulder straps, cowardice, self-esteem and ignorance, which goes to make up the poor fellow's character.

V. D.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[TENTH PAPER.]

ALBERT VAN VOORHEES, a son of Koert, or Coert, and grandson of Albert Koerten, of New Utrecht and Gravesend, Long Island, came to Sourland (now Harlingen) about 1740, and settled upon lands purchased by his father in 1726 of Jacob Van Dyke, of Kings County, N. Y. This was the homestead on which the late Albert P. Voorhees died, and where John Everett, his son-in-law, now resides. The Albert first named was born Aug. 1st, 1716. His wife, Katrina Deremer, was born Aug. 28th, 1716. They were married Nov. 22nd, 1737. Their first child died in infancy. The second, Annetje, was born Sept. 4th, 1741, married Isaac Van Brunt, of New Utrecht, L. I., and died Feb. 15th, 1820. The third, Isaac, was born July 20th, 1744, and died June

30th, 1814, in Roycefield, on the farm now owned by his grandson, Isaac Voorhees. The fourth, Anne, was born Dec. 19th, 1746, married Peter Vredenburgh, of New Brunswick, and died Sept. 24th, 1816. The fifth, Coert, was born March 15th, 1749. The sixth, Albert, was born April 9th, 1753. The seventh, Peter, was born Feb. 12th, 1756. Albert's wife, Katrina, died April 1st, 1775. He afterward married Nelly Van Nostrand, and died Sept. 26th, 1784.

Peter Voorhees, the seventh child above named, afterward inherited the homestead, and was distinguished by the name of "Peter at the Brook." He married Maria, daughter of Rem Ditmars, of Millstone, Feb. 12th, 1779, and died June 21st, 1842. They had four children: Albert P., born June 30th, 1780, who married Helena Longstreet, and died Mar. 12th, 1861; Catherine, who married Reynier Staats Mar. 3d, 1806; Lena, born Feb. 18th, 1788, who married Samuel Garretson Nov. 28th, 1799; and Maria, born Aug. 25th, 1794, who married Capt. John M. Wyckoff, of Roycefield, Oct. 31st, 1810. "Sheriff" Peter A. Voorhees, of Pleasant Plains, is the oldest son of Albert P. above named. He married Maria Suydam, of Six-Mile-Run. His farm is the one on which the first Suydam who came from Long Island settled, (Ryke Suydam,) and has remained in that family ever since.

The great ancestor of that part of the Voorhees family to which Capt. John A. Voorhees, of Blawenburgh belongs, was Abram Stevens Van Voorhees, a son of Stephen Courten, the emigrant. His wife was Alche Stryker. Either his son, or grandson John, came from Flatbush, L. I., and settled, in 1738, on a tract of 345 acres, about four miles north of Princeton. It was purchased from Nicholas Lake, of New Brunswick, for £42 current money of the Province of New York. John married Janette Kershow in 1730. In 1754 he purchased a tract of 201½ acres on the north branch of Beden's Brook, in Montgomery Township, Somerset County, of Abram Horn, a merchant of New York for £806. This is now the residence of Capt. John A., who is a descendant, and whose dwelling house, the frame of which is of white oak timber, is doubtless the largest *farm*-house in the County.

John Van Voorhees had five children: 1. John C., born Dec., 1731, married Margaret Van Zandt, and had children: John, Mary, Margaret, Nicholas, Abram, Lucretia, Jeremiah and Jane. 2. Okey, born about 1733, married, 1st, Maria Kershow. 2nd, Alema Kershow, and had two children, Peter and David. 3. Jacob, born Jan. 2nd, 1736, married Mary Wilson and had three children, Jacob, Jane and Abram. 4. Jeremiah, born Oct., 1738. 5. Abram, born May 19th, 1753, married, 1st, Leah Voorhees, May, 1792, and 2nd, ——— ———, Oct., 1805. He succeeded his father on the homestead. Capt. John A. Voorhees is a son of Abram. He was born May 9th, 1793 and married Elizabeth Skillman, Dec. 19th, 1821.* Sarah Voorhees, who was born June 16th, 1797, and married William W. Perrine, M. D., now of Philadelphia, is a daughter of the last named Abram Voorhees.† There was another child, Jennie, who died young.

Abram Van Voorhees, son of Lucas

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*Their children were: Abram, Henry S., Peter, Sarah, John J., William and David C.,—the latter now conducting the homestead farm.

†Their children were: Jane La Rue, wife of the Rev. Dr. John F. Mesick, pastor of the Second Reformed Church, of Somerville, Margaretta C., wife of the Hon. Joseph Alison, the accomplished and efficient jurist, who presides over the Court of Quarter Sessions, of Philadelphia, and Mary A. F., who died young.

Stevens, and grandson of Stephen Courten, the emigrant, purchased, Dec. 8th, 1724, the one-half of 300 acres of land on the west side of the Millstone River, "bounded north by Gerardus Beekman's land, east by the Millstone River, south by Henry Harrison, and west by Gershom Wiggin's land." He never settled upon it, and it is not known who did. Abram settled, lived and died where John J. Voorhees, of South Middlebush, resides. This farm contained 300 acres, and was purchased March 4th, 1726, of Jaques Cortleyou, of New Utrecht, L. I., for £475. Tradition states that Jaques obtained it as a compensation for surveying and dividing the Harrison tract of 10,000 acres into sixteen parts. The farm, when purchased by Abram, was bounded northeast by Stoffel Van Arsdalen's land, northwest by the Millstone River, southwest by Henry Van Liew's land, and southeast by John Vliet's. In 1734 a deed of release was given by Hendrick Van Liew, of Staten Island, to Abram Voorhees for the same property, then described as "descending of and from their father-in law, Jaques Cortleyou, deceased." They were thus Jaques' sons-in-law. But the question arises, If Abram purchased the land and had a sufficient deed for it, why was he not sole owner, and why should Van Liew * release? Abram married Neltje Cortelyou. Their children were: Jaques, Maria, Lucas, Nelly, Catalina and Gertie, or Garty. Of this Jaques, whom I shall call Jaques first, I shall say more presently.

Jaques second, son of Jaques first, married Dinah Stryker Mar. 11th, 1788. Their children were: John, born Aug. 23d, 1790; Jaques, born May 27th, 1792, married Ann Van Liew, and died Sept. 21st, 1828; Abram, born Nov. 20th, 1795, and married Ida Van Liew; Peter, born Sept. 12th, 1796; Cornelia, born March 3d, 1800, and married Dr. Pomeroy, of Utica, N. Y.; Ellen, born Feb. 4th, 1803, and married Lewis Hardenburg, of New Brunswick. This Jaques was the first in this section to sow and raise clover seed. In 1800 he sold twelve bushels to twenty different persons for $12 per bushel.

Jaques third, son of Jaques second, had children: Jaques, Matilda, who married John DeMott, and lives at Middlebush; Frederick V. L., who married Eliza Beekman; Abram, who married Sarah Ann Buenson; and John.

Jaques first was born with a crooked foot, and, being unable to walk, traveled about over the country, or his farm, on horse-back, or in his phæton. He married Nellie Van Doren, daughter of Christian, and had three children: Jaques, Altje and Abram.

Although a cripple, Jaques first was a man of unusual enterprize and perseverence. Besides managing the affairs of a large farm successfully, and discharging the duties of County Treasurer for a long time, he dealt much in Government money during and succeeding the Revolution, in which he was charged by some with overshrewdness in his dealings. After the Revolution he was a partner with Colonel and Judge Nelson, of New Brunswick, in owning a vessel called the *Favorite*, which plied between that place and the island of Maderia, exporting produce and bringing wines. Jaques kept a store in the east end of his large house, the cellar of which was constantly stocked with different wines. From the old store account book, yet well preserved, I find

* He seems to have afterward removed to Middlebush, and was the owner of several hundred acres of land extending from some distance south of the South Middlebush schoolhouse to the line between Jeremiah Voorhees and Samuel Drew (who now lives on the Van Liew homestead.)

the following accounts with noted persons living at some distance from the store:

"DR.

"1792, Oct. 8th. Major Farmer To acc't for wine, 10 gal., @ 12s.=£6, 12s, 6d.
" Dec. 12th. 10 gal., @ 12s.=£6, 12s, 6d.
" Oct. 23d. Governor Patterson. 1 pipe London marked wine, £65, 5s, 0d.
" May 30th. Richard Stockton. To 1 pipe marked, £60, 0s, 0d.
" June 23d. James Parker. To ½ pipe wine, £30, 0s, 0d.
" Nov. 19th. Andrew Kirkpatrick. To ½ pipe wine, £32, 0s, 0d.
1793, Aug. 27th. Dr. John Witherspoon. 27 gal. wine, @ 15s.=£20, 0s, 0d."

Lucas Voorhees, brother to Jaques first, built the mill opposite Jaques' store, and owned the farm on which his great-grandson, Abram Voorhees now resides. His daughter, Lucy, married Peter Quick, of Ten-Mile Run, who was an active Church member, possessed of good speaking talents, and was long the catechist of the children.

RALPH VOORHEES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HUNTERDON COUNTY FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

I.

SINCE HEARING of the great loss that our County, and the readers of OUR HOME have sustained in the decease of Col. R. R. Honeyman, I begin to fear that Hunterdon will fall behind in producing her share of *local history*.

I am not situated so as to be able to give a history of the County, but will jot down what I can about some portions of it, both from my own knowledge, and the assertions of reliable citizens, intending to be as truthful as far as oral tradition "buried in the obscurity of distant time" is or can be. I will first state how I came to be a citizen of Hunterdon County, and then how I found it forty-five years ago.

Having prepared myself for the practice of the profession, which was the choice and love of my youth, as well as the times and circumstances in which I was placed would admit,—and being at the time (February, 1828), at my paternal home at Six-Mile-Run, now Franklin Park, Somerset County, attending to the business of an invalid father on his farm, I received a letter from my then late preceptor, Dr. William D. McKissack of Millstone, informing me that he had seen a notice in one of the Trenton newspapers, to this effect,—"That Dr. Hunt, of Clarksville, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, wished to obtain a partner in the practice of Medicine." He accompanied this by a letter of introduction to Dr. Hunt. I made no delay in attending to it. Supposing I knew full well where Clarksville was situated, I mounted my horse, took the straight turnpike westward, until I reached "Clarksville," beautifully situated on the line of Middlesex and Hunterdon County, but could find no Dr. Hunt. I called on Dr. Israel Clark, a gentleman pretty well advanced in years, who practiced extensively in Hunterdon County, and assured me there was no such place in the County to his knowledge; and he advised me to go to Trenton and see the editor of the paper before referred to in order to ascertain where the place was situated. This I felt averse to doing, as I left home in the expectation of returning the same day. Dr. Clark, who was an energetic man

then urged me, as I was so near Trenton, to go immediately. I went, put up at the True American Hotel for the night, and sought the printing office. I found in connection with it Thomas Smith, Esq. who informed me all about the place, and much about the people, and who also told me that it was but lately it had acquired the name of Clarksville, by the establishment of a Post Office by that name. It had for many years been known by the name of *Sodom*, which accounted for Dr. Clark's not being acquainted with it And we had no *Gazetteers* as now to refer to. I concluded to return home in the morning, and at some future time seek the place; but Mr. Smith was anxious, that I should proceed forthwith, and gave such a favorable description of the country and people, with whom he had lived for some time, and appeared to be perfectly well acquainted, stating that such opportunities, offered so seldom, would soon be taken up. Waiting on me again very early in the morning, and giving me particular directions as to the road to the place, etc. I was induced to go, and depend on the mail to convey the news of my whereabouts home, which however was not likely to reach there sooner than myself. I passed through Pennington, a beautiful village, which had the appearance to me of being about as large in size as it would ever be. The next places of moment were, Woodsville, named in honor of Joseph Wood, Esq., for sometime a merchant there, and situated on the New Brunswick and Georgetown (Lambertville) turnpike road, New Market, Rocktown, which was pretty well surrounded by rocks, Ringoes, so named from its first tavern keeper. Then I came to the tavern since known as Pleasant Corner, at that time kept by an old acquaintance John Bellis, and with whom boarded my old friend and preceptor, Abraham Montfort. The latter was then teaching in that neighborhood. Here we all dined, but had to make short work of it, because the roads were extremely bad, as indeed they had been all Winter. There was but little frost that Winter, light snows, ending in rain, with much cloudy weather, and in consequence the travelling was very bad. I passed through Flemington, which, owing to the condition of its streets, had not a very inviting appearance—very different from its present aspect. I saw the old Court House, for the only time, as it was burned down about two weeks afterward. I went through Carmel, the Point, or *Pint*, Dogtown, now known as Cherryville, Sidney, and thence by Bonnell's tavern on the New Jersey Turnpike, Beaver's Mills, and Union Farm, to Spruce Run Turnpike, which I struck a short distance below Banghart's tavern; thence proceeded to Sodom, or Clarksville. The passage up I found most readily, and knew by the mill and tavern sign just where I was. Inquiring of a gentleman, who was cutting wood at the pile, I received directions to Dr. Hunt's, which was but a few rods further on. This was a Mr. Allen, who was very kind and free to inform me on all subjects upon which I made inquiries. On informing him I did not like the appearance of the passage of Spruce Run Turnpike through the Mountain, he expatiated largely on the beauty and fruitfulness of the surrounding country, particularly to the north, east and west.

It being now after sundown, I hurried on to Dr. Hunt's hospitable home, very tired. There all my wants were kindly relieved, and, taking the advice of Webster in his *Spelling Book* that children should "go to bed early," I slept quite soundly.

I was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by hearing the family moving

about. Being very anxious about home, as well as to obtain a place to practice my beloved profession, I rose, and Dr. Hunt and myself soon made a bargain, to enter into partnership, to commence in less than two weeks from that day. And all this was without any further knowledge of the people or country, where my lot was to be cast! Taking a little breakfast, by candle light, as soon as it was day I started for Six Mile-Run.

At the time appointed I moved my "*little all*" to the home of my partner, Dr. W. A. A. Hunt, with whom I was to spend that and part of the next year. On inquiry, I found myself located in the northern and western part of Lebanon Township, about two miles from Musconetcong Creek, which divides the Counties of Warren and Hunterdon. On the Warren side was the Township of Mansfield, extending from below Asbury to Hackettstown. It was originally called "Mansfield Woodhouse," as the old parchment deeds of that day declare. It is now divided into several Townships.

Lebanon Township contained Clarksville, which was a village, with grist and saw mills, store, tavern, tannery and several dwelling houses. North of us was New Hampton, a pleasant village, much the largest of any in the Township, with Post Office, two mills, two taverns, store, school-house, two distilleries, and several mechanic shops. Its water power was derived from the Musconetcong, and was used at an early day, for a grist mill, the first one in this region of country, being situated where the road or thoroughfare from the north part of the State passed through to Burlington and Philadelphia. The remains of the dam, submerged in the present dam, still exist.

I have never been able to ascertain how Clarksville came by the name of "Sodom." Major Henry Dusenberry, a gentleman of wealth and enterprise, lived here many years and owned much of the property in the vicinity, and his son Joseph Warren Dusenberry was doing a large business for the times in this place. About two miles up the Musconetcong is the site of the old Change-water forge—a name derived from the fact, that but a short distance from there, the waters divided, some going to the Raritan and some to Delaware Rivers; and one piece of ground was so situated, that its water was susceptible of being turned either way. This valuable property was in the hands of at least the third generation of the Thompson family, viz:—first Mark Thompson, a very prominent man in his day, a Colonel in the Militia, and a Colonel in the first levy of Militia for the defence of our State in the Revolutionary War; second, his son, Robert C. Thompson, and now his six sons, Mark, George, A. Hamilton, Robert, Theodore and Edward —all of whom, excepting Theodore, are long since dead. The latter moved to Princeton, and was living at last accounts. Still farther up the Creek was Squier's Point Mills, just behind a bluff called Squire's Point Mountain. I have never discovered the derivation of this name. Still farther up the stream stood a mill, which afterwards was owned by Judge David P. Shrope. He named it Pennwell, in honor of his mother, who was a Pennwell. It is sometimes erroneously called Pennville. It is near where the Morris and Easton Turnpike crosses a small point of Hunterdon County, on which was situated McCrea's tannery, a well remembered land-mark of former years. Further south on Spruce Run I found Anthonytown. It had a saw mill, tannery, several mechanic shops, one or two distilleries, and derived its name from an extensive family connection of that name, living here and in the vicinity. On the South Branch of the Raritan, near the Morris

County line, was a woolen factory; also Wise's mills. Many people had then their cloth flannel, and blankets made at this factory. There are no doubt hundreds of blankets yet in use every winter, which were manufactured there. West from this, at the foot of the Mountain, was a tavern, where there was plenty of good *water*. But it was afterwards supplanted by a new house, where there was no water, and digging for it proved a failure. From this fact it took the name, and was long known as the "Puddle," or "Puddle Tavern," and was famous for many small law suits, which were brought before the many Justices of the Peace then in commission in the Township.*

West of this was White Hall Tavern, so named from the first building being white-washed on the out-side. Here there were two other small buildings, dwelling houses. Farther south on the South Branch of the Raritan, was Solitude, so named from its solitary situation. It had been the site of extensive iron works, all of which had ceased to be worked, owing, it was said, to the scarcity of charcoal. Anthracite at that time had not come into use. It was owned by and was the residence of Archibald Taylor, Esq., some of whose descendents are there still. Readingburg, situated farther up the Branch, and named in honor of Col. James N. Reading at that time a practicing lawyer in Flemington and since removed to Morris in Illinois, where he now resides, was at this in the hands of Nature.

Lebanonville, or, as it was then called, Jacksonville, a small village on the New Jersey Turnpike, on the east border of our Township, had a store, tavern, school house, and two or three mechanic shops. It had no prospect of making the place it now is. At the junction of Spruce Run Creek and the South Branch of the Raritan, Hunt's Mills, hardly worthy the name of village, was about changing hands. The Hunt family, who some years before came here from Lawrenceville in Hunterdon County, sold their property, and went to Ohio. John W. Bray, in connection with A. Taylor, Esq., commenced improving the place, just at the time Dewitt Clinton, Esq., formerly Governor of New York, and a great advocate of internal improvements, died. So they named the place Clinton in honor of him, since which time it has gone on prospering and to prosper. About two miles below on the South Branch, was Hamden, which at that time consisted of a tavern and blacksmith shop. About a mile and a half east of this place was Allertown, a very small village. This completes the list of towns and villages at this date in Lebanon Township. They altogether contained less than 600 inhabitants. There was not a church in either of these places, and but two in the whole Township, one a Lutheran, about 30x40 feet, built of wood, which stood a mile east from Clarksville. It had services in it a part of the time by Rev. Dr. H. N. Pohlman. The other, a substantial brick building, near Jacksonville, was Dutch Reformed, and under the charge of Rev. Mr. Shults.

The produce in grain was mostly carted to New Brunswick, or to Raritan Landing, and goods brought home in bulk; salt by the sack, fish by the barrel, etc; and farmers generally bought their own iron, and had it worked up at the shop. Pork, lard, butter and poultry, were frequently carted to Philadelphia in

* At one time then were 17 in the township, 14 of whom lived North of the Raritan. The new constitution of the State of New Jersey did away with this, as well as a smarm of Judges on the Bench of Common Pleas. At one time then were nearly or about 40 Judges in commission in our County.

the Fall, and the surplus whiskey, of which there was much made in those days, was taken to Trenton. Many farmers had an acquaintance and credit in those places, far beyond what the present population have. Attempts were made to facilitate transportation by turnpike roads. These were useful in their day. The Spruce Run Turnpike was intended to run from Hunt's mills to Hackettstown, but was never all completed. We had also the Morris and Easton Turnpike, and in 1812 the New Jersey Turnpike, extending from New Brunswick to Easton. The Central Railroad now has for several years done all the heavy transportation.

During the first outbreak of the Revolution, several inhabitants of Hunterdon County were charged with disaffection to the cause of Freedom, among whom were some of the citizens of Lebanon Township. A few were arrested, some of whom by order of the Provincial Congress were ordered to pay fines. After this we hear nothing more of "Insurgents" in these parts The disaffection, which was so easily put down, could not have been very great.

In the War of 1812 Lebanon and Bethlehem Townships furnished a volunteer Company—the Washington Greens, commanded by Dr. Samuel W. Fell, at that time living in New Hampton, Captain, Thomas Banghart, Lieutenant, and Jacob McKinney, Ensign. They served under Col. John Frelinghuysen at Sandy Hook, where they suffered much from sickness and deprivation.

Somewhere about the year 1730, there appeared in the upper part of this Township Daniel Morgan, who in our Revolutionary struggle proved one of our bravest and most efficient generals. My informants stated that he was born here, a fact they had from their mother and aunts, who lived less than a mile from the residence of the Morgan family, which was on land afterward owned by Major Dusenberry of New Hampton. Some of them even pointed out the spot where some mouldering logs and the stones of the back of the fire-place were to be seen, and where there were a few cherry tree sprouts, of the old, red-pie cherry, still struggle for existence among the surrounding briers and brambles.

They further stated that when he became large enough to drive a team, he went to Pittstown, a place then looming up in our County, where he drove a pair of oxen for the business proprietors of the place From there, say in about 1750, he, who

> "Had now arrived at man's estate,
> It was all the estate he had,"

went to Virginia. Roger's, in his *Heroes and Statesmen of America*, says he was born in Durham Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. I think this is a mistake. The family appears to have been in some way connected with the iron companies of the time, and no doubt lived in Durham, where there were iron works, but afterwards removed to Lebanon. I think here is an opportunity for us to do some little honor to the memory of a man who has done so much for us I propose that when another Township is made out of old Lebanon, (which has been the mother of a family of towns and Townships,) and this is likely soon to be the case, to call it *Morgan* Township, or, rather, the full name, *Daniel Morgan*. Let us thus honor the name of a man to whom honor is so justly due.

I never found here those "beautiful plateaus," so eloquently described by my informants. And being brought up on a flat, level country, I could hardly persuade myself to like the "hill country." But the kindness of the people made amends for this. After three and

four years passed rapidly away, I removed to Bethlehem. The first school law went into operation, while I lived in Lebanon, and I, as one of the school committee, was the first to set off the Township in districts. Lebanon had Clinton Township taken from it, which in turn gave much of the territory for Clinton Borough, and since that, High Bridge Township has been formed. May the next one be in the North West corner of old Lebanon, and may they call it *Daniel Morgan*.

JOHN BLANE.

A SHORT TALK ON BOTANY.

JOE SAYS he *detests* Botany. "This travelling all over the country and picking up all sorts of weeds and brambles, and then looking out hard Latin names for them in a book, is time thrown away. There is no sense or use in it. Nobody ever got an atom of *good* out of it in this world."

This was more than I could stand, and I replied after this fashion:

"*I* can often get more *good* by going out on one Sabbath afternoon and picking a few flowers, sitting down on a shaded rock in the woods, and carefully taking them apart and seeing the design of their Creator, than by sitting indoors and moping over poor theology. Here I see beauty, design, a heavenly wisdom, a Fathers oversight.

"Here, around, are the stately trees, within their branches the sweet-voiced birds, above the sky, glorious with ever changing clouds, at my feet the blooming flowers, and above all and through all the genial sunlight. The beauties and sublimities of Nature all have a voice to me all of God; and in such moments I feel my soul grow and go out to Him in praise. Beauty, beauty, beauty! Some are always harping about utility, utility. 'Give us something *practical*.' What did the Creator make Yosemite or Niagara for? Why didn't He give the flowers all one color and shape, the birds a uniform size and plumage? Why did He not make the whole country level and the sea always calm? Why did He give us the clouds, and the colors of the rainbow? Why did He ever give man a soul for the beautiful to make an artist, a sculptor, or a poet? I sometimes think I could not love Him if there were no beauty in His creations. Why you have an eye for beauty and didn't know it. You never bought a jack-knife in your life that you did not take more for the handle than the blade; nor a sled, but because it had a little extra paint on the seat and a transcendental curve in the runners. Why, my boy, there is beauty in every thing if you only look at it right. You see the beauty of utility and I of form." I paused for breath.

Joe.—"Well, old man, that's your side, but Botany will never get us common fellows a fortune."

I.—"I know it won't altogether. But then there is a great deal of utility in Botany. It tells what plants are good and what bad. It tells you how to plant and when to move trees and shrubbery. It tells you why, when you cut off a pine forest, an oak one often succeeds it; why when you cut off a little patch of dense woods and let the light in, 'pusley,' and all sorts of weeds not to be found within fifty miles come up as thick as they can grow. It tells you why the corn of two fields will be found mixed in the same ear when to cut your hay, the mysteries of grafting and budding, and a thousand other useful things that I don't think of now, and you would not be without the knowledge of for anything. I know that hunting out the names of weeds won't make a man very

rich. But for my part I mean to use all the spare time of my business life in doing it, for I find a pleasure in it. And when I look over a large pile of well-preserved specimens, I will feel amply paid for all my labor in the pride of my achievements. You are right. It is not a pecuniary success in itself, but then its pleasant and noble."

Joe.—"Well, old fellow, you go spooking around fence corners and swamps in your leisure hours, and I'll examine spinning-wheels and rejected models in mine, and we will both enjoy ourselves hugely, and each have a magnanimous compassion for the foolishness of the other."

We shake hands. L'INCONU.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the press of other articles upon our pages this month, we greatly shorten our Notes—a matter which our readers will readily pardon in view of the more interesting general contents.

—THE ANNIVERSARY of the settlement of Rev. Dr. J. C. Sears, over the Six-Mile-Run congregation forty years ago, observed Sept. 5th, was a pleasant affair, and should serve to enhance the esteem in which that servant of the Cross is held by his people. The occurrence of such an Anniversary is rare everywhere, Somerset County excepted. To the credit of this County, long pastorates have been the rule and short ones the exception from the earliest times. Whether the reasons are accidental or otherwise, the fact remains. We have now five clergymen, whose combined years of settlement, where they are yet preaching, are *over two hundred and twenty.* In this Six-Mile-Run congregation there have been but seven pastors since 1717, and but three since 1796.

And yet, after all, we are not so sure that long pastorates are always desirable. The rotary rule of the Methodist Church seems to us eminently injudicious, though wise men framed and yet sustain it; but the other extreme may work even more detriment to a Church. Nevertheless, we suppose the true rule to be that one pastor and people should remain together as long as they are thoroughly united, and good is being accomplished, be the time two years or fifty. We have heard it suggested that there should be a limit of ten years. But this is as arbitary as two years, and may be less happy in practice. We have known pastors whom congregations so love that the severence of their ties at ten years would be like breaking a marriage bond. In two years a pastor can not get the same hold of the hearts of his flock, and he and his people separate with less sadness and sacrifice. There ought to be no restrictions to the free and full enjoyment of a happy union. But there ought to be a plan in vogue for the severance of an unhappy union. Be the causes for estrangement or unusefulness what they may, there should not be that difficulty in the way of the dissolution of the ministerial relation which now frequently exists. There are many Churches where pastors of ten, twenty, or even thirty years' settlement have lost their power to preserve harmony in their congregations and build up the cause of religion, and the congregations know it if their preachers do not. There should be something to reach such cases different from that now in too frequent use, which is the employment of strategic, underhanded manœvres, failures to pay salary, retailing of scandal, or something else as bad. We admit the whole question to be a vexed one, not to be solved without a full consideration of each of its many sides, and we have neither space nor inclination to discuss it with the requisite thoroughness at this time. But it should be a matter to court much reflection from our wise men in the Church. We make these remarks entirely as general ones.

—IT IS with regret that we announce to our readers that there is no probability of our being able to publish the conclusion of Col. Honeyman's "Arkansas Tour," the first part of which we printed in the August Magazine. It was known to have been taken by the Colonel to New York just prior to his death, and was undoubtedly put with his private papers in his business office. The paper having been all abstracted by his partner, as is supposed, this article must have gone with them, and will hardly be recovered.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE NOTICE of the life and poems of Joaquin Miller, which appeared in the first issues of this Magazine, brought this man of singular genius to the knowledge to many in New Jersey, to whom he was before unknown. The service we then performed was a pleasant one, because we believed he was a singer gifted enough to entrance all lovers of true poetry in both hemispheres. We still think the same of him, and his latest book in no wise exhibits a faltering of his powers. (*Songs of the Sunlands.* By Joaquin Miller, author of "Songs of the Sierras." London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer. 243 *pp.*) In noticing the *Songs of the Sunlands*, we are sorry not to have space in which to more fully set forth the beauties and defects of this glowing, tropical bouquet of flowers, plucked from the Eden-like garden of this poet's soul We should like to compare each rose with the corresponding ones in the *Songs of the Sierras*, and, in summing up the tintings and fragrance of the whole, discover whether and how much the garden has gained in fertility and culture. But there is room only for a brief notice and a few quotations. The volume is dedicated "To the Rosettis," whose warm friendship did much to introduce Miller to the English public, and whom he esteems most highly. There are twenty-seven poems in the book, many of which are very short. The greater portion of the whole was written in this country, and a few only since the author has been, for the second time, in England. The longest poem, "Isles of the Amazons," was mostly written during his tour through Mexico and California in the Winter of '71–'72, as he has informed the writer; but the next longer, "By the Sun-Down Seas," must have been largely, if not entirely composed in London. About half of the smaller poems we have seen in print the past year, and it is probable nearly all of them were first sent to the press early after their writing. However this may be, they lose in nothing by being gathered together in this volume, which is certainly wonderful and even matchless in many respects, and in all particulars charming, Like the *Songs of the Sierras*, it will not please the non-poetical; it will not kindle the enthusiasm of the cold-hearted and unemotional; it will awaken the the disdain of the many who praise Shakespeare and Jonson and Byron and Shelley because they are famous writers, but who have never studied and *found* actual delight in their tragedies and cantos; and it may hardly suit those who love most the poetry of the school of Longfellow, or Buchanan Reed, or even Walt Whitman, whose singular prose is sometimes called poetry. The thoughtless will not take the trouble to unlock the hidden meaning of many of his sentences, nor can the practical, every-day man or woman so *feel* the intense, emotional fervor of the writer as to be at all one with the inspiration of his muse.

Miller has been called the legitimate successor of Byron; so like him as to require judgment by similar standards, always his equal, and frequently more than his peer. Byron was by no means the greatest poet the world ever produced; nor is Miller but Byron was almost a master in his art, and this, and more we claim for Miller. On careful study we deem the ground for comparison well taken. Byron's subjects, lines of thought, and general manner of versification, were all similar, to Miller's: although the latter is superior to the former in possessing greater luxurance of imagination and greater mastery over language, which gives his brush much greater power. Where the former gives but hints of beautiful pictures, the latter paints them on canvass before your eyes in such a way that you see them as vivid realities, whose strikingly brilliant colors and deft shadows permanently impress themselves on the mental vision. They become farms of life of which we never tire, and which we never cease to love. There are other dissimilarities it is true. Byron was witty where Miller is terribly in earnest. Where the former exhibited his narrow prejudices with manly vigor, the latter brings the olive branch of Charity, and combats for Love and Peace with even greater enthusiasm of courage. Byron's dominion over the darker passions in verse was as absolute as Miller's over the better, truer and more naturally-human ones. Where Byron contemns religion and laughs at Providence, Miller simply scorns the hypocrite and devoutly recognizes the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of Christ. Ribaldry and sarcasm in the author of "The Vision of Judgment" is passionate scorn in the author of "Sleep That Was Not Sleep." But both poets hold up the mirror to themselves. Both write from the experience of the heart,

from private griefs and woes as sad as any the world has ever known, and much the same image is stamped on every line they have written. "Love and Women" put bitter cups to their lips, and both drank them to the dregs; the only difference in the results being that Byron was made profligate and infamous, and Miller better in both heart and life—results which are ever apparent in their poetry if carefully studied. We say Miller is a more gifted poet than Byron, because, with slight education and without culture worth the name, he has come from the Western wilds with songs, less classically ornate, but more natural, more eloquent, more expressive, more graceful, more enchanting than Byron's. We *feel* the inspiration of Miller's Muse when we view only objectively that genius of Byron which created little to love, less to respect, but much at which to stand subdued in wonder. We stand before Byron as before a Cheops; but before Miller as before both his Mt. Hood and the Willemette Valley.

We draw this brief comparison between these two poets not without perfect familiarity with whatever Miller has written. Not being of those who sneer and decry everything American, and bow humbly before everything European, we thus take pleasure in saying what we do of the "poet of the Sierras," whose fame, as it may increase, will be a legacy to America she cannot afford to throw away. Our bards are a part of our national wealth. They have as yet never been appreciated at their true value. The influence they exert upon the mind and lives of thousands of men and women, who almost worship at the shrine of the Muses, may be imperceptible to the rigidly practical philosopher, but it is exerted nevertheless. A nation's poetry may be almost a nation's sceptre, and should be guarded with jealous care.

But what about *Songs of the Sunlands?* What is there in it so beautiful? are queries we fancy our readers putting to us. Well, dear readers, if you get the opportunity to secure the book, do so and see for yourselves. To quote the best of it would be to quote nearly everything in it, which we must be excused from doing. But here are a few verses at random from "By the Sun-Down Seas," which, by the way, is written in the Spenserian verse of Byron's "Childe Harold," a most difficult verse to sustain:

"Like fragments of an uncompleted world
From icy bleak Alaska, white with spray,
To where the peaks of Darien lie curl'd
In clouds, the broken lands loom bold and grey.
The seamen nearing San Francisco Bay
Forget the compass here; with sturdy hand
They seize the wheel, look up, then bravely lay
The ship to shore by rugged peaks that stand
The stern and proud patrician fathers of the land.

"They stand white stairs of heaven—stand a line
Of climbing, endless and eternal white.
They look upon the far and flashing brine,
Upon the boundless plains, the broken height
Of Kamiakin's battlements. The flight
Of time is underneath their untopp'd towers.
They seem to push aside the moon at night,
To jostle and to loose the stars. The flowers
Of heaven fall upon their brows in shining showers.

* * * * *

"Serene and satisfied! supreme! as lone
As God, they loom above cloud-banners furl'd;
They look as cold as kings upon a throne:
The mantling wings of Night are crush'd and curl'd
As feathers curl. *The elements are hurl'd*
From off their bosoms, and are bidden go.
Like evil spirits, to an under-world,
They stretch from Cariboo to Mexico,
A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow."

* * * * *

"My brave and unremember'd heroes, rest:
You fell in silence, silent lie and sleep.
Sleep on unsung, for this, I say, were best;
The world to-day has hardly time to weep;
The world to-day will hardly care to keep
In heart her plain and unpretending brave.
The desert winds, they whistle by and sweep
About you; brown'd and russet grasses wave
Along a thousand leagues that lie one common grave.

"The proud and careless pass in palace car
Along the line you bronzed white with bones;
Pass swift to people, and possess and mar
Your lands with monuments and letter'd stones
Unto themselves. Thank God! this waste disowns
Their touch. His everlasting hand has drawn
A shining line around you. Wealth bemoans
The waste your splendid graves employ. Sleep on,
No hand shall touch your dust this side of God and dawn."

The last two verses are an apostrophe to "Poor Lo," whose cause Mr. Miller ever champions, because it is that of the weak and the oppressed. His convictions about Lo may be greatly in error, but, as expressed, are as grandly poetical as anything we know of in his writings. "Isles of the Amazons" is a perfect failure in its drama of characters, but a dazzling success in poetry, descriptive of Nature in

the tropics. We do not know, indeed, where to find among all the authors of this age an extended poem in which such matchless elegance of language is employed in painting the beauties of natural scenery, as in this. And what is most singular about it is that Miller was never up the Amazon River—never beyond its mouth; a fact we have from his own lips. Yet he would certainly seem to have been there, for he writes *con amore*, as these four verses, taken from a prelude to one of the Parts, will show:

"O Isles of a wave in an ocean of wood!
O white waves lost in the wilds I love!
Let the red stars rest on your breast from above,
And sing to the sun, for his love it is good.

"He has made you his heirs, he has given you gold,
And wrought for you garments of limitless green,
With beautiful bars of the scarlet between
And of silver seams fretting you fold on fold.

"He has kiss'd and caress'd you, loved you true,
Yea, loved as a god loves, loved as I
Shall learn to love when the stars shall lie
Like blooms at my feet in the field of blue."

It is said that Don Pedro II has offered Miller a home on the Amazon River if he would come there to live. That enlightened monarch, whom we believe is a good English scholar, knows the practical value of a poet, who has thus attracted to Brazil an attention from the world which until now it never had. We venture to predict that every reader of the "Isles of the Amazons" will want immediately to sail up the Amazon River, and that many more tourists will go next year that went last. The motive power may be insignificant, or foolish, but the result is sure. It is the way of the world, you know. For rollicking, exuberant, breathless poetry, we recommend to the reader "From Sea to Sea;" and for majesty of sentiment, "In Yosemite Valley." The two poems which first appeared in OUR HOME for May last are in this volume, with other religious poems, as tender as reverential, under the head of "Olive Leaves." We close this review with four lines from "Sierras Adios," the last poem in the book, which we could wish every despondent soul would take to heart:

"It is well, maybe so, to bear losses,
And to bend and bow down to the rod,
If the scarlet red bars and the crosses
Be but rounds up the ladder to God."

LOCAL ITEMS.

AUGUST, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

1st.—Somerville; Reunion of members of Somerset Classical Institute, Rev. Wm. Cornell, Principal, in 2nd Reformed Church, in the evening.

5th.—Bound Brook: Burning of barn of R. F. Field, at 5 A. M., in heavy thunder shower, Chimney Rock: Burning of paint mill.

12th—Bound Brook: Annual Meeting of Somerset County Bible Society. Sermon by Rev. S. L. Mershon. Receipts past year $2,135.07. Somerville: William Little, a laborer in James B. Brown's brick yard, killed by caving in of clay pit.

18th.—Somerville: Permanent organization of Y. M. C. A.

22d.—Kingston: Store of Charles B. Moore entered and robbed of a small amount.

26th.—Peapack: Burning of a Parsonage barn, belonging to Reformed Church.

27th.—Somerville: Lecture by Robert Voorhees, in Somerset Hall, on "Wealth, or the Rich and the Poor."

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

1st.—White House: Burning of barn of J. N. Pidcock by lightning.

6th.—Sergeantsville: Harvest Home, in Morris Grove. Addresses by Hon. John Bird and others.

7th.—White House: Meeting of Hunterdon County Teachers' Association, lasting two days.

19th.—Ringoes: Annual Meeting Hunterdon County Bible Society. Sermon by Rev. Wm. Bailey; address by Hon. N. W. Voorhees. Quakertown. Large barn of Charles Marshall destroyed by fire.

WEATHER FOR AUGUST, 1873.

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1....	88¾°	Rain; lightning.
2....	84¼°	Sprinkle.
3....	90½°	Light sprinkle; thunder.
4....	78½°	Rather clear.
5....	78½°	Clear.
6....	79½°	Clear.
7....	85°	Somewhat cloudy.
8....	81½°	Cloudy: drizzle.
9....	84°	Cloudy.
10....	77½°	Cloudy.

11	80¼°	Clear morning.
12	75°	Cloudy; rain.
13	61½°	Rain.
14	65°	Rain.
15	73¾°	Rain.
16	80°	Rain.
17	74¼°	Rain.
18	63°	Rain.
19	76°	Rain.
20	72¾°	Rain.
21	76°	Rain; sun seen a few minutes.
22	79¾°	Rain; clear evening.
23	86¼°	Clear; sprinkle at 3 P. M.
24	75°	Clear.
25	72¼°	Cloudy; lightning.
26	78¼°	Fair.
27	76°	Cloudy; heavy dew.
28	74½°	Cloudy; heavy dew.
29	77½°	Rain in evening.
30	77¾°	Rain; clear in P. M.
31	84°	Shower in P. M.; lightning.

General average for the month, 70.56°

Whole amount of rain, 6.13 inches.

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM JULY 15TH, 1873, TO AUGUST 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Coriell, Andrew S.	Mary E. Carman	July 29	Bound Brook	Rodgers

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Ayres, Louis C.	Mary M. Carr	July 30		Winans
Fink, John	Mercy Lake	July 26	Lambertville	Heisler
Mitchel, Edward	Elizabeth Bragg	Aug. 5	Mechanicsville	Nelson
Rockafellow, W. K.	Mary E. Neeld	July 20	Frenchtown	Soule
Shepherd, Jas. W.	Ellen A. Smith	July 19	Junction	Henderson
Valentine, George	Abbie D. Halstead	Aug. 10	Flemington	Winans

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM JULY 15TH, 1873, TO AUGUST 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Brown, William H.	Pluckamin	Aug. 8	65
Bailey, Cora L.	Raritan	July 31	Infant
Cook, Henry	Somerville	Aug. 10	83
Fine, Maria S.	Royceefield	July 24	78
Martin, Catherine	Bound Brook	Aug. 12	21
Todd, Sarah	Peapack	July 23	78
Wyckoff, Ferdinand	Somerville	Aug. 1	Infant

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Aller, Gabriel W.	Frenchtown	Aug. 8	69
Conover, Freddie E.	White House	Aug. 9	Infant
Callen, Susan	Lambertville	July 22	Infant
Coryell, J. Watson	Lambertville	July 26	42
Clark, Daniel W.	Lambertville	July 25	19
Davis, William V.	Flemington	Aug. 12	Infant
Dilley Elizabeth,	Alexandria Township	July 21	43
Hoff, Rebecca R.	Three Bridges	July 23	20
Kinney, Edward	Stockton	Aug. 6	Infant
May, Lora	Frenchtown	Aug. 13	1½
Mason, Kate K.	Stockton	Aug. 5	37
Reed, Benjamin	Lambertville	July 18	Infant
Slack, Margaret A.	Lambertville	Aug. 16	33
Trimmer, Elizabeth	Quackertown	Aug. 12	50
Van Doren, Arietta	White House	Aug. 13	11
Young, Nancy	Patenburgh	July 30	93

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1873. No. 11.

PLUCKAMIN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[CONTINUED.]

THE EOFF tavern stands on almost the identical grounds of the present one. Old Mr. Boylen had a store in the house now occupied by Mrs. Parker. This store sold many goods during the Revolution, but not always to the Whigs. As you ride from Pluckamin towards Somerville, there stands an old house along a brook, now belonging to Daniel Gaston. It is one of the oldest in the place, and known in the old surveys as the "Laferty House." The brook is called "The Laferty Brook." Of this old house and its occupants I shall have much to say. Judge Linn, who occupied the farms held by Whitenack and Oppie, was an old Revolutionary character, of high standing and probity, and a friend of Washington. His daughter is reported to have once danced with the General at a ball given at Pluckamin. His remains lie in the old church-yard at Lamington. Col. McDaniel lived at Kline's Mills. He was formerly an officer in the British army, but was not a Tory, though hardly as friendly as others to the cause of American Independence. Along the Peapack branch of the Raritan, where Peter J. Lare lives, formerly resided the Rev. James McCrea, first pastor of Lamington Church, and father of Jane McCrea, of Revolutionary and Indian notoriety. The Rev. James McCrea died in 1769. After his death his daughter Jane, a beautiful girl, lived with her brother on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles below Fort Edward. Here she became engaged to a gentleman by the name of Jones, a loyalist and officer in the British army, who was with Burgoyne. Miss McCrea was on a visit to Mrs. O'Neil, a widow lady, residing at Fort Edward. While there the house was taken and plundered by the Indians belonging to Burgoyne's army, and Jane was taken a prisoner. She promised two of them a reward of money if they would take her safely to camp. But they became drunk, quarreled about the prize, and in the dispute she was murdered by one to prevent the other obtaining the money. She was afterwards scalped, and her long hair was brought to her lover. He became low spirited, left the army, lived to be a sad

melancholy old man and never married. The murder produced great excitement at the time and injured the success of Burgoyne very materially.

Christian Eoff, the old tavern keeper at Pluckamin, was one of the most noted characters of the place. To relate all the anecdotes recorded of him would fill a volume. It was customary in those days to sell liquor at the tavern by the gill or half gill; not to offer the decanter and let one pour into a tumbler. Our landlord's measure was always full, but very exact. He prided himself more upon the age and quality of his apple spirits than upon the quantity. "Devil Mike Field" stopped one day, called for his glass, and being very thirsty, felt competent to take a large drink. The regular measure was produced and the glass filled. "This is very good *old* liquor," remarked Eoff. "Cursed *little* for its age; has grown *very slowly*," growled Mike. Eoff was very fond of playing a practical joke upon any person, having a hearty laugh afterwards at their expense. Old Mr. Hill, who lived upon the mountain, once stopped at the house for some refreshments. He had a wheelbarrow in front, in which he was conveying some goods and a ham to his home, about a mile from the village. The goods were covered with a white cloth. The publican slipped out of the house, put a large stone in the barrow, and covered it all smoothly with the cloth. "I am afraid you will find your load heavy before you reach home," said Christian. "Oh! I am stout and vigorous, and feel good," replied Hill. "I do not mind that little load." He commenced pushing his wheelbarrow up the mountain. The load was heavy. He took his coat off, placed it on the barrow, perspired freely still, but vigorously moved ahead. His home was reached and the barrow unloaded. Said Hill: "I declare if that fellow Eoff has not put into my barrow a large stone, that weighs at least fifty pounds. No wonder I had to sweat so." When spoken to about the trick, Eoff replied: "I told you I thought you would find your load heavy before you reached home." But the old man sometimes had the scales turned upon him. He prided himself upon his nicely roasted chickens and turkeys, well baked pies and bread. Poultry was roasted in those days in an old-fashioned tin oven, which stood before the fire. The turkeys were held in their places by spits run through them. On one occasion a large company was expected. A fine roast was in the oven, and the pies and bread were nicely baked. When the old man's back was turned, and the wife was away from the kitchen for a moment, the oven-full of poultry was borne away, the bread and pies carefully removed and taken quite a distance from the house into the woods by some young rascals, who turned the laugh upon the landlord. His sheep and hogs were the fattest and best in the neighborhood. Like their master, they too liked a practical joke, and were always ready to take the best food, wherever found. His rats were most remarkable, more knowing than your common, ignorant rats. These found out there was good living in that tavern and continually committed depredations upon various pieces of cold chicken and ham, besides bread, pies, cakes and "articles too tedious to mention." There was evidently a wise old rat, the leader of the band, and several smaller vagrants with him. The complaint getting serious, some remedy must be provided to meet the case. Christian was equal to the emergency. A hogshead sawed in two was filled with water, a board just balanced placed over it, and some very tempting bait upon the edge of the board was provided. If the animal stepped after the

bait, the board tipped and the rat was landed in the water. The old rat was at last about to experiment. Warned by the fate of the younger members of the rat fraternity, he was wary and shy. But the attempt must be made. The evening of trial came. Christian's ears were assailed by most unearthly squeals from the rat family in the cellar below. The old man never slept upon the post of duty, but was always on the alert. Barefooted, he quietly slipped into the cellar. Wonder of wonders! horror of horrors! the rats were squealing most terribly. The old rat was on the board over the water, eating the nice bait, while three young rats were on the other end, *balancing the board.* They squealed because they saw the old rat devouring all the good things before their eyes. They felt selfish and wished to partake. This most wonderful fact in the natural history of the rat tribe is vouched for by Christian himself. But he was the only animal that ever got the better of Christian.

Once a general training was appointed for the County, and Pluckamin was the place of rendezvous. The summons went around largely, and from all quarters whites and blacks assembled in unusual proportions. The troops were in their glory. Major Brown, then living in the old house of Hugh Gaston, which afterward burned down, commanded the cavalry. The bugle sounded, horsemen mounted, and cavalry and infantry took the road towards Van Derveer Mills; then passed into a large field and down the river towards Kline's Mills. This field is now owned by J. Mahelm Brown. Huckster wagons to the number of twenty were there. This was their day for making money. Pies, cakes, beer and whiskey were of course plenty, and sold in large quantities. The Ethiopian population were large eaters, frequent imbibers, exhilarant, noisy and finally quarrelsome. Some disorderly whites were also there, producing noise and riot. The disorder becoming too great for endurance, the Colonel gave the order to the Adjutant: "Clear the field of that disorderly crowd." Captain Sutphen was Adjutant. He took his squad along, rode among the crowd, flourished swords, and ordered with a loud voice. The motley crowd was driven in a scamper before them. Excited they were hurried along. A bog between the field and the road must be crossed. One horseman urged his steed in it, but the horse came to a sudden stand-still and stuck part in the bog. The impetus given to the man who was dressed in his fine uniform, with white pantaloons, and unsullied shirt bosom, threw him to the earth. He was white when he started. Now, wonderful transformation, he was black with mud. The crowd, driven out into the road, took their way to the tavern. Soon, after the training adjourned; the officers rode to the tavern, where a splendid meal awaited them. While they were seated, enjoying the good things, the outsiders were envious. Like our politicians they could not bear that the insiders should have all the fun and profit to themselves; so they proceeded to raise a row. The lower whites mingled with the colored and provoked a fight. The noise was tremendous. Happily, Christian was too old a landlord to be deceived. He was prepared for any emergency. He had noticed the fight commence and he acted immediately. There was a splendid well of water in the back yard. The fight was in front of the tavern. Christian, having the back yard to himself, obtained two large pails, filled them with water, took them up stairs, and placed them by the window. Here he overlooked the battle-scene, quietly and calmly. At least a dozen were fight-

ing. They approached nearer and nearer the house. Now was Christian's opportunity. The pail being carefully elevated, and distance measured, down went the water. All was astonishment and dismay, and there was a little cessation. Down went a second flood. The crowd now dispersed, and the row was hushed. Cold water carried the day! Christian Eoff, you old hero, you deserve to be crowned with a wreath of water lilies! I suppose, as tavern keepers, Christian and his wife could not be excelled. Their praises were in everybody's mouth. His hotel was always clean and orderly, and no improper interlopers were allowed. The officers always rejoiced when training was appointed at Pluckamin, where they "always had the best meal in the County." Mrs. Eoff was noted as being an unrivaled cook. Schooley Mountains was *then* the great watering place. The old families of the Binneys, Sergeants, Browns and Ingersolls, of Philadelphia, always visited there. Long Branch and Cape May were unknown, and Newport was nowhere! Philadelphia was the head city, and New York a provincial town. Philadelphia had Independence Hall, United States Bank, and the old aristocracy. These came to Schooley Mountains, traveling in their own conveyances, with their own drivers. These men knew just where the best living was. They always staid at Eoff's and said he was the best landlord outside of Philadelphia. Their route was as follows: The first day to New Hope, across the Delaware River at that place. Second day, from New Hope to Pluckamin, to Eoff's tavern, where they staid all night. The third day they left Pluckamin and reached Schooley Mountains. This was the course of travel for many years. Thus the fame of Eoff's tavern spread far around. I have a very pleasant personal testimony to give of Mr. Eoff. When I was practising medicine in Bedminster' Mr. Eoff, an old man, was on a visit to his friends. He was taken very sick at the house of John Colyer, and I was summoned as a physician. His attack was inflamation of the bowels, a most dangerous, rapid disease. It was my first acquaintance with the gentleman. Previous to that he had been an exemplary and moral, but not a professed religious man. The near approach of death, however, made him think—very seriously. He offered most fervent prayers, formed good resolutions, and Providence blessed the remedies. The old man recovered and lived many years a most exemplary, Christian man. Nobody doubted the genuiness of his conversion, or his true Christianity. He died at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Hedges, formerly a merchant in Somerville.

The Laferty House was built in 1756. An inscription, formerly masoned in the chimney, marks its date. In it lived Squire Laferty, his wife and a handsome daughter, who was a very abandoned woman. Laferty was from Ireland, and before leaving that country was in very moderate circumstances. A former Irish friend, meeting him in his office, was guilty of wearing his hat in his august presence. Very conscious of his new fledged dignity, the Squire commanded him to remove it. "You gray lampreen," said the Irishman, "to command me thus. You have roasted paraters many a time by my fireside, when you had no hearth of your own." Ruth was the name of the daughter, and all testimony concur in speaking of her as a handsome, fascinating woman. Col. McDaniels, a married man, was tempted and misled by this beautiful Siren. He was a reckless, dissipated man, high strung, impetuous, and a giver away to his passions. Two men once stopped at the Laferty House. They were on horseback. They knock-

ed at the front door and asked permission to light their pipes. "Why do you stand pondering at the front door," said Ruth, "come around to the kitchen and I will send a negro with a coal to light your pipes." "Why can you not come yourself and wait upon us?" said the men. The daughter haughtily responded: "I will send a negro." The pipes were lighted and the men drove away. Shortly after McDaniel arrived at the house. The females complained to him of the supposed insults. He, boiling over with rage, pursued after the men at a hard gallop, overtook them not far from Pluckamin, and beat one of them over the head most severely with a loaded riding-whip. From the effect of these blows the man died in three weeks. The people were indignant, but fearing the McDaniel family, no steps were taken to bring him to justice. From that time went out the boast: "You can not, you dare not hang a McDaniel." Time passed along. His son Sam was at Boundbrook and drinking freely, was reckless, quarrelsome, and made a great disturbance through the town. He finally became engaged in a fight with a man of the name of Condict. In the fracas he stabbed Condict fatally with a knife. He then mounted his horse and took the mountain road home. Justice was not to be baffled again. He was arrested and a fair trial given him. McDaniel used every effort to get him clear, but he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The excitement throughout the County was tremendous. McDaniel swore he should not be executed, and the people were determined that the hanging should take place. The jail was a poor, rickety place; so it was determined to break it open and release Sam by force. A reckless crew pledged themselves to make the attempt. At that time a man by the name of O'Brien, living on the mountain, was in charge of the prison guard. He was from Virginia, over six feet high, a bold, determined, fearless man. He said he would be responsible for the safety of the prisoner. Everybody knew when O'Brien passed his word he would accomplish what he promised, if it cost him his life. Several persons were detailed to act as a guard along with him. Thus the prison was protected. Another effort was made. By some means McDaniel had a paper with the signature of the Governor. Over this name he forged a reprieve, commanding them, in the Governor's name, to delay the execution. This paper was delivered to O'Brien, Captain of the guard. At that time Frelinghuysen was Attorney General of the State, and resided at Millstone. To him this paper was sent, borne by a very swift horseman. Frelinghuysen carefully examined the paper, said it was the Governor's signature, but the writing above it was a forgery. He took the responsibility and ordered the execution to proceed. An immense crowd assembled, the excitement was at the highest pitch, and the *pros* and *cons* were vigorously discussed. At length a horseman was discovered, riding at full speed, his horse covered with foam, and his nostrils widely dilated. He had run him all the way from Millstone at full speed, and arrived on the ground about twelve o'clock. In the meanwhile, while another event was occurring, Colonel had called early, had taken Ruth Laferty, the mother of the young man, in a gig, and ridden towards Somerville to see the success of his schemes. Seated in his gig, on the mountain road overlooking the place of execution, he was an anxious spectator of these preliminary events. He knew the horseman was despatched, and with breathless expectation he awaited his return. Colonel was proud of that

son, and Ruth had the strong attachment of the mother, often the most doating on the most erring. He was represented as fine looking, young, with a long life before him, bright and intelligent. They did not wish him to die, and would do all they could to save him. But the die was cast; a McDaniel must be hung. Public vengeance once aroused must be satisfied with nothing else. The fatal moment arrived. The clock struck twelve. The prisoner was led out by Sheriff Vredenberg—I think a grandfather of La Rue Vredenburgh, of Somerville. The guards under O'Brien accompanied the prisoner and Sheriff, closely arranging themselves around the gallows. The immense crowd pressed upon them from all quarters, the fatal noose was adjusted, and the trap sprung. All that was mortal of Sam McDaniel swayed in the air, and the parents, from their mountain height, beheld the scene! With overpowering feelings, they turned their horses' heads and drove slowly homeward. He was hung near the present Court House yard, on a little knoll, that long went by the name of Gallows' Hill. It was in the rear of the former residence of Samuel S. Hartwell, Esq. An old friend told me that some years afterwards he saw the remains of a piece of the timber in the ground. This was a part of the timbers of the fatal gallows. The old house still stands. The brook ripples calmly and peacefully by, and the bright sky and serene Nature smile upon the scene. Many thousands have passed that old house; many see it daily; but how few know its history. This execution is remarkable in this, that Sam McDaniel is the *only white man ever hung in Somerset County.* Col. McDaniel had children by his married wife. One son was generally known by the name of Bill McDaniel. Rev. James McCrea, pastor of the old Lamington Church, lived on the other side of the Peapack branch. He owned a farm, now belonging to George Mullen. His grand-daughter lived there. Bill McDaniel, who was proud, overbearing and very dissipated, considered a fast young man in these times, was much in love with this young lady. She reciprocated the passion. Rev. James McCrea and family disliked the match. "How would you like to see a McCrea the wife of Bill McDaniel?" said an inquisitive friend. "I would rather see her chained to the plow and die there than to have her allied to such a man." Lovers, determined upon a marriage, always find a way to accomplish their object. The following plan was accordingly agreed upon: She was to be dressed up in her best clothes, and go to Church on a Sunday at Lamington as usual. Bill was to reach the Church after services had commenced. He was to ride a fine horse and lead another. The led horse was for the intended bride, and there was to be a runaway match. He reached the Church. A signal, understood by the parties, was given at the Church door, when the young lady stepped out, and mounted the horse. She was a splended rider, a fearless horsewoman. They both started their horses at full speed, and rode fast to Pluckamin. Dominie Graaff, the pastor there, was asked to marry them. He consented, tied the marriage knot, pronounced the nuptial benediction and received the bridegroom's fee. All at once there was a great commotion. The McCrea family, learning the course matters were taking, came in full pursuit, but reached the village of Pluckamin too late to prevent the marriage. Col. McDaniel's daughter married Doctor McKissack, who lived and practised in Pluckamin. He was a large, burly man, with great rotundity of stomach. Doctors in those days, in visiting their patients,

always took one drink at the house. If they wished they could take two. Nobody thought anything about it. The first thing every man did on entering a neighbor's house was to take a drink. It was almost impossible for a physician to be a sober man. Our friend went from Pluckamin to Somerville one day after dinner in a sulky. He accomplished his errand, then drank freely. Night came on. He supposed he had come there on horseback, and, forgetting the sulky, mounted the horse, and started for home. As he rode along, the noise of wheels behind disturbed him. How dreadful it would be to be run over on a dark night; to be crushed to death all alone! "Turn out behind, don't run over me," cried the Doctor. He felt reassured, and rode farther. Still those dreadful, dreadful wheels sounded behind. It was too much! Again agony of fear broke forth into words: "Turn out there behind; the old Doctor rides slowly on a dark night." At last Pluckamin was reached. To his dismay he found the horse still attached to the sulky. He had *ridden the horse all the way* and left the sulky without an occupant to follow behind.

A. W. McDowell.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

THE CHANGING OF THE LEAVES.

ALL THE long bright days of Summer,
In robes of emerald green.
The trees had crowned the hill tops,
Or guarded the dells between.

The rains that beat soft' in their branches
But lent them a livelier hue,
As they stretched their great arms heavenward,
Far into the deepening blue.

In the top-most boughs all Summer
The song-birds had warbled their lays,
While the children had play'd 'neath the branches
In the heat of the August days.

And each flower that loves the wildwood
Sprang up in the sweet Spring weather;
They blossom'd around each old gnarled root,
Like Youth and Old Age together.

And often, under the green-wood tree,
What merry groups were met!
While song and laughter and jest flow'd free,
With never a shade of regret.

But now the heat of Summer is waning,
The meadows are shorn and bare,—

A smothered whisper of change that is coming
Is borne on the wintry air.

'Tis evening, cool and silent,
And the stars are out on high—
A tall form, wierd and unearthly,
Descends from the northern sky.

His garments are wrought with the hoar-frost,
In many a strange device;
His face gleams white and death-like,
His staff is a spear of ice.

His head is crown'd with the amber beams,
Which stream from the Northern Light:
He looks with a gaze piercing and keen,
Far into the deepening night.

He wanders o'er the hill and o'er mountain;
He bends by the side of the lake;
He never stops in his onward course
Till the morning begins to break.

The sun comes forth in splendor—
The wierd form has fled the light;
No trace is left where his foot has press'd,
But the frost glittering keen and bright.

In the golden light of the ardent noon
We turn with a startled gaze:
The sumach is burning—a living flame—
The hick'ry is one yellow blaze!

The maples far down in the meadow,
Transform'd by the same magic power,
Are glowing in scarlet and yellow,
That drop in a golden shower.

The sombre oak-trees on the hill-side
Are crown'd with crimson and gold,
And glow in the fiery sunset,
Like a blood-red banner unroll'd.

How oft' as we gaze on these gorgeous hues,
We recall a strange old story,
As the bush that burns, yet is not consum'd
Stands before us in its glory!

M. A.

ABOUT NUTTING.

IT IS a beautiful Autumn morning, bright with sunlight, and blue, without a cloud; the rich tints of the wooded mountains just softened by a veil of Indian Summer haze—exactly such a morning as you remember in the halcyon days of your youth, when you were always sure to go nutting: days replete with enjoyment, such as the gayest scenes now fail to afford. But, as you stand gazing "o'er the far blue mountains," thinking sadly of the days which can return no more, a happy thought flashes across your mind. "Why not, for once, cast dull care to the winds?" You fancy the stray beam of sunlight waving round you to be a magic wand; and in a moment it is done. You, now imagining yourself a ten-year-old child, with your basket on your arm, and a troop of younger brothers and sisters at your heels, start on a regular nutting expedition. Unmindful of the pile of undarned stockings awaiting your pleasure, every single hole of which is peering at you in a suggestive manner; forgetting, too, the article you have promised to write for OUR HOME, with a skip and a bound you sally forth, taking the oft-trodden path across the orchard and over the hill. A crowd of memories and associations meet you at every step. This is the same path you used to take in your Spring rambles after wild-flowers; but the hedges are bare and desolate this morning, save a few crimson leaves, or the fluttering wings and half-querulous titter of some adventurous songster, not yet flown homeward.

The hill-top gained, you pause a moment for breath, and glance at the meadows below, where ripples the brooks whose waters "twinkle in the smoky light" like molten silver. As you thus gaze, a tide of memories surges over you; the past and the present are inextricably entangled; the witches' incantation—

> "Grey spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,
> Mingle ye that mingle may,"

is pronounced in your ears, and joys and sorrows, lights and shades run in a bewildering maze together, till suddenly you are brought back to earth by the voices at your side clamorous for progress, remember your resolve, and, with a bunch of scarlet leaves, resolutely "brush the cobwebs out of your skies."

The children have already scrambled over, under, or through the fence at their own discretion. Remembering your feats of ancient days, you disdain their offers of assistance, mount to the top rail, lose your balance, and most unexpectedly measure your five feet and more or less inches of grown-up dignity on the ground below, to the great diversion of the lesser fry, who manifest their appreciation of the turn affairs have taken by explosive bursts of laughter. Nothing daunted, however, you rise to your feet, gather up the pieces, and go bravely forward, stopping for a moment at the foot of a tall cedar, among whose boughs, like a wreath of flame, an ivy has clambered, twining itself around the heart of the tree, and fluttering in striking contrast from the very top—and then onward, till at length the tall chestnut trees appear in view. Now, as the children press eagerly forward, you find the enthusiasm contagious, and break into an undignified run. The spot once gained, the boys arm themselves with long poles, and with an air of importance advise you, as a specimen of the weaker vessels, to "stand from under," to avoid collision. Admonished by your late adventure you

weakly obey. And now the sport commences in earnest, each onslaught with the poles being accompanied by vociferous shouts and exclamations. You, remembering the narrative of "Davy Crocket and the Coon," stand, momentarily expecting that the nuts--unable to resist such power of moral suasion (not to mention that of blows)—will at once descend, without controversy. At length, the mingled pole and "tongue lashing," being crowned with the success so well deserved, the assailants, somewhat red in their faces and tired in their arms, and considerably out of breath, desist from the further attack; whereupon the ensuing rush and scramble is a subject not likely to be fully comprehended by the uninitiated. You are most unceremoniously crowded, jostled, pushed, and all but trampled under foot by the unscrupulous aspirants for fame, (under the guise of obtaining the greatest quantity of nuts,) till, with enthusiasm somewhat abated by what you have undergone, you retire from the contest. Resting from your labors upon a stump close by, you now become gradually aware that a cold wind is blowing, that your hands are torn and bleeding, that your stockings are most uncomfortably full of cockles, and that your shoes have burst out at the side,—all affording a striking instance of the total depravity of inanimate things. A long rent in your dress completes the misery of the situation. In other words, the spell is broken, the enchantment is over, and the realities of life intrude violently upon you. You can well recall the time when you never paused from secrets, as long as an ungathered nut was a possibility; if clouds came over the sky they were unnoticed; if you tore your dress you most certainly never contemplated the possibility of being obliged to mend it yourself.

And now, as you wearily wend your way homeward, reflecting upon the change a few years have wrought, you ask yourself whether time has given you aught that can really compensate for the power of careless, irresponsible enjoyment, of which it is day by day defrauding you; whether—but suddenly you find yourself at home, and gladly exchange the theme for the more engrossing one of the dinner awaiting you. Of course you promise yourself leisure for deeper consideration of the matter hererfter, perhaps while repairing your torn dress.

ANNIE.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[ELEVENTH PAPER.]

WILHELMUS, OR WILLIAM Beekman was born at Hassett, Province of Overyssel, Holland, in 1647, was sent to this country in 1639 by the Dutch West India Company as one of their agents, and was among the earliest Magistrates of New Amsterdam. In July, 1658, he was appointed Vice Director at Altona on the Delaware, being invested with all the power of the Company in that region. He effected the purchase of Cape Henlopen, and was also involved in a dispute with the English in Maryland, who claimed jurisdiction beyond his post, which claim he sternly resisted; and he proved faithful to his trust. In July, 1664, he was appointed Commissary at Esopus (now

Kingston) on the North River, and remained there some five or six years, or until the Dutch recaptured New York. For many years he served as Schepen (Alderman) and Burgomaster (Mayor;) also as Schout (Sheriff.) His lands lay principally in the vicinity of what are now Beekman and William streets, New York, which were named after him. He died in 1707 aged 85 years. By his wife, Catharine de Bough, he had four sons: Henry, Gerardus, William and John; and at least one daughter, Maria, who married Nicholas, son of Peter Stuyvesant. Gerardus married Magdalen Abeel of Albany. He was a physician, or, as then called, a chirurgeon, and settled at Flatbush, on Long Island. While there he was appointed Justice of the Peace for Kings County, and "Major of Horse" for Queens County, and from these offices was he called "Colonel" Gerardus Beekman. He was a great landowner, possessing large tracts on the Raritan and Millstone Rivers. In 1702 Dockwra conveyed to Gerardus Beekman and Lafford Peterson jointly, for £396, a tract of 1800 acres on the south side of the Raritan, which ran two miles up the River, and was bounded "north by Raritan River, west by Covert's and Brokaw's, and south easterly by other lands of Dockwra." Parts of these lands are doubless now in the possession of the descendents of Gerardus. He was also the owner of one-third of a tract of 4000 acres in Somerset County, the deed for a part of which was given in 1702 by his brother, who owned one-sixth of the whole tract. In 1703 Gerardus appears to have been the owner of 608 acres lying on the south side of the Raritan, which was afterwards owned and settled upon by the Van Tines. The land lies about two and one-half miles above New Brunswick. On it the latter built a mill, which was in operation in 1735, and owned by Jaques Van Tine. It was afterward owned by the Rappelye families, and a part of it is now in the possession of Joseph Rappelye.

The original name of Beekman was Boeckman in German. They fled from Germany into Holland to escape death, where they found a refuge from persecution.

Abraham, son of Gerardus, married Lucretia de Kay, Sept. 11th, 1708, and lived and died in the State of New York. Gerardus Beekman in 1716 was the owner of one-sixth part of a tract of land on the east side of the South Branch of the Raritan containing 3,000 acres. He also owned lands on the Millstone, because, in 1722, he and his wife, Magdalena, by deed of that date divides his lands "on the Millstone River, Somerset County," into four tracts. It also states that he had already given "Tract No. 4" to his son Gerardus, and "Tract No. 3" to his son Christopher; that he then wanted to convey to his son Henry "Tract No. 2," and to his son William "Tract No. 1;" and that the lot conveyed to Henry Beekman was "bounded and fronting easterly on the Millstone River, southerly by lands of Christopher Beekman, northerly by lands of Wm. Beekman, and westerly by lands of Peter Sonmans, with a full one-fourth part of the low lands to this tract belonging." Col. Beekman died at the City of New York in 1723, to which in the latter part of his life he had removed from Flatbush, with all his children. The Col. lived in stormy times. Although doubtless honest in pupose, he became involved in one of the most violent political contests ever experienced by the inhabitants of New Amsterdam, which arose at the ascendency of William the Third and Mary to the throne of England. He belonged to the party who sustained Leister in the administration of the government as

Lieutenant Governor, until the arrival of Governor Slaughter in 1691. He was a member of Leister's Council, all of whom were charged with and pronounced guilty of high treason, their estates forfeited and they condemned to be hung. *

The party which sustained Liester, after years of bitter strife, obtained the ascendency, and sowed the seeds, which afterwards made New York the hot bed of rebellion against the English Crown, and afterwards freed it forever from British rule. Col. Gerardus, though formerly censured, persecuted, denounced and vilified, was subsequently restored to public confidence and favor. He was Justice of the Peace in Kings County, and represented it in the Colonial Assembly in 1698-99. In the unfortunate party strife, he advocated measures which, had they been adopted, would have led to peace and saved the country much future bloodshed. His proposition was that the parties suspend all contentious operations until the arrival of the new Governor.

In the Documentary History of New York, Vol III, p 174, we read of a difficulty between Col. Beekman and Col. Henry Filkins, growing out of a church affair, at which the former called the latter offensive and insulting names. Filkins said that he had a good mind to knock Beekman off his horse; that he would fight him with a sword. "I wish," said Filkins, afterwards, "that these *last* words had been kept in, and I am troubled that I was so overcome with passion, and inflamed with wine. The work of these Dutch ministers is the occasion of all our quarrels." Wine had probably more to do with it than "the work of the ministers." From the Col's will, made Nov. 10th, 1722, we find he also owned land at Perth Amboy, Middlesex County, which he devised to his sons William, Gerardus and Henry, and three of his daughters; Catharine, wife of Charles La Roux, Cornelia and Marytie. Cornelia was married March 1st, 1724, to Richard, a son of Rip Van Dam, and Marytie, Aug. 26th, 1726, to Jacob Walton. All joined in conveying the Amboy land to Parker. Three of his sons, Adrian, Gerardus and William, never settled in New Jersey, although it is probable that one or more of their sons did.

Christopher, settled in Somerset County, and was the first of the name here. He doubtless located on the tract which his father gave him, "No. 3." He married Maria Delaney in New York, Jan. 28th, 1704. In May, 1724, while on a visit to New York for the purpose of procuring machinery for a mill which he intended to build on the Sourland Brook, running through his land, he died. His children, named in his will, were: Gerardus, Adrian, Christopher, Abraham, Cornelia, Magdalena, Maria and Catharine.

Henry, to whom his father gave lot "No. 2," appears never to have been married, for in his will he bequeathed and devised unto the children of his brother, Martin Beekman, deceased, all his real and personal property to be equally divided between them. Their names were: Elizabeth, Henry, Samuel, Anna and John. This will was made Dec. 21st, 1760, and proved Jan. 15th, 1770. Under this will these children came in possession of Col Gerardus Beekman's land, on the south side of the Raritan, about two or three miles above Somerville. The brother Martin, named in this will,

* The names of the members of the Council were: Gerardus Beekman, Joannes Vermilye, Thomas Williams, Myndert Courten, Abraham Brasher, Abraham Governeur, and Jacob Milbourn, Secretary. They were subsequently all pardoned with the exception of Liester and Milbourn his son-in-law, who were hung.

married a daughter of Resolvent Waldron, June 21st, 1724. (She may have been a grand-daughter.) His children and the ones named in Henry's will were: Elizabeth, born Aug. 30th, 1725, married Francis Brazier, died Nov. 9th, 1810; Henry, born March 24th, 1727, married Phebe, sister of Gov. Bloomfield, died Jan. 26th, 1796; Samuel, born in 1729, married Elizabeth Waldron, Dec. 5th, 1765, died Oct. 19th, 1808; Anna, born June 28th, 1734, died Sept. 5th, 1795, married John Waldron, Nov. 12th, 1766; John, born Nov. 5th, 1741.

Samuel, Martin's second son, had children, viz: Samuel, born Sept. 21st, 1767, married Helena Ten Brock, daughter of Cornelius Ten Brock, of Harlingen, N. J.; Elizabeth, born July 8th, 1768, married William Baker, died Nov. 11th, 1791; Cornelia, born Aug. 13th, 1770, married Benjamin, son of Henry Beekman, died Jan. 24th, 1858; Martin, born May 14th, 1773, died in 1844; Ann, born Feb. 24th, 1780, died Feb. 26th, 1846.

Samuel, oldest son of Samuel, and generally known as "Capt." Samuel Beekman, owned at one time the old Beekman homestead on the south bank of the Raritan, which he sold to his sister Cornelia, wife of Benjamin, after his marriage to Helena Ten Brock. He lived the rest of his life on the old Ten Brock homestead near Harlingen, N. J. Helena Ten Brock was the daughter of Cornelius Ten Brock, originally from Ulster County, New York, of a family there distinguished for the important aid rendered by them to the country during the Revolution. Captain Beekman died in 1851. He was a consistent professor of religion, among the most active members of the Church of Harlingen, laboring at all times to advance its best interests, in his manners unostentatious, a kind neighbor a friend to the poor, and withal a most valuable citizen.

His sister Cornelia, the only survivor of this large and respectable family, lives at his native place on the south bank of the Raritan, where she was born.

The children of Capt. Samuel Beekman were: Cornelius Ten Brock, born Oct. 1789, and resided the latter part of his life near Harlingen; Peter T., born April 21st, 1796, married Eliza Carpenter, who died in May, 1833. *

Jacob T. Beekman, born April 10th, 1801, graduated at Union College, N. Y., studied theology at New Brunswick, N. J., a talented and interesting preacher of the Gospel, and Pastor of the Church of Holandel eight years.†

Abraham T., born July 15th, 1803, married Eliza Van Derveer, who died July 26th, 1871. ‡

Elizabeth, born March 9th, 1788, married Abraham Van Arsdalen; Margaret, born May 25th, 1792, married Aaron Van Derbilt, of Long Island; Cornelia, born June 4th, 1794, married Nicholas Veghten, both living on a farm near Griggstown; Anna, born May 19th, 1798,

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* He owned and conducted for some time the mills on the South Branch, afterwards called Corle's Mills. He also represented Somerset County for three years in the State Legislature. His children were: Mary A., born Aug. 9th, 1821; John C., born June 6th, 1823; Theodore, born Feb. 18th, 1826, married Matilda Wyckoff; Jacob W., born Jan. 29th, 1829; Stephen A., born May 1st, 1833.

† He married, first, Anna, daughter of George Crawford, second, Eleanor Schenck, of Middletown. His children by his last marriage: Theodore, Jan. 30th, 1835; George Crawford, born July 2nd, 1839, now a practitioner of law at Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J.; Edwin, born June 13th, 1842.

‡ His children were: Peter V., Garret V. D., John W., Elizabeth and Helena.

married Abraham J. Dumont; Catharine, born Nov. 25th, 1805.

Christopher, the son of Gerardus, is believed to have been buried in the old Church yard at Six-Mile-Run Brook, now called Elm Ridge. His children were: Gerardus, Aaron, Christopher, Mary and Magdalen. Gerardus was a farmer who lived and died near Griggstown. Aaron was a farmer who lived and died on the Lamington, on the place known as "Van Dyke's Mills," left no descendants. Christopher was a farmer, lived neighbor to Aaron, and died with the small-pox.

The children of the last Gerardus were: John, who died about 19 years of age; Christopher, who lived on the rear of the old homestead near Harlingen and died about 1829, 96 years of age; Gerardus who lived in the village of Six-Mile-Run and died there about 1821, aged 86 years; Abraham, born July 27th, 1739, lived on the old farm at Griggstown, married Ann, daughter of Garret Voorhees, Sr., of Middlebush, May 3d, 1776, and died May 25th, 1817; Mary, who married Thomas Skillman; Ann, who married Garret Voorhees; Catharine, who married, first, a Vanderveer, second, a Johnson, lived at Washington, N. Y.; Magdalene, who married John Van Dyke; Cornelia, who married Abraham Stryker

Abraham, who married Ann Voorhees, had eight children; Gerardus, born July 12th, 1778, died Feb. 28th, 1815; Eleanor, born Dec. 17th, 1779, married Jacob Quick of Ten Mile-Run, and died Nov. 12th, 1865; John, born Feb. 3rd, 1782, *married, first, Johanna Nevius, second, Alletta Rappelye, and was killed by the fall of a tree at Griggstown, Sept. 21st, 1829; Abraham, born Jan. 13th 1784, married Matilda Nevius, lived at Millstone, and died Aug. 20th, 1862; Ralph V., born Dec, 17th, 1785, married Elizabeth Ten Broek, was a merchant, and died in Brooklyn, June 30th, 1873; Jacob, born Dec. 17th, 1787, married Sarah Garretson, and died in Michigan, April 7th, 1737; Isaac, born Sept. 14th, 1790, lived single, and died in North Carolina, Sept. 23rd, 1823; Catharine Ann, born Aug. 2nd, 1797, died single, Sept. 24th, 1828.

On the 13th of June, 1777, the British army under command of General Howe, having had possession of New Brunswick for several months, left with two divisions, one of which he stationed at Middlebush under the command of General De-Heister; the other at Millstone, under Lord Cornwallis. Two earthen fortifications, or redoubts, were thrown up: one across the Amwell road in Middlebush, a few yards west of the residence of the present Mr. Woolsey; another about 250 yards south of the first, near the railroad. Two other fortifications were erected on the land of the present John V. C. Wyckoff at Millstone, a few yards west of his house. They have all been leveled by the plow-share so that scarcely a trace of them are left. General Washington was lying at the same time with the American army at Middlebrook, along the mountain, in an elevated position (in the neighborhood of Chimney Rock,) taking a view of the country about New Brunswick, Middlebush, and Millstone, scanning every movement of the enemy. It was Howe's design to draw Washington and his troops into battle. Washington declined risking a battle with Howe on the plain, and Howe, not daring to attack him in his stronghold, returned with his two divisions to New Brunswick on the 19th, and on the 22nd evacuated

* Abram Voorhees, Cashier of the Long Island Bank, Brooklyn, and Cornelia and Anna, who successively married Rev. Goyn Talmadge, are his children.

the place, and moved with all his army to Staten Island. On their march thither they were attacked in the rear by a part of Washington's troops, who had come down from the mountain to annoy them, in which attempt the Americans were unsuccessful. After several skirmishes with the enemy, the latter returned to their former stronghold. These skirmishes account for the battles of Quibbletown, Westfield, Scotch Plains, etc., of which we used to hear our fathers speak so frequently at their fireside conversations in our youthful days. During the occurrences described, General Washington was a part of the time standing on a rock on the mountain in the vicinity of Plainfield, viewing the manœuverings of the two armies on the Plains below within the circle of their operations. Hence the rock on which he stood has since been called "Washington Rock." While the two grand contending armies were lying in an hostile attitude and in full view of each other, Howe's on the south side of the Raritan at Middlebush and Millstone, and Washington's on its north side along the Mountain, the American Congress adopted the stars and stripes as the flag of the Union.

The first flag was prepared by the hands of a lady of Philadelphia and was unfurled in August following at the siege of Fort Schuyler.

After the battle of Princeton, two of the British regiments, while at Kingston took a road in their march leading to the left, and encamped for several days at Middlebush, on the ground which General De Heister occupied six months afterwards.

The citizens on the Raritan with very few exceptions, were distinguished for their loyalty and bravery in the darkest days of the Revolution. The fathers gave up their sons freely to battle for the good cause. Perhaps one family deserves specially honorable mention. Wm. Baird of Griggstown, had four sons commissioned in the Revolutionary army, viz: Colonel Benjamin, Major William, Captain John (who, after the Peace, was promoted to Major,) and Lieutenant Robert. Robert received his commission while lying on his dying bed. It is doubtful whether a family can be found in the United States known to have furnished so many Commissioned Officers. When General De Heister's army left Middlebush, tradition states they attempted to burn every building between that place and New Brunswick. Some of the fires were put out, and some buildings failed to take fire. The following important property was burnt or destroyed: Garret Voorhees, of Middlebush: Dwelling house, with six rooms, entry and kitchen, two well curbs, and two new corn cribs, altogether £300; also one half-blooded horse, 3 years old, 14½ hands high, saddle and bridle, £26,5s; thirty acres of wheat in the field destroyed, £45; six yearling calves, and large Dutch cupboard, £12; 346 pannels fence, £25,10s; the grass of seven acres of meadow destroyed, 4 bedsteads, 110 fowls and other damages, amounting in all to £451.17s.8d. ($1,129.70.)

Peter Rapalye: a dwelling house 42 by 30; kitchen 24 feet square; weave house 14 by 18 and the barn 48 feet by 42, all good, £320, and other losses, amounting in all to £393, ($982.50cts.)

John Spader: kitchen and barn on the opposite side of the Amwell road, appraised at £226.16s,6d.

Hendrick Bergen: a good frame house along the same road, with cellar and kitchen all destroyed. The weatherboards and part of the shingles were taken off the barn and a board floor taken out: appraised at £371.19s.3d.

Johannes Van Liew, near New Brunswick: six horses, one house burnt and outhouses and barns &c., £519.16s.5d.

John Wyckoff, Cornelius Van Anglen, Peter Wyckoff, Philip Fulkerson, John Stothoff, Abraham Van Doren, Berdus Garretson and others of the same neighborhood, suffered more or less damage, while the British army were at Middlebush.

There is now residing in *one family* in Franklin Township three persons, who were living and beheld General Washington previous to his death. Henry V. Demott, when a youth, saw the General, accompanied by an escort, enter New Brunswick on his way to New York. His wife and her sister, Elizabeth Van Liew, at school at Three-Mile-Run, saw him either on that or a similar occasion. The latter says that at the school the scholars were arranged in order at the road-side by the teacher, as the General approached seated in his carriage. He halted, uncovered his head, waved his hat, smiled and spoke kindly and pleasantly to the children. Lady Washington was sitting by his side and evidently took pleasure in the somewhat singular interview.

From the account given in my last paper of some of the wines sold at the store of Jaques Voorhees, it will be perceived they were purchased by those who belonged to the higher circles of society. The early settlers along the Raritan manufactured and used much *malt liquor* as a beverage. One of the breweries for this purpose stood on the bank of the River opposite the house wherein the late Sheriff Vredenburg resided, and was conducted by a Beekman. The small stones used in grinding the malt, and also the bricks of which the building was constructed, were imported from Holland. Another brewery stood by the spring opposite the house of Ralph Voorhees Jr., at Six-Mile Run. By an article of agreement preserved in the family, this brew-house with its apparatus was sold by John Vleit, who was the owner of the farm of 500 acres on which it stood, to his son John, in 1736, for £150. Our early Dutch forefathers knew not the use of stronger liquors except for medicinal purposes. "In prosecuting a military expedition against the Indians, there was a time," says the historian, Dr. Belknap, "when there was but one pint of strong drink or 'strong water,' as it was then called, in the whole army, and that was reserved for the sick." It was brought more or less into general use by the Wars of 1756 and 1776, and that of 1812 produced its full share of the evil. From the furnishing of regular rations of spirituous liquors to the army, habits of drinking were acquired by the soldiers, who, on their return home, introduced the custom into their families. The evil continued to increase to an alarming degree until 1820, when it seemed to roll onward like an overwhelming torrent, from one extremity of the land to the other, carrying with it the property, reputation, health and lives of tens of thousands. Like the destroying angel which passed over the land of Egypt, there was scarcely a house where it did not leave one dead. The bottle was the companion alike of the wealthy and fashionable, and the destitute, humble and obscure. In prosperity and in adversity, in sickness and in health, in Summer and in Winter, in sunshine and in storm, the same sad overthrow of physical vigor and moral character was indulged in by the victims of the bowl, as though it were but pastime. Did the spirit of a fellow mortal take its everlasting flight to eternity, and the friends and neighbors assemble to pay their final tribute of respect to the departed, the decanter must come forth

from the closet and an opportunity given all to partake of its contents. Thus persons were known to reel in funeral processions, and even stagger and fall on the brink of the grave. And as it was in the house of mourning, so was it in the house of feasting. Strong drink was considered an indispensable article in the entertainment of marriage guests. To increase the joy and conviviality of the occasion it was furnished in every variety. So the songs of congratulation and mirth freely mingled with the songs of the drunkard. At public sales the bottle was universally present, the free circulation of it being deemed a source of profit to the seller, by the enhancement of the value of property in the imagination of those intoxicated, and the announcement of the auctioneer, "A dram to the next bidder!" The many more times and places in which liquors were deemed indispensable I will not now attempt to describe. It is enough to allude to their use at parties of pleasure, the ball-room, the gambling table, the race-course, the harvest-field.* and at "raisings." The examples of the parents rendered it almost impossible for their children to pass through life and arrive at old age, with their faculties unimpared and their reputations untarnished by the vice of intemperance. The seeds of the evil were sown in the cradle. If the male children came to boyhood, they were taught to love the sediments of spirits and sugar reserved for them by the parents, who indulged in the morning dram and sling. At manhood they received the bottle directly from the hands of their parents at home, and of course when abroad complied with the requirements of custom and the earnest solicitations of friends. Friends could scarcely consider themselves acceptable visitors without tasting their welcome in a social glass. When subjected to such training and brought up under such influences, it is most remarkable that so many of our fathers were preserved from the grave of the destroyer, and not only lived to old age as useful members of society, but were even ornaments and pillars in Church and State. During this period land became reduced by improper culture, when it was found most profitable to plant orchards, and convert their fruit into cider, and that into spirits. In one Township along the Raritan there were, at the commencement of the present century, eight or more distilleries in operation, and the price of cider-spirits became so reduced that it was sold from twenty-five to thirty cents per gallon by the quantity. Almost every farmer had his cellar stocked with barrels and hogsheads of cider-spirits, of which the family partook as their inclinations and appetites dictated.

It was about 1820 when a reäction took place. The eyes of the people became then opened sufficiently to obtain a faint glance of the awful precipice on whose brink they and the nation stood. The first to sound the alarm and point to a true remedy was the late Rev. Dr. Isaac Ferris,* who became pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of New Brunswick in 1821. In addressing an immense assembly at the celebration of the 150th Anniversary of that Church in October, 1867, he made the following proper and noble allusion to his early bravery in the temperance campaign:

"But that to which I confess I look back with great satisfaction, as most important to myself

* Custom required each hay or harvest hand to be furnished with one pint of rum per day, and the employer who refused was considered "a mean man."

* He succeeded Theodore Frelinghuysen as Chancellor of the University of New York in 1852, and died in July, 1873.

in its various bearings, was the ground publicly taken on one of the most destructive of social usages. In the Fall of 1820 occurred the suspension from his ministry, under the charge of intoxication, of one of our most distinguished ministers by a northern Classis. He was reported the most accomplished pulpit orator in the northern part of the State of New York—a fine scholar and a gentleman of very wide influence. His fall grieved many hearts, while it broke up his pastoral relations, and covered his later life with a dark shadow from which he never emerged, though that which caused it had been corrected. It was apparent to me, as a looker on, that he had no more natural appetite for strong drink than any other man, but was the victim of the usages of social life, ruined by his friends, who became afterwards his accusers. Every man of any position had his sideboard in his parlor, well stocked with the choicest of stimulants. Every visitor was expected to take his sip whenever he called. It was ungenteel, it was a slight, a reflection, not to drink a glass. And in making half-a-dozen calls in the course of two or three hours, and taking as many drinks, how, as a matter of course, was an appetite formed! The wonder was, not that there were so many drunkards; but that everybody was not such. To my mind, the usage was *horrible*, and my determination was, wherever *I* settled, on the first public exercise to relieve myself *forever* from compliance with this tyrant custom. Never can I forget the scene. This sanctuary was crowded in every part, as there was great curiosity to hear the first sermon of the young pastor elect. I remember well how the smile passed at my expense, over the face of the whole congregation. It was a bold step for so young a man; but it was most *important*. It was shutting down the gate of access to a course which has been ruinous everywhere. It made its impression for *good*, as it fastened itself upon the minds of my people from its peculiarity and novelty. Need I say that step was never regretted?"

A new era commenced. The Church awoke to a sense of its danger and duty. In 1825 the General Synod of the Reformed Church appointed a day of fasting and prayer, requiring each of the ministers under its jurisdiction to preach a sermon bearing upon the evil. The day set apart for that purpose was observed and improved as required, and was attended with favorable results. Churches of other denominations did the same. In 1835 Temperance Associations were established in almost every congregation, or neighborhood along the Raritan, and their members were pledged to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage. The result of this was that cellars once well-stocked with liquors were with few exceptions emptied, and have remained thus to the present day. Decanters were removed from sideboards and banished from social circles. Hay and harvest gatherings, building raisings, burials of the dead, marriages, and entertainments for friends were all had without the use of intoxicating liquors. More recently tavern bars have been closed on the Sabbath day and days of election. In the Township referred to, where there were eight distilleries in operation in 1800, there is not one at the present time.

Among the most influential, talented and active of our citizens, who labored to effect a temperance reformation, were Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen and Gov. Peter D. Vroom, whose services were required far and near to address immense gatherings. Their admonitions and advise were received with much satisfaction and profit. Many others of similar character and talents were also engaged in endeavoring to produce a change in the destructive drinking usages of that day. RALPH VOORHEES.

COL. HONEYMAN AND HIS WAR JOURNAL.

IV.

IN A FORMER article of this series we stated our intention of paying some "respects" to Col. Berthoud of the 31st Regiment, when Col. Honeyman's Journal carried us to Belle Plaine. But there will be those who will consider an arraignment of that officer out of place at this time, and still others who will ascribe our motives to a desire to pull down one reputation (?) to build up another. And, after all, *cui bono?* The war is over, Col. Berthoud is yet in the flesh to be injured, and Col. Honeyman is dead and cannot be benefitted, by the charges which may justly be brought against the Commander of the 31st. And, indeed, we would not refer to the matter at all, except that some parts of Col. H's Journal as published would otherwise elicit wonder from its readers that the writer should refer in terms not of praise to his superior in the service. Some of these references we have omitted; some will appear below. We leave them, therefore, now, with the simple remark that, as every officer and private in the 31st and 30th well knew and understood, and yet well recollect, Col. Berthoud did everything in his power to injure the reputation of Lieut. Col. Honeyman, and other subordinates, and to drive them from the service, when they were nobly performing their duties and making up for *his inefficiency;* and all the while sought a little higher position for himself, when he could not fill that which he had; and also that those efforts were unsuccessful, except in making himself ridiculous and elevating the other officers in the esteem of the whole Regiment.

REBEL BARRACKS, CAMP 31st, BELLE PLAINE, *Dec. 30th,* 1862.—Our Surgeon, Dr. Browne, has returned, greatly to my gratification. He is of great service to the Regiment, and will be a most valuable acquisition to our mess. We now number six as ferocious looking set of animals as were ever caged in so small a space as this which we occupy. Barnum's "Happy Family" is eclipsed! Each one has some peculiarity of disposition, habits or temperament, to be worked upon for the amusement of the rest. A tent pitched back of our house and connecting with it, is used as our bed and dressing room. Our cook "knows beans," and his bean soups and baked beans the most fastidious would relish. . . .

Jan. 4th, 1864.—I am quite surprised at learning of an effort being made to have me promoted to the Colonelcy of the — Regt. This is surprising from the fact of the Regt. being raised in —— County and does not contain a man or officer whom I know. . . . My attachments to the 31st, however, are too warm to be broken hastily. I have made some friends whom I can never forget, and on whose account I cannot but regret the expiration of our term of service, when that time comes. Yet there are some things happening, not unfrequently, which makes it very unpleasant for me. Not being at liberty to criticize, I will only mention my extreme regret at finding we have no strictly *military* leader, but an ignorant, pompous, conceited civilian. We drill but little, and the Regt. is really unfit to take the field in action. Thus I have inducements to accept any promotions that may offer, as well as inducements not to do so; a hundred pro. and con. . . . Capt. Ten Eyck (30th) sends his regards occasionally, but I have not seen him in a month. The last time we met was under very discouraging circumstances. It was the night our Brigade crossed from Md. It was very cold, and everything looked fearfully gloomy. Our Regiments were broken, and I landed at Acquia Creek wharf with a Co. and a half of men, at least two hours and a half behind my Regt., with no means of obtaining any information concerning it. To add to the hundred occasions for vexation, a blundering, thickheaded Lieut., disobeying my orders, marched off his command before I had hailed the Drum-Corps—thus losing himself from me. I had lost my blanket, my Regt. and my tem-

per, when, I unexpectedly ran into Capt. T., who, strange to say, was also behind his Regt.

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Sunday, Jan. 11th., 1863.—Our Regt. is again Brigaded under Genl. G. R. Paul, an officer of experience and merit, and evidently a gentleman—which is saying more than many Generals will bear, from the standard I would judge them by. We are in the 3rd. Brigade, 1st. Division (Gen'l. Wadsworth,) 1st. Army Corps, (Maj. Gen. Reynolds), of the Left Grand Division of this Army, Gen'l. Franklin commanding Div. We are now in a fair way of participating in the next engagement and hope to enter Richmond before Spring. Our Brigade is very large, consisting of six full Regts. 22nd., 29th., 30th,, 31st., N. J., 137th., Penna., and 147th. N. Y. Some of these Regts. are still at Acquia Creek. . .

Tues. 20th, 1863.—To-day we move to meet the enemy. The 31st. is ready and willing, the whole army seems to be in good cheer,—God give us success! Every thing around the camp betokens moving. Our house—as we call the quarters of our mess—presents a forlorn appearance indeed. Boxes and blds., bottles and kegs,and the *et cetera* of the accumulations of a Camp mess make the confusion-picture complete. An Orderly gallops up and I am ordered to report to Brigade Headquarters immediately. My mare is in fine spirits, and I soon find Headquarters,and that they are no more established than my own quarters. The saddle is my home now. It was noon before we had our place and were moving with the rest. It was cloudy and a storm threatened. At night we were pushed ahead until quite late. After dark the Artillery crowded ahead of 147th. N. Y., and encroached upon us, crowding us out of our road. We crossed the R. R. near "Stoneman's Switch" and bivouacked in a wood near by. The rain fell in torrents. Our teams and ambulance were far behind, stuck in the mud, so that we of the Field and Staff (Col. excepted) had no tents, marquees nor shelters to interpose between our bodies and the relentless storm. With great difficulty a fire was kindled by our faithful servants. A more gloomy prospect for the night we seldom had seen. Browne and I, spreading beds and blankets lay down in the mud, water above, beneath and all around. Not far off lay two fellow soldiers peacefully sleeping without bed or blanket, their upturned faces calmly receiving the tears of Heaven, whither I hoped their spirits had flown. They were dead. The rest of our party prepared to sit up all night—and with the water streaming from their garments and their doleful looks, they were a complete representation of despair. Chaplain McNair, whose white locks and venerable beard were dripping with moisture, sat upon one end of an immense log, perhaps praying; Surg. —— upon the other end, undoubtedly swearing; Col. Holt between the two, thinking of his wife and pleasant home. They were astonished to see Browne and the Major attempt to go to bed, indeed to think of sleep. The rain pattered not unpleasantly upon our rubber coverlid, and as I lay so comfortably warm I thanked God for His kindness to me, and that I could be so happily situated and feel so well amid such surroundings. After midnight I awoke finding I was quite wet and uncomfortable. The water was running in a stream underneath me, and the fire was entirely extinguished. In addition to the water from the outside, my bed-fellow had turned in with his canteen on (a very large one), and the stopper coming out it had poured out its contents upon and under me. So I spent the remainder of the morning most uncomfortably.

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Morning of Wednesday, Jan. 21st., 1863.—Lt. Thompson (Co. A.), my warm-hearted friend, and true as steel, prepared me some hot coffee, a kindness most thoroughly to be appreciated from the way, time and manner in which it was done. I soon reported to the Col. to know if I could be of any use, and to receive orders, but not a word did he reply or a glance bestow. My poor horses have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. The rain still descends, the mud deepens,and I fear our movement may not prove successful. Splash! splash! splash! we go, across fields and rivulets, through lanes and swamps, and over ditches. We pass artillery and pontoon trains, and at last reach a dense and extensive forest of pines, where we are to bivouack for the night and prepare for the morrow's struggle with the foes of the Union. We begged a handfull of corn from the ambulance drivers for our famished beasts. The Col. and —— (a fit partnership)—had a bag of oats in the ambulance, but not a grain could we have. This selfishness elicited a pithy remark from the old Chaplain, viz: "The Col. is a man who over-rates himself and under-rates everybody else." We built a large fire and "by the rivers of Babylon there we sat down" was the feeling evidently of all—myself excep-

ted. I felt remarkably well (my spirits rising in proportion to the increase of physical dis. comforts) in our situation. I patched up a shelter for our heads (our feet stuck out in the rain when we lay down), begged some coffee to replenish our wasted stores—and, oh! how good it was!—partially dried our wet clothes and blankets, and then we laid us down to sleep,—so sullenly one of us, so wearily two of us, and so happy the other of us. I love this soldier life!

Thurs., 22nd. Jan'y., 1863.—The enemy fired three guns to announce he was ready to dispute our passage across the River. But this was unnecessary. We were already conquered by the storm. Our trains could not come up. They were stuck in the mud miles back. All day we waited and our poor horses were starving. The *night* was most pleasantly spent by our bivouac fire. "*Bumshellah*" from the thick-lipped Ben, and the sacred songs or chants of poor Sam Hunter, he who heard can never forget, and no Christian could know the poor slave and hear his ignorant song and not condemn American Slavery in that it was destructive to the souls of men.

Friday, the 23rd, witnessed our retreat. What a march for the men who reached camp that night! Never can I see how human strength could accomplish it. All night long they struggled in with their weary loads. My mare fell with me, unable to bear her burden longer; so I mounted my horse, whose spirit seemed equal to any exertion, despite his famished condition. Col. Warner, 147th New York, obliged me by furnishing me with some corn.

February 9th, 1863.—Am I so unfortunate as to return home next June, and my country so unfortunate as to need further aid from her sons, I shall ask no man to volunteer. My own services shall be my country's, so long as she is in real need of them, and that in any capacity in which I can promote her interests; but I can ask no man again to volunteer. When I look around and see how men live here; when I see them marched until they sink to the ground in utter despair, or the blood gushing from their mouths as I have seen them on our late march; when I see their dead bodies not yet cold lying out in the mud and rain with no protection, and the Hospital crowded with sick and dying, and no friends near to administer a word of consolation; when I see them buried like beasts, scarce covered with earth, and sometimes treated little better than beasts when alive, and, more than all, see them march up boldly and cheerfully to the cannon's mouth into the jaws of death, as I saw them do at Fredericksburg, and then reflect that there are those at home who begrudge the poor soldier his bounty, who do not and cannot admire him, or appreciate his services—I do not want a man to volunteer. Let them be drafted instead.

February 17th, 1863.—Another severe snow storm, and, as usual, when the weather is extremely severe, the detail to command the picket, or for Brigade Officers of the Day falls upon me. Have been in the saddle all the forenoon in all the storm. For one week past the Col's duties has freed me from these disagreeable services, and the weather has been horrible. Our pickets yesterday made quite a haul—property estimated at $30,000, to say nothing of negroes and their rebel masters. Several Regt's arrived here yesterday from Washington, and troops are coming in yet today. It is amusing to hear the officers of these Regiments complain of the weather, their treatment, etc. They have never been in the field, and do not relish our accommodations.

This army of the Potomac is a curious institution. No wonder it is so unwieldy. It contains officers high in command, who do not earn their salt. Merit often goes unrewarded and the tricky man wins. Our Brigade Commander, Genl. Paul, has been twenty years in service, is very popular with us, strict in discipline and very gentlemanly and dignified in his manner. Our Div. Commander is Gen'l. Wadsworth, rich as Crœsus, but his military experience obtained in the State military service! Outranking Gen'l. Paul! And unfortunately they cannot agree. Whilst I was in command of the Regt. last week, an officer, purporting to be of Gen'l. W's staff, left for me at Headquarters' tent a verbal order to repair and corduroy a certain road and that "*immediately, without fail*," as it had been ordered before and the order had been neglected. I had already a large fatigue party at work, besides a heavy guard and picket, and had no tools or teams to work with. Besides, I could not consider it a military order. The Captain with whom the message had been left did not know who the officer was, but knew he did not belong to the Brigade. Ordering my horse, I soon reported to Gen'l. Paul for instructions, and found I was correct in my view

that such orders must come through my Brigadier, unless properly vouched for when from higher authority. Gen'l. W's ignorance of military rules and usages having led him into difficulty with Gen'l. Paul, this very matter, among others, has been the subject of official correspondence between the two, which will, I fear, result in the resignation of Gen'l. P., or possibly his being thrown out of service—the greatest piece of injustice that can be conceived. Gen'l. P. sent for me to lay the correspondence before me, that I might be prepared for Gen'l. W. perhaps. Now, in considering these things, I am not led to think that these and like difficulties go to prove a want of harmony in this Army, because such things are not uncommon in the military service of the world; but I do think the appointing power is blameable for filling important commands with politicians, who may be blockheads, instead of *regular* officers, or with those who have shown merit. Tried men only should be entitled to wear the stars. If an officer has an enemy who outranks him in the same command, he might as well resign. He must be very smart and shrewd and entirely *au fait* in military matters, if he remain in the service. This War is on so large a scale, and our armies so vast, requiring so many officers, that we can excuse many defects. But the case of the two Gen'ls. I have cited shows only a want of judgment in one instance at the *head of affairs*, not in the army itself So long as we have confidence in McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, or whoever may be our Com.-in-Chief, we are ready for anything that may be required of us, even though we may be disgusted with outside *interference*, and the conduct of subordinate officers. It is growing dark. The snow-storm has abated, and it will clear up very cold. The poor fellows who have just landed here will suffer to-night. . . . . Capt. T. E. (30th.) has gone home on a furlough. . .

Feb'y. 26th, 1863.—Have just come in from a three day's tour of picket duty, and so have to-day entirely to myself. As I sat by the fireside in a real genuine house, on a real chair, with a back to it, smoking my segar, it occurred to me that picketing was pleasant after all. The discomforts of the day heightened the pleasure of the night of rest and ease. I was a king and had my body-guard of thirty men in attendance—for so cold a night I would not have them outside unnecessarily, and they were not needed on the line. Captain Margerum of the 22nd, and Capt. H., were with me, and the two pleasantest evenings my life ever witnessed were here spent. . . .

March 4th, 1863.—Gen'l. Paul being temporarily in command of the Division, and Col. Bossort being thus raised to the command of the Brigade, Berthoud is thereby made senior Col., and has therefore been ordered to take charge of an expedition into Rebeldom with 200 men and 8 commissioned officers. So I am left with so few officers and men fit for duty that I have no drills; indeed can scarcely raise a decent dress parade. This Expedition is one of three which started down the River last night to be gone about eight days. Destination of course unknown. Everybody wanted to go except the Colonel, who seemed quite indifferent. Of course I would give most anything for a share of the sport, but I do not look for any favors from Berthoud. Besides, it is my duty to remain here with the Regt. evidently, so I have nothing to say. A raid on our pickets is expected (so rumored,) but that will do me no good either, as I cannot serve on picket whilst commanding Regt. . . . Capt. T. E. (30th.,) is likely to be promoted to the Majority. Dr. B. has fallen into a scrape as usual, and Col. K. tells me he is to be discharged from the service on the ground of "*utter worthlessness!*" Pretty good that for a Dutchman. Col. D., who has long been absent from his Regt., will resign, I hear. Surgeon Jos. Osborne (4th. N. J. Vols.) paid me a visit yesterday. . . . I have rec'd my commission as Lieut.-Col., much to the mortification and chagrin of the Col.

March 18th, 1863.—The Colonel has been riding out a long distance to-day, I hear, (being sick?) yet sent for me a few moments ago to inform me that he had requested Gen'l. Paul to relieve me from reporting to the General as Field-officer of the Day to-morrow morning, as he himself was too unwell to command the Battallion, and the Major not sufficiently practiced, and hardly capable. We often have Brigade drill after review, and the Gen'l. being very strict and spunky, we think it sharp work. He ordered the arrest of one of my Captains at the last review I commanded. I am well satisfied to yield my rights to the Col's. wishes in this case, and like nothing better than the command of the Battalion.

March 20th, 1863.—A severe snow-storm raging. Of course no Review can be expected.

Yet in accordance with orders the men are marched forth to the drill-ground at 8 o'clock, files equalized and Battalion formed. Whilst riding over to the command, met Maj Field of the Brig. Staff, who had just left the Colonel's marquee, being sent down to inform us of the postponement of review. Being so near by I rode on to the Colonel's tent, when to my surprise he told me the order was *not countermanded;* and then came a lecture to the effect that when I received information of this character it would come through him. Therefore through the snow and sleet I marched the Regt., (because it was his will that his authority should be seen by me as kingly absolute) out of camp and over the hills, until out of sight, when I turned over the command to the Major, and galloped up to Headquarters to report to the Gen'l. Of course he was 'surprised to hear of my having the men out under arms; had sent word to Col. B. by Maj. Field, &c., &c.'; and so we came back, the men cursing such folly, as they had the right to do.

Sunday, March 29th, 1863.—A quiet day. Late towards evening was sent for by the Col., who informed ... that Gen. Paul is relieved from command, not being confirmed by the Senate. This will be a great disappointment to the Brigade. A man who has been twenty years in the service, with an excellent record, not confirmed, when Gen'l. W., his superior officer in rank and command, whose qualifications are just nothing, comparatively speaking, is confirmed, shows too plainly the mischief politics is playing with the army. A politician out-ranks and succeeds a General—the officer whose *profession* it is to fight! Col. Berthoud being senior Col., takes command of the Brigade—and if conceit can make a Brigadier the Brigade has now a finished Commander. This ill-wind blows some good to me, however, as it gives me command of the Regt., which is very welcome if we soon go into action.

Monday, March 30th., 1863, A. M.—After Co. drill received a call from Chaplain Janeway and Capt. Ten Eyck of the 30th, who were sent to obtain my opinion of Col. Bethoud's fitness for the assumption of commanding the Brigade—the Field of the Brigade having but one opinion. I rec'd an order from Col. B. to report at Headquarters at 3 P.M. with my Field. At 3 P. M. met the Field-officers of our Brigade at Headquarters. The order had been issued unsuspectingly by the Col., understanding merely that the object of the meeting was to procure some testimonial for Gen'l. Paul. The Col. being elected chairman (having the right of seniority) stated the object of the meeting as he understood it—to pass resolutions of regret, etc. Lieut.-Col. Davison (22nd. N J.) "having anticipated," etc, "had drawn up the following paper," etc., to be signed by Field, Staff, and Line, and sent to Att'y-Gen. Bates, the Genl's intimate friend. Col. B. interposed numerous objections. He thought it should pass through the *proper military channels*—*Wadsworth* (the General's bitter enemy,) Reynolds, and Hooker, (who would never see it after it once reached Gen'l. Waddy's pigeon-holes.) He thought also that the Field alone should sign the memorial, etc. Of course Col. Davison's motion carried unanimously, much to the chagrin of Col. Berthoud. It was also decided to serenade the General in the evening—all the officers of the Brigade to be invited. . . Obtained the signatures of all the officers in my Regt. to the Presidential Memorial except Capt. Johnson's of Co. B., and his 2nd. Lieut.

Even'g.—Capt. Van Horn, Provost Marshall, Belle Plaine, and the Quarter-Master, were my companions as we rode up to Headquarters to the serenade. A large concourse, fine music, speech of the gallant little Gen'l., address of Lt.-Col. Cardeau, 137th. Pa., general hand-shaking, etc. Q. M. and I paid our respects to the "Surg.-in-Chief," whom we found comfortably fixed and well provided with creature comforts. Wm. M. Dickerson, Co. A., was with me as Orderly, I having given him that appointment to-day at his request.

Last Thursday our Corps was reviewed by the President. . . . Every thing passed off as smoothly as a Brigade review. The 31st never looked, nor marched so well before, nor never have I felt so proud, as when I saluted Uncle Abe with my sword, marching past at the head of my command. The salute of the Artillery, the music of the various Bands, as the President and suite, the Generals and their gay cavalcade of Lancers, rode through the lines, rendered the scene the most inspiriting of anything the world can produce.

To-morrow—Sunday—a general Inspection is ordered. Gen'l. W. visited my camp yesterday, and was very pleasant and communicative, telling me he thought we should move Monday. . . . We hear that Gov. Parker is coming down soon, and as he and Berthoud, and B. and myself are "two persons" (each opposed) I shall take pleasure in inviting the Gov. to an entertainment, and to review the Regt.—*i. e.*, if we are not on the wing.

V. D.

MORE ABOUT THE DUTCH SETTLERS.

[THIRD PAPER.]

JAN ROELOFSE SCHENCK, born March 1st., 1670, died Jan. 30th, 1753, married, about 1692, Sarah, daughter of William Couwenhoven, and *Garret Roelofse Schenck*, born Oct 7th, 1671, died Sept. 5th, 1745, married, about 1693, Neeltje Coerten Voorhies, were sons of Roelof Martinsen Schenck, who emigrated from the Netherlands in 1650, married 1st, 1660, Neeltje Gerretse, daughter of Gerret Wolferste Van Couwenhoven, and 2d. 1675, Annetji Pieterse, daughter of Pieter Claese Wyckoff, and settled in Flatlands. Jan Roelofse, and Garret Roelofse, settled in Monmouth County as early as 1710.

Jan Roelofse Suebering, (as per his signature,) born 1631, emigrated to this country from Drenthe in the Netherlands at a date not ascertained; resided in Flatbush as early as 1668; married 1st, in 1679, Adrianna, daughter of Dominie Polhemus, and 2nd. Altie ——. Two of his sons, *Roelof* and *Daniel*, (the latter baptised July 2nd, 1682 in Flatbush,) settled in the vicinity of the Raritasn, as early as 1708. Jan Roelofse was probably accompanied to this country by his sister Willemtji Roelofse, who married Stephen Courten Van Voorhies, and with her husband were members of the Reformed Dutch Church of Flatbush, in 1677.

Cornelius Sebering, (as per his signature,) of Brooklyn, took the oath of allegiance in 1687; was born in this country, and married, Sept. 3rd, 1682, Altie Fredericks, daughter of Frederick Lubbertse. Altie inherited from her father a farm in South Brooklyn on which Sebering erected a mill. They had several children, among them a son Johannes, who may be the *Johannes Sebering* of the vicinity of the Raritans as early as 1704, but this is uncertain. Who was the father of Cornelis Sebering has not been ascertained.

There was also in Kings County a *Lucas Suebering*, who married, April 25th, 1690, in Brooklyn, Marritji Dorlant.

The *Jacob Sebering*, who settled in the vicinity of the Raritans as early as 1704, may have been a brother of Cornelis of Brooklyn.

Ryck Suydam, who settled in Monmouth County at an early date, was born in 1697, died in 1750, and was a son of Ryck of Flatbush, and a grandson of Hendrick Rycken and Ida Jacobs, who emigrated from South of the dam ("zuid-dam") in Holland in 1663. Hence the surname.

Cornelius Suydam of the Raritans as early as 1717, who died in 1771, was a son of Hendrick, and a grandson of Ryck of Flatlands.

Jacob, *Jan*, *Dirck* and *Guisbert Sutvin*, who settled in Monmouth and Somerset Counties as early as 1716, were the sons of Dirck Janse from Zutven, or Sutven in the Netherlands, who emigrated in 1651, settled at first in Flatbush, from which place he removed about 1680 to New Utrecht, where he probably died; his will being proved in 1707, and recorded in the Surrogate's office in the city of New York, to which office the early wills of the southern portions of the State were transferred.

Jacobus Stryker of the Raritans as early as 1717, was a son of Garret of Flatbush, and a grandson of Jan Stryeker, who emigrated in 1652 from Rhuynen in the Province of Drenthe, Holland, and settled in Flatbush as early as 1654.

Barent Stryker, a cousin of Jacobus, a

son of Peter of Flatbush, and grandson of Jan Stryker, the emigrant, also settled at an early period in Somerset County.

In addition to these, *Pieter*, *Johannes*, *Abraham* and *Jacobus*, children of Jan of Flatbush, a brother of Barent Stryker, also settled in the same locality.

Tunis and *Jacob Swart*, of Monmouth County as early as 1725, were descendants of Jacob Swart, a soldier at New Amsterdam in the service of the West India Company as early as 1638, who afterwards settled in New Utrecht.

Isaac Snedeker, of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, was a son of Isaac Snedeker of New Lotts and Catalyntji Janse, who was baptised Jan. 16th, 1681, at Flatbush; a grandson of Garret Janse Snedeker of Flatbush; and a great-grand-son of Jan Snedeker, who was in New Amsterdam as early as 1640, a shoemaker by trade, keeping a tavern or tap-house in 1642, and who finally settled in Flatbush, on a farm or plantation.

Elbert, *Johannes*, *Petrus*, *Cornelius* and *Garret Stoothoff*, who resided in the vicinity of the Raritans as early as 1717, were children of Garret Elbertse and Johanna Nevius, and grand-children of Elbert Elbertse Stoothoff, who emigrated from Nieunkirken in Holland, in 1637, and finally settled in Flatlands, where he held large tracts of land. Elbert appears to have returned to Flatlands, and from him are descended the Long Island branch of the family.

The *Nicholas Stillwell*, of Somerset County, in 1737, may have been a son of Daniel Stillwell of Gravesend, but this is uncertain. There can, however, be no question of his being one of the grand-sons of Nicholas Stillwell, who was one of the early settlers of Gravesend, his name occurring in Dougan's patent of 1686.

Johannes and *Leendort Smock*, who were in Monmouth County as early as 1718, were children of Hendrick Matysen Smock, who settled in New Utrecht at an early date, and died prior to 1708, having emigrated from the Netherlands in 1654. In addition to those named, Hendrick had a son Mattyse Hendrickse, who also probably settled in New Jersey, none of the male branch of the family remaining on Long Island.

Jan Terhune, of Six-Mile-Run as early as 1717, was a descendant of Albert Albertse Terhunen, (as written by his children), commonly called "Albert, the lintweever" (ribbon weaver,) who emigrated to this country from the Netherlands prior to 1657, in which year he resided on the Nyack tract in New Utrecht. In 1660 he bought lands of Van Conwenhoven in Flatlands, to which he removed. Albert Albertse had sons: Jan Albertse, who settled in Flatlands on the patrimonial estate, from whom the Kings County branch of the family are descended, and possibly the Terhunes of Monmouth and Somerset Counties, and Albert Albertse, who settled in Hackensack as early as 1689, from whom the Hudson and Bergen County branch of the family are descended.

Christopher and *Cornelius Van Arsdalen*, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1717, are descendants, probably grand-children, of Symon Jansen Van Arsdalen, who emigrated from the Netherlands in 1653, settled in Flatlands; married Pieterje Classen, daughter of Claes Pieterse Wyckoff, and died about 1710. His sons were: Cornelius Simonse and John Simonse, whose children, (if not themselves,) removed to New Jersey, leaving none of the name on Long Island.

Nicholas Van Brunt, who married Geertje, daughter of Hendrick Hendrickson of the Narrows, Long Island, by his 1st wife, settled on a farm of 600 acres at Jinton Falls near Red Bank, in Monmouth County, N. J., which he bought

May 1st, 1750, of Robt. Hunter Morris. Nicholas was a son of Cornelis Rutgersz and a grand-son of Rutger Joesten Van Brunt, who emigrated from the Netherlands in 1653, and settled in New Utrecht. From Nicholas are descended the New Jersey Van Brunts.

Benjamin Van Cleef, of Monmouth County, in 1718, baptised Nov 25th, 1683, married Hendrikje, or Hank Sutvin, was a son of Jan Van Cleef, who emigrated from the Netherlands in 1653, married Engeltie, daughter of Laurens Peterson, and settled in New Utrecht as early as 1659.

Jurias Van Cleef, of Six-Mile-Run, in 1717, was probably also a son of Jan Van Cleef, but of this I have seen no evidence.

The common ancestor of the Long Island, New Jersey and Delaware *Van Dycks*, was Thomas Jansz. Have seen no positive evidence of his being in this country, except the birth of some of his children here. His son Jan Tomasse emigrated to this country from Amsterdam in Holland, probably in 1652, and was among the early settlers of New Utrecht in 1657. His son Claes, born in this country, as per oaths of allegiance in 1687, resided on a farm in Brooklyn at that date, and afterwards probably removed to Delaware.

Hendrick Tomasse, another son of Thomas Jans, married Neeltji Adrianes, widow of Jan Laurensz, and settled at Six-Mile-Run as early as 1717. *Charles*, or *Carolus Jansz Van Dyck*, son of Jan Jansz, emigrated from Amsterdam in 1652, took the oath of allegiance in New Utrecht in 1687, and afterwards settled at Shrewsbury, N. J., and *Isaac Van Dyck*, sons of Thomas Jansz, and grand sons of Jan Jansz, settled in Middlesex County as early as 1709.

William and *Abraham Van Duyn*, of the vicinity of New Brunswick, as early as 1706, were sons of Garret Cornelisz Van Duyn, a wheelwright by trade, who emigrated in 1649 from Zwolle in the Province of Ovaryssel in the Netherlands, and married Jacomina Jacobs, daughter of Jacob Swarts, and settled on a farm in Flatbush, adjoining the bounds of New Utrecht. *Denys Gerritse*, another son of Garret, resided in 1702 on the Raritan, or at Three-Mile-Run, where his sons William and Denyse remained but himself moved back to Flatbush, where he died in 1729.

Abraham Van Doren of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, and *Christian Van Doren* of Monmouth County, were children of Jacob Van Doren, who married Marytje, daughter of William Arianse Bennet, and Maria, or Mary Badye of Gowanus. Jacob, son of Jacob and Marytje Van Doren, was baptised April 27th, 1703, and Angenietje, their daughter, March 29th, 1705, at Brooklyn.

Isaac Van Deventer of the Raritans in 1731, was a son of Pieter Jansen Van Deventer, and Mayke Cristiaan of New Utrecht, and a grand-son of Jan Van Deventer, who, with his son Pieter, emigrated from Stight, in the Netherlands, in 1662. *Isaac* was baptised Sept. 5, 1697, and married Sarje Cowenhoven.

Frederick Hendricksz Van Leuven emigrated from Utrecht, in the Netherlands, married, Oct. 2, 1681, Dina Jansz of New York, settled in Jamaica, L. I., and had children: Johannes, Hendrick, Anna, Mary and Dina, all baptised in Kings County, and also probably others.

Frederick and *Hendrick Van Leuven* of the Raritans in 1714, were probably sons of Frederick Hendricksz.

Jan Van Meteren, of Monmouth County in 1715, was a son of Kryn Janssen Van Meteren, who, with his father Jan Gysbertsen Van Meteren, emigrated from Bommel in Guilderland, in Holland, in 1663, and settled in New Utrecht. From

New Utrecht Kryn removed to New Jersey, where his descendants have continued to reside.

Peter Pieterson Van Nest or *Ness*, who settled on the Raritans as early as 1683, and the ancestor of the New Jersey branch of the family, married Judith, daughter of Joris Jansen Rapalie, and resided in Brooklyn in 1675, his name appearing in that year on the assessment roll. Have seen no account of the date of his emigration, but he was in New Amsterdam as early as 1659. Pieter Claesz Wyckoff, one of the earliest settlers of Flatlands, married Grietje, daughter of *Hendrick Van Ness*, but have no evidence of Hendrick having been in this country. There was a *Cornelis Van Ness* who obtained a patent for 50 morgens, (100 acres) of land in 1659, located in Flatlands, from whom the main body of the New York branch of the family may be derived.

Folkert, or *Folkert Hansen Van Nostrand*, of the vicinity of the Raritans in 1703, was one of the sons of Hans Hansen, or Hans Jansen Van Noortstrant from Holstein, who emigrated in 1640; settled in New Lotts in the town of Flatbush, and died prior to Oct 18th, 1690, at which date legal proceedings in relation to his estate were taken by his children. Hans appears to have been twice married, and his children were: Garret Hansen of Flatlands, Peter Hansen of same place, Symon Hansen of Flatbush, Jan Hansen of Flatlands and New Utrecht, Catharine Hansen, who married Lucas Stevense Van Voorhees, and Volkert Hansen.

Johannes Van Pelt, of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, was a son of Wouter Teunisz Lanen Van Pelt and Jannetje Schaers of Gowanus, Brooklyn, and a grand-son of Teunis Jansz Van Pelt Lanen, who emigrated in May, 1663, with his wife and six children, from the land of Luyck (Liege) in the Netherlands. His brother Matthys, or Thys Jansz Van Pelt Lanen, with his wife and four children, came over in the same vessel, the ship *Rosetree*.

Alexander Van Pelt, a brother of Johannes, settled in Monmouth County, also *John*, *Peter*, *Christopher*, *Hannes*, and *Alexander*, sons of Tunis, another brother of Johannes.

TUNIS G. BERGEN.

MORE LOCAL HISTORY—WHITE HOUSE.

II.—CONCLUDED.

THE EARLY settlers of this vicinity, as their names indicate, were chiefly Hollanders, or their descendants: Partaking of the martyr spirit of their ancestors, so many thousands of whom sealed their testimony with their blood, under the administration of Philip II., of Spain, and his minion, the cruel Alva, they were noted for their piety and intelligence, their love of God's house, and their desire to have their children well-instructed in the rudiments of knowledge secular and religious.

This disposition, or trait of their character, has been well illustrated in the history of the *early* Hollanders in this country, as also of the more recent emigrants from Holland to our Northwestern States within the last thirty years. Closely connected with their own dwellings were to be seen their Churches and school-houses; albeit these, like their

own tenements, were often built of logs in a very rude manner. Their minister and their school master, who was also the catechist, were very essential parts of their respective communities.

The inhabitants of White House, coming hither from the towns and Counties adjoining them on the east, would naturally look in that direction for their supply of religious privileges, until such times as they might find themselves able to have the means of Grace established among them. Accordingly, for several years, they seem to have worshipped with the neighboring congregations of Readington (then known as North Branch) and Somerville (then, as now, called Raritan,) Bedminister, etc.

The First Church of Raritan was organized in 1699; the Church of Readington about 1717 (their first house of worship was built in 1719) and the Church of Bedminister some forty years later, in 1758; while the Churches of Lamington and Lebanon were organized in 1740,—the former as a Presbyterian, and the latter as a German Reformed congregation. The Lutheran Church of New Germantown was organized two years later, in 1742.

The people of White House must have gone to these neighboring Churches for several years, except as, from time to time, they may have had a visit from some pastor in the vicinity, who conducted public worship in a private house, or barn. Tradition, however, asserts that there were at least two log meeting-houses erected and used in this vicinity at an early day. The site of one of these structures was on the farm now owned by David Sanderson, a few feet west of his tenant house, which stands by the road at the entrance to the beautiful park surrounding his residence. There seems also to have been a burial-ground connected with this place of worship, as one of our oldest inhabitants has a faint recollection of a burial there years ago. But there is now nothing left to indicate the precise spot where these things existed. Still, the present owner of the land remembers to have found, in plowing the field, a number of large stones, which he thinks may have been a part of the foundation of that log meeting-house. The site of the other was on lands formerly owned by Baltus Pickel, but now in possession of G. C. Gearhart. The place where this Church stood was marked for many years, and until recently, by a bed of tansy. It was a few rods south-west of the dwelling of Mr. Gearhart. Many of the present generation remember to have seen evidences of some of the graves of the cemetery attached to this Church. Indeed, it is not many years since that the plow-share was made to pass over this spot, consecrated to the memory of departed ones whose ashes still rest beneath that soil. Pity it is that such burial-places might not be kept inviolate, instead of thus ruthlessly desecrated! As we honor the memory of the departed, we should not be negligent nor careless in reference to the resting-places of their bodies.

This last place of worship, built on the farm of Baltus Pickel, who afterwards became connected with the Lutheran Church of New Germantown, was, doubtless, used by people of that denomination in this vicinity. We have no evidence, however, that there was ever a Lutheran Church organization here. With respect to the other log meeting-house, said to have once existed near Col. Sanderson's, tradition is silent as to when or by whom it was built, or by whom it was used.

The first Church known to have been organized in the immediate vicinity of White House was the Reformed Dutch

Church of Rockaway. After seeking spiritual food from neighboring Churches, and procuring, as best they could, occasional supplies, for half a century and more, at length, January 10th, 1792, a formal organization was effected (by a committee from the Classis of New Brunswick, at the house of Abraham Van Horn) of members in full communion with Churches of the neighborhood. The meeting for this purpose was opened with prayer by Rev. John Duryea, and closed with prayer by Rev. John M. Van Harlingen. The members chosen as the first Consistory were the following, viz: Cornelius Wyckoff, Sen.* and Aaron Lane as Elders; Henry Traphagen and George Covenhoven as Deacons. Those facts concerning the organization of this Church constitutes the first record in its Book of Minutes.

In his *Historical Notes*, appended to his recent publication of *Memorial Sermons*, Rev. Dr. A. Messler says of this Church that it "was originally formed out of persons who had been connected with Readington, with a few families from Bedminister, a few from the Presbyterian Church of Lamington, and also a few from the Lutheran Church of New Germantown. It is first spoken of in the Minutes of Synod in 1793 as a place in which religious services were rendered, and called Potterstown.† John Duryea rendered a part service there from 1800 to 1801, preaching in the barn of Abraham Van Horn. John Schureman attended a catechetical class within the bounds of this congregation, while he was at Bedminister."

Besides the ministers just named, we find, in the Church Records, the names of the following mentioned as having officiated here at different times during the first six or eight years of the present century, viz:—James S. Cannon, Wm. R. Smith, John S. Vredenburgh and Ira Condit.

For more than sixteen years this Church thus received supplies from the Classis of New Brunswick At length, Aug. 2nd, 1808, they proceed to make a formal call to Cornelius T. Demarest to become their pastor. He preached his first sermon here, as pastor elect, Oct. 16th, and was ordained and installed on the second Sabbath in December following, by a committee of Classis, consisting of Rev's John S. Vredenburgh, Henry Polhemus and Peter Studdiford.

The first members received into the communion of this Church were the following: Abraham Van Horn, Matthias Lane, John Wyckoff, Cornelius Wyckoff, Jr., Ghaertye Wyckoff, wife of A. Van Horn, Catharine Sutten, wife of John Wyckoff, and Altie Cowenhoven, wife of Matthias Lane. Subsequently, and previous to the ministry of C. T. Demarest, there were received into the Church, William Van Horn and his wife Elizabeth Van Horn, Cornelia Wyckoff and Lydia Barnet, wife of George Covenhoven, Abraham Ten Eyck, Abraham Van Doren, Elenor Montfert, Ghaertye Wyckoff, Mary Johnson, Sarah Van Horn, wife of Jacob Wyckoff, Catharine Kline, Catharine Adams, Cornelius Messler, Sr., (father of Rev. Dr. Abm. Messler). Cornelius W. Van Horn, Maria Suydam, his wife, Roelit Covenhoven and Rachel Babcock, wife of Abm. Van Doren. May 25, 1809, at the first communion after the settlement of their pastor, eleven

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* This Cornelius Wyckoff was a son of John Wyckoff, of Middlebush, Somerset County, whose father, Cornelius, came there from Long Island in 1703.

† So called, probably, because the residence of Cornelius Wyckoff, the first Elder, whose family at first made up a very important part of the congregation, was at or near Potterstown, and some of the earlier meetings was held at his house.

new members were received, six of them on confession of their faith. *

Of the thirty-one members received into the communion of this Church under the ministry of Mr. Demarest, none survive save John Reger. Joseph Van Doren, and his wife, Anne Johnson, and Mary Rockafeller, widow of the late Abm. Johnson, are the next names in order on the list of surviving members. These were received in 1817, under the ministry of Jacob I. Schultz.

As a clue to the new families that became connected with this congregation, it may be mentioned that beside the names already given, we find the following on the Church Records: Vescelius, Space, Van Houten, Swackhamer, Voorhees, Nevius, Smock, Stryker, Brokaw, Neff, Van Nest, Quick, Van Deventer, Dilley, Roelifson, Dumont, Emory, Melick, Wm. Johnson, M. D., Young, Rodenbough, Stillwell, Sutphen, Van Vleet, Teunison, Lowe, Plumley, Farlee and Rebecca Van Cleef. This last name was received Oct. 29th, 1820, and is the one hundredth person who joined the Church. She was the wife of George Wyckoff, Sr., eldest son of Cor. Wyckoff, and the owner of that old Dutch Hymn Book, with silver clasps and chain, mentioned in the previous paper, and now in possession of his son John, at Potterstown.

Mr. Demarest continued to serve this Church for about five years. "It may be said," says Dr. Messler, "that he really gathered and established the Church. He was admired as a preacher and extensively popular—a faithful, earnest, zealous man; and he did a great deal of good during the time that he labored among the people. He preached the gospel with discrimination, perhaps rather in a controversial strain and spirit. At all events he was fond of debate, and sometimes dealt with his adversary with marked severity. It may have been necessary in his estimation to adopt such a strain of preaching, since the materials out of which the Church had been formed were a little heterogeneous in their character. He was himself a rigid Calvinist, and could not endure lax views in any form. He left the Church with almost universal regret, and was remembered by many with all the fondness of first love."

Soon after his settlement, some 63 years ago, Mr. Demarest instituted the monthly Congregational Prayer-meeting on the last Saturday of each month. This monthly meeting is still maintained, as it has been under the successive pastors of this Church. Previous to Mr. Demarest's settlement here twenty-eight persons had been received into the communion of the Church. During his ministry thirty-five were added to the number.

In 1813 the Church at Lebanon, hitherto known as "German Reformed," finding it difficult to obtain supplies from a German source, and the German language having fallen very much into disuse, determined to change its name and connection. Overtures of union were accordingly made to the Church at Whitehouse, and accepted. But just before the union was consummated, Mr. Demarest accepted a call from the Church of English Neighborhood, Bergen County, N. J. The two congregations, however, united in calling the candidate, Jacob I. Schultz, Sept.

* Among these was John Reger, who is now in the 92d year of his age, and for several years has been the oldest surviving member of this Church. For more than sixty-four years he has been a consistent and active member. He has often served as an officer in the Church, and until within the last few months, since his hearing has become imperfect, he has been very punctual in his attendance at public worship.

29th, 1816. He accepted their call Nov. 3d, and was installed pastor over the united churches, Nov. 26th, following. He resided at Lebanon, and preached on alternate Sabbaths in each Church. "Here he spent eighteen years of his earlier life, beloved, useful and doing an efficient work. Few men labored more diligently and successfully and saw better results from their labors than he. His intellectual faculties were good. He was an effective preacher. Intelligent minds felt themselves instructed and edified by his discourses. He died at Middlebush Oct. 22nd, 1852. He had been disabled from public service since 1838, by constitutional infirmities and disease." *

Of the one hundred and thirty-eight names enrolled by him in the list of communicant members, only twelve remain with us. At the close of Mr. Schultz's ministry there had been two hundred and one members in all received into full communion.

For fifteen years after the organization of the Church the congregation had no house of worship: the barn of Mr. Abm. Van Horn being used for that purpose. This same barn, it is said, was used by Mr. Van Horn during the Revolutionary War as a place of storage for the provisions which he as forage-master was employed to collect for Gen. Washington's army, encamped at Morristown. It was in this barn, too, that a portion of the Hessian prisoners, who were marched from Trenton to Easton, Pa., were lodged and fed.

At length, in 1807, in anticipation of settling a pastor over them, they set to work in earnest to build a Church edifice. The site selected for it was in Mr. Van Horn's orchard, not far distant from the barn, which for so many years had been the scene of their public devotions. The spot is still marked by a part of the substantial stone wall which remains by the road side, midway between the old White House and the store of John V. F. Wyckoff. Wm. Van Horn deeded the land to the congregation for this purpose, and was one of the most liberal contributors towards its erection. The size of the house was fifty feet front by forty wide. It fronted on the south towards the old Cemetery, which still exists there, and which greatly needs the attention of those whom it concerns. The funds for building it were raised by subscription. The first list was dated Feb. 9th, 1807, and amounted to $823.31. This sufficed merely to raise and enclose the building. A second subscription was started Feb. 22nd, 1808, and amounted to $296.25. A third subscription of $31.11 was taken in May for glass, and a fourth of $53.56, in August following for the pulpit: in

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* One of his spiritual children, who afterwards became a pillar in this Church, thus speaks of him: "'He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost,' and like Enoch 'walked with God.' His walk and conversation were exceedingly circumspect: his demeanor was dignified and truly that of a Christian minister. He never unpreached Christ out of the pulpit. In his pulpit exercises he was exceedingly solemn. In prayer he got remarkably near the Mercy Seat. In preaching he was loud, vehement and a very Boanerges to the despisers of God's grace. He was particularly severe in his denunciations against Profanity, Intemperance and Sabbath-breaking. At the same time he was a very Barnabas to the stricken child of God, and in the chamber of affliction he administered the sweet consolations of the Gospel. He was in fact a model minister of Christ. Early in his ministry he instituted the weekly prayer-meeting. He established the first Sabbath School and formed the first Temperance Society in this congregation. This Society afterwards became exceedingly flourishing, and exerted a most salutory influence on the congregation, banishing intoxicating liquors from the side-boards and from the harvest fields." The White House Missionary Association was organized under his ministry in 1824, and is still in active and successful operation.

all amounting to over $1,200. Copies of these lists, neatly transcribed by Dennis Wyckoff, Esq., are preserved among the records of the Church. *

Having been accustomed to use a barn for their sanctuary, the good people of Rockaway congregation could the more easily accommodate themselves to the inconveniences of an unfinished place of worship, and even regarded it as a luxury compared with their former accommodations. Hence it was that, as soon as this house was fairly enclosed, while yet it had neither ceiling, pews nor pulpit, and only boards resting on timbers on the floor for seats, they began to use it for divine service. More than two years after they began to build, a subscription for putting up the pews was taken. At the same time, more than half-a-dozen persons promised to take logs to the saw-mill for joists for the galleries. It was some considerable time before the edifice was finally completed, for we find that in the last report of their first pastor (Mr. Demarest) to Classis, in April, 1813, he states that "the Meeting-House, began in 1807, was not yet completed." He, however, adds the important fact that, "so far, through their own exertions, and the generous assistance of others, it was *paid for*;" also, that "the salary dues are all settled up, except what had just come due;" further, that a lately deceased member of the Church had "bequeathed us $500."

Thus it appears that if they were rather *slow* in their operations, they were *sure*, and that they had even then discovered the philosopher's stone, as John Randolph called it, viz. "*Pay as you go.*" In April, 1819, more than two years after Mr. Schultz's settlement, the pews were disposed of at public sale.

The salary paid C. T. Demarest was $500 per annum for the whole of his services, while that received by Mr. Schultz, for half of his services, was $350 per year.

Mr. Schultz served this Church, in connection with the Church of Lebanon, as its faithful and exemplary pastor for eighteen years, resigning his call in Oct., 1834 The last record in the Book of Minutes, in Mr. Schultz's handwriting, is in these words:—"The union heretofore existing between the Churches of Rockaway, and Rockaway in Lebanon, and the Rev. J. I. Schultz, was dissolved by the Classis of New Brunswick upon the joint application of the parties concerned; and a call presented to their late pastor by each of these Churches, both of which he returned, and accepted a call from the Church of Middlebush."

In the following year, May 23rd, 1835, this Church called Peter S. Williamson, a student just licensed from the Seminary. He accepted the call June 21st, and was ordained and installed Aug. 19th, 1835. He continued the pastor of this Church for four years, during which time twenty-three member were received into its communion. He then became a missionary in Brooklyn, afterward taught in Scholarie, Belleville and Jamaica, L. I. From thence he removed to California in 1852, where he was still residing at the last account.

* It may here be remarked, that right in the midst of their early preparations to build them a house for God, they received a formal *protest* from the Consistory of the Church of Readington against their building at the White House, or nearer than Potterstown. The subject was brought before Classis, and finally arranged through a committee of the same, allowing them to go on and build at White House, but for a time limiting their eastern boundary to one mile from the site of the Church. This restriction was soon after removed and the congregation extended to the North Branch, until Sept. 10, 1825, when the Reformed Church of North Branch was organized. The County line is now the Eastern boundary.

Mr. Williamson was succeeded by Rev. James Otterson, who was installed pastor, May 27th, 1840. He came here from the Church of Freehold, N. J., and continued to serve this Church for five years; then became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Johnstown, N. Y. He afterwards served a Church in Wilmington, Del., and died in Brooklyn in 1867 or 1869. It is said of him, "He was of Scotch parentage, and had most of its peculiarities. His ministry was vigorous and resulted in good. He possessed a clear and analytic mind, which showed the effect of early culture. He was a good scholar, a sound and able theologian, and very instructive and edifying as a preacher. His style of sermonizing was clear and forcible. His speech flowed smoothly from his lips, as he touched the heart and reached the conscience. He was an able expounder of the Divine Word." Forty-eight were received into this communion under his ministry, of whom but ten remain in connection with this Church.

Goyn Talmage, just graduated from the Theological Seminary, was called by this Church to its pastorate, Aug. 19th, 1845. He accepted the call, and was ordained and installed Sept. 30th following. He entered upon his pastoral work with Christian zeal and fidelity, and was eminently successful in it, as appears from the following minute adopted unanimously by Consistory, on the occasion of the dissolution of the pastoral relation in July, 1851: "Mr. Talmage found us feeble and almost broken down; burdened with a load of debt which threatened to crush us. He has been instrumental in raising us up, and giving us an honorable standing among God's people. By his untiring labors, we have been freed from the debt. A new and comfortable, and most respectable house of worship has been erected, and under his able ministry and zealous care, the congregation has risen to great prosperity. * * * We willingly bear our testimony to his faithfulness as a pastor, and uniform kindness as a man." Mr. Talmage, after leaving White House, was pastor of the Church of Niskayuna, N. Y. for four years, of the Church of Greenpoint, L. I., seven years, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions five years, pastor of the Church of Rhinebeck, N. Y. about four years, *and now is pastor of the* Reformed Church of Paramus, N. J. Fifty-four members were received into the communion of this Church under Mr. Talmage's ministry, of whom but fourteen are yet with us.

Lawrence L. Comfort was called directly from the Seminary by this Church, Dec. 16th, 1851, and installed as pastor, Jan. 28th, 1852. He served with acceptance and profit for nearly three years, or until Sept. 28th, 1854, and then became pastor of the Church of New Hurley, N. Y., and is still laboring in that vicinity. Under his ministry here twenty-four were received into Church fellowship, of whom seven remain.

Rev. Aaron Lloyd was selected and installed as the succeeding pastor. He served from Sept. 19th, 1855 until Dec. 23rd, 1856, and then removed to the Reformed Church of Pekin, Ill., of which he was pastor for three years. Sixteen were received into the Church under his pastorate, of whom four continue with us.

Rev. Smith Sturges was the next pastor. He was installed Jan. 12th, 1858, and his relation with the Church extended to nearly six years. It was dissolved Oct. 6th, 1863. During his ministry seventy-eight were received in communion; twenty-four of these are still with us.

Evert Van Slyke was the next settled pastor. He was ordained and installed

Jan. 22nd, 1865, and served for two years, when he became pastor of the Church of West Farms, N. Y. After four years' service there he was pastor of the Third Church of Albany for about eighteen months, and is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Stamford, Conn. Seventy-nine were added to this Church under his ministry, sixty-six of whom were received on confession of their faith at one time, viz., Dec. 2nd, 1866.

The present pastor entered upon his labors here in January, 1868. Since then seventy-six have been added to the Church.

We have thus hastily sketched the history of the White House congregation from the beginning till the present time. It must be about 150 years since this neighborhood began to be settled by permanent residents, who, for more than half a century, had to attend neighboring Churches. It is 81½ years since this Church was organized. For fifteen years they were without a settled minister. Since then they have enjoyed the ministrations of ten successive pastors. The longest of these pastorates was that of Rev. Jacob I. Schultz (18 years); the shortest, that of Rev. A. Lloyd (1 year and 3 months); the average length, 5½ years.

The whole number of names enrolled on the list of communicants is 601. The number now in communion, as per last report to Classis, is 210.

Their first house of worship began to be built in 1807, but it was not until 1819 that "the galleries were floored, the seats put up, the sounding-board removed, the pulpit enlarged, and the whole building painted inside and out." This was occupied for more than forty years.

The second Church edifice was built in 1849, and solemnly dedicated to worship Jan. 10th, 1850.

While the Church was connected with that of Lebanon, the pastor resided there—and there was then no special need of a parsonage. Afterwards the case was different, but they had no home for their minister. And this fact may, in part, account for the very short pastorates which succeeded that of Mr. Schultz.

During Mr. Otterson's ministry, a parsonage was obtained and held for a short time, but then suffered to pass into other hands. Six or seven years ago a renewed effort was made, which, after some changes, and a little temporary embarrassment, has resulted in the possession of a very convenient and desirable parsonage property, free from incumbrance.

It is pleasant to note, furthermore, that notwithstanding the largely increased expenditures of the congregation required to secure this much-needed home, and to make other necessary improvement and repairs, as well as to meet current expenses, the *benevolent contributions* instead of falling behind have been largely in excess of former years.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

DEATH

DEATH is much; yet it is only waking
From out this sleep of Earth, whose guile,
Like clouds, part wide when th' pure sunlight, breaking
Through, bathes us in God's eternal smile. LOUIS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN ALL the literary sky, no other star
  Has ever shone with such a strange, wierd light,
Nor beamed into the soul of man so far
  Its gentle ray of comfort and delight.

Thy genius, like an eagle, free, unbound,
  Soars on strong pinions far above the gross
And earthly, and forever circles 'round
  Some pure ideal, as Heaven, free from dross.

O! artist of the beautiful and pure!
  Thy true refinement and thy gentle grace
Through centuries and cycles shall endure,
  To charm thy kindred hearts in every race.

For thou hast kindred hearts, though they are few,
  Who love to take thy hand and walk with thee
'Mid twilight shadows, and in darkness too,
  Up to the dawning morn, when shadows flee.

Around thy path the sweetest flowers bloom,
  And thou dost choose the fairest of them all;
Their dewy fragrance, stealing through the gloom,
  Doth with its sweetness every sense enthrall.

And there is music, too, soft, sweet and low,
  Now sad, now jubilant, now full of mirth:
It seems scarce from an earthly source to flow,—
  Too gentle seems it, as of angel birth.

Thine, matchless Hawthorne, was a nature, such
  As seldom blesses this "coarse world" of ours.
Thou in thy life didst shrink from mortal touch,
  But on thy grave we pluck strange, deathless flowers.

And if the spirits of the blessed dead
  Do ever visit their Earth-home again;
If human hearts are ever by them read,
  And their deep secrets known: O! then

Methinks thou findest joy, in the great joy
  Of those who comprehend thee, peerless one!
And feelest well repaid for thine employ,
  And work of love on Earth by this alone.

CHARLWORTH.

A REPLY TO "CAPITAL PUNISHMENT."

III.—CONCLUDED.

"Life is the immediate gift of God to man, which neither can he resign, nor can it be taken from him, unless by the command or permission of Him who gave it."—BLACKSTONE.

"I shall ask for the abolition of capital punishment until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."—LAFAYETTE.

"A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder, and is, in fact, the great security for human life."—JOHN BRIGHT.

ONE OF the most important lessons to be impressed on the minds of men is the wonderful value and sacredness of human life. Being the gift of God, none but God should destroy it. If by accident or natural death a soul be sent to eternity, we understand that the Creator wills its departure from earth. If unlawful violence accomplishes death, God is dishonored in His image. The same wrong which the murderer commits is done by the State when it hangs him, *unless* the existence of the State be imperilled, when it may be permitted; *or* God has so completely transferred His power to destroy life to the State that it is entirely optional with the latter to do it, according to the whim of its rulers and courts and juries; *or* He has positively enjoined it upon the State. The latter exception has been denied, in so far as anything in the Bible tends to its proof. The second seems too absurd to argue. The first exception seems too me utterly unsustained in the articles of Mr. Mott, or any others I have seen upon the subject. There is a question with many as to the right of the State to slay life under any circumstances whatever. I do not go as far as that. Nor is there need to settle this point, provided it is true, as I claim, that, instead of a benefit, it is a positive injury to society and all concerned to have a man killed for his crimes. To argue the right to hang upon an expediency which does not exist, would be a waste of words.

As has been stated, the sacredness of human life needs to be taught every possessor of it, whether in a high or low condition of society. And to my mind, nothing—war excepted—tends more to lessen our regard for life, to brutalize the sensibilities and build up the baser passions of men, than death on the gallows. To make hanging "a terror to evil-doers," the exhibition must be public. Then who flock to the show? Men who are Christian and refined? On the contrary, those who are themselves

"Fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

They go to see how bravely or how cowardly a man may die. In the breast of every blackleg present there is a heroism—Satanic, it may be, but heroism nevertheless, (I prefer to believe it a relic of lost manhood)—which scorns at the dying man's cowardice, or applauds his nerve and *nonchalance*. "He died a hero, as I want to die," or "He died a shirk as I never will," are exclamations of frequent utterance. The next murder we hear of in that locality is by one present at this execution, ten chances to one. The effect of familiarity with death on the gallows may be horrible to the good, but is it not exhilarating, even captivating to the vicious? Savage minds delight in seeing torture. There is a secret charm in the depraved heart for suffering.* Spectators of a hanging-

* "There is a strange feeling in our nature which teaches us to enjoy the sight of human suffering; and that is the more intense the more extreme the suffering . . . . . What is it that produces this? It is not sorrow or, or sympathy with the suffering criminal; f

match view it much as Spaniards do bull-fights: laughing at the pain, yet demanding it be met with courage. If the "terror" be for the "evil-doers," it misses its fire. If for those who are good citizens, the charge is wasted as much, since they do not need the example.

Have not the gallows and guillotine alalways brutalized that nation which most largely invested in their bloody stock? I leave it to history to decide. From ancient Rome to modern France and Mexico the path of Time is filled with monuments of warning against laws of vengeance or blood. I cannot dwell on it. Writing to wise men, I leave them to study the matter and judge for themselves.

The gallows sends a man to his Maker without time to prepare. I do not believe many murderers would become Christians by sparing their lives; but it is far from certain that none might. Mr. Mott pleads eloquently every Sabbath for the reformation of sinners of every kind and dye. He excepts none from the Gospel invitation, since "Christ died for all." So far, well. But the man convicted of murder, he would treat as though past the forgiveness of man or God. Why should this be so? How do we know that occasionally a convict may not, like the thief on the cross, be pardoned of his sin ere he dies? Be there all the doubt about it we may please to have, should not the convict and his soul have the benefit of the doubt? I refer to the hardest cases. If the cases be less severe; if the convict should have killed his victim, not by reason of being a perfect brute in feeling, but because crazed by rum, or inflamed in passion by a provocation, which in his weakness of manliness he could not brook, the chances of thorough repentance will be still greater. It is urged that the time between the sentence of death and the execution is ample for repentance. It may be, and it may not. I would not like to take the responsibility of assuming that it is, nor ought the State. But give the man his life; give him every chance possible in this world; and if then he die in his sins ours will not be the blame.

But how can a man reform in the State prison? may be asked. Conducted on its present plan, the State-prison system, in most States, is a failure in this regard. It tends to harden rather than soften criminals. What is true of our County jails is true of most State-prisons; their inmates are thrown into each other's debasing society, and grow worse rather than better. Moral and religious truths, precepts of honor and practices of virtue, seldom get so near to their ears or hearts as even by chance to rouse their souls to the claims of a higher and manlier existence. If it be said that our criminal classes have had sufficient moral instruction previously upon which to base a reformation, I answer that, practically, it is far from true. The Fosterites who murder, or steal, are few. The untutored, ignorant and weak-minded are those who get into jail as a rule: others constitute the exception. To confine them as a punishment, where they cannot at once repeat the crime, and which may deter themselves or others

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for these feelings would teach the bystander to render aid, when he could, and when he could not to turn away. No; it is a secret delight that is implanted within us, showing itself the strongest in the most vulgar and untrained natures, and which can never be indulged without a tendency to harden and brutalize the heart. I saw this exemplified once, in a man who was one of the jury in a capital case tried before me. He was so interested, thenceforth, in all that class of cases, that for several years he was always in my court-room when any such cases were on trial."—JUDGE EDMUNDS.

from it in the future, is clearly right. To leave them there for years, or even months, to the tender mercies of the jailor, bad companions, vermin, filth and idleness, is a burning wrong. The Christian church has long stood aloof at this penal system of ours, but cannot longer, if it would do its duty to the fallen.

I would have introduced into our jails and prisons moral and religious reformatory measures of the most decided kind, and no criminals deemed too good nor too wicked to be placed under their influence. "With life there is hope." To utterly destroy the murderer seems the crowning point of that cruel system of punishment which takes no pains to elevate the manhood of criminals within stone walls.

Mr. Mott treats lightly the idea that an innocent man may be punished with death. To a certain extent his conclusion is just, that there is more danger of guilty men being acquitted. I consolidate the two propositions, however, and claim that whichever occurs, the conviction of the innocent or escape of the guilty, the same weight of argument lies against capital punishment. In the matter of hanging the innocent, Mr. Mott quotes from the *Princeton Review* to show that the instances of this kind all occurred a century or two ago. But I would direct his attention to the Hamilton, Calvin and Boyington cases in this country the past half century. He also errs in supposing that every man hung for murder is guilty, *because* his innocence does not afterward appear: a conclusion entirely unwarranted. The Day of Judgment may unfold many mistakes in victims, where balancing doubts were cast against them before human tribunals. Again, is it not made to appear in nearly every case of the commutation of sentence by the Governor or Court of Pardons that, if the man was not innocen he was at least the victim of circumstances which ameliorated his guilt, and to that certain extent innocent? Each pardon or commutation confesses improper conviction of murder in the first degree, and militates against the propriety of the death-penalty. In the matter of acquitting the guilty, it is evident that where this is done by the fear of jurors to convict, because of the death-penalty annexed, a great wrong is done society and the State. I believe the secret of the acquittal of so many murderers, (of which Mr. Mott properly complains,) lies in the fact that jurors are unwilling to assume the responsibility of sending a man from the scaffold to eternity. Their consciences rebel; they think there *may* be a doubt; their human sympathies cannot bear the test. In most cases the decision must be "guilty," or "not guilty of of murder in the first degree." They say "not guilty," rather than by any possibility err in saying "guilty." Thus the law is cheated, society suffers, and the prison as well as the gallows is robbed of its due. Make the sentence imprisonment, and fewer murderers will go scot free.

Murder is usually traceable to intemperance. I cannot forbear inquiring of my worthy opponent in this controversy, who founds punishments on *exact justice*, Why is it that a man who murders when crazed with rum is more guilty, *in foro conscientiæ*, than him who by selling puts the bottle to his lips?

Does intemperance then excuse? Humanly judging, it ought, to the extent of meriting a less heinous punishment than premeditated, intentional guilt. Therefore, whenever a man is hung who killed another not in anger but in liquor, the end finds no justification in the degree of guilt. The two are disproportionate. Did I believe in hanging at all it surely would not be in hanging a drunken man, any

more than an insane one. I should as soon think of hanging the distiller and seller, but I shouldn't hang either.

But the test question in this matter of expediency, according to most advocates of the death-penalty, is: Does not murder flourish most where hanging is abolished? I have carefully examined whatever statistics I can find on this subject, Mr. Mott's included, and entirely fail of arriving at that conclusion. As the latter well says, "The abolition of the death-penalty for murder is an experiment, not proceeded far enough to furnish satisfactory statistics." Only within a few years has the punishment of death been set aside in portions of the civilized world, the results, as might be expected, differing according to locality. As is claimed by Mr. Mott, and as may be true, Belgium showed an alarming increase of murders during part of the abolition period, from 1829 to 1835; how it was afterwards, and whether there were not special local causes for it, he does not state. He claims Michigan to show bad results by quoting from a certain presentment of a Grand Jury in 1852; but the opinions of certain State officials and the figures, lying before me, are to the contrary. Since 1846, the year of the abolition of the death penalty, the actual number of capital crimes have decreased, while the population has increased two-fold. He claims Massachusetts as showing that the increase of murder has not been in the ratio of the increase of population; but as the death-penalty has not been abrogated it proves nothing, because there is no contrast. On the contrary, the officials of Rhode Island agree in the good effects of the abolition of capital punishment. Wisconsin is in doubt, but I think the figures are against Mr. Mott's view of the question. Illinois and Minnesota are too young in the line of anti-capital punishment States to allow of figures. In Europe the trial has been longer in duration than here, though confined to a few places. Tuscany tried it in the earlier part of this century *with success*. Says Mr. Mott:

"There have been general statements of its happy effects, but no proof, in the way of statistics, has been furnished. There is, however, this fact very much against its success. The death-penalty afterward was restored. But the Grand Duke Leopold, who ruled over thirty years, never re-enacted the abolition."

This is an error. Leopold abolished it in the first place. Bonaparte, who believed in bloody codes, re-enacted it. It was afterward, in 1859, finally abolished by law, the sentiment of the people being then, as now, opposed to it. The salutary effects are undisputed. In Switzerland and various other small Inter-European States capital punishment is practically, or entirely abolished with results said to be favorable. In Russia it is unknown in law, but very severe punishments take its place. England retains the punishment, but makes it secret—a confession that public executions do no good. We have Sir James McIntosh's statement for it that the disuse of capital punishment in India, under English rule, has been most happy. In summing up results he says: "Two hundred thousand men have been governed for seven years without a capital punishment, and without any increase in crime."

Without pursuing this part of the subject further, let me be understood as not believing it incumbent on the opponents of the death-penalty to make out a clear case of gain on their side throughout the world, where it has been abolished. If the effect upon murders be not perceptible one way or another, it leaves no argument for the gallows. Given, an equality of results, and the most Christian punishment is surely the best. Again, it is not just to confine the results to the actual murders committed under

the enforcement of a particular law. There are local, transitory causes for murders with which the penalty will have little to do. And there are also ulterior results which I count up as among the greatest. The effect of public executions in demoralizing a people on the one hand, and the effect of severe punishment with life saved and reformation attempted on the other hand, are more for evil and good to the State than all the dubious, chance statistics that can be collected.

I have intimated that the precepts taught by the Saviour of the world inaugurated a new era in civilization, such even as reached the case of punishment by death. The first half of this proposition every one will admit; at least every religious person. The latter half may not be so susceptible of proof. Of course I can now only treat this point in a very brief way. To start with, I inquire how Christ treated those who murdered him? Said he: "*Father, forgive them.*" Would he have rejoiced to have seen even Judas hanged—(hanged by others)—or Pilate? I think not. Punished in this life in some way He could have rejoiced at as right; sent to eternity, without time to ask repentance, would not have met His approbation. Otherwise during His life He said: "Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." * "The son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to *save them*." † And so I might multiply quotations to show, not that the Saviour in so many words abolished capital punishment, but that His code for our treatment one of another was that of love, in contradistinction to that of retribution, which was the essence of the code under the Old Dispensation; and that whatever we do in State, Church, family or society, these ideas must be kept uppermost: Life for repentance—Repentance for life—Charity—Mercy—Love. He does not abolish the death-penalty. Neither does He overturn slavery, nor prevent War, nor suicide. *He enacts no human laws whatever.* But He gives us Divine precepts, and makes it a moral duty to follow them. I admit there is danger of too lax notions on this subject of "Christian Charity." I have little sympathy for the judgment, however much for the heart of the honest portion of those so-called "Liberal Christians," who, as Universalists, Free Thinkers, or what not, would exculpate sinners of any class from high, responsible guilt. But the other extreme is as bad. To forget our duty to the fallen; to forget that vengeance belongs to God and a reformatory spirit to men; to forget that we are all human, wicked by nature and depraved by both the examples of others and the constant precepts of the Evil One, are to forget much which Christ has taught. So it seems to me, and I would be sorry to mistake. Yet I would rather err on the lenient than on the relentless, cruel side. Every public execution by law sends a man away from pardon and forgiveness, and the world receives no benefit. Spare his life, and if the world be not benefitted he may be, or, if he is not, then at his death he will suffer amply for the deeds here done in the body.

I have assumed that the proper penalty for the murderer was imprisonment for life, but I would make it discretionary with the Court to say, whether under any given circumstances, it ought not to be thirty, twenty, or even ten years. Motives and probability of reformation

* Matthew V. 38, 39.

† Luke IX, 56.

are to be considered, and not merely an inexorable desire to punish to the full extent of one's life, as though there was a savage exultation in wreaking perpetual vengeance.

Space will not permit of a further discussion of this subject. I conclude with naming a few of the most prominent men, dead and living, with whose names all are familiar, who have opposed capital punishment upon similar grounds to those I have taken. They are:

In England: Lord Brougham, Elizabeth Fry, John Bright, Sir James McIntosh, Jeremy Bentham, Lord Romilly, Lord Houghton, Earl Russell, Frederick Robertson, Lord Hobart, Richard Cobden and Charles Dickens.

In France: Gen. Lafayette and Montaigne.

In Ireland: Daniel O'Connell.

In America: Dr. Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams, Ex-Governors Tompkins and Clinton of New York, Robert Rantoul, George M. Dallis, Edward Livingston, Horace Mann, William H. Seward, John A. Andrew, Father Matthew, Charles Sumner, Henry W. Longfellow, Henry W. Bellows, Henry Ward Beecher, Gerrit Smith, William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier, Alice Cary, Horace Greeley, Robert Collyer, Wendall Phillips, Dr. Upham, Judge Edmonds, George W. Curtis, Rev. A. D. Mayo, etc.

The judgment of these men, as statesmen and philosophers, seems to me to be worth something. Still, the principles of Right are below even the wisdom of such men, and on them I plant the argument for the wiping out of the stain of this relic of the sanguinary ages.

V.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A Monotone.

O THE quiv'ring, sobbing, sighing,
And the fading, with'ring, dying
Of the leaves, leaves,
Autumn leaves!

O the creaking, crashing, groaning,
And the begging, crying, moaning
Of the trees, trees,
Stripped of leaves.

Other trees are writhing, bending,
And their wailing prayers ascending
To the sky, sky,
Asking *why?*

NNN

O the lovely, quiv'ring, sighing,
And the crimson, golden, dying
Autumn leaves, leaves,
Fading leaves!

VIVUS

LAUS CHRISTO.

DEAR SAVIOUR, Thou did'st bleed and die
For wretched mortals, such as I;
Bind up with love this broken heart,
Give strength Divine, and heal its smart.

Thy side was mangled with a spear;
Thy body felt hell's pains severe,—
That I, the chief of sinners, should
Be saved, by Thy redeeming blood.

Oh! help me by Thy power Divine,
To call thee mine, as I am thine;
And let my song forever be,
Jesus has lived and died for me!

Jesus has died! Yea, risen again!
Jesus has conquered fear and pain!
Jesus has broke the shafts of death—
I'll praise him with my latest breath.

W. C.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

"THE TRIAL by jury ever has been, and I trust ever will be looked upon as the glory of the English law," said the greatest writer upon jurisprudence England has produced. "It is the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy, or wish for, that he cannot be affected either in his property, his liberty, or his person, but by the unanimous consent of twelve of his neighbors and equals." And he adds that the conclusion of Montesquieu, that the liberties of England must perish because those of the old Republics did, is unsup-

ported, because "Rome, Sparta and Carthage, at the time when their liberties were lost, were *strangers to the trial by jury.*" We can readily understand how this "old man eloquent," who filled the first Vinerian chair in Oxford, could believe, and how his students and, indeed, all Great Britain, could at this period feel the force of such praise. The rights of private persons and property were too much a name, and too little a reality on either continent of Europe or America one-hundred-and-ten years ago, when that was written, for a less extravagant statement of the benefits of "a jury of twelve." Hence the eulogium, inspiring with new hope men otherwise oppressed by tyranny of every conceivable kind, sent such a thrill of admiration through the popular heart, that its glow and fervor have hardly yet passed away. To the multitude, a jury of a dozen of their peers is the palladium of their most sacred civil rights. They are administrators of justice and equity, almost beyond peradventure right, and therefore rarely wrong. But that astute writer upon the Magna Charta of America, Alexander Hamilton, awarded less praise to the system of trial by jury in civil cases, although he did not decry it. He dared not go further, but did say: "But I must acknowledge that I cannot readily discern the inseparable connexion between the existence of liberty, and the trial by jury in civil cases." (*Federalist*, No. 83, page 615.) And even since Hamilton's time "the world has moved," and the convictions of intelligent men upon this matter of trial by jury have moved with it. It is beginning to be understood that a man who undertakes a suit at law is not half so likely to get justice at the hands of twelve men, picked at hap-hazard; men who know nothing of law and may be scarcely acquainted with ordinary business; men who have sympathies and prejudices to be worked upon by the skillful attorney,—as he is from a fewer number of educated, honest Judges, whose undivided attention is given to the law and its application to justice and equity. We are led to some remarks on this topic by facts coming continually under our own observation, and perhaps chiefly by a late case in our Somerset Courts, that of Thornton *vs.* Sutphen. It was an important case, and was tried last April before Judge Dalrimple and a "jury of twelve." Some small judgment was given to the plaintiff; one on its face erroneous, and which, if it were not based on a computation made by dividing the sum of the amounts each juryman thought just by twelve, was at least founded on a mythica idea of the sworn evidence. The damages should have been nothing at all, or very much more than were given. In September, another trial was had, the former verdict having been, as a matter of course, set aside. It is fair to estimate that this second trial cost the parties and the County five hundred dollars—a low figure. The result was a disagreement, one juryman insisting that *the law was not as both parties agreed it was, nor as the Court had instructed!* We do not say the eleven men were right in the verdict they proposed to bring in; that is not the point: but we do say that "trial by jury" is simply farcical when one man can resist the dictates of the Court and the law, and the convictions of his fellow jurymen,—in brief, act the mule at his will—and the utmost power of the Courts cannot do more than order recorded a verdict of "disagreed," leaving the parties precisely as they were before the trial. The "transcendant privilege" of one trial by jury may be the subject of praise but that of two or three with *such* results is an experience for litigants which should last a life-time.

The result in the case noted examples what may be expected in any contested suit at law. One man can defeat the will of eleven who never it seems to him best, or will best enhance the volume of his pocket-book. Whether through ignorance and obstinacy, or whether bribed by friendship or money, one man has it in his power to make justice a shadow, and civil rights a name. If our neighbor owes us an honest bill and chooses not to pay it, we are compelled to make twelve individuals see that fact precisely as we do to get our money. Some may be enemies to us; some may be unable to even read the bill; some may be specially friendly to the debtor; some may be entirely unbound by the obligations of an oath: some may be too thick-headed to see the truth though it stream in upon them through the evidence like the sunlight. No matter; all must agree, or we cannot force a liquidation of that bill. Is this either justice, or common-sense? Is it *reasonable?* But the manner of finding a verdict is often worse than a mere disagreement. If a jury simply disagree we may have a new trial. But if they "compromise," our rights are gone. "Dividing by twelve" is a customary rule with juries in these days, if we may believe the half we hear of it. A commonest form is the argument compromise; that is, the arguments of

one juryman to another for a change of his convictions, upon grounds foreign to that presented by the evidence. The character of the party, or the statement out of Court by So and So, is here made valuable by a man who perhaps knows his influence over certain members of the jury. Those who have served as jurymen know the special influence of two or three over the rest. These two or three understand their power; and they manipulate and urge and argue and—gain their point. The rest "compromise" their judgment in the case (and don't they with it their honor, conscience, oaths and manhood?) and all arrive at an untrue and unjust verdict. We do not say this is always the case, but *often*—so often as to make "the glory of England" the dishonor of New Jersey and America. The remedy is either in the entire abolition of the trial by jury in civil causes—which many intelligent men would like to see; or, such an alteration in our laws as would permit a verdict to be found by a majority, or three-fourths of a jury. The better of these two plans we will not at present discuss. But something must be done, and done soon, if the administration of the civil law in our lower Courts shall not everywhere fall into as great disrepute as that of the criminal law in Modern Gotham, otherwise known as New York city.

—THE FOREGOING naturally brings us to the subject of the working of our County Courts generally, and the question, Are they in the most economical, practical and efficient way carrying out the high trusts imposed in them by the laws of New Jersey? Without fear of contradiction, we answer the question with a loud *No!* and every lawyer in Somerset and Hunterdon will give the same response. To be sure we shall not be misunderstood, we cite as an example the last term of the Circuit Court in Hunterdon County. The list of causes set down for trial was quite large: some thirty, if we remember aright. Twenty of these were probably ready for trial, and the parties in waiting, on the opening day of Court. The first case called occupied three days. In the meantime, thirty-six jurymen, eight or ten constables, forty plaintiffs and defendants in other suits, and a hundred witnesses (general estimates, of course, which, however, cannot be far out of the way) waited patiently for its conclusion. Trial No. 1 ended, at a cost to the County of five hundred dollars, and to parties and witnesses in waiting of five hundred more. And the sum of the lost time of the latter was at least three hundred days, which was just one year drawn from the industrial resources of the country! And this is but one case. Some parties and witnesses waited a week longer, and then went home with their cause marked "off for the Term." One day the Chief-Justice, finding that an expected amount of criminal business could not come off, called over the civil list, in the absence of Attorneys and parties, who expected the State would have the day to itself, and, because none were ready at the moment, *put them all over till December*. Parties who had waited a week, at large expense and to the neglect of their affairs at home, were thus quietly and coolly informed that the Court could not hear them at that Term. And this is justice in New Jersey!

The truth is, certain of the Justices of our Supreme Court have an idea, which is even prevalent among such functionaries in other States, that the public and attorneys and Courts exist solely to promote their convenience and happiness, and that they are not to conserve the public welfare in any way, nor to lend a helping hand to the Bar in disposing expeditiously of litigated questions. How this may have originated we hardly can guess; but we can very readily conjecture that it is a state of things which our people will not abide forever. Let the glory of the English law consist in juries, or what it will, the glory of the American system of jurisprudence will best be found in having the truth arrived at in the readiest, simplest, easiest, most economical and least burdensome manner possible. This will only come to pass when our present plan of Court calendars is abolished, and a new one substituted. If we had the origination of another scheme, it would be in having a Judge in each County, who should be paid a salary, and whose duty it should be to hear all causes arising within that County, whether involving one dollar or five thousand. We should abolish Justices of the Peace, and the Court of Common Pleas, and bring all their business, including of course the decision of legal questions arising before the Surrogate, directly to this Judge. When a cause in the Circuit is at issue, and the pleadings perfected, we would have a jury drawn for a certain day by the Sheriff, and on that day the cause heard. Parties would then be assured of a hearing, and everybody, including the County treasury, benefitted. It is to be hoped the Constitutional Commission now in session will take this matter in hand,

but we have grave doubts that it will touch it at all. Late or soon, however, *a change must come.*

—WE SHALL conclude next month "Col Honeyman and His War Journal," "The Raritan and Its Early Holland Settlers," "Pluckamin One Hundred years Ago," "Cuba in Winter," "More About the Dutch Settlers" and perhaps "Hunterdon County Forty-five Years Ago." Our future intentions respecting the Magazine will also be announced in the December number.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE TRIBUNE of New York is rarely in error in its literary notes; but a recent statement, to the effect that Hon. John Bigelow had secured and would publish Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* from the original manuscript, which had just fallen into Mr. Bigelow's possession, was a singular confession of ignorance about a publication now more than five years old. The book which Mr. Bigelow gave to the world in 1868 has recently found its way through the courtesy of its publishers to our table, and its stirling merit is our excuse for noticing it in this place. It is *the* edition which our young men and others, who want "Poor Richard's" own life, should purchase, because the only one printed as its author wrote it, and having more valuable notes than any preceding edition. (*Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.* Edited from his Mss., with Notes and an Introduction. By John Bigelow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12 mo. 409 *pp.*) Aside from Franklin's picture of himself when he first landed in Philadelphia with three rolls of bread, one under each arm and the other being eaten as he walked along—a picture which has been presented to the imagination of every schoolboy from that day to this as worthy of imitation in some way or another—there is nothing in this volume which more interests us than the part descriptive of his attempt at attaining moral perfection:

"It was about this time," said he, (1733,) "I conceiv'd the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wish'd to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employ'd in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous was not sufficient to prevent our slipping: and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct."

All the virtues "necessary or desirable" for Franklin to possess to become morally perfect, he classified under thirteen heads: Temperance, Silence, Order, Resolution, Frugality, Industry, Sincerity, Justice, Moderation, Cleanliness, Tranquility, Chastity and Humility. How he worked these out will be found recorded in this book. It is enough for us to say here that he failed in his purpose, as every man will who places morality higher than the love and grace of God, as set before him in the Bible and exemplified in his daily life.

—FROM the same publishers we have received one of the most important and valuable books of reference ever published. (*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature.* By S. Austin Allibone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 3 vols., 3,138 *pp.*) Its author has been at work upon it at least twenty years. In 1854 the first volume was published, and only recently was the third and last given to the public. Forty-six thousand authors, British and American, here receive notice. Should the reader of a book meet an unfamiliar literary name, he has but to turn to this *Dictionary* to find out the date of his birth and death, a list of his published works, and criticisms upon them from the best critics. The latter feature strikes us as an admirable one: one which makes the book doubly valuable; but the task of hunting up these criticisms must have been such as would have deterred any less indefatigable worker than Mr. Allibone. The print is fine, but excellent. The notice of Shakespeare

alone would make an ordinary octavo volume, and here occupies 49 closely printed pages. This is in itself at once a good illustration of the plan of Mr. Alibone, and a marvel of compilation. Every edition of every play which has ever been printed in any language is noted, and no less than 954 books are catalogued in full, with publishers, etc., as referring in some way to Sir William's work and genius. This includes a list of all his editors and commentators. It is needless to say more. We repeat, no literary man, nor even an average reader, should do without this prodigy of labor and learning. Webster's *Dictionary* is not more valuable as a work of reference.

— WE are always interested in books of home production, *i. e.*,—those which are the product of men or women in Somerset or Hunterdon Counties, or, generally, in Central New Jersey. One of this class is before us in the shape of a Temperance publication for boys and girls, and is probably intended for Sunday School libraries. It is by the wife of Rev. Nathaniel McConaughy, of Somerville. (*The Fire Fighters.* By Mrs. J. E. McConaughy, Author of "The Hard Master." New York: The National Temperance Society Publication House. 12mo., 294 *pp.*) The ideas in this book are excellent, and convey a wholesome moral and religious lesson to any youth, particularly to any boy, who will read it. If it has any faults they are not grave. We are inclined to think there are occasional places where there is more digression in the way of moralizing than is properly allowable in books of this nature. Much of sound instruction may be inwoven with tales of the class of *The Fire Fighters* in a manner which will not be perceptible to the reader, who reads, of course, for the interest of the story. But if it be made apparent, this moralizing will be passed over by the youthful reader, and thus the good wheat will not be planted in the soil of his heart at all. We notice also a slip or two of rhetoric, in such sentences as this, for example: "We never ask with much heart for a thing we do not feel the need of." (Page 28.) But in the main the book possesses, as a composition, many merits, and reflects credit upon the author.

— OUR SPACE this month will not allow us to continue our list of recent publications.

LOCAL ITEMS.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

2nd.—North Branch: Annual meeting of Somerset County Temperance Association in Reformed Church.

4th.—Somerville: Picnic of Second Reformed Church Sabbath School to Washington Rock.

5th.—Six-Mile-Run: Fortieth Anniversary of settlement of Rev. Dr. J. C. Sears over Reformed Church.

8th.—Basking Ridge: Death of David L. Lewis, a respected citizen. Somerville: Meeting of New Jersey Ministerial Central Association in M. E. Church.

9th.—Harlingen: Annual meeting of Somerset County Sabbath School Association. Address by Rev. George S. Mott.

13th.—South Branch: Sabbath School Anniversary. Addresses by Senator Frelinghuysen and others.

15th.—Roycefield: Sabbath School Anniversary. Somerville: Concert in First Reformed Church, under direction of E. W. Rarick.

16th.—Somerville: Opening of September Term of Court. Grand Jury found thirty bills of indictment. Pluckamin: Public reading in Reformed Church by Josie B. Gaston of Newark.

20th.—Somerville: Burning of barn of Mrs Thomson, the work of an incendiary. Losses by Carmer & Brown, Gildersliere & Honeyman and Peter Case. Neshanic: Shower of ashes on the mountain.

27th.—Neshanic: Anniversary of Sabbath School.

30th.—Somerville: Opening of County Fair.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

2nd.—Reaville: Suicide of John Voorhees.

3rd.—Junction: Excursion for benefit of M. E. Church to Delaware Water Gap.

17th.—Stanton: Twenty-first Anniversary of Sabbath School.

19th.—Frenchtown: Daring attempt by burglars to rob National Bank.

23d.—Flemington: Opening of County Fair.

24th.—Klinesville: House of Judiah Ewing entered by burglars.

29th.—Lower Valley: House of David Neighbor, Esq., entered by burglars.

WEATHER FOR SEPTEMBER, 1873.

[*Reported by Arthur B. Noll, of New Germantown. Time of Thermometer record, 2 P. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1	87°	Hazy in morning.
2	75°	Fair.
3	74¾°	Very fine.
4	85°	Sultry; rain ¼in.; thun. and light.
5	84¼	Sultry; thun. and light. in ev'ng
6	68°	Clear.
7	67½°	Rain at night ¼ in.
8	67½°	Quite clear.
9	68°	Clear.
10	68¾°	Light clouds.
11	70°	Cloudy in morning.
12	78½°	Fog and heavy dew in morning.
13	77°	Cloudy; rain 1 in. and lightning in night.
14	60°	Cloudy; aurora in evening.
15	60½°	Quite clear.
16	72¾°	Few light clouds.
17	65°	Fair.
18	74¼°	Overcast.
19	71°	Rain at night, ¾in.; lightning.
20	59°	Quite clear.
21	60°	Heavy dew in morning; fair.
22	63½°	Light clouds.
23	71¼°	Cloudy; rain at night ¾in.
24	72°	Cloudy.
25	68¼°	Cloudy; rain ¼in.
26	73°	Fog in morning; fair.
27	79°	Heavy dew; fair.
28	77°	Heavy dew; fair.
29	79°	Rain ½in.; lightning.
30	58½°	Rather fair; aurora in evening.

General average for the month, 62·84°.
Whole amount of rain, 3.87 inches.

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM AUGUST 15TH, 1873, TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Bergen, Wm. W	Pauline Major	Sept. 11	Somerville	Messler
Campbell, G. M. D	Mary E. Sebring	———	Somerville	Rowland
Clickener, Peter	Mary Brown	Sept. 11	Somerville	Mesick
Elbertson, John	Mary F. Garmo	Sept. 10	Hillsborough	Grant

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Britton, John, Jr	Sarah Fisher	Sept. 2	Ringoes	Vassar
Bennett, John	S. L. Holcombe	Sept. 9	Flemington	Hunsicker
Case, Anderson V	Mary C. Dalrymple	Aug. 30	Ringoes	Harrison
Dalrymple, Geo	Emma Britton	Aug. 23	Ringoes	Poulson

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Fields, Judson L.	Jennie Roberson	Aug. 30	Barbertown	Soule
Forrester, Andrew D.	Julia Best	———	Junction	Woodruff
Pickle, Henry L.	Sarah C. Brown	Sept. 6	Flemington	———
Read, John P.	Celia H. Davis	Sept. 10	High Bridge	Frazee

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM AUGUST 15TH, 1873, TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Brokaw, Zephaniah S.	Green Brook	September 14	22
Lewis, David L	Basking Ridge	September 8	53
Low, Jacob E.	Middlebrook	August 30	27
Muntz, Nancy	Mt. Horeb	September 12	20
Quick, Mrs. James	Harlingen	August 27	83
Race, William	Harlingen	August 27	26
Sebring, Melissa H.	Somerville	August 28	24
Tunison, Philip	North Branch	September 2	43

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Atchley, Deborah	Flemington	August 20	70
Carhart, W. D.	Clinton	August 29	48
Demott, Richard J.	Stanton	August 25	61
Duckworth, Morris	Milford	September 12	34
Gaudey, Sarah S.	Lambertville	August 19	25
Gethard, William	Flemington	August 23	2
Lowe, David	Stanton	August 23	57
Mellick, Benj. V. D	New Germantown	September 5	—
Risler, John T.	Locktown	September 2	75
Rea, Mary	Patenburgh	———	82
Sheets, Catharine	———	August 16	82
Stout, Mary	Kingwood Township	August 25	83
Worthington, Daniel R.	Paxton's Corner	September 9	6

OUR HOME:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Local and General Literature.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1873. No. 12.

THE FROST ON THE WINDOW-PANE.

LAST NIGHT in dreams I left the world of mortals,
And wandered slowly on through Sleep's dark portals,
Till, with enchanted feet, at last I seemed to stand
Upon the utmost verge of Fairy-land;
And, gazing mutely 'round in glad surprise,
The scene that met my eager, wondering eyes
Seemed like some rare and radient vision,
Caught in swift glances from the Fields Elysian.

A land was this, whose rippling streams
Made music meet for such glad dreams:
A land so brightly, sweetly fair,
As only dreams of Eden are.
So far its radiant glow and rosy brightness
Out-rivaled all Earth's frozen, snow-wrapp'd whiteness.
Here each thought of beauty and of joy ideal
Was found embodied in a form as bright as real.
Ah, waking words are powerless to express
The depth and meaning of such grace and loveliness!

But, while I feign had wandered on for hours
Amidst the bloom and verdure of these fairy bowers,
The sun came swiftly up from the far under-world,
And, having his long, level beams straight at my eye-lids hurled,
I woke to find my lovely dream-world fled,
And while I would have mourned o'er so much beauty sped,
Lo! I beheld my fairy dreams again,
Gleaming in frosty brightness on the window-pane.

MMM M. A.

PLUCKAMIN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[Concluded.]

THE McDANIEL'S owned a large amount of landed property, including Kline's Mills and land around Burnt Mills, lately the property of Frederick Lane. On this property the Mulfords long resided. Col. McDaniel wished to sell them the property, but they disliked the title. McDaniel had formerly traded these lands to Col. Nelson for some store goods. This property came into the Gaston family, being purchased by William Gaston, who made a fortune in Savannah. The Col's. miller was a colored man, widely known and well remembered. He was very faithful to his master, always taking plenty of toll for the Col. The River at that time abounded in musk rats. Their skins, worth twenty-five cents apiece, were sold by the colored people. It was their own spending money. Traps were set all along the stream. It was noticed that old Sam's trap never failed to catch a musk rat. Others might fail, Sam's never. He then inculcated the doctrine among his colored friends, that a special Providence always smiled upon his efforts; and it was long a mystery to the Ethiopian brotherhood. But the fact was this. Sam was an early riser. He then at once visited all the traps. It was often dark and, of course, Sam could not tell all by that dismal light. He knew his must be there somewhere, and he always found those which had rats in, and supposed they must be his! His bait was more tempting than any other colored man's! To be sure, he just appropriated all and then kept his tongue still. An early rising black once detected Sam; and after that meddlesome negro interfered, his perquisites were not so great. Sam had an excellent nose; a nose which could smell whiskey, no matter where secreted. In Van Derveer's Mills, on the stream, a barrel of whiskey was once kept. The door was left unfastened. Sam, in his rat-excursions, smelt it, tasted, found it excellent and took several good drinks. If he took musk rats, why not appropriate whiskey? If one was contraband, the other was also, and why walk so far to take two or three drinks? Why not take a pail along, get it full and have plenty of it near at hand? Thus thought Sam. He often got dry; with his pail-full he could refresh himself very often. So Sam went early one morning, tapped the barrel, and took a whole pail-full of whiskey. A white man, the miller, hearing some noise, went to examine the cause. Sam was about to be discovered. Only one way of escape remained. He must pass that man. Sam considered well. "I must sacrifice that whiskey; I must save myself" said he. The bucket was lifted, and the whiskey dashed in in the miller's face. It blinded him and Sam passed out. That man declared that early that morning he "saw a spirit in Van Derveer mills!" It was only the spirit of *whiskey*, however.

Joseph Gaston emigrated to this country from Ireland, about the year 1720. He married Elizabeth Ker, a native of Scotland, June 27th, 1758. William Gaston, grand-son of Joseph, and grand-father to the elder members of the Gaston family, was married to Naomi, daughter of John and Margaret Teeple, on the 10th of December, 1782. John W. Gaston's children were all born in Somerset County. His brother, William, was a bachelor. He was a very successful merchant at the South. He distributed a large property among

his nephews during his life time. The descendents of this family are numerous and very respectable. Some of them are closely identified with Pluckamin, residing there at present. John W., the father, and William, the brother, were well known and useful men. William deserves great credit for his success in life. He was a self-made man. As a merchant, he built up a character for probity, energy and success, of which any man might be proud. His advantages were small. A poor boy, he had to depend upon himself. With but limited means of education, he was forced to learn lessons of wisdom by his own experience. Under all these disadvantages, he was a most successful merchant, and his name to this day is always mentioned in Savannah, or Georgia, with the highest respect and consideration. He was best known as a cotton merchant. This business demands shrewdness, foresight, courage. You advance much money and take great risks. Your bump of caution and calculation must be large. At one time he had a large lot of cotton on hand. The difference of one-fourth of a cent a pound was a fortune, or a failure. Fortune smiled and his success was established. He was a bachelor living in hand some style, was fond of entertaining his friends and lavishing his hospitality. The father of the writer, while residing in Charleston, had occasion to visit Savannah. He met a select party of gentlemen, among the first in the city, at William's house. He remarked to me, he had never seen a handsomer entertainment at the South. At that time Southern dinners and hospitality were noted. William was very kind to John's family. He had been successful himself, and he determined they should prosper also. As fast as he made money, which he did rapidly, he invested in lands for their use. Handsome farms were purchased, and put in excellent repair; and his donations to them all were on the most liberal scale. Many of that family have cause to bless the name of William Gaston. Savannah is one of the most beautiful cities, with its wide streets, noble old trees, and numerous parks. In one of these old wide streets, under the shade of these lofty evergreens, is the old Savannah Cemetery. Here, in a handsome vault, erected at the expense of $1,500, masoned up with a marble door, reposes all that is mortal of William Gaston. Near him lies Rev. Dr. Henry Kollock, another noted Jerseyman, whose eloquence once electrified the people of Savannah. John Gaston and family were more identified with Pluckamin. Along with others they endeared themselves by their labors in founding the Presbyterian Church in that place. John was much interested in building it. He gave liberally himself, and urged it strongly upon his children, who also gave freely. Several of them are officers and respected members of that Church to-day.

Mrs. Brown, formerly well known at Pluckamin, was the only daughter of 'Squire McEven, from whom she inherited a large and valuable landed property. She was a very lively, interesting lady, full of fun and drollery. "Doctor," said she to me once, "I had eight children. Four of these I whipped like the mischief. The other four I left to manage themselves. I could see no difference in them. They all got along equally well."

The election in Somerset was always closely contested. In the days of the illustrious Henry Clay, 'Squire Brown, a warm Clay man, was very anxious about the result of the Presidential election. He left word to be awakened when the news came to Pluckamin. The persons sent announced a glorious victory for the

Whigs. The 'Squire raised the window and said: "Go over to the tavern. I will drink the whole of you. I will pay the bill." *He was at that time President of the County Temperance Society.* His enthusiasm in politics carried him away; for the moment he forgot all else. This was characteristic of the man. He was once appointed to see Dr. Van Derveer, to try and obtain some ground to enlarge the burial-place at Bedminster Church. Doctor went out with him to the Church lot and there made complaint: "They treat me badly. They are using up the ground I reserved for a family burial ground." "There is plenty of room for you and Phebe," said Brown. "There will never be any more of you." The Doctor was then over seventy years of age, but quite attentive to a young lady that visited Montreal with him. Doctor hastily replied: "Elias, you *are not so sure of that.*"

Mrs. Brown attended Lamington Church. Her most intimate friends there were Mrs. Haines and Mrs. Barnet. These ladies were always driven to Church by Doctor Barnet's colored man, Cuffy. Everybody knew old Cuffy. He always sat at the far end of the pew, next the pulpit, in Lamington Church. Every colored person knew where Cuffy's seat was, and yielded it to him. He was a pious, exemplary black, who exerted a good influence over his colored friends. Doctor Barnet was a deist. He once said: "Cuffy, I intend to be buried on my own land, and have reserved a place for you close beside me. When I rise, you may also rise with me. Wait upon me in the other world the same as in this." "I am much oblized," said Cuffy, "but rather guess not. The Devil might come along some dark night and take the darkey for the Doctor." Mrs. Brown, Haines, and Barnet, between the Church services, always took cake and beer with Betty McCoy,* who

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* Betty was quite a noted character. Her story is a romantic one. While a young woman, she went from these parts and lived with a family in Virginia. Their home was on the outskirts of civilization. There the family were all massacred by the Indians, but Betty escaped unharmed. She wandered through the woods, seeking to get back to New Jersey. While sleeping in these lonely places, hearing only the hootings of the owls and the cries of wolves, she was much excited. Her religious training had been neglected; but alone, and helpless, she recognized one All-powerful Being, who could protect and defend her. This was the foundation of her faith, the basis of her religious belief. She safely reached New Jersey and came to Lamington. Simon Suydam, at that time, owned all the landed property about that place. The people were interested in Betty's story. He promised to furnish all the timber, if the neighbors would build her a house. This offer being accepted, Betty had a snug house erected for her. Some land was attached to the building, and around this Betty made a brush fence, after the Indian fashion. No chicken could enter her garden! She took care of the Church, sweeping and cleaning it, receiving for this some compensation. She did some spinning and a large amount of visiting, and was ever a welcome guest at different houses. They made her many presents, particularly of things eatable. She had a remarkably fluent tongue, and was not afraid to use it. Old Col. Henry was something of a teaser. "Good morning, Betty," he would say, "How is your health?" "I am very well, Colonel." "Are you still at your old trade, visiting around and slandering the neighbors, with that malicious tongue of yours?" Betty's religious belief was strong, fervent, out-spoken. By collecting sixpences and shillings among the congregation, she purchased a Bible for the pulpit. This Bible the Rev. Mr. Boyd always took home with him, and brought it back on the next Sunday, under his arms. Johnny McBride, who came from Ireland, at first settled at Lamington. His Irish wit and Betty's Scotch tongue would sometimes come in collision. In such a contest, Betty, from the more constant use of her tongue, was generally the victor. Johnny respected, and at the same time feared her. Johnny's wife, Molly, was

made these articles and sold them to Church goers at Lamington.

Haines, the husband of Mrs. Haines, was an officer in the Revolution, an Aid to Lord Sterling. Sterling was a Scotch nobleman, appointed a Major-General in our Revolutionary army, who purchased a large tract of land, near Basking Ridge, which is still called, "The Sterling Farm." The lady was handsome, intelligent and witty. Shortly after her marriage, she saw the Colonel. "Col.," she said, "what is the penalty for a sentinal sleeping at his post?" "Death, madam, certainly." "Take James, then, and do as you please with him," she added. Mrs. Brown in her younger days was handsome and fascinating. Phebe Van Derveer was a frequent visitor at her house. 'Squire Brown was always a consistent advocate for a Church at Pluckamin and one of its earliest movers. The times at last seemed propitious. He gave a handsome donation to the Church, and was one of its best supporters. Mrs. Brown was for many years an invalid and a great sufferer. Her sickness she bore with most exemplary Christian resignation. She was a bright, happy Christian. Her flow of spirits I have seldom seen equaled. Her family have been prospered. The sons accumulated handsome fortunes, and are respected and worthy citizens, in their widely-extended homes.

Old Mr. Boylen kept store in Pluckamin, during the Revolution, in the house now occupied by Mrs. Sarah Parker. Mrs. Boylen was a remarkable lady. She was married at fifteen, and had fifteen children, most of whom lived to grow up. Her husband died when she was forty-five years of age. She was a widow for fifty years, dying at ninety-five years of age. She saw her great-great-grandchildren. The writer was physician to five generations in that family. Her sister, Mrs. Hodge, died aged ninety-three. They were a remarkably long-lived family. One of the sons was a physician of good standing, who formerly practised at Vealtown. I must tell an anecdote of him. There are fashions in medicine as in other things. At one time calomel was largely given. At another emetics were all the vogue. Well, a man had broken his thigh, and the Doctor was sent for in a hurry to set it. A previous call forced him to go in another direction, and he said: "Wait a minute; take this emetic; give it to the man, and I will be along shortly." An *emetic* was surely a singular article with which to set a broken thigh! William Boylen went South and made a large fortune. Previous to our civil war his estate was valued at several hundred thousand dollars. He was a shrewd business man. He went to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, and there opened a book-store. He was very attentive to business. As he made money, and as his sons grew up around him, he purchased plantations and slaves, and became a very successful planter. He had a favorite body servant that often accompanied him on his visits to the North; a pious, exemplary, black, who made a most excellent prayer. His master, who was not at that time a pious man, always listened respectfully to him. He prayed in his master's own private

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once very sick. He was inconsolable and gave vent to his feelings in loud expressions of grief. "Tut, Johnny," said Betty, "hush up. Don't be making such a fuss and such a noise, disturbing us all. If Molly dies I'll marry you myself." The hint was sufficient. Johnny gave more attention than ever to his wife, and Molly soon recovered and lived to a good old age. Betty, also living to an advanced age, became helpless, and was assisted by the Church. She died at the house of Mrs. Barnet, who kindly provided her with a home.

room. William Boylen, after making money, remembered his mother, made her handsome presents, and enlarged her property. He was also very kind and liberal to Mrs. Parker, his sister, who still survives as an old lady, highly esteemed. In a Southern tour, sometime ago, the writer visited Raleigh, still a handsome place. The capitol, a white, marble building, a model on a smaller scale of the Capitol at Washington, stands on an elevated knoll, at the foot of a broad street. Along this street, which is very wide, and lined with aged trees, the best houses are built. In front of each house are handsome grass plots and beautiful flowers of all varieties, more numerous and beautifully varigated than we see in our Northern homes. Near the lower end of this street William Boylen erected a hand some mansion. The grounds were spacious, there were fine carriage drives, lofty trees and beautiful shade and flowers. When the War came, and Sherman's army reached Raleigh, the house was occupied by the troops, the grounds cut up and trees and shrubbery much injured. When I saw it, its beauty was sadly marred. There I met my old colored friend, whom I had seen and known in Pluckamin, when on professional visits to the family. He was an old, grey-headed, intelligent freedman, who still resided with the old family. The grand-daughter of William Boylen, a finely-educated young lady, was very polite to me, who was an old family friend of her beloved grand-father.

I could write much more of old times about Pluckamin, but am warned that space will not permit.

A. W. McDowell.

CUBA IN WINTER.

III.—Havana and the Cubans.

While all American cities have their court end, or aristocratic quarter, like the Fifth Avenue portion of New York, and Back-Bay in Boston, Havana knows no such distinction. The homes of all classes of her people join each other, and often the palace of a Spanish nobleman will rise opposite the small *depositorios* for cigars, and the best corner of the lower story may be occupied as a grocery, or fruit store. The style of architecture is much the same in all buildings, whether used for business purposes or as private residences. The *Hotel Almi* to which I removed after a week's stay at the *Telégrafo* was a fair sample of an Havana house, having until a few months previous been occupied as the residence of a Cuban merchant. The location, *Calle Ynquisidor esquina Luz*, (on the corner of Inquisition and Luz Streets) was in the central part of the city within the walls, but a few moments walk from the Cathedral, the *Regla* Ferry, and the Captain-General's palace. The exterior is that of a plain, solid wall of heavy stones, stuccoed and painted yellow, the frontage on each street being about sixty feet. The windows are some twenty feet high and wide in proportion, having no glass sashes, the lower ones being protected by iron bars; and those above, opening to the floor of a marble balcony, that over-hangs the two narrow streets, have Romanesque tops, the circular heads being of stained glass, and main portion having a double door of *jalousies*.

The entrance is through an immense cedar door, banded and studded with brass, enclosing a stone carriage-way leading to a spacious court, having a well in the centre, from which water is dipped by means of a long pole. This court, open to the sky, is surrounded by large stone Doric columns, supporting arches on which the inner edge of the second story rests. Under the arches stand the volantes, coaches and carriages of the family, and through the rear arch one enters the stables, built into the back walls. Just inside the door sits the *potera*, or the door-keeper, the same as the *concierge* of Paris. It is his business to answer all questions, call a coach and guard the entrance. His constant occupation in addition is rolling cigarettes. The *poteras* of Havana make all of these little paper cigars. It is true there are many large cigarette factories, but their work is in drying the tobacco and cutting the papers—which are sent each morning to the *poteras*—making barrels, printing the wrappers, and sorting and placing the cigarettes in their little paper rolls. The leading manufactory and the one whose goods are the most popular in the States is *La Honradez* (Honesty), and the rapidity with which its coolie laborers count the cigarettes, place them in the wrappers and close one end of the package, is something marvellous. In many ways a visit to this factory is most interesting, not the least being the present you receive on leaving of a book describing the works, and a package of fresh cigarettes, with your name printed on each in scarlet letters.

But to return to our House. The lower story is generally used for stores, offices, or a receptacle for goods. Oftentimes a leading merchant will in this way combine both business and residence in one dwelling. The broad stair-case leads to the upper hall, or marble, paved balcony, the inner sides of which open on the court, from which it is separated by a heavy iron railing. Above are *jalousies* to temper the light. The roof is supported by more Doric columns and arches springing from this balcony, upon which open all the rooms of the house, the partition of the parlor and dining-room being often simply a grating of iron. The walls are wainscotted in tile, above which crop out curious ornaments of iron, brass and marble, Griffins' heads, peculiar brackets, women's faces spouting water from their mouths into marble basins below, and other odd conceits that are decidedly Pompeian in their effect.

It will thus be seen that the Cubans occupy houses which are best suited to their climate, the great windows opening on street and court always insuring good ventilation, and the marble floors, high ceilings and thick walls rendering every part of the house cool and pleasant. After enjoying the breezy spaciousness of an Havana house one remembers the twenty feet brown stone fronts of New York as a mere skeleton of a home. Houses of one-story do not vary in general plan, the second story of the one described being merely brought down to the level of the street, the windows made open to the sidewalk, giving you often a full view through the gratings of the family in their double rows of chairs, or dining and receiving friends. Privacy seems impossible; all buildings, private, public, or for business, have the same open court and carriage entrance, many of them being decorated with plants, flowers and tropical trees in tubs, offering charming little vistas as one walks through the streets.

One's first week in Havana can be very agreeably passed in simply sauntering through the thoroughfares and by-ways of this strange old city and noticing the peculiar foreign customs of the

people, and the picturesque effects of houses, churches and parks. On meeting a watchman suddenly at night in these narrow streets, one might readily imagine himself in mediæval times. They are girted about with sword and heavy pistol, and, in addition, carry a long pike with a cross-spear head. A lantern completes their outfit, and thus equipped they go about, every thirty minutes calling out the hour and the state of the weather. As it is generally clear they usually end up with a prolonged cry of "*Seréno*" from which they derive their name.

As is the case in all Latin countries, ladies are allowed but little independance. They are never seen walking in the streets, it being even considered a breach of good breeding if accompanied by husband or brother. Their seclusion is so rigid that a Cuban girl is not allowed the privilege of receiving an intimate gentleman friend except in the presence of the family. A pretty little street scene is common, however, in which the characters are three, an oval-faced, olive-cheeked girl, looking through the open grated window at a Spanish *Caballero* who, leaning against the iron bars, whispers the usual flowery nothing of a Cuban love talk, while the fat dowager mother within rocks away in the usual listless Havanese fashion.

New York could well copy Havana in her system of hacks. Probably no city excepting Paris is as perfect in her means of public conveyance. Low little victorias are used, carrying two persons to any portion of the city for twenty cents, as cheap as riding in a stage at home. They are so numerous that you never have to wait half a minute for one. There are but few or no public lines of stages, and two lines of horse cars, both being without the walls, one through the *Paseo-y-Isabel* and the *Parque-y-Colon*, and the other through *Calle Reina* and the *Paseo de Tacon* out to the Botanical Gardens and *Los Molinos*, the Summer palace of the Captain-General. I visited the latter and spent a delightful hour in wandering about the well-kept paths in the shade of the stately palm, the monarch of the tropics, the graceful orange cocoanut and banana trees, and inhaling the delicious odors from the flowering pomegranates, the shapely oleanders, and shivering miasmosa, the jessanimes, and aloes and cacti in every variety. The approach to the Captain-General's house is through an avenue of thick Indian laurel, guarded every little distance by a Spanish soldier, who bows politely to every passer-by. The residence being closed I was not able to see the interior. Outside it is an unpretending building of two stories, in the shape of a cross. The pride and glory of the gardens is a magnificent avenue of royal palms. They rise fifty feet in the air, straight and smooth like Corinthian columns, crowned on their summits with smooth, broad, green leaves, that fall gracefully about the trunks.

Of course a visit to Havana insures to a gentleman an unlimited supply of good cigars. The climate allows a much more general use of tobacco than in the States. One to whom five cigars a day in New York would give headache and dizziness, can smoke ten or twelve in Cuba with no ill effects to the health, and but little to the pocket. Ten cents will buy three cigars, equal to those sold in New York for fifteen cents each. "Henry Clay *Regalia Brittanicas*," can be purchased for $7 a hundred, "*Bock Breras*" for $5, and "*L'Escepcion Conchas*" for $4; so it will be readily appreciated that Cuba is the Paradise for smokers. Tobacco in a pipe, or for chewing, or as snuff, is rarely used. Everybody puffs away at a cigar or cigarette, without fear or favor of the powers that be.

The first knowledge among Europeans of the plant now so widely used, is in the Journal of Columbus, who tells that in his second day's sailing through the Islands of his new-found world, he found a man alone in a canoe having with him a quantity of dried leaves, which were much prized by the savages. The word *Tobacco* is from the Ciboney (native) tongue, and is generally said to have been the usual utterance of the natives when offering a cigar, and meant, "Will you smoke?" The best tobacco comes from the southwest portion of the Island. It is grown on the dark-colored, sandy-bottom lands of the small rivers, and derives its peculiar aromatic flavor from the ingredients of the soil and the peculiar climate of that region. The largest manufacturers are in Havana, who secure the productions of the best plantations. Of course great quantities of an inferior class of tobacco are grown in all parts of the Island, but the prime brands are manufactured from that grown at Vuelta Abajo. A visit to a cigar manufactory does not add to one's love for the weed, as the workmen are generally negroes, who, with great rapidity, seize a bunch of the pungent, moistened leaves, roll them under the palm of the hand into something like shape, cut with a knife a large smooth leaf in form, into which the roll is tightly wrapped, and then the final fashioning and tipping is done by a quick application of the tongue and lips.

One morning, during my stay at the *Hotel Almi*, I was so fortunate as to receive an invitation from a Spanish navy officer living in the house, to attend a reception to be given by the Admiral of the fleet, at his residence in the arsenal, or, as we would call it, the navy-yard. Here was my long sought opportunity for an insight into Spanish society. Our preparations were soon made, and at eleven o'clock, the *potera* having called a *coché*, we were driven rapidly to the government landing, called *El Machino*, because of an immense derrick that is built in the sea-wall for the purpose of lifting boilers from ships, and guns from men-of-war. Driving through a covered gateway at which a soldier stood guard, we found ourselves on a broad, triangular stone plaza, facing the bay. On one side of this plaza, or quay, was a long, covered way or shed, in which had been placed two parallel rows of chairs, in the usual Cuban fashion. We were received by the Post-Captain of the fleet, a gracious gentleman, resplendent in brilliant uniform, gold lace and white pantaloons, who welcomed us in French with a decided Spanish accent.

The day was perfect, a stiff morning breeze chopped the waters of the Bay into dancing, blue waves, and the sun, looking down from a cloudless sky, illumined one of the most beautiful pictures I had seen since arriving at the Great Antilles. Opposite, across the Strait, were the hoary, moss-covered fortifications of *La Cabanas* looking like a giant sea-wall facing the shore. Between it and us a thousand feet of water rolled in from the sea, cooling the breeze which refreshed our cheeks as we stood watching the scenes of activity and life on its bosom. A short distance on the left a large ship, with her square sails already set, passing out under the guns of *Morro Castle*, was just beginning to bow and toss over the waves that were yet rolling because of a late norther. Steaming along, close to the shore, on its way to an anchorage, passed a large iron steamer, the *Fatchoy*, laden with coolies fresh from China. War ships of all nations swung gracefully in the tide, their small boats darting hither and thither over the waters. Steam-launches were blowing their shrill whistles and dashing the spray high in the air in their

eager haste to further the preparations for the Admiral's reception. Add to this, brightly painted buildings with their arched colonades, grated windows and tiled roofs, the brilliant uniforms of officers in the navy, regular and volunteer service, the gaily dressed ladies now arriving, who were being handed to the chairs by the Post-Captain with a grace and dignity only possible in a Spaniard; imagine over all an atmosphere of a mellow, creamy tint, quite different from our clear whiteness of the North, and a sky so softly, purely, transcendently blue as to make it like unto the dome of Heaven itself, and you will gain some conception of the beauty and delight of our morning hour at *El Machino*.

Soon after twelve all the invited guests (some 175 in number) having arrived, at a signal, a steam launch and a number of large gigs, or boats, came ashore, and laid along side the quay. Each was covered with an awning, had the national colors flying from stem to stern, and were manned by a crew of swarthy, stalwart fellows, dressed in clean, white shirts and pants, and blue navy caps. In the launch was the navy-yard band, and the guests were placed in the boats, which were all connected to the launch one behind the other, about six feet apart.

Away steamed the little vessel, and with it the flotilla of boats, eight in all. With a graceful curve we moved out into the Bay, and, following the shore of the city for some two miles, were landed along side the stone pier of the Arsenal. A more delightful passage by water could not have been wished; the flying banners, the bright dresses of the ladies, and the brilliant uniforms of the men, with the soft notes of the band, and the colors of each war ship dipping gracefully as we passed, making it appear more like the passage down the Thames of one of the old English Kings with his court beauties and gallants in train, rather than a mere party of Cubans on a day's pleasuring. On being safely landed the band struck up a lively quickstep, and all following, we walked down an avenue of Indian laurels, forming a complete arch over our heads, until the residence of the Admiral was reached. Under the broad colonade with which every suburban building on this Island seems to be faced, stood the Admiral, a tall, courtly gentleman, with an iron grey moustache, an embroidered uniform, and silk sash over his chest, under his coat. All were introduced to him, and then, passing through a large, cool, marble-floored room, we came to a spacious verandah, facing a most beautiful garden, bright with the coloring of jessamine and miamosa, cape violets and roses. On this balcony had been placed the inevitable two rows of chairs, leaving a space of about eight feet between them. Upon these the ladies were seated, the gentlemen congregating at either end. Soon the band played the national dance, "*El Cubas*," and within this narrow passage-way all the dancing was done. A dreary, weird-like, monotonous affair it was, a very little like our lancers, and more like a slow waltz. I found much amusement in watching the peculiarities of the Cuban belles. Even my masculine eyes could see that they all possessed little or no taste. A Cuban lady's idea of being well-dressed is to array herself in all the colors of the rainbow. Of harmony of color she has no knowledge at all. The dance lasted for an hour. The ladies apparently had no conversational powers, and beyond an occasional "*Si Señor*" they said little or nothing. I was struck by one peculiarity of the Cuban girls. Their period of good looks is only between the ages of 14 and 20. They mature and marry early, then fade immediately; at 25 are

either thin and lankey, with faces like parchment, or else fat, with cheeks puffy and shiny. They all powder, young and old, and cover their faces with a paste preparation of *aquardienti* (cheap rum,) and chalk, till it is no exageration to say they are as ghastly as if they had been white-washed. After the conclusion of the dance, sweetmeats, comfits, ices and bar-quilloes were passed to each guest on silver salvers, and the gentlemen were invited into the buffet to taste some rare old sherry; and then, before starting for the city, an hour was agreeably spent in the beautiful gardens, enjoying the warm, sunny sky, bright flowers, and waving orange, palm and laurel trees.

A. D. MELLICK, JR.

ASCENT OF LONG'S PEAK, COLORADO.

"I AM BOUND to go up Long's Peak," said a friend to me one bright August morning, as I rode up to the door of the log house where he was rusticating. "How far up can you ride?" said I. "Oh!" he answered, "to within a mile and a half." "Well," said I, reflectively, "I will go along;" and so it was settled that we should attempt to scale a Peak that is 14,800 feet high, and therefore of greater altitude than any other in the United States, save Mt. Shasta in California, which measures 15,000 feet. Long's Peak is forty miles from Longmont, the present home of the writer, but only twelve or fifteen from our camping ground in Estes Park.

On Monday, Aug. 11th, we rolled up our woolen and rubber blankets, firmly secured our provision bag, tied up our lariats, and, mounting our horses, rode slowly over the Plain toward the mouth of a dark-looking cañon, and followed a winding but broad trail up its rugged sides. Two hours' ride brought us to a small lake, nestling cosily at the foot of a lofty hill, and covered with beautiful lilies, which were, of course, beyond our reach. As we gazed admiringly, my friend's horse suddenly sank to his knees in the marsh, and, while the rider exclaimed in a single breath, "Whoa! Back! Get up! Come here! What are you at! Go along!" the animal began to spring and plunge around in a manner indicating more life and vitality than was at all necessary. But soon a safe footing was secured, when he at once became as sober as a Dutch Dominie, and as slow as an ox, as if to atone for that unwonted activity. Passing through an acre of grass, so tall, thick and heavy that it seemed a marvel how it could sustain its own weight, we struck a body of fallen timber, and found the tall trees in every possible position, so that we were compelled to turn about in all directions, going toward every point of the compass, and often travelling one hundred yards to gain ten, until, at length, we emerged from the dead pines, and entered a small Park, which led to another marsh, and was followed by a second piece of fallen timber. Thus we passed on all the day over decayed pines, or through swamps, or over miniature parks, until near the setting of the sun, when we reached "timber line," where timber ceases to grow, and which is at an altitude of 12,000 feet; and there we prepared to camp. Our horses were picketed in the midst of a luxuriant growth of grass, and near them, on a high knoll our camp was fixed. Soon a roaring fire flung out its red banners over the valley and up the grim Mountain's side.

Have you ever seen, good reader, a fire of pine knots? If not, you have

never beheld the brightest, cheeriest, grandest fire that ever warmed the body and delighted the eye. There is no hissing and sputtering and simmering, no emission of smoke, or shooting of sparks, or exhaling of unpleasant odors, but the flame is so cheerful and joyous, so steady and yet so frolicsome, so beautiful in color and so fragrant to the smell, that, as it glows it gladdens, and cold must be the heart which it does not warm and fill with delight. Piling up the logs high enough to last during the night, we spread our blankets and prepared for slumber; but only a troubled sleep could be caught, albeit we resorted to the time honored custom of counting, thinking of dry subjects, etc. The scenes of the past day kept crowding on our minds in spite of ourselves, and I could not but think that we resembled the Irish woman's cow. She had bought the creature of a Protestant, and as she wished to exorcise the spirit of Protestantism supposed to be lingering in her, she caught her by the horns and sprinkled her freely with what she believed was "holy water," but was in reality blue vitriol. As the vitriol began to take effect, the cow dashed madly over the fields, bellowing furiously, whereupon the dame, lifting her hands in horror, exclaimed: "Howly mither of Moses! How strong the Protestint is in her yet!" Even so the events of the trip would not be banished, although we used the orthodox prescriptions. We dashed away with our minds over hill and plain and swamp and tangled thicket. Before three o'clock we arose, and before four we were in our saddles mounting a steep and stony hill, until at five we reached the place where our horses were to be left. Dismounting, we began to walk slowly up the Mountain's side, toward the summit, which was "only a mile and a half distant," as all our informants in the Park below assured us. Yes! "Only a mile and a half." Why men should be so parsimonious of the truth in that latitude is a mystery I can't solve, unless when it gets so high up it partakes of the nature of the atmosphere, which is *very rare*. Or perhaps they are so much in love with it that they could not bear to part with it under any circumstances. Certainly to them it was "stranger than fiction—*much* stranger, for it seemed to be some forty miles before the space was crossed over, and during the latter part every step was equivalent to ten rods of ordinary walking. Whatever the distance may have been, we passed cautiously over rocks and stones and innumerable babbling brooks, which fretted and foamed over the boulders, or eddied, and whirled around ledges, and passed by hundreds of springs which sent forth water clear as crystal and pure as newly fallen snow. Stopping at one for a drink, we were astonished at the intense coldness and the wonderful sweetness of its waters, and at first supposed ourselves deceived, but as we tasted again and again we were compelled to confess that such water had never before passed our lips. Why it should differ from common ice-water we knew not, but that it seemed colder and sweeter, and was more refreshing and delightful to the taste, we could not deny. Another remarkable thing we noticed was the great number of grasshoppers scattered all over the Mountain. A few exhibited signs of life, but thousands of them were as dead as the stones on which they had given up the ghost; and we could not but wonder what had brought them up to that great altitude, and why the living remained in such a cold and desolate place. But the most marvellous thing of all was the flora of this region. It became more marvellous indeed every moment. The higher we ascended the greater became the number of flowers, and the more brilliant was

their coloring, until it seemed impossible for even Nature to paint so gorgeously. Surely "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The botanist and lover of flowers could spend here days of intense delight in admiring the golden yellow, the deep blue, the delicate pink, the lustrous white, the velvet carmine, the emerald green, the crimson purple and the bright violet of these flowers. Plucking some of them as we passed along, we soon struck a snow-bank two hundred yards wide and a quarter of a mile long, and found it on this, the 12th of August, as hard as ice, and as unyielding to our blows as the rocks around it. And now came a steep pitch and a hard struggle, but, as it seemed near the summit, we redoubled our efforts, and at last reached it. Lo! we discover we must descend into a ravine two hundred yards deep, and then, turning to the left, try four hundred yards of steeper climbing than any we had yet seen. I sat down discouraged, but my companion uttered the cry he had often uttered before: "Long's Peak, or bust." "Then," said I, "Let's bust right here, and save trouble, for we surely will before we reach that pinnacle." "Well," said he, "I'm *awful* tired, but we must go it;" and so we descended in the ravine and began to climb, and such a climb I never experienced before, and hope never to again. Now we pulled ourselves up by our hands, now we swung around a giant rock, now we picked our way over the stones loosened by the melting snow, and which at any moment might be started downward and bury us in the rubbish, now we grasped the jutting boulder and planted our feet in the crevices of the rock beneath, and now we put hands and feet in places that had been been cut out of the sandstone. And this took place over 14,000 feet above sea level, where the air is so thin and rare that it is impossible to move over twenty feet without panting like a stricken deer for want of breath. I do here aver, what many I suppose will disbelieve, that over and over again I was utterly unable to lift my foot to the stone above, or to advance a single yard, and that a rest of three minutes invariably was so refreshing that I could start off with as much ease as if there had been no previous effort. Prolonged exertion, however, told in the end, and we lost our relish for scrambling, and felt about the rarefied air as the darkey did about his mule that had unexpectedly shied at a piece of paper and left the rider in the road. Half arising, and wiping the dust from his eyes and mouth, he watched the retreating animal for some time in silence, but at length gave expression to this philosophic soliloquy: "Dat's what makes me 'spise a mule." But as our motto was "Excelsior," we subdued the feelings and endured the bodily pain, and finally, after four hours of climbing, we reached the top, where, panting and half dead from exhaustion, I threw myself on a huge rock, unable for the moment even to look around. But when the breath came and the eyes gazed abroad, what a scene was there! No pen can fully describe it, no language can adequately portray it. We were hushed to silence. Nay, more: we were filled with awe and reverence, and involuntarily our lips uttered the hymn:

> "Great God! how infinite art Thou!
> What worthless worms are we!
> Let the whole race of creatures bow,
> And pay their praise to Thee."

And surely it was meet, in this lone spot, where Nature was enjoying the presence of God, where Earth was piercing Heaven as if to hold nearer communion, that we should hold converse with Him, who by His works was revealing His glory and majesty to us, even as

He revealed them to Moses, and afterward to Elijah, on Sinai's top. How solemn, how grand, how *awful* was this place. God filled this solitude. Yet He had not left Himself without witnesses of His presence and power. Here sailed the lordly eagle, playmate of the storm; here the livid lightning leaped "from crag to crag," and the "live thunders" echoed far over the plains; here the tempests met in their fury and wressled with Titanic power; here the snow piled itself in vast heap, and defied the Summer's heat; here the Almighty hand had "scattered the hoar-frost like ashes," and had "cast forth His ice-like morsels." But what a contrast to all this was now presented! The winds, which had so often vainly struggled with these beeting cliffs, were hushed to silence. The bright sun looked calmly down upon us as he bathed the Peak in his golden light, and not a cloud was seen in the azure depths save one, that swooped down upon us like a bird, but when almost within our grasp, sailed away and soon vanished into thin air.

Oh! what a concentration of the elements of sublimity and beauty! Here at our right was a chasm 2,000 feet deep, and at its bottom lay splintered rocks, torn from their ancient seats by storm and tempest; there to our left were black, jagged, precipitous columns that frowned defiance on every comer; here at our front were deep and dark ravines, while but a little way off were colossal overhanging reefs of granite. Looking now over the Plain we beheld the wonderful contrasts of light and shade, of form and color. For one hundred and fifty miles it was spread out before us like a map, with its winding paths, its green pasturage, its meadow slopes, its cultivated fields, and its numerous streams, all of which were tributary to the far-famed river Platte, which enters the Missouri after wandering over 1,200 miles through "prarie bottom." But a more glorious sight met us as we looked toward the west, where Peak after Peak rose in silent splendor, until hundreds were visable, glittering like diamonds in the sunlight, and drawing around them a drapery of grandeur. In their midst were magnificent forests of pine, dark and untrodden ravines, deep cañons, thundering torrents, castellated chains of rocks, beauteous Parks, and bewitching lakes. Here was one as dark as the pine trees' branches, and as still as death, without apparent outlet or inlet; there were two as green as the emerald; yonder was one so blue that it looked as if a patch of the sky had dropped in and given it its cerulean color; farther away were some as transparent as crystal, while at the foot of a neighboring bluff was one that sent forth a small stream which glided for twenty feet over a rock and then plunged down the abyss, a regular Minnehaha. Along its edges was a thick coating of ice, at least a foot in width—ice that, perhaps, for centuries had never once let go its hold on this noisy brook. There were other lakes, thirty-nine in all, I think—each having something peculiar to itself, and all beautiful. But I need not stop to describe them. Nor need I tell of our perilous descent, nor of the sickness resulting from the trip. Enough has been written to give a faint idea of Long's Peak and its surroundings; only a faint idea after all, for one must see to realize its grandeur. The impression made upon me will never be effaced, and often I have exclaimed: "If God's footstool is so glorious, what must be His palace? If He has made Earth's Mountains so grand and majestic, how transcendently beautiful and sublime must be the surroundings of the heavenly kingdom!"

W. E. Honeyman.

LIFE'S HARVEST-HOME.*

"HARVEST HOME!" sing out the reapers,
As they store the final sheaf,
Glad to throw aside their sickles
And from labor find relief.
After all their earnest working,
Weeks and months of patient toil,
They have won a golden treasure
From the brown and stubborn soil.

"Harvest home!" we now reëcho,
As we gather here to-day,
Looking back upon the pleasures
We have met along the way.
We our golden grain have gathered;
But we've other fields in view;
For Life stretches out before us,
Showing sterner work to do.

Life is called by very many
Nothing but a fleeting show,
Soon to pass, and soon forgotten,
Going whither none may know.
Others find in it but pleasure,—
Caring not for others' claims,
Dreaming not of higher missions
Than pursuing selfish aims.

Yet it is an earnest battle,
Fought with zeal by every man,
Who, with face set toward the vict'ry,
Means to win it if he can.
And we all must strive and struggle;
Each has foes which he must fight;
Each has trials he must suffer
In his contest for the Right.

In the sunny hours of Childhood,
At the opening of the day,
It is then the strife commences
With the foes along the way.
They may be but weak opponents,
But our strength is little too;
And if they are fairly vanquished,
It is all that we can do.

Years pass on; the combat thickens;
Greater work we undertake;
And if we would win the vict'ry,
We must greater effort make.
But the vict'ries won in Childhood,
O'er the foes then weak and slight,
Have so strengthened and encouraged,
That our task seems very light.

Not till eve' of life approaches,
Can we call the contest done;
Not till then lay by our weapons,
Happy in the rest we've won.
Only then may songs of triumph
Take the place of bitter strife,
As we joyfully look backward
On the battle-field of Life.

But is it alone the vict'ry,
Which such ceaseless toil has cost?
Is it just the thought of winning
That which other men have lost?
Will this pay us for the valor
We have shown throughout the fight?
Was it only for the laurels
That we strove with all our might?

It is not the final triumph
Makes our greatest, highest joy:
It is every little struggle
With the small things that annoy:
It is each temptation conquered,
Each resistance thrust aside,
Which to every noble warrior
Is his happiness and pride.

Petty souls who shrink in terror
From fierce combat, blow on blow,
May exult in easy conquest
O'er a craven-hearted foe:
But in every earnest battle
You this truth will always find,—

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* A Valedictory poem delivered at the end of a term in a High School in Somerset County, in 1872.

'Tis the struggle, not the victory,
Thrills with joy the noble mind!

Some may have to yield the battle,—
Those of little, feeble might,—
As they find their strength deserts them
In the thickest of the fight.
Yet, although they lose the victory,
Still, if they have struggled hard,
In the fact that they have struggled
They have found their best reward.

Each one has his foes to conquer,
Howe'er bright his life appear:
Though from all the strife be hidden,
It is none the less severe.
In each person's mind and nature,
There is some obnoxious seed,
Which, if he succeed in killing,
'Tis a victory indeed.

We have foes which must be beaten;
Foes which will not quickly yield:
Strong deceitful and determined,
They their sharpest swords will wield.
Not till they are fairly vanquished,
All our struggles overcome,
May we think to raise our voices
In our final "Harvest-home."

* * * * *

Comes the moment of our parting,
And with feelings, full of pain,
We are looking on the faces
We may never see again;
And we almost wish *our* struggles
Had been undergone in vain.

But before we go forever
Out to take our way alone,
Let us thank you, honored leader,
For the kindness you have shown;
As, through your untiring efforts,
Come the pleasures we have known.

Thanks are weak and unavailing
All our gratitude to show,
But for all your earnest labor,
We can ne'er repay below,
Take them, though so very little—
They are all we can bestow.

And to you, our friend and teacher,
We our final tribute pay.
You have taught us precious lessons
As we've gathered day by day,—
Lessons which are deep and lasting,
And shall never fade away.

We, I know, were undeserving
Of the kindness shown by you;
But we ask that when your mem'ry
Brings these days again to view,
You will think with kind remembrance
Of our CLASS OF SEVENTY-TWO.

And to all who've worked and striven,
That you might to us impart
Knowledge useful and enduring,
Which shall last when we depart.
Earnest are the thanks we offer,—
They are given from the heart.

Scholars, soon to take the places
Which to-day we leave behind.
Fill them well, and may you ever
Work with all your heart and mind.
In return for all your labor,
You a rich reward will find.

Classmates, as we've met together
In our school-room, day by day,
And the time has passed on smoothly
In a happy, joyful way,
Friendships many have been nurtur'd,
Which we hope will ne'er decay.

We must part, but we are pausing
On the threshold ere we go;
Clasping hands; meet still more closely;
As we vainly seek to know
If again our little circle
An unbroken round may show.

Yes, this is our day of parting,
And our hearts with sorrow well:
But the depth of all that sorrow
Words alone can never tell.
Teachers, friends and dear companions,
For the last time, *fare you well!*

JOHN J. VAN NEST.

COL. HONEYMAN AND HIS WAR JOURNAL.

V.—Concluded.

THURSDAY, *April 2nd*, 1863.—Brigade drill ordered. Order countermanded after the call was sounded. I marched down to the old Plaine and drilled until after 11 o'clock, when my Orderly arrived with the information that the Division would be reviewed by the Commanding General (Hooker) at 1 P. M. on the left of our picket, four miles from Camp. . . . Capt. Wyckoff, of the Brigade staff, came in while I was writing the orders for my Captains, bringing instructions with him for overcoats to be worn, knapsacks, etc., which I very much regretted, owing to the warmth of the day, and the scarcity of the time given us by the Colonel for preparation. Upon reaching the ground where the Brigade was to form to march to the place of review, the Colonel rode up and ordered me to have the overcoats taken off and rolled!—leaving some of my men with blouses, and some with nothing but shirts! In vain my protest. The mighty Brigadier was firm and inexorable. . . . Well, we were reviewed, ragamuffins as we were. . . . Before leaving the field I was again reprimanded for the appearance of my command, and was heartily sick of my treatment. How splendidly Gen. Hooker dashed by with his staff as we gave him three cheers, and how I would have enjoyed the pageant could my Regiment have been reviewed according to my first orders, as was the 22nd N. J., whose Colonel resisted Berthoud successfully. . .

April 15th, '63.— . . . It is rumored that Fredericksburgh is evacuated, and that the Rebels have appeared at Manassas. Our balloons were reconnoitering all of yesterday. . . We all feel that we are about to enter upon a terrible struggle, which we must not think of losing, whatever the sacrifice of life. . .

Sat., April 17th.—A beautiful day. I received orders this evening from Brigade of a singular character:

"Gen. Wadsworth's compliments through Col. Berthoud to Col. H., and the General desires to meet Col. H. with his command in full marching orders at day-break on the Review Ground at the left of the Picket, where a new Camp will be selected for the Regiment, and perhaps the Third Brigade."

Disliking the prospect of routing up my whole Regiment at midnight so unnecessarily, I ordered my horse, and, taking the Adjutant with me, was speedily under way for Brigade Head-Quarters. From thence, with the addition of my friend, Surgeon Brown, we galloped over to the review ground to select the spot for camping. It has been a lovely day, the air so mild and balmy, and the atmosphere so clear. A fine level stretch of ground induced the Doctor to banter me for a race, as he thought perhaps I had boasted of the swiftness of my mare, and the Doctor prides himself on his horse. So away we went, leaving Bristol, tugging and spurring the Bonnell horse, far behind. Not having properly secured the strap of my field-glass, it became indented in striking the saddle; so when we reined up on the bluff bounding the noble Potomac, and brought our glasses into requisition, behold mine saw *double*, to the amusement of Brown, who declared I had been to the commissary. We had a most delightful time. The peach trees, growing wild in the woods and along the roads, were in bloom, and birds and rabbits seemed abundant. It was dark when the Adjutant and I arrived at Camp, which I found in the utmost confusion, the Quartermaster being in a dangerous state of excitement over the orders I had left him on my departure, and quarreling savagely with the Chaplain and some others, because they would not surrender their marquees and baggage to be immediately packed on his wagons for transportation. And what confusion do I find in my own quarters! I have scarce time for reflection; had I, and were I alone, I could weep with regret at leaving this house, where in I have experienced so much pleasure, and such a variety of entertainment the Winter past. "Our mess" is now indeed broken up forever! The reminiscences which will cling to this spot will grow brighter with time. On the last day of my life, even if reason be gone, will my thoughts wander here.* The field-desk, our dining table, our cupboard, shelf, and the dear

* In his peaceful sleep preceding that which knows no waking upon earth we may believe his thoughts *did* wander to the "old camp-ground." But a week or two before his death he called up these scenes to his mind in the presence of the writer, as being vividly impressed upon his memory.—V. D.

old fire-place, whose cheerful glow was reflected upon the countenances of companions so dear, will I never, never look upon you again as I see you now? It is like Death.

Sunday, April 18th.—Awakened at 3 o'clock this morning by the reveille according to order. After laying in bed until the last possible moment I sleepily arose, and, ordering horse and putting on equipments, I stepped out into the keen night air. Instead of stopping to admire the highly picturesque scene, I hastily dispatched orders for the arrest of several men who were setting fire to the quarters which had so comfortably housed them a whole Winter. Soldiers are the strangest things, the most unaccountable beings imaginable. They often provoke me beyond endurance, yet I love them with my whole soul. They are so patient, so obedient, so enduring: yet so strange in some things; so entirely without judgment as to need constant watching. Well, we started at last, a scarcely perceptible blush heralding the approach of Day. The sun was up before I could get my command to the spot where I was to meet Gen. W., so I had left the Regiment, and rode on in advance, but scoured the Plains in vain, and was glad to find that Wadsworth was too sensible to spoil a morning nap so needlessly; But the sunrise the Regiment beheld this morning repaid them well for all the trouble of the night. The General arrived on the ground at 9 o'clock, and was utterly surprised at our early flight, telling me he had sent no such orders! Thanks to Col. B. for this kindness. . . . I have laid out a beautiful Camp—they tell me the finest in the Army. ["Camp Hunterdon," a draft of which appears in the Journal.—V. D.]

Thursday, 22nd April.—Still working on our new Camp, beautifying it with evergreens. . . . The other Regiments have lately encamped on either side, but I have the choicest ground and the best water. The noble Potomac bounds one side of the Camp, which is pitched on a grassy plain of the exact required width. From my tent, which is pitched half-way up the steep ascent of a bluff, bounding the Camp on the side opposite the River, I have a splendid view of the River for miles, and the whole Regiment at my feet is constantly under my eye. With my field-glass the shipping is brought close enough to read the names of the vessels, and I can easily see the pickets of our Army, when the line reaches to the River. . . . Gen. Paul has returned and assumed command of the Brigade again. . . . Col. B.'s campaign is considered ended by the physicians. He is sick with fever, and has been removed to Washington City. . . . Sickness has thinned our ranks; and so, I think, has fear. All who are unable to march have been sent to the General Hospital. Company A has sent there a large number, but yet is remarkable as the only Company that has lost none by death.

Sat., April 25th.—Dr. Brown and Capt. W., of the Brigade staff, lost their good dinner to-day, which our servants were preparing, and which I had invited them to share, by the unexpected arrival of Joel Parker, Governor of our State, Generals Perrine and Stockton, Colonels Rafferty and Cook, and a host of others in the Governor's suite from the Jersey Brigade and elsewhere. The Governor accepted my invitation to dine, and after dinner received my Regiment after his unmilitary style, making a speech to the troops of the right stamp. I am much pleased with him. . . . After review, at his invitation, I became one of his suite, and accompanied him through the Brigade. All the field and staff of each Regiment by turns joined the cavalcade—all mounted—and with our General and staff our gallop across the review-ground reminded one of a cavalry charge. On returning to Camp I found Capt. Bonnell had gotten up a foot-race.

Wednes., 29th April.—Aroused shortly after midnight by an Orderly, whose dispatches inform me that the enemy is not far off, and to prepare to advance immediately. We are soon ready, and stand impatient of delay as we shiver in the damp, chill air. We are waiting the movement of the 137th Pa., which precedes us on the march to-day. But still they stand. Is Col. Cadeau asleep? I take advantage of the delay to summon my officers together to give them advice and instruction. I tell them that before night we shall undoubtedly have experienced some part of the work we have for months been preparing for; that inasmuch as we are new to the scenes and trials before us, each must vie with his comrade in setting an example of bravery to his troops; that especially must they remember the caution so often enjoined upon them heretofore, to repeat loudly and distinctly my commands, or those of my field, etc. I appointed Capt. Bonnell (senior of the line) to act as Major, and bade them

recognize his authority. After dismissing them with a short and encouraging address, seeing no signs of movement, I lay me down by the nearest fire to sleep. It was nearly day-light when awakened, and I found the Brigade on the march. The General had started with his command at midnight, but through some blunder—I suspect where it occurred—some of us were left behind. The 30th N. J. marched in our advance. A dull, misty, grayish sort of day. We found our Division massed some three miles below Fredericksburgh, just within easy shelling distance of the Rebel batteries on the other side of the Rappahannock, yet not within fair sight of our foe. A few steps brought to view the Pontoniers, endeavoring to lay the pontoons for us—ours and the Rebel skirmishers popping each other over—reminding one strongly of pigeon shooting, the game dropping so heavily upon the ground. Wadsworth was very active and brave. Presently our batteries on the left of our Brigade opened, and I received orders to move my command further to the right, as the enemy was preparing to shell us. Soon both batteries ceased, and we awaited with emotion the orders to advance, expecting to encounter the deadly hail-storm appearances so plainly indicated. . . . Then we shouldered arms, and, with sobered thoughts and measured tread, filed down into the road in full view of friend and foe, making for the bridge which seemed to us almost the link between life and death. The field of our Brigade were all dismounted, as the battle-ground was of limited extent, and death to horses more sure (said Colonels K. and T.) than even appearances would warrant. But the most uncertain of all things is, "What comes next?" in an engagement, and we were all completely at fault in our conjectures and speculations. After crossing the pontoons unharmed, instead of throwing ourselves into the teeth of the foe by marching up the bluff which formed the River's bank, our Brigade was most uncomfortably massed in the little narrow strip of wet marsh lying under cover of the hill to bivouac for the night. It was a dull, disagreeable sort of night, misty, occasionally a drop of rain, and as foggy and black as Tartarus. The River we crossed—most certainly the Styx—kept up its ceaseless gurgling as if chuckling with malicious joy that we were under the spell and power of the Tartarean fiends, whose dogs of war would open their baying mouths upon us, perhaps before a moment had expired. Quiet ruled the Camp, and levity for once seemed at a discount. Why the enemy did not take advantage of our position is unaccountable to me. . .

30th April.— . . Gen. Hooker's stirring order, partly congratulatory, was read to the troops, and had its intended good effect. During the day the fog lifted, and about the middle P. M. the Brigade was ordered to stand to arms. . But we only advanced to the summit of the hill that sheltered us, the 31st forming there in the second line of battle, the 29th N. J. in our advance, awaiting the enemy's approach. But he did not come, and we became tired waiting, but I was momentarily expecting the compliments of his batteries if his troops had withdrawn; I could not see from my position. Presented with a copy of the *Herald*, I sat down beneath "the apple-tree"—a dear, old, never-to-be-forgotten tree—to find in my paper what the Army of the Potomac was doing. Although a member of the Army, I never could be positively satisfied as to what we had accomplished, were doing, or were going to do until the New York papers came to hand. As expected the enemy swiftly and quietly withdrew his columns and opened fire with a vengeance from his batteries. I needed not to order my men to lie low; self-preservation is instructive. The 29th could not stand it, and broke running through my lines. Col. Taylor was fortunate in escaping, but did not acknowledge my remark to him to that effect. The apple-tree—my headquarters—soon lost the occupants perched in its branches, and many of its twigs also came rattling down as the whistling shells came tearing through them. By some strange blunder a Hospital flag had been tied to one of the highest branches, and as our line of battle had extended in front of the tree, the enemy was justified in being provoked to fire upon the flag, and to take special pains to get range of the troops it was seemingly (to them) designed to protect. Gen. Paul and staff, dismounted, sat under close shelter of the bank, almost at my feet. The air seemed filled with missiles flying to and fro. Some of the projectiles seemed to move leisurely through the air, with a noise like that of a huge bird flapping wearily its ponderous wings. Others hissed and screamed like some enormous locomotive and train, shot from some gun, having the calibre of a railroad tunnel. Shells exploded at our

feet, throwing up the ground as if there was an eruption from beneath. Shells exploded at our heads and sent their fragments skimming over us. Shells exploded in the River as if for the admiration of the enthusiastic audience, which, strangely enough, did not applaud. A shell exploded, too, in the lines of the 2nd Division of our Corps, massed in our rear, on the opposite side of the River, being placed there as if ready to cross to our assistance when called for. It was a shocking sight to see it descend, crushing, tearing, mangling and killing. The dust and dirt flew, stretcher-bearers ran up, and it was all over. I thanked God for having made the hill to slope just enough to save my Regiment from disaster,—and it really seems miraculous that we were spared. Shells here, shells there and shells everywhere! A shell spoiled my supper, filling my cup as I was sipping from it with bark, dirt, etc. A shell prostrated "Long ——," of Company F, who thought he was dead, until the prick of a sword revived him. And he had a good thrust, for the weapon was dull. But it was slackened at last, as our batteries proved the stronger, and as darkness began to draw nigh. An Orderly summoned me to the General. I was complimented for discipline and coolness by being ordered to leave the Brigade and join the Veteran troops of the service, and advancing under cover of the night and entrenching on the plain so dreaded by day. Thanking the General for the honor I did not in my heart covet, but with the determination to more than equal all that could be expected of me, I reformed my line preparatory to the advance. Selecting an officer to go with me, and with my Orderly, I first went over the ground my command was to occupy. I learned subsequently that we were upon the "Southfield Estate," a most lovely place of considerable extent. We killed the proprietor, and took possession of his mansion, which Gen. Reynolds made his field-quarters on Friday. Enjoining strict silence on the Regiment, I moved forward, and we were soon established in the rifle-pits working like Trojans. Removing timbers, extending lines, preparing ground for the reception of the battery, was the night-long work the Regiment must accomplish. The moon rose upon a busy scene. . . .

Friday, May 1st.—Was ushered in as peacefully as any May Day a Queen of May could wish. . . I took my post on the right of my command, where I was joined by the 97th (or 95th) N. Y. (Irish) Regiment. The Colonel was a pleasant old fellow and he had a fighting Regiment without a doubt, for they would have fought each other had their officers not prevented. Wit characterized these troops also, and kept some of us in a roar. The Southfield mansion was alive and bustling with officers, aids and orderlies, and perched upon the roof, behind the friendly shelter of a tall chimney, was an officer with a powerful telescope, making observations of the enemy's forces and movements. At night our enemy cheered most lustily, as if good news had reached their lines. We cheered in return to see if we could not make more noise than they, and as cheer would respond to cheer across the lines the noise seemed unearthly and demoniacal.

Saturday, May 2nd.—Soon after breakfast a strange movement took place, at first not fully comprehended. I was ordered to sling knapsacks. The house was almost deserted. The 2nd Division had disappeared from view. Soon I comprehended the situation, and was perplexed at receiving no orders. My Irish comrades on the right crept off the field on their hands and knees through the trenches, leaving me alone with the battery I supported. Major B. was ludicrously active, Major R. the reverse. I sent out a few men in front of the trenches, instructing them to lounge about carelessly that we might thus deceive the enemy as long as possible about our intention in taking and occupying the position. Already was our Corps pressing rapidly forward to re-enforce the Right. Our Division was getting in motion, our Brigade re-crossing the River, and I most anxiously awaiting orders to join the Brigade, knowing that the enemy could not be much longer deceived when the ball opened upon us and our retreating Brigade. It seemed as if hell was holding high carnival. The 29th N. J. suffered most. The battery in my lines lost also in men and horses; of my Regiment, but one man was disabled. Gen. W. rode up to my left and sat motionless as a statue in that hail-storm, while I was going down the line to receive his commands. A shell exploded with a terrific report not more than two feet directly over his head. His coolness was most remarkable. He rode back rapidly after receiving the information he asked. Affairs were growing more and more desperate every moment. The enemy at last understood the game and also my position. In despair I saw nothing but cap-

ture for my command. A column of Rebels was stealthily marching to flank me on the left, another on the right. Not being aware of the bridge being almost destroyed by fire, so no orders to withdraw could reach me, I saw before me "Fight, boys," till we were overpowered, and then Richmond and prison. But to my unspeakable relief the order came. Gen. W. in person gave it, and though he blunderingly undertook to lead the Regiment himself, without any thanks to him, by chance, I saved all my men. Ordering Acting Maj Bonnell to move the Right, I led out G and K in accordance with the peremptory order of the General, who was present and forbade me undertake anything else. This came near losing me part of my command as I feared. . . . Scanning a place of shelter from observation of Rebel artillerists, I ran my men into squads, and scattering, from the pontoons to this welcome ravine, where I re-formed. The firing of our enemy now slackened, and soon ceased, finding we were beyond their accurate range. But the Brigade was at Falmouth, and, although still puffing and blowing with the violent exertion of running, we were ordered to quick time to rejoin them immediately. It was of no use. I had determined to take things coolly; so, marching to a safer position, I halted for rest, and ordered Field and Staff to mount and remain so through the remainder of the engagement, "should it last a month." The Aid declared his orders were to hasten me as rapidly as possible, as the Brigade was to cross where the gallant 6th Corps so lately strewed the plain with dead—an awful sight to all who could steel their hearts to look. "Few of us will live to tell the tale," said he to me, and his pale face spoke mental agony. . . . "You cannot hasten, I plainly see, and I will remain with you." But my horses arrived, and, able or not, the Regiment had to march to rejoin the Brigade. Expecting to march into the "Jaws of Hell" (where Burnside sent his men) the thought flashed upon me, as I commanded "Attention!" that if I was spared to see the sunset of this day, yet there were many here whose friendly faces I was looking upon for the last time. My heart swelled, but the pride of command repressed emotions which might seem unmanly, and we marched as sheep to the slaughter, the rank and file knowing not whither I was leading them. Onward we toiled, perspiring, chafed and wilting under the intense glare of the burning sun. We reached the Brigade at last, secretly praying for a few moments rest, but our arrival was the signal for immediate action. Onward we hastened, commanded by impetuous Wadsworth, who seemed to be everywhere. Sick, faint with heat and fatigue, how welcome came the order to halt and ground arms for rest at Falmouth. Alas! rest was denied by that Rebel battery, which had followed our movements from the beginning, and had now got our range. . . . Rest came at last and by a gurgling brook, whose torrents had been reddened by noble blood before to-day. I prostrated my famished, weakened body to lave with cool waters my aching temples, and forgot the horrid circumstance of war. The dread of Adjutant B. and Captains —— and —— of my strength failing under this ordeal inspired me to assure them that starvation was the principle cause of suffering, and truly hard-tack is of no more use to my stomach than chips. . . . But Lieut. Thompson, Company A, found some bread and concentrated beef, and the sweet elixir of life renewed strength, ambition, hope and joy. A short, delightful rest, and onward we moved. As hot a day for so rapid a march, or, rather, as rapid a march for so hot a day, had never been experienced, said the veterans of the Corps. Men and officers straggled in the rear for miles, unable to keep up, and many we passed who looked ready to die from sheer fatigue—a few, doubtless, from cowardice, and some from my own Regiment, I am ashamed to think. Lieut. W., A. A. G. Brigade staff, undeservedly complimented me and deservedly censured a brother staff officer of his who was *sick*. Lieut. W. has done his duty manfully; Dr. B., Surg. Brigade, also; and Gen. Paul is perfect and must ever hold the highest place in my esteem. . . . After all, it was a pleasant, mellow afternoon, much enjoyed for its novelty and uncertainty of ending. At our sunset halt, artillery and wagon trains, etc., completely blocked up our advance. Gen. W's sword well laid upon the sturdy shoulders of a teamster, opened a passage for our Brigade. We filed to the left in a dense forest of tall trees, and soon lost sight of weary, straggling, foot-sore soldiers in the approaching darkness of night. Hungry enough, weary enough, it was far in the night when we encamped. [The account which follows the next six days' skirmishing, the mistake of the 30th N. J's firing into the 31st, and the retreat of the Brigade is not very interesting, and I omit it.—V. D.].

The battle described in the above extracts was that of Chancellorsville, and was the last in which the 31st New Jersey participated. Col. H's official report of the conduct of the Regiment may be found in Foster's *New Jersey and the Rebellion*, page 587. Soon after this engagement Col. Honeyman was taken sick and sent to Washington, where he remained until the close of the term of service of his Regiment in the latter part of June. His War Journal, accordingly, came to an end at that period.

V. D.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

A CLEAR, still, Autumn night,
With faint but rosy light
Far in the north. A well
From which clear waters fell.
A group of tall, dark trees.
A willow, rustling in the breeze,
Swinging aloft its slender stems.
The grass all strewn with dewy gems.
Above the stars. Below,
Just you and I. To know
The Future would have cast
A darker shadow on the Past.
Yet, then, in strange, foreboding mood
And dreamy silence, sad, we stood,
Waiting a moment, side by side.

The sky hung o'er us deep and wide,
So bright, so clear each point of light,
That wav'ring shone in that strange height;
So countless, as they gather'd one by one,
They seem'd to our uplifted eyes to come
Like angel faces from the Throne of God—
Spirits which Heaven's own pathways trod;
A radiant host, with watchful eyes,
Who, waiting, gazed, and heard the cries
Of suff'ring hearts; quick to descend
To this dark world, when e'er prayers blend
With tears and human agony.
I shut my eyes when now I see
The stars at night. Can I forget
The heart's sad history? . . . And yet
'Twas but a sky we oft may see
A moment—now a memory.

LOUISE.

THE RARITAN AND ITS EARLY HOLLAND SETTLERS.

[TWELFTH PAPER.]

AT THE Genealogical Registry Office, No. 6, University Place, New York, was recently exhibited a large book, containing the history of the Schenck family in this country, and in the Netherlands. Those branches of the family known as the Van Nydeck and the Van Tautenbergh, are traced back to the year 878, a period of a thousand years. Branching off from these were the Barons of Afferden, Waldeck and Blyenbeck. The book probably excels any other of the kind in America. It is embellished with coats of arms and colored escutcheons of allied families, and also with drawings of seals used by some of the family as early as 1271. It contains a likeness of General Sir Martin Schenck, from whose brother, Peter, the large number of Schencks in this country are descended. Sir Martin Schenck was an active partizan in the Revolution in Holland, and was drowned, while conducting an attack by water in the City of Nymegen in 1589. The accident was caused by the great weight of his armor. The Spaniards who held possession of Nymegen, on obtaining the body of their dreaded foe, caused it to be drawn and quartered. Afterwards Prince Maurice, successor of William Prince of Orange, ordered the remains to be carefully collected and honored with a grand military funeral, and then deposited in the tomb of the Duke of Guelders.

The Schenck family is said to have derived its name from Edgar De Schencken, Chief Butler to Charlemagne, Emperor of Germany and France, who, about the year 798, granted to Edgar a title of nobility, and assigned him a coat of arms.*

The Schencks along the Raritan are descended from Johannes, who came to this country about the year 1683. In 1684 he was received as a member of the Collegiate Church in New York by certificate from Middleberg (Holland.) and the 20th of December of the same year he had a child Johannes baptized. This child died young. Johannes, the emigrant, was born September 19th, 1656, and was a son of Martin Schenck, U. L. D. Lieut. Bailiff of the Wyck Kessel, and Maria Margaretha de Boeckhorst. Johannes married, probably at Middleberg, Maria Magdalena De Haes, born October 7th, 1660, daughter of Hendrick De Haes and Maria Bonnie. Johannes lived to the age of 92, and died February 5th, 1748. His wife died April 10th 1729. He continued in New York but a short time, as in 1685 he was dismissed to the Church at Esopus, and continued there for a few years, at least until 1689, as his name occurs in the list of inhabitants of Ulster, taken in September of that year. He appears to have returned to New York, and then in 1700 to have

* The valuable historical record of the Schenck family referred to above, was obtained through the instrumentality of Col. Van Der Dussen, a distinguished officer in the army of the Netherlands, who bestowed upon it great labor and research, at the special instance of the Rev. Garret C. Schenck of Marlboro, Monmouth County, N. J., who paid an immense price for it. To this latter gentleman we are much indebted or important historical matter connected with the history of our State.

removed to Flatbush, where he continued for several years as school-master, voorleser and town clerk, which offices he filled from 1700 to 1711. Long before the settlement of any of his family on the Raritan, he became interested in lands there, as on the 11th of October, 1703, he purchased a tract in breadth 40 chains and in length 160 chains, described as "lying between two tracts of John Inians deceased." * About the time of his leaving Flatbush, he purchased a farm in the town of Bushwick, where he built him a mansion, and also a mill on a creek near the same. Here he lived for the remainder of his long life. The property continued for several generations in the possession and occupancy of his descendants, and the old stone mansion stood until a few years ago, when it was destroyed by fire

Johannes had five children, who grew up and were married, two sons and three daughters, as follows: 1. Susanna, who married Johannes Johnson; 2. Johannes, born April 30th 1691, died April 1st 1729; 3. Peter, married Elizabeth—, lived at Newtown, and died about 1737; 4. Margaretta, married John Stryker, died August, 1721; 5. Cornelia, married Charles Derje. Of these sons, Johannes married Maria Lott, and had six sons: Johannes, born October 26th, 1715, died 1777; Hendrick, born July 15th, 1717, died about January, 1767; Abraham, born August 6th, 1720, died 1790; Peter, born March 27th, 1722, died———; Cornelius, born January 27th, 1724, died November 15th, 1744; Catherine, born January 14th, 1728, died April 9th, 1793.

Of the children just named, Catharine married her cousin, Theunis Schenck, son of her father's brother Peter, and they lived on the old homestead of their great-grand-father at Bushwick, and had a family of children consisting of eight sons and four daughters.

Isaac, it appears, followed the seas, and probably died young; at least he left no descendants as far as has been discovered. Cornelius married Abigeltie Lefferts, had a daughter Maria, who died when about 20 years of age. The other four brothers all settled, or at least lived for a time along the Raritan and Millstone Rivers, at what precise dates I am unable to state, but probably when they were young men. They were there married and settled in life from 1735 to 1745. One account states that the mill next above Millstone (long called Blackwell's) was owned by the Schencks as early as 1730. If so, it must have been by the father of these brothers, as another account of 1745 speaks of them as "the newly erected mills of Hendrick Schenck.

Johannes married October 25th, 1746, Neltie Remson of Long Island, settled at what is now called Branchville, and had there a farm, mill and store. He had but one son, John, born August 3d, 1748, died at Raritan Landing, August 17th, 1784. This John had again but one son, the late John J. of Branchville, and grand-father of the late Rev. John V. N. Schenck, who died at Pompton Plains in October, 1871, and with whom this branch in the male line has become extinct.

Hendrick married Magdalena Van Liew of Middlebush, lived at Millstone, or Weston, and had a store and mill. He died about January 1st, 1767, and left three sons and five daughters: John H, Henry, Abraham, Mary, Catharine, Gertrude, Letitia and Magdalena. John H. was a Colonel in the Revolutionary Army, married 1st, Sarah Denton of Newberg, and 2d, Jane Schenck, (or

* Owned in 1688 by Gibbons' and located a short distance above Hertzog Hall New Brunswick.

Widow Conover) of Monmouth. Henry H., the Doctor, of Neshanic, married Nellie Hardenburg, and was Captain of a troop of light horse, and Surgeon during the Revolutionary War. Abraham* married Eva Van Buren of Millstone, daughter of Dr. Abraham Van Buren.† Mary married Dr. Lawrence VanDerveer of Royceefield. Catherine married Elias VanDerveer, father of Dr. Henry VanDerveer of Vanderstadt, near Pluckamin, whose will has been the subject of so much litigation in the courts of this State. Gertrude married General Frederick Frelinghuysen. Letitia married Judge Israel Harris, who was at one time the owner of the mill at Weston. Magdalena married Dr. Peter J. Stryker, an accomplished gentleman of the old school, and for a time member and Vice-President of the Senate in this State.

Abraham, the brother of Hendrick, married Elsie Van Devoert, and lived at Millstone until 1748, when he removed to Bushwick. In the latter part of his life, it is said, he removed with his family to Fishkill, and died there. He had fifteen children, six sons and nine daughters, several of whom died young, and some others of whom were unmarried. One of these sons was Henry, the father of Abraham H. and grand-father of the late Rev. George Schenck of Bedminster.

Peter married Maria Vulkerson, lived near Millstone and probably owned both the mills at Weston and Blackwells, at which last place he kept a store. He was an active member of the Church, and with Joseph Cornell was ordained one of the first elders of the Church of Hillsborough (Millstone,) at its organization in 1766. Peter was also a member of the Provincial Congress from Somerset County. He had three children. A son, John P. married a Miss Loure, and had a daughter Maria, who died unmarried. Of the daughters, Mary married Archibald Mercer of New York, and Gertrude married a Mr. Tyson of St. Kitts. Archibald Mercer owned and conducted the mills after the decease of his father-in-law about the year 1800. His daughter Gertrude, married General John Frelinghuysen. His daughter Charlotte married Theodore Frelinghuysen, President of Rutgers College, where she last lived and died in April, 1854. She was distinguished for intelligence amiability and gracefulness, both in her manners and person.

Martin Schenck, born February 18th, 1738,* married 1st, June 7th, 1760,

* Doubtless the same Abraham Schenck who was assessed for 300 acres of land, 18 cattle and 7 sheep in 1745, amounting to 14 s. 5 d.

† Dr. Van Buren was many years a practising physician at Millstone, and the inventor of a popular medicine known by the name of "Red Drops." He is well remembered by the aged people still living among us. He was reputed as a near relative of President Martin Van Buren, whom he, a boy, used to visit the Dr. and his family at Millstone, and was often seen driving their cows to and from pasture, and evincing genuine boyish glee in the sport. From 1780 to the time of his death, Dr. Van Buren was elected and served five different terms in the Consistory of the Church with which he was connected, and always took a leading part in measures promoting its prosperity. From Abraham Schenck and Eva Van Buren descended Henry H. Schenck, long a resident of New Brunswick, and one of its active business men, a liberal supporter of the First Reformed Church, and a member of its Consistory through five different terms. He married Eva Voorhees, daughter of Martinus Voorhees, and Maria Van Campen of Newburg. Henry H. was the father of Abraham V. Schenck, the present District Attorney of Middlesex County.

* Martin was a most valuable citizen and an intimate friend of General F. Frelinghuysen. Enjoying the respect of confidence of the public in a remarkable degree, he was elected successively to the offices of Judge, Sheriff, Member of Assembly, etc. He was an ornament to both Church and State.

Maria Conover of New Utrecht, and 2d, Henrietta Van Sinderen of Long Island. Maria was born October 28th, 1743. Her children were: John, born March 28th, 1761; Ann, born Jan. 1st, 1763, married John M. Bogart; Garret, born April 12th, 1765, married Catherine Garretson; Phebe, born February 12th, 1767, married John Garretson; Martin, born May 9th, 1770, married Margaret Schureman, daughter of Ferdinand Schureman, and lived at Millstone; Sarah, who married 1st, Aaron Van Deventer of Boundbrook, and 2d, Joseph Van Doren of Middlebush; Ellen, who married Joseph Annin, and Mary Ann who married Henry Wilson, a highly esteemed citizen of this County. The Sheriff had by his second wife, one child, born March 14th, 1808, named Ulpean Van Sinderen, who died at 14 years of age.

Martin, son of Sheriff Martin, had a son Ferdinand S., who married Leah Voorhees of Harlingen. His children were: Martin Luther, a pastor of New Brunswick; Alice, who married Rev. A. D. White of Trenton; Margaret, who married Garret Nevins of Pleasant Plains; John V., a physician of Camden; Sarah C.; Garret C., formerly a lawyer in Newark; Adrian V. S., also formerly a lawyer in Newark; Ferdinand S.; and Peter V., a physician of St. Louis.

Sheriff Martin had a brother Johannes, who married, first, Jane Stillwell (whose daughter Sarah J. married Isaac Brokaw of Bound Brook) and, 2d, Ann De Groot.*

In 1744 a stage ran between Philadelphia and New York by the way of Trenton, New Brunswick, Amboy, Staten Island, crossing at the Narrows, and thence to Flatbush and New York. As the population of the cities increased, the travelling between them increased in proportion. David Mizner, now 82 years of age and still living at Kingston, about midway between the two largest cities, was the driver of one of the stages of Robert Bailes for twenty successive years.*

Before the era of Rail-roads, travelling between New York and Philadelphia increased to such an extent that 32 stages were frequently run each way per day to carry passengers. The drivers changed horses at Kingston. On days of extraordinary travel, the farmers in the neighborhood were in readiness to furnish additional vehicles and teams if circumstances required them. In 1825, the day General de Lafayette passed through the State to review the troops assembled at Trenton to do him honor, there were 168 horses ready harnessed and exchanged at Kingston. The General passed through New Brunswick in a splendid barouche drawn by six grey horses, with his head uncovered, accompanied by the Mayor and other dignitaries, seated beside him. The span was driven (says Mizner) by David Sanderson, now of White House, then a youth 19 years of age. The stages on their way to New York would often separate a short distance east of Kingston, some taking the Trenton turnpike, others crossing Rocky Hill to New Brunswick by the way of Six-Mile-Run. Tradition states that at one time 30 stages halted at Ayres' Tavern on the Turnpike five miles above New Brunswick, and at Baker's, opposite to it on the old road, 20 stages at the same time. About this

* I am unable to carry down other branches of the Schenck family, which would embrace those to which the Schencks of Clover Hill and Dr. John F. at Flemington belong; but I believe Rev. G. C. Schenck is possessed of the necessary data to carry out this genealogy in full.

* At the same time a line called the "Swift Sure," ran between New York and Philadelphia, passing through Bound Brook Somerville, New Hope, etc.

same period an express line was in operation, consisting of single horses, by which special messages were conveyed between New York and Washington on horseback. Single horses were stationed at short distances along the route between the two cities ready saddled and bridled as the rider came in sight. Arriving at the Station the rider would dismount, immediately change the bag containing the papers to the fresh horse, remount, and in less than a minute be on full gallop on his way to the next Station. The day after Clay's tariff bill was passed, the following article appeared in one of the New York papers:

"BY EXPRESS IN ADVANCE OF THE MAIL. Our Express arrived last night about 12 o'clock bringing us the National Intelligencer of yesterday . . . from which it will be seen that on Tuesday Mr. Clay's tariff bill passed the House by a vote of 120 to 85, and was sent to the Senate."

There was also at this time an immense travel across the State, of a different kind, which centred at New Brunswick. The following notice appeared in one of the newspapers of our State, March 1st, 1785:

"The City of New Brunswick is more advantageously situated for an inland trade than any town in New Jersey, it being a thoroughfare between Philadelphia and New York, and at the head of the navigation of the river, Raritan, distant from the former about 60 miles, one-half of which is water carriage and from the latter about 35 miles by land and 40 by water. The stage wagons from both of these cities pass through every day in the year, except Sunday, and vessels of considerable burthen afford daily opportunities of transportation to New York. It is remarkable for being a healthy spot, and is situated in the heart of a well settled country, which affords daily supplies of provisions of all sorts, at lower rates than any town in New Jersey. No place can be better situated for storekeepers, mechanics or manufacturers, as tradesmen of all kinds may find constant employment, or send or carry their manufactures, either to New York or Philadelphia at very little expense."

The travel across the State last referred to consisted principally in conveying produce to New Brunswick market from Hunterdon, Sussex, Warren and Somerset Counties. Large wagons from Pennsylvania and from Hunterdon, some of them drawn by six horses, heavily laden with flour, flax-seed, flax and other kinds of produce, passed over the Amwell road to New Brunswick, while those from Sussex and Warren went principally by the way of Boundbrook. At a certain time the keeper of the toll gate at Middlebrook kept an account, and stated that 500 vehicles of various kinds had passed through the gate in one day, drawn by from one to six horses, on their way to the Landing and New Brunswick markets. In 1748 the Raritan Landing was described as "being a market for the most plentiful wheat country for its biguess in America."

The early Dutch settlers had educational difficulties to encounter, which are unknown at the present day. The schools were conducted in the English tongue, in which most of the public records were kept, but the preaching by the Dominies, and the conversation between parents and children in the families, were in the Dutch language. Hence their progress in English learning could not be otherwise than slow. An illustration will show this. A teacher was once hearing the recitation of a colored boy, one Cæsar Van Doren, who had probably never heard a word of English in his master's house. He came to the word *gate*, and after spelling it, g-a-t-e, stopped. "What does that spell?" said the teacher. "*Ik wate neut*," ("I don't know.") said Cæsar. "What do we open and shut when we go in and out of the garden?" asked the teacher. "*Hackje*," answered Cæsar. And that was all the idea he had of how g-a-t-e was pronounced. Occasional preaching in the

Dutch language continued in some of the churches along the Raritan until about 1810. Afterwards it was entirely abandoned. The preaching in the first churches founded along the Millstone was in English.

In 1737 Rev. Thomas Evans supplied the Presbyterian congregations of Cranbury, Kingston and Millstone. I remember the appearance of the old Presbyterian Church, which stood about 60 yards south of the present house of Martin Van Cleef at Millstone. It was then in a dilapidated condition, and had been abandoned as a place of worship before the close of the last century. A Rev. Mr. Elmore was, according to tradition, the minister of the congregation. At the commencement of the present century Peter Walsh, a prominent school teacher of Millstone, held a school exhibition in this old Church, which were the last exercises within its walls. The building was plain, and had probably never been painted inside or out. It was taken down about 1810, and removed to the farm of Peter Van Cleef, where it was converted into a barn. After standing there for half a century it was again taken down, and some of its old timbers may still be seen in another building, standing a few yards north of its former site.

In an account book of record containing the damages done by the British army and their adherants in the War of the Revolution, as brought in to, and accepted and registered by Nathaniel Ayres, Abram Statts and Abram Van Doren, the following claims, among others, appear under oath:

"Dutch Presbyterian Church at Millstone, four hundred panels of fence of the parsonage and barn on the lot destroyed, £250, 16 s. 6d."

"Presbyterian English Church, £80."

"Ernestus Van Harlingen, 1 negro man, £80, 1 negro wench, £60, one field of wheat and rye, 36 acres destroyed, £54, 509 panels of fence post and rail, £30, 90 apple trees, chiefly grafted, £41, 5 s.: whole amount, £410, 7 s. 11 d."

"Cor's Lott, house, shop and kitchen burned amount $604."

"William Cox, October 1780, had burnt by a party of horseman under Colonel Simcoe of the British, who put fire to the Court House, the said Cox's house and kitchen fired by the same, and burnt down: amount, £260, 6d."

"Hendrick Probasco, 1100 bushels Indian corn, and other damages, £480."

The early settlers along the Raritan were invariably distinguished for their industrious habits, adopting the Bible (and Dr. Franklin's) rule: "The sun riseth and man goeth forth to work and to his labor until the evening." There was no differing in opinion as to what constituted a day's labor in regard to time. The laboring man who came to work for his employer after sun-rise was sure to make an apology for his late arrival. "From sun to sun" was the time for labor, except for mechanics in Fall and Winter, when they worked (if indoors) from sun-rise till 9 o'clock at night. The latter was the standing rule for journeymen and apprentices. Dr. Franklin's rule:

> "He that by the plow would thrive
> Himself must either hold or drive,"

was generally practised by the employers, and resulted in success in their different callings. Mechanics who worked at a job five or ten miles away would still get there at sun-rise Monday morning. Fifty years ago a mason in Somerset County (Samuel W. Scott) started from home on a Monday morning, with his work hands, who carried their tools, and walked twenty miles to his place of work, reaching there by sun-rise. This is but one instance. Such customs resulted in cheap building. A barn fifty feet square, now owned by Jacob Wyckoff of Franklin Township, though repaired

and remodeled by his father, was built by contract about the year 1720, when the timber was squared and framed, the weather boards split out of oak timber in the woods, and the whole erected (except the roof, which was a straw thatch) for £6, or $15. Strikes for higher wages were never heard of in those days. It was in the year 1837 when Thomas Kershow, a colored man of Somerset County, made the first strike. While others labored for thirty-one cents per day, he demanded thirty-eight. The result was that while the other laborers obtained six days' work in the week, amounting to $1,86, Thomas could get but two days' employment, or .76 per week. So this first strike, like many later ones, *did not pay*.

The suspension of OUR HOME with this number forces me to bring these articles to a sudden termination. If it be resumed I may continue them; if not, perhaps the loss will not be much, though I have endeavored to give such information, for the most part, as has hitherto been unwritten, and should, therefore, be at least *some* addition to the complete history of the early settlers along the Raritan.

RALPH VOORHEES.

MORE ABOUT THE DUTCH SETTLERS.

[FOURTH PAPER.]

JAN VAN SICKLEN and Lena his wife, and *Cornelius Van Sicklen* and Maria his wife, of the Raritans in 1715, were sons of Reinier Van Sicklen of Gravesend and Flatlands, who was born in this country and married, March 26th, 1687, Jannetje Van Horn, widow of Joseph Hegeman.

Johannes Van Sicklen and Jannetje his wife, of the Raritans in 1726, was a son of Fernandus Van Sychlen and Eva, daughter of Anthony Jansen from Salee, who emigrated to this country in 1652, and resided in Flatlands, where he died about 1712.

The *Sutphens* of New Jersey are descendants of *Derick Janse Van Sutphen* (or, from *Sutphen*, or *Zutphen*, in the Netherlands from which place he emigrated in 1681,) who settled at first in Flatbush, and in 1681 removed to Yellow Hook, now Bay Ridge, New Utrecht, where he probably died in 1707. His sons, Jacob, Jan, Dirck and Guisbert, or Gilbert, emigrated to Monmouth Co., N. J., and were members of the Freehold R. D. Church, Guisbert as early as 1717. Abraham, another son, settled at first on Staten Island, and then also removed to New Jersey, none of his children remaining in New Utrecht. There was, in addition, one *Isaac Van Sutphen*, who resided in New Utrecht as late as 1698.

Garret Van Vliet of the Raritans in 1703, was probably the oldest son of Dirk Janse Vander Vliet, who emigrated in 1664, according to one account from Wall in Guilderland, and settled in Flatbush. *Daniel Van Vliet*, who was also on the Raritans in 1703, was probably a grandson of Dirk Janse, his name not appearing in his will dated Jan. 15th, 1679–80.

The *Voorhees*, *Van Voorhees*, *Voorhies*, or *Voris* family of this country are descendants of *Stephen Coerte Van Voorhees*, who, with his wife and seven chil-

dren, emigrated in April, 1660, from Ruinen in Drenthe, Holland. The father of *Stephen Coerte* was Coert Alberts, from "voor Hies," or in front of Hies, or Hees, a hamlet about fifteen minutes travel south of Ruinen, containing nine houses and fifty inhabitants. Have seen no account of the name of Stephen Coert's first wife. About 1667 he married a second wife, Willempie Roelofse Sebering, by whom probably he had no issue. Nov. 29th, 1660, he bought of Cornelis Dircksen Hoogland a farm in Flatlands, on which he settled and died about Feb., 1684. Of his sons, *Coert Stevense*, born 1637, settled in Flatlands, and his descendants are mainly to be found on Long Island. *Lucas Stevense*, born 1650, settled in Hackensack, New Jersey, where his name appears on the baptismal records of the R. D. Church as early as 1685; afterwards he appears to have resided at Six-Mile-Run. His son, Eldert Lucasse, settled at Jamaica, L. I., and is the ancestor of the numerous Eldert family in that vicinity, they having assumed Eldert, and dropped Voorhees as their patrynimic. His son, Jan Lucasse, settled in Flatlands, and is the ancestor of the Flatlands' Voorhees. His son, Albert Lucasse, settled in New Brunswick. Roelof Lucasse, at first on Staten Island and afterwards on the Raritans, and Minne and Abraham Lucasse on the Raritans, from whom are descended most of the New Jersey Voorheeses. *Jan Stevense*, born 1652, had issue: Stephen Janse, of Jamaica, L. I., Auke Janse, of Flatlands, Willem Janse, Jan Janse, of Staten Island, Jacobus Janse, and probably Roelof Janse, of Staten Island. *Albert Stevense*, born 1654, settled in Hackensack as early as 1685, as per baptismal records of the Church in that locality, and is the ancestor of the Voorhees family in that vicinity.*

Garret Van Veghten, who settled on the Raritans at an early period, was probably a son of Claes Arents Vecht, or Van Veghte, who emigrated from Norch in the province of Drenthe, in Holland in 1660, with his wife Lammetie and three children, and settled at Gowanus in Brooklyn. This *Garret* married, 1st, Sept. 25th, 1682, Janetje Crocheron, of Staten Island, and, 2nd, March, 1693, Magdalena Jans, and settled at first on Staten Island. He had a son *Garret*, and probably also sons, *Michael* and *Abraham*, who may have been the Raritan settlers.

Simon Van Winkle, or *Wickelen*, of New Brunswick in 1717, was a son of Evert Janse Van Wickelen, who emigrated from Holland in 1664, and settled in New Lotts in the town of Flatbush. Simon married Geradina Couwenhoven.

Peter Van Zandt, of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, is probably a descendant of Johannes Van Zandt, of Arnheim in the Netherlands, who emigrated to New Amsterdam in 1660, and married, Oct. 20th, 1681, Margretta, daughter of Wynant Van Der Poel.

Hendrick Vanderbilt, who settled in Monmouth County at an early date, was a son of Aris Janse and Hilletie, or Hildegonde Remsen, of Flatbush, and a grandson of Jan Aertsen Vanderbilt (or *from the Bilt*, or Bilt a manor in the province of Friesland in the Netherlands,) who emigrated prior to 1653, and

* For further particulars in relation to the New Jersey branch of this family, which has probably multiplied more than any other of the early settlers of Long Island, see the interesting articles of the Hon. Ralph Voorhees in OUR HOME for July and October.

settled in Flatbush in 1667. *Aurias, or Aris Vanderbilt*, who married, April 30, 1726, Jannetie Cowenhoven, and whose children were baptized in the Marlboro' Church, also settled in Monmouth County. Aris was a son of Jan Aertsen, and a grandson of Aris Janse and Hillertie Remsen.

Jacobus Vanderveer, who was baptized Oct. 24th, 1686, married Catharine —— and died 1726, was a son of Cornelis Janse Vanderveer and Tryntji Gillis De Mandeville, and settled in Salem County, N. J. at an early date. Cornelis Janse Vanderveer, (or *from the ferry*,) emigrated from Aickmaer in the Netherlands in Feb., 1659, and settled in Flatbush. It is probable that *Dominicus*, another son of Cornelis Janse, also settled in New Jersey, although no positive evidence has been seen of it His son, *Jacobus*, who married Femmetje Stryker, resided on the Raritans in 1741, and his sons, *Tunis*, *Cornelius* and *Hendrick* in Monmouth County, Tunis having a child baptized in Freehold in 1724.

Jacobus Vanderveort, who settle on the Raritans at an early period, was a descendant of Michael Paulison Vanderveort, who married, Nov. 18th, 1640, Maria, daughter of Joris Jansen Rapalie, and emigrated from Vraendoren in the Netherlands, and settled in Brooklyn.

Martin Vander Hoeve, of the Raritans as early as 1703, was probably a son of Cornelis Vanderhove, who married Mattye ———, settled first in Albany, and afterwards may have removed to Long Island, and died in 1705. His sons were: Cornelis, who settled in Bedford, Brooklyn, Johannes, and probably Martin. His daughter, Neltje, married Johannes Van Duyn, of New Utrecht, and Christine married Roelof Duryea.

Jan, *Hendrick* and *Gerret Van Kerk*, or Virkerk, of Monmouth County, were children of Aerd, or Aert Janse Van Kerk, born in 1655, who settled in Lewis County in the South (Delaware) River, and grand-sons of Jan Jansen Verkerck, who emigrated from Beuren in Guilderland with his wife and five children in the ship *Rosetree* in 1663, and settled in New Utrecht.

Dirck Volckers, who resided on the Raritans as early as 1704, was probably the Dirck Volckerse who resided in Bushwick, where his name appears on the assessment roll of 1675.

Johannes Vonk, of Six-Mile-Run in 1717, was probably a descendant of Cornelis Vonk and Magdalen, whose children, Ida, Barbara and Hendrick were baptized in Flatbush, Nov. 27th, 1681 Johannes at the same time being deceased.

The *Vrooms* on the Raritan are descendants of Hendrick Corssen Vroom, born 1654, married Jesina Pieters Van Nest, of Brooklyn, and settled on the Raritans. Hendrick Corssen was a son of Cornelis Petersen Vroom, who emigrated from the Netherlands, married Tryntji Hendricks, settled in Brooklyn, and died prior to 1657. Tryntji, after the death of Cornelis Petersen, married, 2nd, Aug. 17th, 1657, Frederick Lubertse, of Brooklyn.

Resolvert Waldron, of Millstone in 1729, was probably a son of Barent Waldron and Jannetie Jans, and a grand-son of Resolvert Waldron, who was in New Amsterdam as early as 1654, of which city he was appointed Provoost and Deputy Sheriff May 25th, 1658. He probably emigrated from the Netherlands in 1652, a Daniel Waldron, who was probably his son, taking the oath of allegiance in 1657 in Bushwick, having emigrated at that date.

Andries, *Jan*, *Peter* and *Bout Wortman*, who settled on the Raritans about 1717, were children of Jan Dircksen

Wortman and Anna Maria Andreas, and grand-children of Dirck Janse Woertman and Marretje Tunis Denyse, who settled in Brooklyn, and probably emigrated in 1651 from the Netherlands, as per oath of allegiance in 1687 of his son Paulis Dircksen.

Laurens Williamsen, who married Sarah Stoothoff, March 29th, 1711, and resided at an early date on the Raritans, resided at the date of his marriage in Flatlands.

Cornelius Peterse Wyckoff, a son of Pieter Claesz Wyckoff, who emigrated from Holland in 1636 and settled in Flatlands, bought 1,200 acres in 1703 in Middlebush, N. J., which he conveyed to his sons, *John*, *Peter*, *Jacob* and *Simon*' who settled on these premises, *Peter* and *Simon* as early as 1704, and *Jacob* about 1706 or 1707. In addition to these sons, *Cornelius*, another son of Cornelius Pieterse, who was baptized Dec. 19th, 1694 in New York and married Sarah Duryea, settled in Millstone.

Cornelius Wyckoff, a son of Claes Pieterse and grand-son of Pieter Claesz, settled in Monmouth County, near Freehold, about 1715.

Garret G., a son of Garret Pieterse and grand-son of Pieter Claesz, also settled near Freehold, in Monmouth County, at an early period. The above are the ancestors of the New Jersey Wyckoffs.

[CONCLUDED.] TUNIS G. BERGEN.

HAP-HAZARD PAPERS.

VIII.

"SPEAKING about hobbies," said my friend, the Critic, the other evening, "it is all very well for a person to have a hobby even if the hobby rides. But, withal, the law of Profit and Loss holds good here as elsewhere. A man in business may be quite able to keep a horse, but two might ruin him: while quite a wealthy man might stagger under the load of a stud containing but a dozen. A man much poorer than either of those mentioned might have a larger stable and become richer by the addition to the stock of his horses: simply because his horses work for him. So, if you see a man driving a four-in-hand of fancy hobbies, you may rest assured that he is either intellectually very rich, or soon to be an intellectual bankrupt. On the other hand, you may see another with a tandem of eight or ten huge draught hobbies, tugging away at some huge stone of imperfect machinery, perhaps, and here you may conclude that his increase in wealth will be directly proportionate with the number of whip-crackers that he uses.

IX.

The Critic, the Student, the Doctor and I frequently form a quartette during the after-tea rest-time of the Summer days. I say quartette, for we usually perform on our pipes on these occasions. Frequently we are joined by the Professor, who brings up the deep bass, by means of his ponderous meerschaum, and his long, slow, deeply-inhaled whiffs, while the smoke escapes in voluminous clouds.

The many quaint melodies performed are known only to ourselves, for the distance is so great between us and those around us that the finer notes are lost, and discord only remains: still our concerts are for our own entertainment, and

under our own fig-tree, and we care not for the applause of the world.

After all, does not the revelations brought out by modern scientific research show more and more conclusively the harmony of all nature? We have conservation and corellation of force; we have energy and hints that all phenomena are subject to or conditioned by some great law of motion; so that it would seem that our very lives are naught but a vast series of infinitessimal vibrations, each succeeding the other under the guidance of some fixed law.

The student and I went, some time ago, to hear a famous clergyman. The organ was in the back part of the Church, yet ever and anon there would come from its many throats—as the services demanded—volumes of harmony. Now it was fearfully grand, and now joyous, almost playfully so: still naught but harmony. I can imagine a mathematician could have calculated the precise number of waves of each note, and could have shown by rules infallible why this was harmony, and which notes must succeed the others to produce harmony, and *why*. Surely this must be managed by law the most exacting. Still, the organist played as to him seemed best, using the same keys for a lament or a paean.

How much more wonderful that instrument is which we call Nature! What an infinity of excellence in the Master-hand that touches the keys!

X.

During one of the meetings of our quartette the Student sinned, sinned wilfully, and was fined by a unanimous vote to read us a piece of manuscript selected at random from his portfolio by the Critic. Perhaps since the poor fellow has blushed to his utmost it will do to make it more public.

SSS

To —— on news of his marriage.

Happy may thy marriage be!
May the maiden's love to thee
  Be in her heart;
And thine round her's entwined,
Self-supporting, thus combined,
  Till death doth part!

Happy may thy marriage be!
May bright-eyed prosperity
  E'er share thy home!
Truth, of Love the evidence,
And Hope, sweet trust in Providence,
  To thee now come!

Happy may thy marriage be,
Even if black adversity
  Should on thee fall.
Then thy wife a wife indeed,
Like true friend, a friend in need,
  May prove thine all!

We sat in quietness for a while, when the Professor, who had joined us, said: "How much modern science plays hob with the poetic fancies of the ancients. In regard to the heart, for instance, once the seat of so many of the higher emotions of men, it is now, they tell us, naught but a pumping machine, of most wonderful construction to be sure, yet only a force-pump! Indeed, it is quite amusing to interpret some of the poetic fancies by strictly material science. For instance, Wadsworth saying:

'The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart.'

might suggest to unpoetic science that the poet imagined the heart in composition like a snail, while the heavens were salt. Or Sheridan:

'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I never could injure you.'

Certainly not, my dear fellow. Should your heart play tricks on your medical man, and not beat as does your pulse, the risk is all on your own head. Even our modern Tennyson is oblivious to the law of diffusion of liquids when he sings:

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the *heart;*'

and when he says:

'Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break,'

it at least shows he has not consulted the mortality lists."

"Stop! stop!" cried the Critic, "such iconoclasm is not to be allowed. Do you think it right to deprive us, by your rational science, of so much of the beautiful, and so much of what seems true to the feelings of every man? Think you there is really no relationship between the various emotions and the rapidity of the flow of the blood through your so-called pump?"

"Stay," replied the Professor, "I asserted nothing, but merely gave an example of the tendencies of materialistic science. Besides, you will not allure me into argument, for I venture that your opinions, whatever they are, came not by proof, and it has been well said that argument avails little when convictions were not obtained by logic."

"Even if we deprive the heart of all its poetic power, we grant unto it a function more wonderful, more beautiful than before," remarked the Doctor.

But the soothing influence of a Summer's twilight came over us, and each held conference with his own thoughts.

XI.

O that the night of Sin were over!
O that temptation would not hover
Around my path, my strength to try:
Would that the day-break now were nigh!

Be still my heart and cease repining;
Cease thy sad mourning, cease thy sighing;
Thy Master leadeth in devious way,
But leadeth thee to eternal day.

O that the world had ceased its power,
That I might not stray in every hour!
O that the flesh would be o'ercome,
And the Devil's reign on earth be done!

What! my weak heart art still complaining
Thy Father's hand is all sustaining:
More grace he giveth as is thy need,
And to thy rest in the end will lead.

ZEB.

MY PICTURE.

FAR DOWN in my heart is a nurtured ideal,
A picture of Love by the brush of a God!
A maiden it images, living and real—
I see her—she weeps as I've wept, tears of blood.

She is true as the Truth and as fair as the Fair . . .
Your face is that picture: I kiss it and go
To your heart and knock softly: I enter. O rare
That heart and its love, and as pure as the snow!

Aye, purer than snow; as white as the whiteness
Of angelic garments; and full and as strong
As an ocean at flood-tide; and fill'd with the brightness
Of beautiful Summer. . . I give you this song.

* * *

ANNABEL.

NOW I care not for the music
Of the Robin and the Wren,
Nor of the merry Bobonnk
Upward springing from the glen:
For my ear hath heard the song,
Sweeter than the song of birds,
That my Annabel was singing,
As she homeward drove the herds.

When we quarrelled, then my heart
Grew parched as any desert land—
Not a drop of water twinkling
O'er its dry and arid sand.
Now I smile—I hear the song,
Hear the air and catch the words,
That I taught my Annabel,
As we homeward drove the herds.

Hope within my heart is bubbling
Like a fountain in the sand,
Bringing grass and tinted flowrets,
Making it a fertile land:
For my ear hath heard the song,
Heard the air and caught the words,
That my Annabel was singing,
As she homeward drove the herds

And I knew myself forgiven,
Knew her anger all was dead,
Drowning with the melody
All the cruel words I said.
And I laugh to hear the song,
To hear the air and catch the words,
That I taught my Annabel,
As we homeward drove the herds.

W.

ALICE HARRISON.

THIS RURAL maid hath power to stir
My heart to joy or wild despair,
While stately village belles go by,
Nor leave a faint emotion there.
If I were of th' favorite race
Whose lips the Muses bless with song,
The world should hear me sing in praise
Of pretty Alice Harrison.

For when I hear her gentle voice,
Or catch a glance of her bright eye,
My soul doth feel the ecstacy,
Which lifts the lark unto the sky.
If I were King of some rich realm,
No other maid should share the throne;
And all the land should bend the knee
To pretty Alice Harrison.

I love her—why, I scarce can tell!
For other maids have cheeks as fair,
And other maids have deep, blue eyes,
And waving locks of auburn hair.
And yet, were I the Pope of Rome,
I'd willing yield my power and crown,
To spend one short and happy hour
With pretty Alice Harrison.

So fair she seems, so sweet a maid,
And pure as is the sky above;
I'd give my all if she'd but lift
Me to her heart of burning love.
Ah! then indeed the world should hear
The song I'd sing with trumpet tone,
And know the love my heart doth bear
To pretty Alice Harrison.

W.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL NOTES.

OUR VALEDICTORY.

WITH THIS number of the Magazine its publication will be suspended,—whether temporarily, or permanently, cannot now be stated. None will regret this step more than the Publishers and Editor. Were the enterprise considered by them a decided failure, they would now wish decently to inter it, with as little funeral parade as possible. But there are successful, as well as non-successful results, which have been attained by its publication. These we propose to sum up in a few brief notes, which shall be the Editor's "Farewell" to the readers of OUR HOME.

In noting something respecting the origin and progress of this Magazine, it should first be

stated that it has been, in several respects, a *novelty* in local literature. Other periodicals, like newspapers, have been originated for one of two purposes,—either as means of livelihood to the publishers, or as organs of some particular societies, institutions, or set of principles. But OUR HOME came into existence under different circumstances. It was born in almost a day, from a hastily formed conviction that such a periodical would be sufficiently sustained to pay its expenses the first, and possibly leave a margin to be applied to its improvement the second year, should it be considered desirable to continue it after a full twelve months' trial. While New Jersey had a large number of newspapers, poor, medium and good, there was no monthly publication in the State circulating as a *home* magazine. *Beecher's*, of Trenton, was known to be about to give up the ghost, in part from the financial inability of its publisher to continue it, but also because its increasing worthlessness was killing it more rapidly than its claim to the patronage of young men, at the period of its origination, built it up. There was a *Seip's Monthly* at Washington, Warren County, but it was simply an advertising medium, joined with the "patent insides and outsides" of a collection of miscellaneous literature. Otherwise, no Magazines (except those of the Colleges and of certain special Societies) were printed in New Jersey. The fate of the *Northern Monthly* and of *Beecher's* was a warning against an immediate attempt on too large a scale, and amply proved that, at the best, there would be no *money* in an independent literary monthly of the usual Magazine proportions. It was, therefore, determined to try a forty-eight page publication, which should be of handsome typography, and to essay at first to carry it along as a periodical having local reference to Somerset and Hunterdon Counties. We knew that from small beginnings sometimes came great endings. Such a magazine could feel the public pulse, and determine how it beat toward an enterprize of this character. This has been adjudged by some of our friends a mistake, but we think differently. We believe, instead, that this very course in giving it a local foot-hold, would have marked results were the Magazine now enlarged in its dimensions, and an attempt made to widen the sphere of its circulation, by the adaptation of its contents to a more general reading public.

But we are wandering from what we first wished to say, viz:—that OUR HOME was started to meet a supposed public want, and entirely from a *love of the cause*. The present Editor had no other idea, nor had his associate, who, though prevented from giving the Magazine any part of his personal attention, felt a warm interest in its final success. The writer agreed to take the time necessary for conducting the Magazine from that which of right belonged to his chosen profession, without hope of pecuniary recompense, or any reward, indeed, except that to arise from a consciousness of attempting to put into the hands of the many lovers of good literature in Central New Jersey a periodical, freed of the trashy fiction of *Beecher* or *Wood*, and one conveying local as well as general, and always moral, elevating or instructive information and thought. To have a Magazine printed at our own doors, whose contents should be written at our own firesides, and should contain alike reminiscences of our ancestors, incidents about ourselves, and home-thoughts appealing to our minds and hearts, seemed to him objects worthy of whatever time and ability he could devote to them. So we started out, hoping for good results the first year, and for better the second.

In the narrow circle we prescribed for it, the Magazine has now circulated the first year, and we sum up the following facts as seeming to have been established by the experiment:

First, That it found the public want for a home Magazine to exist, as was surmised.

Second, That our people have been made to feel a greater interest than before in *local history*, which is something accomplished.

Third, That so far from interfering with, or injuring, or being injured by the weekly newspapers, it is their proper co-laborer in educating the people. In addition, it has been shown to have at least one mission entirely its own:—the preservation of most important historical data, which would otherwise be lost.

Fourth, That it has awakened a literary taste of the correct, beneficial sort among certain persons and families, who before supposed that what was printed in the home newspapers, and necessarily written without deliberation or care, was good enough for home reading, and for the literary education of themselves and their children.

Fifth, That it being a *desideratum*, and well received by its readers, (a fact which, from the information we possess, we feel safe to assume,) a continuation of its publication under the original plan, which contemplated an extension

of its size and sphere, would quite certainly meet with fair success.

Sixth, The chief difficulties in carrying forward such a publication are to be overcome the first year. Having survived them, a second year would be more propitious in every respect.

In justice to ourself, we ought yet to add a remark or two respecting the conduct of the Magazine. Apologies are seldom in place, and still less seldom well received, but we dare not assume that in this case none are needed. The first is, that, because of our other professional engagements, it has been impossible to devote to OUR HOME the time needed to make it the readable periodical it should have been. If its Editorial Department has at times been weak, it should be remembered that everything we have written for it was done hurriedly. In the selection of the general articles, while we have carefully eschewed stories without a moral, and sometimes, from pressure of more solid and, (as appeared to us), more important matter, rejected stories with a moral, we have also been often governed by a rule known as "taking the best you have." A new periodical of this nature finds a dearth of good articles the first year, necessarily. This would not occur afterward, if we may believe from the "signs of the times." When a Magazine is once established and has the public approbation, there need be no trouble about securing good writers to write good things. Our second remark is respecting the "heavy matter" we are said, (by some,) to have published, to the detriment of the publication. In so far as the fact of departing from the usual rule regulating the selection of matter for a literary periodical is concerned, we plead guilty. We believed, however, that nothing would so much give the Magazine character, permanency, and real interest to our people, for to-day not only but for the future, as a plentiful supply of local history and solid thought. While the interest in town and church history was fresh, and, while OUR HOME *represented in particular Somerset and Hunterdon Counties*, we wished to gather all which could be gathered about our old Dutch, English, or other ancestors, for permanent use. Surely our local history is a treasure for sire to bequeath to son, not in tradition but in truthful print. The time has hardly come for a full history of the settlement of the Raritan and Musconetcong Valleys, or the various towns scattered over Somerset and Hunterdon. But the facts for it should be gathered now. Every year old men die and old documents perish, and with them pass away forever interesting and important data. For the small part this Magazine has taken in collecting these materials of history, we hardly believe the next generation will express a regret.

As to the reasons which impel the present publishers to relinquish their enterprize, they may be given in a very few words. We have already announced to our readers that the time of the Rev. Mr. Cornell, who originally hoped to coöperate with us, is so fully occupied, and that his health needs such care, as to preclude any material assistance by him to this Magazine in the future. Rev. Mr. Le Fevre is also so situated as not to be able to render it service, —as has, unfortunately, been the case heretofore. We have carried the burden, amid the work of another, and arduous profession, and without a murmur. But there are limitations to health and abilities and, therefore, to duties. No one man can serve two masters and do it equally well. The time the past year gave for recreation as an Editor having been curtailed by increased professional labor, and the necessity of having leisure hours for the regaining of impaired health, no provision can be made by us for continuing OUR HOME (enlarged, as we would wish to have it) without leaving our chosen avocation, or sacrificing our strength. And so we deem it best to sacrifice the Magazine, which will be done permanently unless some other party chooses, from business enterprize, or *pro bono publico*, to carry it forward.

We take this occasion to thank our many contributors, without whose aid OUR HOME could not have existed, or made for itself the place it has. On behalf of our readers, as well as for ourself, we acknowledge to them a lasting debt of gratitude. Without pay, and sometimes unsolicited, they have prepared articles of merit, some requiring much research, solely to aid the enterprize. We express the hope that should the Magazine be continued, they will remain its firm supporters and patrons.

To our subscribers we also return our warm thanks. While many, who had "lost faith" in new journalistic efforts, because of some failures (in Bound Brook and elsewhere) to carry them on after subscriptions were paid, turned their backs upon OUR HOME, and others who are cynics about everything not foreign in manufacture and flavor, refused to encourage us, other hundreds came nobly to our support, in a "hard time." They thus exhibited their faith that the characters of the publishers

were such as to ensure a fulfilment by them of their contract to furnish at least one volume of the Magazine for each two dollars received—for which mark of confidence we specially thank them.

And now, to one and all, who may read these lines, we give a *farewell*, with the hope that we may all so live here as to meet in the Hereafter in the Better World, there to clasp hands and feel the higher kinship of purified hearts, with our errors all blotted out, and our natures made to shine as stars forever and ever.

—WE return thanks to the following newspapers for the interest they have expressed in, and the kindly notices they have given to OUR HOME: *Somerset Unionist*, *Somerset Gazette*, *Somerset Messenger*, *Hunterdon Republican*, *Lambertville Record*, *Lambertville Beacon*, *Frenchtown Press*, *Frenchtown Independent*, *Clinton Democrat*, *Family Casket*, *New Brunswick Fredonian* and *Central (N. J.) Times*. The *Hunterdon Democrat*, of Flemington, has refused to notice, or exchange with us. The same is the case with the *New Brunswick Times*. Such discourtesy on the part of two of our neighboring journals deserves even more than this special notice, because the publishers of each understood the necessity we were under of having their papers to use in constructing our "Local Items" and "Tables." But this is an age of liberty to do as seems best, and perhaps we should make no complaint.

—IT IS unfortunate that this volume closes without concluding the papers of Judge Voorhees, or the "Recollections of an Aged Minister," by Rev. Dr. Blauvelt, or "Cuba In Winter," by Mr. Mellick. The former gentleman being nearly an octagenarian, it can not be expected that he will long be able to readily call to his memory, and to write with the facility he has written, the many untold genealogical, historical and anecdotal facts stored up in his mind about our Dutch forefathers. We sought him out at the beginning of this enterprize and solicited what he has written; and we know our readers are thankful (the descendants of Dutch ancestors in particular) for eliciting from him what he has already given. Dr. Blauvelt has been unable to continue his papers, which interested so many. This we much regret. That he may at a time not distant conclude them somewhere and in some shape, is a hope we take pleasure in expressing. Mr. Mellick's delightful views of Cuban life and society have already imparted to many of our readers a desire to spend a Winter on the Great Antilles, in which desire we also claim a share. He would have concluded in another article. The venerable Dr. Blane, of Hunterdon, has been prevented by a family affliction from making the progress with his "Recollections" that was hoped for, and we are obliged to close this volume without further instalments from his pen.

—SOME singular mistakes of typography invariably occur in printing a newspaper, or periodical. A very funny one appeared in the June number of this Magazine. On page 278 will be found this poem:

SORROW.

I cannot tell thee as I ought,
Be quiet: let thy tears not fall.
O father dear! the word I've brought
Is fraught with sorrow for us all.
Yet trials must come e'en on thy head:
O father dear! our old Uncle's dead!

By some strange freak of the types, or another reason, which we are unable to give, it was printed as it appears above. In the original the last line was—as its author declares—

"O father dear! our old *donkey's* dead!"

This is surely both a ludicrous and unfortunate mistake, and we do not wonder that the author of the verse was so annoyed as to withhold from us any more contributions. We can now only say, we are sorry for the mistake, and make this correction as soon as possible after the discovery of the error. Readers of OUR HOME will please make the alteration in the proper place.

—"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;"

and the birds have flown to more congenial climes; but we can blithely bid farewell to all the sweet accompaniments of fragrant Summer and our little feathered friends, when sweet, human-voice'd singers take their places and attune our hearts to a higher range of thought and feeling. During the early part of the present month many of the readers of OUR HOME were furnished with an agreeable opportunity of attending a musical entertainment, given in Somerville, by that talented and already well-known trio, "The Vocalius Sisters." The copious showers which deluged our streets at night-fall, and during the entire

evening of the seventh of November, deprived many of our citizens, however, of the pleasure bestowed upon the fortunate few who ventured to brave the inclemencies of the weather. The young ladies we have named above, whose vocal and instrumental efforts have been so generally and deservedly commended by the Press for the past two years, or since they have been before the public, and whose fresh, sweet voices have been heard and admired in many of the large cities, throughout the Union and Canada, have, beside their later history, a still closer claim upon our sympathy and interest in their welfare, from the fact of their being considered natives of Hunterdon County. Residing in Chicago at the time of the great conflagration, they shared the fate of many sufferers in that city. Emerging from the firey ordeal, they have come before the public, as three graceful, charming young girls, with only their brave hearts and the wonderful gifts Nature has bestowed upon them to sustain them in their self-reliant course. The clear, flute-like soprano voice of the elder sister, "Louise," makes her, beyond question, the "bright, particular star" of the little circle, and her rapid, accurate execution of difficult and intricate passages, together with a natural and attractive grace of manner in her delightful rendering of simple and familiar ballads, and the sympathetic intonation, richness, power and flexibility of her voice, not only furnish many necessary qualities for a true artist, but proclaim her such already. The voices of the younger sisters, "Eva" and "Frank," being contralto and mezzo-soprano, limit greatly their capabilities in solo-singing, but their depth of tone, and the united range of the *three voices* are remarkable. In truth, all are singularly sweet and pure.

We regret to learn that these American nightingales, who have been under the tuition of Sig. Muzio for some months past, and who have endeared themselves to so many hearts and lovers of music in this country, are to leave us soon for an indefinite period, to win additional triumphs and new friends in Europe and the British Isles. We can only wish them *bon voyage*, with grateful hearts for the legacy of sweet memories they leave us.

—We do not like the sentiment of the verses printed below, and which we cannot place elsewhere. There may be in many minds an overweening pride of self-importance, which is the bane of all true youthful heroism, but there is nearly as much danger in repressing manly ardor, usefulness and responsibility in the way indicated by the sentiment of these verses. Every man is bound to make himself of some use in the world, so that it "really needs him." That the world will "move without him" is very true, but it ought not. God created no human being for a cipher. The field of activity is large, and every individual with health and brain is bound by every duty to his Maker, his fellowmen and himself to do something, and all he can to improve the world by a correct life and a positive influence for good. To make others happier, and, mayhaps, rescue some from destruction, are objects, the attainment of which the world needs; and it *cannot* "move without them."

THE WORLD WILL MOVE WITHOUT YOU.

BY E. T. BUSH.

Think not, however high your sphere,
Or wide the circle heeds you,
To make yourself so great or good
That this world really needs you;
Of human interests to twine
So many threads about you,
That, seeing all these threads you hold,
The world won't move without you.

Long ages since great men have risen,
And worked and toiled in anguish,
And thought, when they should leave the world
The world behind would languish:
But th' world moved on and great men rose;
You're one? I do not doubt you,
But don't forget as you go on,
The world has moved without you.

Let not the thought of others' grief
At your departure fret you,
For friend and foe and all the world,
Alike will soon forget you.
Your dearest friends, who seem to care
So very much about you,
Will laugh the same when you are dead,
And th' world move on without you.

Man's life is like a pebble thrown
Into a rapid river:—
A little plash, a ripple faint,
Dies out—is gone forever!
Then do not fret about the world,
'Twill never fret about you:
The world moves on while you are in it,
'Twill move as well without you.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE ARE obliged, from want of room, to greatly abridge our "Literary Notes" this month, which we regret much. But the "General Notes" may be found as interesting reading.

—FEW of the "common people" in the Church by which we mean the mass of the laity, as distinguished from the professional classes and the ministers, have in their library a *harmony* of the Gospel, showing a connective narrative, and, side by side, the different naratives, of the incidents in the life of Christ. This everyone, who is a student, or even a casual reader of the Bible, should have. A full view of the Saviour's life on earth, as recorded from four several stand-points, cannot be obtained so well, if at all, as by looking through the Gospels harmonized. One of the best books in this field seems to us to be that of the Rev. George W. Clark, now of the Baptist Church, Somerville. (*A New Harmony of the Four Gospels in English.* By Rev George W. Clark, author of "Notes on Matthew." New York: Sheldon & Co., 12 mo. 377 *pp.*) The work is admirable for general use, but is also specially adapted to the use of Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes. No Sabbath School teacher, engaged in teaching the Gospels to their classes, and especially no Bible-class teacher, whose pupils are supposed to be of advanced intelligence, can afford to do without a book of this kind. Suppose an incident in the life of Christ as related by Matthew to be under consideration. The inquiring pupil will naturally wish to know, and *ought* to know, then and there, what, if anything, Mark and Luke and John have to say about it. To hunt up in the new Testament these collateral narratives is much trouble, and then the likenesses or unlikenesses will not be so apparent, as if the eye takes in at a glance on one page the complete whole. We venture to say that whoever tries to teach with such a work in hand will never afterward think of doing without it. Mr. Clark's "Notes on the Harmony," which follows the "Harmony" proper, add materially to the value of his book, as do his careful "Synopsis" and the Indices. We learn that this work may be also obtained of the American Tract Society, at the regular price, $1.50. The edition has reached its fifth thousand.

—AN ENTIRELY separate work in some respects, yet one which very properly supplements his *Harmony*, is another book by the same author. (*Notes on the Gospel of Matthew; Explanatory and Practical.* By Rev. George W. Clark. Philadelphia: Bible and Publication House. 12 mo. 420 *pp.*) We have examined this work with some curiosity, to see if there would really appear in it an excuse for its existence, considering the large number of New Testament *Commentaries* published. A book of this kind must have much to commend it, if it stand the test of comparison with the many good like works which have preceded it. As a result, we are happy to express an opinion altogether favorable to Mr. Clark's *Notes*. In fact, we know of no *Notes* on Matthew which, for general use, or for Sabbath School teachers, is the superior, or is *as good*, as this handy volume. There is no needless statement of opposing views, nor useless intermixture of Greek words, nor tedious moralizing on every important sentence: but a succinct presentation of what the author considers the correct interpretation of a passage, just enough critical exegesis to meet the inquiring want of the class student, and "Remarks" at the close much more to the point than we usually see in small Commentaries, or even large ones. In the matter of baptism, the author, of course, adopts his own views and those of his Church, in preference to the views of the general Protestant Church, yet makes no special point upon it as regards baptism at the present day. The illustrations in this volume do not detract from its value, but the contrary.

We ought to add that these two books of Mr. Clark's which we have thus noticed were sought out by us for examination, and we make these notices,—as all book notices in OUR HOME are made—from an independant judgment upon their intrinsic merits, and with a sole view to always state both the merits and demerits of a book as fairly as we know how. If we can thus aid our readers in the purchase of any literary or text books, we shall receive pleasure from the service.

—IT IS a good sign for the times when a layman in the Church, like Judge N. W. Voorhees of Hunterdon County, who, as a business man, is there widely and favorably known, consents to address the Bible Society, and repeat the Address afterward on a Sabbath evening in a Church by request, taking for his theme

'Christian Happiness.' That it should be published upon the demand of the friends of that Society is a guarantee of its fitness for the perusal of every intelligent reader. This pamphlet (*Thoughts on Happiness*: An Address delivered at Ringoes, N. J., August 18th, 1873, before the Hunterdon Co. Bible Society. By N. W. Voorhees, President of the Society.) is handsomely printed, and will probable be widely circulated. We have space for one extract, which will show the solid character of the author's argument:

"Our view of virtue, of moral right, must not be that erroneous doctrine that motive is right, an act is right, not because it is in conformity with the will of God, but because, in our imperfect view, it is calculated to promote our own happiness, or even the happiness of Mankind. There has been much unsound teaching, much false teaching on this point, much that, with a semblance of Truth and mingled with Truth has yet led away from and not to the fountain of Truth and Happiness. Happiness is the result of right action. That course of action which Duty prescribes is not only consistent with, but essential to Man's Happiness. But it does not follow that Happiness is the aim, the measure, and the rule of right action. Moral obligation has a higher source, a higher authority, a higher standard. Every right action tends to Man's real happiness. Especially is this true when considered with reference to the whole of Man's being. And there is no dispute that man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness. But it does not follow that an act, every act is to be done, because it has, or is supposed to have, a tendency to promote our individual happiness. What is Right ought to be done; what is Wrong ought to be avoided. Virtue should be practised, Vice should be shunned. We should rest on these intuitive certainties and not perplex ourselves with questions as to why we should do right. We will derive no benefit from that kind of inquiry. When Right is once ascertained, there should be no hesitation as to the path of duty, the course of action. The true doctrine on this point is that Virtue and Vice are distinct and opposite, and when we know an act to be Right we are bound aside from all consideration of self-interest, to perform it. There can be no other solid basis of Right Action. The theory of morals that makes the only difference between Virtue and Vice to consist in their tendency to promote or hinder the happiness of the individual, makes the rule of Right identical with Self-Love, and thus makes a supreme regard to one's own interest, in other words Selfishness, the universal principle of Right Action. We all know that a supremely selfish man is never esteemed a virtuous man by the impartial judgment of mankind. Nor does the indulgence of Selfishness, aiming at our own happiness as the central point of effort, effect its end. The selfish man is not the happy man. 'To render to each one his due,' is a right rule of morals, which the selfish man is tempted every hour to violate. A man may never pursue his own happiness at the expense of the happiness of others. Benevolence is the true rule. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" is the rule of Right that most advances our own and the general good. 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore Love is the fulfilling of the law.'"

—WE HAVE received too late for notice a book of song from Roberts Bros. Boston. (*Songs from the Southern Seas, and Other Poems.* By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Bros. 12 mo. 227 *pp.*) It appears to be all that it claims, and from a casual look at it, and the reviews we have read of it by competent critics, we have no doubt it deserves recognition as another exemplification of genuine poetical genius.

—WE HAVE also received from Roberts Bros. their edition of Miller's *Songs of the Sierras*, uniform with *Songs of the Sierras*, and reviewed in the *October* number of this Magazine.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

HISTORICAL LETTER FROM READINGTON.

Editor of OUR HOME: The following consistorial letter to the four churches under the pastoral care of the Rev. Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen may be of interest to many of the readers of OUR HOME. It is taken from the book of minutes of the Reformed Church at Readington (formerly called North Branch.) It appears in a plain hand, written in Dutch by the Pastor. The translation is made by Mr. Samuel Streng, late of Pella, Iowa, now teacher of the school at South Branch.

TTT

The other item on Witchcraft is from the same source.

JOSEPH THOMPSON.

"In the year 1736, on the 18th of October, consistory meeting was held at Raritan, with the entire consistory of the four churches; and there the following address was resolved upon, to be announced to the people, as did take place in all the churches, in manner as follows:

"*Beloved Hearers:* we announce to you that the Consistory of the four churches has been in session at Raritan, and has now resolved to call yet a second Dutch pastor for these four churches—therefore do we request the beloved churches also willingly to consent thereto, and readily to subscribe therefore. For God wills, that the church-service or the ministry of the Word and the schools be supported and sustained.

"We pray 'Thy Kingdom come;' that the Lord of the harvest may cast out laborers into His harvest, since the harvest is great, but the laborers few. If we pray aright, we should seek the advancement of Christ's Kingdom by very deed, and should gladly contribute generously thereto; the more—inasmuch as all that we have is the Lord's. So, therefore, no one can better bestow his goods than to the upbuilding of the cause of Christ, the which is graciously rewarded, even in temporal matters. He who hath all hearts in His hands, incline our hearts not unto niggardliness, but unto benevolence, especially that we may do good unto his house; the more, while it is generally known that the churches increase in number and that it is impossible for one minister to administer unto so many churches, especially not when he has become weak and old.

"It is further announced to the beloved church, that in every church, some of the ablest members have been chosen as aids or helpers, in accordance with 1. Cor. XII: 28. 'And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly, teachers, after that, miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments.'"

1. In the church at New Brunswick the following persons have been appointed as helpers: Roelof Nevius, Hendrick Visscher, and Abraham Ouke.

2. In the church at Raritan: Hendrick Bries and Theunis Post.

3. In the Church at North Branch: Simon Van Aersdaalen.

4. In the church at Six-Mile-Run: Elbert Stoothof.

"These men have been chosen of the Consistory and appointed as helpers, as catechetical instructors, to be allowed to conduct exercises and catechesations, and also to officiate in public in the church in place of the Domine in case he be not at home or otherwise through sickness be not able to act.

"Also these helpers are to this purpose; to assist every member and hearer, with counsel instruction, guidance, consolation and supplication.

"May the Lord of the House, bless this to upbuilding and edification, and may he pour out abundantly upon these our brethren the gifts of His Holy Spirit. Finally, it is resolved that no one be permitted to hold exercises and catechisations *with* and *for* others, without consent of the Consistory: (*private* catechisations *may* and *must* be held by every head of the family with his children and those of his household,) but no lay member shall hold such an one publicly, without the consent of the Consistories, unless he be appointed by the Consistory thereto."

"Done in our church-meeting at Raritan, dated as above.

"T. J. Frelinghuysen,
Elbert Stoothof,
Scriba."

"January 15, 1784, the Rev. Consistory of North Branch convened at the house of Jan Simouse, and was opened with prayer.

"Article I. Was presented to the Rev. Consistory, an offence given to the church by M———who in his own house has permitted the use of improper means, (forbidden in God's Word,) by a person bearing the name of sorcerer, for the recovery of a child said to be tormented by witchcraft. The said M——— being present, did not, upon presentation of his accusation, show a sufficient knowledge of his transgression, whereupon the matter was postponed for consideration at the earliest meeting of Consistory. January 30, 1784. The Rev. Consistory met at the house of Edward Bunn, opened with prayer. Article I. Was resumed the matter concerning M———, taken into consideration at the last held meeting of Consistory, and the said M.——— being present, has manifested a sufficient knowledge of his transgression, and thereupon has made confession out of which the Rev. Consistory has taken its satisfaction.

"Article II. J. D———, concerning whose child the above mentionedoffence was presented, having also ignorantly fallen into the same error, and being addressed concerning it, has also, by a hearty confession, given complete satisfaction. His wife also has given satisfaction in this. Thus the meeting is closed with thanksgiving.

"*Testis.* Simeon Van Artsdalen,
V. D. M. *et* H. S., Præses."

THE VAN DOREN ANCESTORS.

[In the August number of this Magazine appeared the genealogy of the Van Doren family, which was known to be imperfect at its *commencement*. The writer of the following has traced up the first ancestors very fully, and because of the immense number of their family connections here and over the whole country we give place to his letter.—ED.]

Editor of OUR HOME:—The ancestry of the Van Doren family in this country is involved in some uncertainty. There was a Cornelis Lamberson Van Doorn, who came over to Albany in 1642. There was a Diedlof Doorn, who, according to the Collegiate Church records, on the 12th of January, 1681, married Elsie Janriaens; and the same year had a son, Diedlof baptised, and on the 14th of September, 1687, had a son Jansianch baptised. Cornelius Van Doorn, who married Anneke Golder, and removed at an early day to Monmouth County, and settled in Middletown, was in all probability a branch of this family, as he also had a son by the name of Diedlo baptised in 1713. This branch of the Van Doorn family soon dropped altogether the Van from their name, and have now for several generations been known as the Dorn family. What particular relationship this family bore to the one I shall speak of hereafter I cannot state, but tradition and circumstances point to a common ancestry. There was a Pieter Van Doorn, who, with his wife Jannetje Rauchen, had a child Jannetje baptised, as appeared from the Collegiate Church records, April 12th, 1659. From the prevalence of the name of Pieter in the family of which I propose to give a more particular account, I regard this Pieter as the father in this country. I suppose he resided on Long Island, from whence as was common before a Minister was settled on the Island, parents took their children over to New Amsterdam to have them baptised. I also suppose that Pieter Van Doorn died when his children were young, as there is no mention of his name among those who took the oath of allegiance in 1687, or in the preserved tax list of those times. I also think it altogether probable that Jacob Van Doorn, who removed from the Western end of Long Island, and settled in Monmouth County about the year 1698 was a son of this Pieter. The first notice I find on the records of the name of Jacob Van Doorn is his reception as a member of the Church of Brooklyn, in the year 1695. About this time or a year or two previous he married Marytje, daughter or Arie or Adriaen Willemse Bennet, and Angenietje or Agnes Jans, daughter of Jan Rycmasse Van Dyke, of Gowanus. This Arie Willemse Bennet, Jacques and Bantyn, purchased in 1676 of the Indians 900 acres of land at Gowanus. We find Jacob Van Doorn serving on a jury in Monmouth in 1699, and also his signature as witness to a deed, in 1700, which show an unusual excellence as a penman for those times. We find the names of his third, fifth and sixth children on the baptismal records of Brooklyn, and those of his eighth, ninth and tenth children on those of Freehold. It may be of some interest here to state that his son Abraham who, on settling in life removed to Somerset County, and was for many years Sheriff of that County, was the first child baptized, as recorded on the 20th day of October, 1709, and the day following the installation of the Rev. Joseph Morgan, as the first Pastor of the Reformed Church of Freehold, in the presence of the Rev. Bernardus Freeman of Long Island, and the organization of that Church, by the appointment of Elders and Deacons, of the two Deacons, Jacob Van Doorn was one. From circumstances, I conclude the Van Doorn family had no permanent home until their settlement in New Jersey. From the south-west corner of that fertile and beautiful vale known as Pleasant Valley, in Monmouth County, there extends to the west a smaller valley. In this, and extending on the hills on either side, and as far as the present village of Hillsdale, lay the lands which came into the possession of Jacob Van Doorn, containing about 676 acres, most of it hilly, but some comparatively plain, and very fertile; and embracing the present farms of Thomas Ely, Jonathan Holmes, and Dr. Cook. The N. W. corner of it is a piece of woodland owned by Mr. Daniel Van Doorn, to whom it has come through successive generations for about 175 years. These lands were in all probability purchased between the years 1695 and 1699, (the original papers, or the record of them I have been unable to find, after careful search at Trenton, Amboy, and among private papers,) as in the former year the land is corresponding with these are said to have belonged to an Indian by the name of Wickatong. In the latter year Mr. Van Doorn appears as a permanent resident in the country. He no doubt procured the Indian title, and also the proprietor right from Wm. Penn and Wm. Emlson, to whom these lands are assigned on Reid's map of 1685. The original location of the family residence was on the point of the hill separating the smaller from the larger valley, about one mile west of the village of Holmdel, and near what is now known as Ely's Mills. Their first dwelling, like that of other settlers in a wilderness country, was no doubt built of logs, and this in a few years was succeeded by a plain but more comely abode; and again, when Jacob Couwenhoven possessed this part of the property, he erected the spacious mansion subsequently remodeled and now occupied by Mr. Thomas Ely. On the stream coming down from the hills encircling Pleasant Valley, and but a short distance east of his dwelling, Jacob Van Doorn [illegible] a grist mill, at what particular date I have [illegible] unable to ascertain, but no doubt not long [illegible] his settlement here, and among the [illegible] country, as the wants of the settlement community called for such a convenience. It was there in 1719, when he wrote his will [illegible]

remained on that location until 1829, when the late Sheriff Ely erected a new mill on a site about 200 yards lower down on the stream, and the old mill was taken down. The old pond has now become entirely filled up by the sand washed down from above. About the year 1800, the supply of water for the mill was increased by, first, tunneling and subsequently by an open cut through the point of the hill, thus leading the stream from the West valley in the pond. Mr. Van Doorn, on the disposal of his property, by his will bequeathed half of his lands and half of his mill to his eldest son Aury, and the other half of his lands and also the mill to his fourth son, Jacob, at the same time directing that Aury should pay £75, each to four of the other children, and Jacob £75, to each of the other four, excepting that Isaac the youngest, should have £37, more. The will remained in the joint occupancy of these brothers, and then in that of Aury's son, Jacob, and grand-son, Jacob Conover, and of Jacob's sons Peter and Isaac for nearly a century. The western half of the lands was assigned to Jacob, and on this he lived the greater part of his life and brought up his family. Here he erected a first dwelling, and in 1753 built him a commodious residence, which, with some alterations, is still standing in good preservation. Here Jacob's son Peter also lived, and attained a good old age; then Peter's son-in-law, Elisha Holmes; and now his grand-son, Jonathan Holmes occupies the old mansion, and retains part of this portion of the land. Aury, at his death, in 1748, or 9, bequeathed his lands and mill to his only son Jacob, who was not married and left no heir, and this part of the property, about 1775 or 80, came into the possession of Jacob Couwenhoven, a son of his sister Mary. Jacob Couwenhoven died about 1810 and left it to his sons Rulief and Isaac, who through some mismanagement, lost it and in the year 1822, it was purchased by the late Sheriff John J. Ely, and is now occupied by his sons, William and Thomas.

Of the characteristics or excellencies of Jacob Van Doorn I have no particular information. From the fact of his possessing so large a tract of land and attending to the business of the mill, he must have been a man of more than ordinary business tact, and as he was one of the first deacons in 1709, and an elder in 1714, he must have taken an active part in sustaining the Church. He died between the dates April 24th, 1719, and March 21st, 1820, and when the larger number of his children were still minors, and the youngest but four or five years old. How long his wife Neltje Bennet survived him, I cannot state, but she was still living in 1731.

This pair had ten children, seven sons and three daughters. The eldest was Aria, born about 1695, died in 1748, or 9, and must have been about three years old when his parents emigrated to Monmouth County. He married, about 1730 Antje, daughter of Jan Schenck and Saartje Couwenhoven. She survived her husband. They had one son Jacob, baptized January 1st, 1734, who was not married, and was living in 1767, and four daughters: Maritje baptized March 31st, 1731, who married John Couwenhoven of Middletown, Sarah, born about 1736, (not married,) Antje, baptized March 25th, 1739, married Cyrenius Van Mater, who lived near the Stone Hill, North of Cole's Neck, and Neltje, baptized May 16th, 1742, married as her first husband, Hendrick Smock of Freehold, and as her second husband, Garret Hendrickson of Middletown.

Engeltje, born about 1697, and about 1718, married Roelof Schenck, brewer, born April 27th 1697, and died August 22d, 1768. They lived on a farm on the south-west side of Pleasant Valley, and adjoining on the north, that of his father-in-law. They had eleven children, five sons and six daughters. His eldest son was Garret, baptized May 31st, 1719, died about 1793. He married 1st, Mary Van Sickles, born 1720, and died January 14th, 1778, and 2d, Anne Ten Eyck. He removed to Amwell Township in Hunterdon County, and was the father of Captain John Schenck, an officer in the Revolution, grand-father of the late Peter C. Schenck, of Clover Hill, and great-grand father of the present Rev. Dr. N. H. Schenck of Brooklyn. The 2nd son was Jacob, baptized May 1st, 1726, and died December 19th, 1786. He married Mary Conover and settled at Penn's Neck, and had but one daughter, Catharine who married Joseph Stout. The 3rd son was William, born 1727, died December 13th, 1806. He settled in Amwell, married Mary Winters, born in 1732, and died January 29th, 1818. They had a numerous family. Of the sons, Rulief removed to Johnstown, N. Y., John to Hacketstown, N. J., Josiah settled near Millstone, N. J., and William and Abraham remained in Amwell. The 4th son was Roelof, born April 8th, 1737, and died October 22nd, 1803. He settled in Amwell and married 1st, Ann Hoagland, born 1742, and died April 15th, 1793, and 2nd Rebecca Hoagland, born October 8th, 1759, and died May 9th, 1832. They had two sons who remained in Amwell. The 5th son was John, born February 3rd, 1740, married his cousin Mary Van Doorn, born Nov. 3rd, 1746. He settled at Penn's Neck, and was a Captain in the Revolutionary army. He had a numerous family of children, of whom Rulief the eldest removed to the State of Ohio, Jacob to Cattskill, and then Oswego Falls, Garret to Waterloo, N. Y., Isaac to somewhere in Western N. Y., and John I. and William remained at Penn's Neck. The daughters of Brewer Roelof Schenck, were Maritje, baptized July 17th, 1720, died about 1755, married November 12th, 1741, to Jacob Sutphen of Amwell; Neltje, baptized January 17th, 1724, married February 18th, 1743, to Derick Sutphen of Peapack; Ann baptized May 1st, 1726, died September 25th, 1812, married about 1748, John Tice of Monmouth; Catharine, baptized May 22nd, 1730, married about 1755, Ort Van Dyke, who settled at Minisink and subsequently at Red Stone, near Pittsburg; Margaret, born about 1732, married an Emmons, near Somerville; Aganitje, baptized May 5th, 1734, married 1st about 1756, her cousin John Van Dorn of Peapack, and 2nd, Honce Voorhees.

The third child of Jacob Van Doorn, was Christyjan, baptized September 17th, 1699, and married Altje Schenck, daughter of John Schenck and Sarah Cowenhoven, and had 17 children.

The fourth child was William, born about 1701, married Altje, daughter of Cornelius Cowenhoven and Margaret Schenck. He died young and it appears without children. His widow married Cornelius Middach.

The fifth child was Jacob, born January 21st, 1703, died February 26th, 1779. He married 1st, Maritje, daughter of John Schenck and Sarah Cowenhoven, born August 8th, 1712, died October 31st, 1756, and married 2d, October 27th, 1763, Rachael daughter of Garret Schenck and Neltje Voorhees, baptized April 2nd, 1710, and widow of Guysbert Longstreet. He resided on the western part of his father's land as before mentioned, comprising 317 acres, and adjoining the present village of Hillsdale.

This 2nd Jacob Van Doorn, had seven sons and three daughters: Jacob, born January 15th, 1731, died October 19th, 1761, unmarried; John, born June 6th, 1733, married about 1756, to his cousin, Agnite, daughter of Roelof Schenck, and Engelje Van Doorn, as before stated. He removed to and settled at Peapack about 1760, and had sons, Jacob, William, and Roelof, and a daughter Ann. William, born December 3rd, 1736, died October 4th, 1816, married Rachael, daughter of Guysbert Longstreet of Squan, and Rachael Schenck. She died about 1765, and he subsequently married ~~Mary Hunt~~. He removed to Peapack, and had sons, Jacob and Gilbert. Isaac, born January 24th, 1739, died in youth. October 5th, 1740; Sarah, born February 20th, 1741, married about 1761, to John Antonides of Dutch Lanes near Freehold; Aaron, born September 14th, 1744, died July 14th, 1830, married, May 9th, 1765, Ghacy, daughter of John Schenck and Jacamyhtji Couwenhoven, born February 14th, 1748, died February 3rd, 1820. He removed to Peapack in 1765, and had a large family of children. Mary born November 3rd, 1746, married as before stated to Captain John Schenck of Penn's Neck; Isaac, born March 14th, 1752, died May 7th, 1831, married July 3rd, 1784, to Anne, daughter of Garret Conover and Eleanor Schenck, born May 21st, 1754, died June 11th, 1843. He lived in the village of Middletown, and attained a fine estate, and was much respected. He had an only son Garret who lived to be married, and he died childless; Peter, born July 4th, 1755, died May —, 1834, married, about 1779, Janetje, daughter of Elbert Williamson and Wilhemptje Schenck, baptized July 12th, 1758. Peter lived and died on the homestead of his father, and had also a large family of children, consisting of seven sons and four daughters; Anne, born October 27th, 1756, married Lewis Thompson and died a few years since at Somerville, at an advanced age.

The sixth child, was Augenyetie, baptized May 29th, 1705, married about 1729, William Wykoff, who lived near Freehold, and died in 1782. He had a large family of children, five sons and six daughters, as follows: Jacob, born 1730, died March 5th, 1812, married Sarah, daughter of William Couwenhoven and Anne Hendrickson, born 1733, and died August 25th, 1796, and had a son William, who was a Colonel in the War of the Revolution and was the father of the late Nathaniel F. Wykoff of Manalapan, and had daughters Ann, who married Dr. John T. Woodhull, Charlotte, who married Dr. Gilbert Woodhull, Amanda, who married Rev. William H. Woodhull, and Matilda, who married John C. Smith, a Merchant in Philadelphia; Peter, born about 1735, who married Abbon Cox, resided in Philadelphia, was aid to General Washington at the Battle of Monmouth, and was also grand-father of the celebrated Chevalier Henry Wykoff, once Editor of the *Democratic Review*; Isaac, baptized November 4th, 1739, married Martha Cox, resided in Philadelphia, had a son William, who removed to Baton Rouge, La., and married a Miss Gionsa, sister to the last Spanish Governor of Louisiana, some of his descendants settling in New Orleans, and some in Easton, Pennsylvania; John, unmarried, died in the West Indies in 1768; William baptized December 3rd, 1850, married Lousa Watts, and settled at Opelousa, Louisiana; Eleanor, born in 1737, died, August 26th, 1793, married Colonel John Conover, who resided near the present Marlboro, Monmouth County; Maria, baptized October 28th, 1733, married Abraham Hendrickson; Ann, baptized August 9th, 1731, died unmarried; Margaret died unmarried; Agnes, baptized August 21st, 1743, died unmarried; Catharine, baptized May 11th, 1746, married Ezekiel Forman of Freehold. A large number of the male descendants of William Wykoff and Agnes Van Doorn, were men of education and graduates of Yale and Princeton Colleges.

The seventh child of Jacob Van Doorn, was Catharine, born 1707, and married a Cornelius Wyckoff, I suppose of Somerset County.

Abraham, Baptised October 20th, 1709, settled at Middlebush, Somerset County, and was Sheriff of that County.

Peter, baptized September 2nd, 1711, was probably the one drowned when a young man at Shoal Harbor.

Isaac, baptized March 13th, 1774–5, was not married, lived at or near the old homestead, had a tannery, shoemaker's shop, and store, and became quite wealthy, but when he died I have not ascertained.

From these statements it will be seen the descendents of Jacob Van Doorn and Maria Bennet have become very numerous, almost all were worthy members of society, and numbers of them have attained to wealth and distinction or piety and usefulness in the Church.

G. C. SCHENCK.

Marlboro, N. J., Nov. 11th, 1873.

AN OLD SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Editor of OUR HOME: In your August number you gave a sketch of the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, for fifty-two years the esteemed pastor of the Neshanic Reformed Church. I have in my possession a little book, written in the Dutch language more than a hundred years ago, which contains the names of the subscribers to the salary of "Dominie Van Harlingen" in the year 1763. In some manner I have received the impression that Harlingen received its name from the family name of this good old Dutch Dominie. As you are engaged in putting on record the facts of local history, I have thought that perhaps it might interest you to have this list of the subscribers, dating as far back as October, 1763. Some of your numerous readers may also find pleasure in tracing their ancestry to these honored names of Church supporters in the Colonial times.

P. D. OAKEY.

Neshanic, Oct. 1873.

The following is the list:

Abraham Van VoorHees	£0	5s	3d
Abraham Du Boys	0	14	0
Cornieleya Cock	0	1	3
Domienicus Stryker	0	7	0
Joseph Van Der Veer	0	7	0
Philippes Van Ars Dalen	0	14	0
Abraham Low	0	4	4
Peter Beekman	0	7	0
Elbert Hoglant	0	1	4
Thomas Cock	0	7	0
Barent Ryneerse	0	7	0
Daniel Hunt	0	6	0
George Brokaw	0	7	0
Johannes Demott	1	0	0

LOCAL ITEMS.

OCTOBER, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

2nd.—Griggstown: Musical Concert in the Church under direction of Miss Shepherd and John Oppie.

3rd.—Harlingen: Sabbath School Anniversary.

6th.—Somerville: Destruction of Caleb Miller's Mill and Distillery by fire, the work of an incendiary.

9th.—Somerville: Citizens of the town offer a reward of $1000 for detection of incendiaries.

14th.—South Branch: Meeting of Classes of Raritan in Reformed Church. Sermon by Rev. J. Addison Van Doren. P. D. Oakey elected presiding officer.

17th.—North Branch: John Van Horn's house burned by incendiary.

27th.—Pluckamin: Temperance meeting and address by Rev. S. P. Lacey.

28th.—Somerville: Lecture by Isaac I. Hayes, the arctic explorer.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

10th.—Stockton: Organization of Lodge of Free Masons.

11th.—Ringoes: Farmer's Grange instituted, the first in the County. Readington: Anniversary of the six Sabbath Schools connected with the Church.

12th.—Flemington: Anniversary of Presbyterian S. School. History of the School read by Supt. Vosseller.

14th.—Milford: Disastrous fire, destroying dépôt, five dwelling-houses, several barns and lumber yard.

15th.—Bloomsbury: Annual Convention County Sabbath School Association.

21st.—Flemington: Semi-annual meeting of District Medical Society at Geo. F. Crater's.

—Rev. J. B. Campbell of Chatham Village, N. Y. accepts call to Reformed Church of Lebanon.

WEATHER FOR OCTOBER, 1873.

[*Reported by Arthur B. Noll, of New Germantown. Time of Thermometer record, 2 P. M.*]

DATE.	THER.	REMARKS.
1.	61¾°	Fair.
2.	65°	Some clouds. Halo in eve'g.
3.	67½°	Quite clear.
4.	67½°	Heavy dew. Rain in the night.
5.	71¼°	Rainy. Lightn'g in A. M.
6.	55¾°	Quite clear in P. M.
7.	47	Clear in P. M.
8.	67¼°	Clear.
9.	64½°	Clear.
10.	64½°	Clear
11.	65°	

A. M.

12....60¼° Cloudy.
13....54° Rather clear.
14....65½° Fog, but no clouds.
15....67° Hazy in P. M. no clouds.
16....68¼° H'vy dew, A. M. fog, thin clouds.
17....67° Quite clear.
18....62½° Cloudy.
19....74° Cloud, rain commenced in eve'g.
20....61° Rainy day and night 4½ in. Barometer unusually low.
21....53½° Rolling clouds.
22....59° Quite clear. Last appearance of Katydids.
23....65¾° Cloudy.
24....65° Fair most of the day.
25....58° Cloudy, rain in evening.
26....56¼° Rain ended in P. M. .90 in. Ice in morning.
27....57½° Quite fair. Ice ⅛in.
28....54½° Cloudy in P. M. Flurry of snow.
29....43 Few clouds. Ice ¼in.
30....44½° Cloudy in P. M.
31....53½° Cloudy in P. M.

Average of observations at 7 A. M., 45.55°; of obs. at 2 P. M., 60.89°; of obs. at 9 P. M. 49.39°

General average for the month, 51.94°

Whole amount of rain, 7.01 inches.

TABLE OF MARRIAGES.

FROM SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1873, TO NOVEMBER 1ST, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Britton, Henry	Sarah M. Drake	Sept. 25	North Plainfield	Howlett
Clark, John S	Sarah B. Voorhees	Oct. 29	Middlebush	Sears
Conover, Augustus B	Annie M. Cortleyou	Sept. 24	Peapack	Le Fevre
Davies, John W	Mary L. Little	Sept. 24	Bound Brook	Collins
Garretson, Garret	Sarah Van Wickle	Oct. 9	Middlebush	Mershon
Hagaman, Abram	Mary Mullen	Oct. 2	Lamington	Blauvelt
Kliekener, Peter	Mary Brown	Oct. 11	Somerville	Mesick
Lewis, B. F	Sarah O. Voorhees	Oct. 29	Blawenburgh	Foster
Messenger, John	Joanna T. Smith	Oct. 29	Somerville	Messler
Nicholas, Geo	Mary Lawlor	Oct. 15	Bloomington	———
Nelson, Theo	Mary J. Wood	Oct. 8	Mt. Horeb	Schultz
Oppie, William	Josephine G. Narine	Sept. 24	Griggstown	Gardner
Powelson, Suydam	Eleanor Van Deventer	Oct. 21	Bound Brook	Dutcher
Perrine, Albert B	Jennie Tunison	Sept. 29	Mt. Horeb	Schultz
Rouser, Nelson J	Mary Voorhees	Oct. 22	Hillsborough	Messler
Schomp, John H	Matilda Voorhees	Sept. 24	Blawenburgh	Voorhees
Smyth, Wm. M	Phebe C. Paradise	Oct. 4	Royceffield	Mesick
Stryker, Peter V. Z	Ida E. Staats	Oct. 15	Raritan	Le Fevre
Sanborn, George W	Mary B DeWitt	Oct. 15	Somerville	Messler
Saum, Henry K	Mary B. Whitenack	Oct. 2	South Branch	Pitcher
Wyckoff, Oscar H	Eliz. C. Mundy	Oct. 15	Somerville	Mesick

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Apgar, Wm. S	Lydia L. Skinner	Oct. 21	Junction	Woodruff
Apgar, John	Josephine Wagner	Oct. 22	Clinton	Taylor
Bloom, Wm. V	Anna Apgar	Sept. 24	Little York	Conking
Bloom, Erastus S	Mary Smith	Oct. 22	Pittstown	Williamson
Boughner, Wm. L	Rachel B. Hight	Oct. 17	Flemington	Winans

GENTLEMAN.	LADY.	DATE.	PLACE.	CLERGYMAN.
Bradley, Joseph	Mary Jennings	Sept. 18	Flemington	Mott
Barton, Wm. H.	Emma J. Johnson	———	Flemington	———
Conrad, Alvah	Helen V. Buchanan	Sept. 23	Sidney	———
Conover, Garret S.	Mary E. Limburg	Sept. 25	Flemington	Vosseller
Everett, George	Louisa Crouthers	Oct. 17	Lambertville	Hessler
Graham, Nichol	Lydia Smith	Sept. 19	Clarksville	Henderson
Galloway, Rev. W. S.	M. Frank Wright	Sept. 24	Clinton	Opdycke
Hetzel, William	Annie J. Bray	Sept. 29	Kingwood	Crane
Hoffman, C. Stewart	Annie M. Emery	Oct. 15	Lebanon	Cornell
Joiner, Andrew E.	Lydia L. Leonard	Oct. 15	Lambertville	Hogan
Lair, Andrew B.	Amelia Stryker	Sept. 17	Pittstown	Williamson
Mitchel, John, Jr.	Matilda Swartz	Sept. 27	Annandale	Taylor
Phillips, Madison	M. Lizzie Pickell	Oct. 1	White House	Cornell
Parks, Joseph P.	Mary Murphy	Nov. 1	Flemington	Whiting
Reading, Joseph C.	Sarah E. Opdycke	Oct. 23	Reaville	Scofield
Rodenbough, Thos.	Jennie Van Derveer	Sept. 24	Clinton	Ewing
Rupell, Chester	Barbara A. Wean	Sept. 24	Frenchtown	Clark
Stemets, Wm. M.	Mary J. Warman	Oct. 25	Junction	Wilson
Smith, James	Mary F. Cleveland	Oct. 25	Spruce Run	None
Stout, Samuel	Mary J. Skinner	Sept. 24	New Hampton	Kinsler
Venable, Frank W.	Sarah S. Barcroft	Oct. 23	Kingwood	Sproul

TABLE OF DEATHS.

FROM SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1873, TO NOVEMBER 1ST, 1873.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Barcalow, William	East Millstone	October 14	65
Dekin, Zebulon B.	Somerville	October 16	40
Ismes, Theobious	Somerville	October 19	23
Todd, Elizabeth	Harlington	October 14	81
Van Arsdale, Elizabeth	Lesser Cross Roads	September 19	
Van Nuys, Letitia	Millstone	September 28	60
Van Nortwick, S.	Flagtown	October 6	69

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.	AGE.
Bache, E. H.	White House	———	33
Ent, Thomas	Lambertville	October 11	19
Green, Catherine P.	Lambertville	November 1	56
Holcombe, James F.	Flemington	October 22	27
Hummer, Margaret	Annandale	October 31	83
Kuhl, Margaret Y.	Copper Hill	September 29	79
Mattison, Eliz. E.	Lambertville	September 23	54
Naylor, Wm. R.	Lambertville	October 27	60
Palmer, Ella	Frenchtown	October 30	14
Schenck, Peter C.	Copper Hill	September 24	87
Vanderbelt, Mary	Lambertville	October 19	2

END OF VOLUME I.

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